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A FIERCE BATTLE.

How a Virginia Dan Boone Dived Under a Deer and Stabbed It.
Deer have not been so numerous for years in the Capon Mountains as they are this season. By the help of legislation they have increased greatly. Sportsmen from the Shenandoah valley, the nearest civilized country, rarely get further than the North Mountains, the first distinctive range of hills west of the Blue Ridge. So the mountaineers have the fun and the profit of the hunt to themselves. During the winter they do little else than hunt. Between the little mountain ranges are swift-running streams, the principal ones being the South Fork, North Fork, Capon and Lost river. Muskrats, otter and mink are found along the rivers, and 'possums, wildcats, wild turkeys and deer are thick in the wooded hills.
The most noted hunter in the State west of Moorfield is Gabriel Cooper, whose deeds have caused him to be known by his neighbors as Dan'l Boone. Dan'l keeps two dogs and a brown mare and he knows every hog path and deer trail in West Virginia. It is said that the wild animals know Dan'l so well that when they see him they get up and flee the country. What Dan'l Boone cannot tell in the shape of a hunting adventure is not worth hearing. Every stream in Hampshire County has his traps set along its banks. With his trusty Winchester rifle he has brought down twenty-eight deer this season. One day Dan'l was visiting his traps on Lost river. A mile above where this river disappears in the earth is a bend where the stream is broad and deep. Dan'l keeps a little feather-weight skiff in the bend for private use. While sloshing up and down the bank of the river he started a big buck with six prongs. The animal sprang from cover into the water and headed for the opposite side. Dan'l leaped into his skiff and a few powerful strokes brought him nearly alongside of the buck. His purpose was to secure him alive, but when within ten feet of him the buck turned about and swam straight at the boat. The hunter, recognizing his peril, drew his sheath-knife and caught the creature by the horn as he made a vicious lunge at the boat. Dan'l held on to the horn, and the buck lunged and butted furiously. The hunter tried to get at its throat, and in the effort the skiff upset and Dan'l and deer were left to fight their battle out in the water twelve feet deep. To escape from the maddened buck was impossible, and instead of swimming from it the experienced woodsman dived under the water, and, coming up by the buck's side, stabbed it in the belly again and again until he was forced to come to the surface himself for air. The wild plunges made by the wounded beast were terrific. The river was red with blood for twenty feet around where the combat raged. As the hunter poked his nose above the surface to get air the animal cut with his horn a long furrow in his side. It was the buck's last expiring effort. With a gasp and a shivering moan it sank out of sight and the battle was ended. -*Wheeling (W. Va.) Register.*

CONCERNING PUSH.

Why Push is a Requisite in Life, While Pushing is Unnecessary.
As we have said repeatedly, there is nothing in the world like energy. In order to succeed, it is required that the aim in view be pursued with unwavering determination. It is the persistent effort to advance which we commonly designate by the term *push*. A business man without push might as well throw up his hands and say his money, for sooner or later he will be swamped to the irretrievable onward rush of progress. Quite different, however, from this faculty of push, exerted in a particular direction for individual advancement, is the being pushed by others. He who is awake to his own interests, who is possessed of push, needs no pushing from others, and on the other hand, no amount of pushing will benefit the weak and the laggard. Constant spurting will only induce sloth and sluggishness, and we all know how the mule will act if urged against his will. We believe that he who does not feel that diligence and earnestness and a constant striving for improvement (be it in his own business, in the study of another, if he is not his own master) will pay best in the end, and not be brought to it by compulsion.
Compulsion, force, driving, moreover, is unworthy of the spirit of our age. Let him who is to move his arms and legs to keep himself afloat go to the bottom, the sooner the better. It is a deed of charity to such a being in the best interests of others.
We have no patience with men who are like *stump*, driven cattle, and who work solely because they must have their earnings in order to fill the stomach, whose chief prayer is "Come day, go day."
They are not men, but machines, and in the case of machines we expect a certain amount of work from the expenditure of a certain amount of fuel, and we take steps to get it. But a man, a creature of God, will do his best; what he may lack to-day, he will make up to-morrow. He will have push, but will object to being pushed. Push is absolutely a requisite in this world; pushing is unnecessary, and a little apart from the ten-year day, which it was intended to accomplish. -*Lithographer and Printer.*

A TRUE LOVE STORY.

