

# East Oregon Herald

## HIS LETTERS RETURNED.

She gave him back his letters  
With her fine patrician air,  
With a tinge of gentle sadness  
Made her seem more truly fair,  
And thus the bond was severed,  
While their love was in its spring;  
She gave him back his letters  
But she kept his diamond ring.

He would be to him a sister  
If he needed such a friend;  
In this world, so false and cruel,  
On her truth he might depend.  
Other men might deem her heartless,  
She would pass them by as churls,  
While, in stainless devotion,  
She would wear his set of pearls.

## THE "BOSS" DEATH.

### Why He Died in the Arms of Poor Bill

"It can't be—he, no, it couldn't be—for him to die!"

He was all alone in the hut. He sat on a packing-case, staring into the fire, his elbows on his knees, and his head on his hands, talking to himself, as solitary men will. There was a gloomy, helpless perplexity in his look, as he thrust the burning brands together with the toe of his boot, and muttered over again—"Boss a-dyin'—no, no!"

A stray stock-rider had passed by that afternoon, on his way to a distant station, and brought the news from Baranaroo. It was Murdoch, of Baranaroo—Lennox Murdoch, who lay dying—slowly dying in torture—helplessly crushed and mangled by a falling tree as he was overhauling some timber-cutting in the bush. The man whose gay fearlessness was the wonder of the colony—who had ridden unharmed time after time through the very jaws of death—the reckless, wayward, fantastic soul, to whom mortal danger was as a familiar friend—whom every one loved and laughed at—whom fall of life and joy in life. Why, the very thought of his dying was impossible and incongruous—at least it seemed as if the only fitting close to such a career would be a swift, sudden stroke—to be snatched away in a moment, with the laughing light still in his eyes, and the last snatch of a song still lingering on his lip. It seemed unnatural, horrible, for Lennox Murdoch, of all men, to be lying on his back in the darkened room, with closed eyes, and drawn, white lips. So thought his overseer, who had carried him upstairs in his arms, and laid him tenderly down on the bed he would never leave again—feeling all the time, grave, quiet Scotsman as he was, as if his own heart would break. So thought—though they could not perhaps have put it into words—the men who hung gloomily about the doors, or listlessly went through with their work—silently, or speaking in hushed voices to each other. There might have been better men—there were certainly many far more judicious, and with better regulated minds—whereas, the censorious might have said that Lennox Murdoch's mind was not regulated at all; but there was not a shepherd, or hut-keeper, or hand of any sort on the station that would not have given any thing to "have Murdoch round again in a good temper," as one of them said. No, they would never hear his wrathful baranaroo or his reckless "chaff" again. And this man who now sat over the fire, this great black-bearded, half-savage, heathen Englishman had heard the news with stolid apathy, and scarcely said a word. Perhaps the idea took a long time to reach that slow-moving brain of his. After the strange had gone he slung the billy and set the tea to boil, and got all things ready as usual for his mates when they should return—and then he settled down to his brooding watch over the fire, muttering broken words to himself.

He was not a man of many ideas—that was apparent at the first glance. Probably he had not started in life with an excessive amount, and his experience as an ordinary seaman on board various small merchant vessels, and later as a convict in Sydney, had not tended to increase or elevate his stock. But once he had acquired a notion of any sort, he clung to it, or it clung to him, with the tenacity of the limpet on the rock. I do not think he remembered himself what offense he had been transported for. Perhaps many years of solitary bush life had effected his memory, and its dull uniformity deadened the past into one blurred blaze. Like that of the savage, his mind did not look after, nor very far before; yet utterly inactive he was not. He did think and reason in his slow, dogged fashion. He was not cunning, nor naturally cruel, though his ship and prison life had generated in him a dull, brooding ferocity that sometimes came to light in outbreaks of fury. And the highest idea his mind was capable of conceiving was embodied in the words Murdoch of Baranaroo.

This is how it came. He had gradually become possessed of a vague belief that it was the destiny and normal condition of man to be sworn at, cuffed, kicked and generally considered a nuisance, unless it were his happy lot to be able to swear at others in his turn; and acquiesced therein in his dull, passive way. And so, when his time was out, and he set forth on his aimless wanderings, he drifted out to Baranaroo station with "convict" written on every line of his slouching figure and sullen face. And it came to pass one hot December morning that he stopped listlessly by the door of Murdoch's shearing shed and saw a man ride by at a tearing gallop on a magnificent black horse—a man in a scarlet shirt with a curly head and a twinkling

et suddenly reigned up, stopped out shouted:  
"Murro, old cock! have you any particular engagement?" And while Bill Adamson was slowly trying to evolve an answer, he was surprised by another question:  
"Can you shear a sheep without cutting him all to pieces?"

Adamson fixed his eyes on the frank, kindly face that looked down upon him, and gradually finding his voice, said:  
"I don't know, but I'll try."  
"Come on, then!" said Murdoch, as he sprang down and hitched his horse to a post. But before he had gone three steps he turned and leaned against the wall, with his hands against his side, shaking with laughter.

"You're a rum customer, you are! You've never asked me what you're to get!"  
The man dropped his head and kicked nervously at a stone on the ground. Then he muttered, without looking at Murdoch:  
"You never asked me—where I came from."

And Murdoch understood. There was a curious twist of perversity in his nature—or some of his friends so called it. Civilized and respectable citizens he would treat with the sublimest audacity of disdain; it was a common saying about him, that he feared nothing and respected nobody. But for outcasts and disreputable characters of any sort he had a quick, instinctive sympathy. It did not take much penetration to guess the history of the man before him, and following the impulse of the moment, he did the very thing to bind that man to him for life.

"All right, then. Is it a bargain? Shake hands on it!"  
So they shook hands, and Bill Adamson was installed among the shearers; and afterward, when that nomad tribe scattered away east and west, to pasture new, he remained on as one of the Baranaroo shepherds—a queer, silent, solitary man, who worked for three, seldom spoke, and never smiled, except when Murdoch spoke to him. He liked the lonely life at the hut on Stringy-bark hill, where very few were willing to stay; among the other hands on the station he was moody, sullen, and "difficult;" but the two men who shared the hut with him found him "well enough to get on with if you let him alone."

The months went on, one day exactly like another, till they added up into years, and it seemed to him that he had lived there all his life. Murdoch came up sometimes—he always, when he could, went out to the huts himself with the rations, instead of sending the overseer; or now and then he would pass by casually when out shooting, and sit over a pipe before Adamson's fire talking to him in that frank, trustful way of his, which won the hearts of black and white alike. It was at such times as these that he got all Bill's history from him, bit by bit, and deepened into a dumb, dog-like worship the man's first vague admiration. I do not know whether Bill Adamson had ever loved anyone or anything in his life before—I do not know that he loved Lennox Murdoch. And now Gibson had brought the news that Lennox Murdoch lay dying at Baranaroo. I can not try to follow and analyze the wild, formless thoughts that worked daily in that dark brain of his. A superstitious sailor to begin with, brooding for weeks together over his own thoughts in the bush, he was in truth scarcely to be wondered at if his ideas of the Unseen were not much higher than those of the bronze-colored savages who would come and eat themselves stupid on Murdoch's mutton and dapper round their campfires near his hut. He believed in the existence of a Higher Power, whose name he sometimes used in oaths, and to whom, when more reverently inclined, he vaguely referred—but this rarely happened—as "They," and, in a sort of way, in the efficacy of prayer, though his views on the subject were peculiar. They came in as usual, and settled down to their supper and their customary monosyllabic talk. Just at last, before they turned to sleep, one of them happened to ask him whether he had seen any one that day. He answered in his slow drawl, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe against his knee—  
"Gibson from Murray's was here this afternoon. Came past Baranaroo. Says the boss is real bad. Got hurt with a tree falling on him."

There was a dead silence. Then the two interchanged comments and questions in a low voice, and finally, after having tried in vain to get more lucid information from him, they turned away and wrapped themselves in their blankets, leaving him still smoking by the fire. Thereupon he looked up and said: "One of you stay here to-morrow—I want to go down and see how he is," to which they answered "All right," and were asleep in a few minutes.

He sat still, watching the dying embers for some time longer; then he rose slowly, put his pocket the flask and steel-tin tinderbox he always carried, stuck his knife in his belt, felt for and found the tin pannikin which served him for a drinking cup, and, opening the door softly, went out. There was no moon, but it was bright starlight, and he had lived so many years in the bush that he knew his way about it like a sleuth-hound. He struck right into the scrub, pushing and twisting his way through it like a black fellow; then he crossed an open grassy track dotted with gum trees here and there; then, after a climb up a steep, quartz-strewn hillside, and an abrupt descent into a gully beyond, he came to a spot that perhaps no white man's foot had ever trodden before. It was a level, grassy space, with thickly-wooded slopes rising on three sides like an amphitheater. Tall gum trees grew about it here and there, but not so closely as to shut out the starry sky. In the middle was a grass-grown mound, where tradition said that a native chief was buried; there was a cairn of stones piled on the top, and here and there white objects, that might have been bones, planted in the faint light. It was an uncanny place, avoided by the blacks themselves for the most part, though they came there to hold nightly corroboree now and then. All was perfectly still, except for the rushing of the creek below, and

the low, solemn stirring of the wind in the tree-tops. He heaped a pile of dry sticks on the mound, going to work slowly and methodically in his every-day fashion; set fire to it with his flint-and-steel, and stood watching it patiently till it leapt into a blaze; then he turned away, and clearing away the grass and leaves, drew with the point of his knife a circle round the grave.

He stripped off his shirt and laid it aside; then he knelt down in the circle before the fire, with his knife and pannikin beside him, and clasped his hands before his face and prayed.

He had never done such a thing in his life before—at any rate not since he was a child at his mother's knees. Perhaps the words he said may shock you if written down—so grotesquely blasphemous, so pathetically horrible were they. Yet may be there are people whose inarticulate creed if put into plain English, would not amount to much better.

"Lord A'mighty," he said, "I don't know much about this yer business—I'm only a lag, an' may-be 'tain't the thing for me to speak. But if you want to kill any one, do kill me. May-be it's all the same to you—and, you see, nobody would miss me. . . . I don't know how to say it all right, but I reckon you'll know what I mean. Strike me dead now, or at any time you please, an' let him get better. Amen."

"Four corners to my bed,  
Four angles around my head,  
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John  
Bless the bed that I lie on."

It was the only thing of the sort he remembered out of his far-off childhood—perhaps the only prayer he had ever learnt. It may be that he had thought it of service as a kind of devotional incantation. He took his hands from his face and held them clasped straight before him, looking with vague, expectant eyes up to the stars and waiting for the stroke to fall. He really had some expectation that it would. There was a sudden hoarse scream and a far-off flapping of wings in the stillness above his head. It was an eagle-hawk, disturbed from his nest in the highest of the stringy-barks.

"May-be he's gone to fetch the thunderbolt," he thought, as a fragment of wild, dim nature-myth darted through his mind.

"Woldja, woldja!" And he murmured some words in the native language—most likely a charm.

But all was still—the fire leapt and flickered, and the eagle-hawk did not come back. He took up his knife from the ground, and drew the sharp point quickly down his breast; then made another cut across it, and held up the cup to catch the starting drops.

"You thought I didn't mean it; but I do! See, this is the first—and the rest's to come after!"  
He slowly lifted the pannikin, and poured its contents into the fire. As it hissed and crackled in the flame, he went on speaking:

"I'm going down in the morning to see him one more. If you do your part, and let him get better, I'll come here to-morrow night and end it. I swear solemnly I will. You hear me? Will that do?"

He knelt with uplifted, blood-stained hands, looking up to the peaceful sky, as he looked, a falling star drew a line of light across the space of sky between the tops of the stringy-barks and vanished.

"It's done! It's done!" he cried, and flung himself forward on his face. He lay there for some time without moving; while the fire flickered down and died—leaping up now and then and casting weird, vague lights and shadows over the grave-mound and the prostrate figure.

The slow hours of the afternoon dragged out their cruel length; Macdonald, the overseer, sat by Murdoch's side. Murdoch lay still, with closed eyes—not asleep—Macdonald knew that by the occasional twitching of the white lips in a spasm of pain and the tightening grasp of the hand he held in his. He had done his best to relieve the long agony, but it was not much that he knew enough to feel sure that even had there been no skill or care could save him. They would never quarrel again, these two; they had done so regularly about once a week, and no one would have suspected from Macdonald's dry reserved ways and caustic severity of speech that he loved this "feckless," reckless Murdoch like his own brother. If he was beginning to hope that sleep lenient all night long might come at last—when Murdoch turned his head wearily, and opened his eyes.

"I'm that tired, Mac! I shall be glad when it's over."  
It was the first word of complaint he had uttered. Macdonald had not broken down before, but he felt near it now. He felt the sob rising in his throat, as he murmured something incoherent about the impossibility of getting a doctor.

"Don't worry about that, Mac. Why, bless you, he'd only bother me, and not be able to do any good. If I am to get better, I shall get on all right alone; if not, what's the good of being pulled about? Thank you, old fellow."  
Macdonald had risen and changed his pillows, and was bathing his forehead, looking with a vague trouble into the sunken dark eyes.

"I'll be looking for you, old man. Seems to me I shan't get on without you. But I shall always think of your coming. So don't—no hopes of being patched up again. Only don't you fret. What is it?"  
One of the stockmen had come to the half-donard, who was beckoning to Macdonald, who went out softly, closing it behind him.

"Well!"  
"It's Black Bill—that there queer cove from the bush. Reckon he's gone crazy-like. He's been sitting there in the doorway the last three hours and won't go away. Came down this morning—wanted to know how the boss was—says we're to tell him as soon as he's any better."  
Macdonald went down and found him seated there, sullen, slouching, defiant, in outward seeming—knees crossed and arms folded—no life about him save in the dull gleam of his black eyes under their lowering brows. He rose slowly and touched his hat.

"Ain't he no better yet?"  
"Don't you know," said Macdonald, irritable with the inauspicious sup-

pressed pain, "that he'll never be any better in this world?"  
A troubled look came into the man's eyes.

"I thought it would be afore sundown," he muttered. "Don't you believe it, sir; he ain't a-goin to die—no—not he!"  
He sat down again, settling back into his old look of dogged patience. Macdonald, finding it useless to say any thing to him, went quietly back and took up his post again beside Murdoch.

"What was it, Mac? Any one wanting you?"  
"It was Bill Adamson, from the huts beyond the creek. He was wanting to know how you were."  
"Black Bill? Poor old chap! You didn't send him away, did you? I'd like to see him again."  
"Why not? Do let him come up."  
Macdonald went down again and found him still motionless in the same position. He touched him on the shoulder.

"Adamson, will you come up? He wants to see you."  
The man's whole face lighted up.  
"The boss? May I?"  
He rose at once to follow—then he suddenly stopped and carefully drew off his heavy boots.

"Did he say he wanted to see me?"  
"Yes."  
He spoke not another word, but went into the room with Macdonald and stood awkwardly at the foot of the bed, scarcely daring to lift his eyes to the changed white face and drawn lips.

"Well, old fellow, I'm awful glad to see you. Just leave us a little, will you, Mac?"  
And Macdonald left them together. He looked up, twisted his fingers helplessly, scraped the floor with his foot, and jerked out the words with a kind of defiance.

"You won't die, boss! I know you won't. I've made it all right!"  
"What do you mean? Come here!"  
And he went nearer, and Lenox Murdoch lifted his unwounded left arm and laid it round his neck.

"Why, don't you know, boss? They said they'd take me instead of you—and they won't go back on their word."  
"I don't understand. Tell me all about it."  
He raised himself—it must have cost him fearful pain—with his old winning, mischievous smile, as if he were wholly amused at himself and the whole situation and laid his head down on Bill's shoulder. The great bushman round his rough arms tenderly round the slight figure, and asked, instead of answering:

"Does it hurt you now?"  
"No, not much account. Tell me what you mean, dear old lad."  
So he told him slowly, in broken, awkward words, having to be helped out by questions now and then—of the black-fellows' burial-place, and the midnight incantation and how "They" had promised, by the sign of the falling star. And before he had ended the dying man was sobbing as if his heart would break.

"Don't say, oh, don't! You'll hurt yourself, you will!"  
"Bill—dear, dear old fellow, how could you think of such a horrible thing? Oh, God of God!"  
"My life for yours—mine ain't worth much—and what would we ever do without you?"  
"Oh! but you mustn't—you mustn't think of I say in that way! You—oh! what shall I do to you? You'll break my heart!"

"Don't take on—don't. I didn't think it would have vexed ye so—I wouldn't have told."  
"Listen to me, now, and remember what I say. Will you once?" Bill nodded, but did not speak. "You mustn't think it's bad for me to die. See—if I went away to Sydney you wouldn't be wanting to leave the sheep and run after me, would you? You'd just wait till I came back."  
"Something like a sob shook the man's rugged chest, and the slow, hard tears gathered in his eyes.

"But you'll never come back!"  
"No, but you can come to me. Look here—you believe I care for you, don't you?"  
"Ay, that I do, boss."  
"God made you, and He cares for you far more than ever I can. Can't you believe He loves you? If I didn't think He did me I shouldn't know what to do now. You mustn't think He doesn't love me because I'm dying like this. I'm going to Him, and so will you if you wait patiently and try to do right. Remember, you won't see me again if you do what you say."  
"But I promised."  
"He don't want you to keep that promise. You didn't know rightly what He was when you made it. I—I wish I could help you—tell you clearly what I mean. Ask Him to help you—just as you talk to me. . . . Promise me you'll not kill yourself."  
"I won't, then, if you don't want."  
"Shake hands on it, then. All right; you won't hurt me"—for he saw Bill looking hesitatingly at the slender, bandaged right wrist. "You'll remember, now?"  
"I will."  
"I'll be looking for you, old man. Seems to me I shan't get on without you. But I shall always think of your coming. So don't—no hopes of being patched up again. Only don't you fret. What is it?"

point, though he knew not how. Macdonald was almost the only one whom he ever spoke to if he could help him, though often when he was alone he would talk to himself, or may be to some imagined interlocutor. He would listen attentively to the overseer's grave, kindly words, and perhaps show unexpectedly, at some later time, that he had taken in more of their spirit than one might have thought.

The winter passed away, and then the spring, and another summer—and then he seemed gradually to fall. He grew listless and dreamy, his strength forsook him, his moods were stranger than ever, though the old fierce outbursts of temper were never heard now, and there was a new gentleness in all his words and ways. And in this state of little likely to offer resistance to any disease—a creeping chill struck him, and he took to his bed with malaria fever and never got up again.

Macdonald rode up as soon as he heard of it, and arrived only just in time to see him before he died. He was unconscious of all around, and kept murmuring to himself: "I'm coming—yes, I'm coming!" and once or twice they caught the name of "Murdoch!"—A. Werner, in Temple Bar.

## WINTER DAIRYING.

Some Reasons in Favor of Keeping Cows in Milk During Cold Weather.

It is claimed by some that cows give more milk when winter dairying is followed. It is easier to keep up the flow of milk through the winter and prolong it into summer, than to prolong it into winter after the stimulus of maternity begins to subside and the mess to shrink. Besides, as most herds are managed, from grass to hay is a most trying time, with alternate hot and cold blasts, and a diet that is neither green nor dry, and often not regular.

It is worse than from hay to grass in the spring, when the temperature is softening instead of hardening, and the life of the green stuff nipped here and there is so relishing, refreshing and invigorating. In summer dairying, the cows go dry in winter, when it is most expensive keeping them, while in winter dairying they go dry through the hot season, when feed is cheap, if it is not abundant, and an extra grain feed is not needed to keep up the temperature. This, too, is a busy season, when release from milking gives more time for general farm work.—Rural New Yorker.

## Adulterated Food and Drink.

Adulteration of food and drink flourishes bravely in Paris, notwithstanding the sharp look-out kept by the authorities. Wine-drinkers are the worst sufferers, for out of 645 samples examined last month 450 were declared injurious, so that thirty souls had better fall back on beer, where only 5 out of 88 were bad, or on spirits, which claimed 17 good samples out of 18. Water is as bad as wine, over half the samples being dangerous, and 80 out of 370 specimens of milk were equally condemned. Coffee is very little adulterated, and butter is also fairly satisfactory, but 30 of 81 loaves of bread were worthless. Not only provisions, but wall papers are dangerous, for only 5 out of 22 specimens were good.—Cor. N. Y. Post.

## THE FULL-BLOWN ROSE.

When Women Arrive at Intellectual and Graceful Maturity.

From being passe at twenty to being charming at thirty tells in itself the whole tale of woman's growth for the past century. That peculiar combination of angel and idiot which was the ideal woman was unthinkable except in the teens. Idioty can not be angelic after the first score of years. The rosebud is delightful and every body loves it, but there is not a woman left who would care to be always eighteen. Up to thirty-five a woman is not now at all abashed at owning her age. She knows she has but gained in charm; she knows that the man who fought shy of taking her out to dinner during her first season, and who was mute and bored during the whole time that she sat by her side, will seek her out in company now, and will recognize her added experience and maturity by giving her credit for common sense in the talk he begins with her. She knows that where her crudeness used to drive off people worth knowing, she can at her will call them about her now.

Frau von Stien was past thirty when she carried off Goethe the captive after he had weathered the dangers of the younger Lillie, Charlotte and the rest. And in New York or any of the country's great centers to-day it is not the younger woman whose position in the society that is worth the name is happiest or best established. The woman who marries is twenty-five when she used to be fifteen. The woman who gathers about her any circle that deserves the name of salon is Mrs. L. Booth, at fifty; Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, with the gray hair coming; Mrs. Frank Leslie; Jerry Jayne, with a third of a century of active work in the city behind her; or at the younger Miss Grace H. Dodge, on the border line of the thirties; women who are often better looking and always better wiser seeing than when they were younger. It is a tribute to the common sense of the day that things should be as they are. The world will always feel and acknowledge a girl's fresh charm. There is nothing else quite like it. But the mature woman, whose face has thought and knowledge in it, and who does as well, is the woman who is crowned queen after all.—Olive Logan, in Philadelphia Press.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A stained-glass factory is to be started at Lynchburg, Va.

"Crushed bamboo" is a new paper making material, and is used with the most satisfactory results.

Of late years much careful attention has been devoted by physicians to the relations between the temperature and the death-rate due to different diseases. One of the facts most clearly established in this field of investigation is the hostility of a high temperature to the diffusion of small-pox. Heat has a most marked effect in checking the prevalence of this dreaded malady.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Five young ladies received the baccalaureate degree from the Harvard annex this year.

The location of a Congregational college at Fargo is assured. A \$40,000 building will be erected.

The African Methodist Episcopal church proposes to celebrate the centenary of its organization in November.

Two of the richest Episcopal churches in New York, Grace and Trinity, have determined to make their pews free to the public.

## PERSIAN MINSTRELS.

Unquestionably the Most Interesting of All the Old Oriental Characters.

Among the many odd and interesting characters that came under my observation during my bicycle tour around the world, few were more amusing to me than the Persian luti. The luti is a wandering minstrel, troubadour, mountebank or buffoon, whichever name one cares to call them. The ordinary outfit of a luti is a big, hairy monkey, a pony or donkey, and a drum. They travel about Persia, from town to town, affording amusement to the people by making their trained monkeys perform sundry tricks, while they join in with songs and drum-beating.

Scarcely a day passes when I was riding through the Shah's dominions without encountering one of these luti. He would invariably be alone, never in the company of other people, and behind him, perched contentedly on the rump of the pony, would be his grotesque comrade, the monkey. This monkey would always be a large anthropoid of the baboon species, possessed of long, silvery hair. The hairy covering is generally shorn from the lower part of the body, but permitted to retain its full growth about the head and shoulders. The partial shearing partly overlaps the nakedness of the body and impart to the monkey an extremely fantastic appearance, as though he were wearing a fur tippet.

From constantly traveling about and associating with people of various cities, the luti are far more enlightened than the average Persian who stands and listens to his songs. The Persians, as a nation, are the most poetic people in the world, and a common accomplishment with the luti is the ability to warble verse after verse of impromptu song—songs composed even as they sing. This happy accomplishment enables the luti to always adapt their theme to the temper and prejudices, likes and dislikes of their audiences; and the luti is always cute enough to find this out and stroke his listeners the right way.

If I ever got into trouble with a city mob, as I sometimes did, I could always depend upon the offices of a luti to help me out of it, should one of them happen to be present. This was partly because they were more enlightened and tolerant of the manners and mistakes of a stranger in a strange land than their untraveled countrymen, and partly because they felt no particular of a coin or two for their services.

In the bazar of Leudjan, a large city in Northern Persia, one day, the multitude of people, wild with curiosity and excitement concerning the Fereghi and his wonderful asp-i-ahen (horse-of-iron), as the Persians called the bicycle, became so great about me that it was impossible for me to move in any direction. Although the bazar was so densely packed with people, struggling and pushing forward to obtain a peep at me and the bicycle, the one who could not walk let alone ride a bicycle, the mob was clamoring loudly for me to mount and let them see me ride. Their ignorance of a cycle's capabilities and the natural dull wit of a half-civilized people blinded them to the folly of shouting for a man to ride without giving him so much room as even to turn around. As a matter of fact, they might with equal consistency have been shouting for a fish to swim without providing him with water.

In the midst of all this uproar there came elbowing his way through a crowd of woolly-hatted Persians one of our friends, the luti, bearing on his shoulder his monkey companion, and holding aloft with one hand his drum. Reaching my side, the luti set his monkey on the ground and, by jerking its chain and addressing it encouragingly, caused it to caper about and utterance to loud angry grunts. In this manner he succeeded in relieving the crush about me and the bicycle in short order. I then told him to head the way to a respectable *teahouse* (tea-house) where I could obtain refreshments. Using the monkey to clear a passage through the people by encouraging him to grunt angrily and spring about, the luti piloted me through the bazar and into a tea-house. Arriving there he took up his station at the door, and whenever the crowd about it became noisy and abusive, he would chase them away with the monkey.

The tea-house was a comparatively comfortable place, and I concluded to remain there for the night. The proprietor, being a speculative *teahouse* (tea-house) where I could obtain refreshments. Using the monkey to clear a passage through the people by encouraging him to grunt angrily and spring about, the luti piloted me through the bazar and into a tea-house. Arriving there he took up his station at the door, and whenever the crowd about it became noisy and abusive, he would chase them away with the monkey.

Quantities of sea-fish were arriving in the room, and the servants were seeking to knock it to the door, opened it, and found him bathed in his blood. The Prince was in despair. However, Gourville did his best to make for the loss of Vatel, and succeeded; the dinner was excellent; we lunched, supped, went for a walk, played and hunted; every thing was performed with jonquils; every thing was enchanted.—Harper's Magazine.

—Pope Leo XIII. is about to found an international college for literature, in which the Italian poets and authors will be studied in an especial manner.

—In Heaven there will be no tears. It is tearless, because it is sinless, because it is the dwelling place of the holy Lord God and of the "spirits of just men made perfect."

—Of the 276 Lutheran churches built in 1886, 152 were German, 62 English, 57 Swedish, 22 Norwegian, 2 Danish. Besides these there were Slavonian, Finnish, Icelandic, and Bohemian Lutheran houses of worship.

—Thou must content thyself to see the world so imperfect as it is. Thou wilt never have any quiet if thou verest thyself, because thou canst not bring mankind to that exact notion of things and rule of life which thou hast formed in thy own mind.—Fuller.

—The Lutheran church complains of a lack in the ministerial supply. The new ministers are hardly numerous enough to fill the places vacated by death, superannuation and otherwise. The demands are very pressing just now, as immigration is very large.

—Amateur Actress (rehearsing)—"You must not say 'wig' when you retire from the stage. Mr. S'say." Amateur Actor (triumphantly showing her the miss)—"That's a wig, the book says, Miss Gushington." Amateur Actress (courteous)—"Why, so it does!"—Epoch.

## CALIFORNIA WOMEN.

Joaquin Miller Pronounces Them Strange-ly, Gloriously Beautiful.

I must mention two unmistakable physical features of the single and sinuere California women. The first of these is her early development. I was called upon to address the young ladies of our celebrated Mills Seminary—the Vassar College of the Pacific coast—not long ago; but before I had been five minutes on the stand I found I was speaking to women—women in body and woman in mind.

A second and a singularly beautiful feature in the coming Californian, this new woman of the new world, is her golden hair. When called upon to speak to the girls of the high school of San Francisco a few weeks since it was like looking over a yellow harvest field. And I count this very singular, for we have a dash of Moorish blood here—the Moor of the Alhambra, the Arab of the Jesuit fathers. We have some of the pure Castilian, it is true, but nearly all our Spanish stock is plashed with the tawny blood of either the Moor or the native American Indian. Then again we have the Kanakas in our schools. There are also many swarthy folk from far down the Pacific seas. But over and above all these towers the tall Californian girl, her head and shoulders laden with ripened wheat.

I concede there are beautiful women in London, beautiful women in New York—strangely, gloriously beautiful; but they are not distinct types at all. The whole wide world has been pillaged and ravaged to procure them. And as for the one wondrous beauty of Europe, Mrs. Langtry, she is now with us; and all who know me know how much I have admired her simple beauty and beauty to celebrate it. Yet I am so sure that I can find in California twenty Langtrys any day.

I must say briefly but emphatically that the women of the Pacific coast are the best dressed I ever saw. No, they do not wear gold. They do not wear many diamonds, as a rule. But that beauly abomination unto the Lord—the bustle—has never yet had its full growth here, thank God, as in the States. Neither did the "bang" in its craziest days ever do much damage to the Californian. Even the skating-rink rage failed to lift the California woman from her feet, as elsewhere. But quiet, good sense—the best thing to have in any land or family—has always kept our calm and queenly California women out of all such excesses and out of many prevailing follies. And all this comes, I think, of a disposition to decide and act for herself.—Joaquin Miller, in Philadelphia Times.

## PROFESSIONAL PRIDE.

A Cook Commits Suicide Because He Hinderers in a Dinner.

The 26th of April, 1871, Mad. de Sevigne wrote to her daughter: "Here is the matter in detail. The King arrived on Thursday evening; the promenade and the collation, laid in a spot all carpeted with jonquils, passed off admirably. We supped, and some of the tables were short of roast. This upset Vatel, who said several times: 'My honor is lost; I shall never get over this disaster.'"

"He said to Gourville: 'My head is swimming; I have not slept for the last twelve nights; help me to give my orders.' The Prince invited Vatel to his room, and said to him: 'Vatel, all is well nothing is in detail. The King, the promenade and the collation, laid in a spot all carpeted with jonquils, passed off admirably. We supped, and some of the tables were short of roast. This upset Vatel, who said several times: 'My honor is lost; I shall never get over this disaster.'"

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