Affection Which Survived the Trials of Poverty and Care.
A young clergyman and his bride were invited guests at a large party given by a wealthy parishioner. In all the freshness and elegance of her bridal wardrobe the young wife shone among the throng, distinguished by her comeliness and vivacity and rich attire; and when during the evening her young husband drew her aside and whispered to her that she was the most beautiful woman in all the company, and that his heart was torn with pride and love for her, she thought herself the happiest wife in the world.
Ten years later the same husband and wife were guests at the same house, where were gathered a similar gay company. The wife, ten years ago wore the same dress she had worn on the previous occasion, and of course it was a faded and old-fashioned and shabby. Toil and care, and motherhood, and pinched circumstances had taken the roses out of her cheeks and the life-spring out of her form. She sat apart from the crowd, careworn and preoccupied. Her small hands, roughened with coarse toil, were ungloried, for the minister's salary was precisely what it was ten years ago, and he had not a cent to spare. A little apart from the ten-year husband and wife, and looked at his wife, and as he observed her faded dress and weary attitude, a great sense of all her patient, loving faithfulness came over his heart. Looking up, she caught his eyes and raised her face, and his eyes were filled with tears. She rose and went to him, her questioning eyes mutely asking for an explanation of his emotion; and when he tenderly took her hand and placed it on his arm, she looked ten years before when she was a bride, and how much more precious she was to him now and how much more beautiful, for all her shabby dress and roughened hands, and how he appreciated all her sacrifice and patient toil for him and their children, a great wave of happiness filled her heart, a light shone in her face that gave it more than its youthful beauty, and in all the company there was a hushed and reverent hush, and his wife, and their hearts and faces glow from the flaming up of pure sentiment that transfused and ennobled and glorified all the toils and privations they had endured. -*The Household.*

A SUBMARINE VOLCANO.

Millions of Lifeless Fish Floating in a Yellow Sea on the Gulf.
Captain Robert M. Lavender, of the schooner Alice Montgomery, which arrived at this port recently, with a cargo of ice from Kennebec, Me., reported an interesting incident. He states that on the 19th of October, four days before arriving at New Orleans, and southward of Rebecca Shoals, in the extreme eastern portion of the Gulf of Mexico, he passed through an extensive tract of floating fish, dead and dying. As far as the eye could reach this spectacle met the gaze, and the vessel sailed through it for twenty miles. The fish were of great variety, and another curious feature of the phenomenon was that the sea was yellowish and streaked on the surface with a yellow scum.
The supposition that these fishes were destroyed by some sudden visitation of an epidemic disease is scarcely reasonable. Of a variety of theories the most plausible appears to be that which attributes the destruction of the fishes to the breaking out beneath the sea of volcanic matter and poisonous gases destructive to the lives of marine animals exposed to them. Submarine volcanoes are by no means unknown. The fact of their existence has often been attested in disturbances of the ocean bottom, cases of the sinking of coasts and islands into the sea or of their elevation out of it being on record. The opening of rifts in submarine rocks through which poisonous sulphurous or arsenical vapors are driven into the waters above, would be entirely in accord with the rules of volcanic action. -*N. O. Picayune.*

Novel Clock Construction.

Of the various novelties in clock construction none have excited more general interest, perhaps, than those which consist of a plain glass dial suspended by a fine thread or wire, having the motive power—an ordinary watch movement—enclosed in the central boss of the hands, or in the enlarged contrivance in this line of note consists of two circular plates of glass, mounted in a metal frame or border, and connected by a slender column, or foot, to a pedestal. In these the figures are marked on the front plate, the hands being attached to the back plate, which is cemented to a brass rim, toothed as a crown wheel and driven by a pinion, the stem of which rises from the works in the pedestal. The necessary hour wheels, to give differential motion of the hands, are hidden between the two glass plates, and the hands and the brass washer on the back plate. Where three glass plates are used, the short and long hands are fixed to the second and third plates, and two pinions drive the toothed rims of these two plates. -*N. Y. Sun.*
A kindling wood factory at Mount Tom, Mass., turns out over ten thousand bundles a day.

A FIERCE STORM.

The Remarkable Phenomenon Witnessed on the San Miguel River.
"Some ten years ago," said a veteran prospector, "I was traveling on foot from Ouray, in the San Juan, across the country at the head of the San Miguel river. The time was in the forenoon of an autumn day, and a dense mass of threatened clouds were rolling up in the west over the Western San Phillip Range. I was in a hurry to cross the Fish lakes, and concluded to go through Bear creek, a stream putting in the San Miguel from the south. The stream headed in a semi-circular basin bounded by immense precipices of basaltic rock, at whose base were vast quantities of broken rock, varying in size from the boulder weighing a few pounds to masses of many tons in weight.
How these rocks came in that position was a source of inquiry to me, but I had an opportunity of solving the mystery before I reached the summit of the divide I intended to cross. The clouds I spoke of seeing in the west had in the meantime come rolling up and accumulating in size and density, also becoming darker and more heavily charged with electricity. Thunder rolled and lightning flashes played east and west, and it seemed as if all heaven's artillery was concentrated at this particular point. Instead of rising high in mid-air the clouds rose just high enough to clear the tops of the dense forests that lined the approaches to Mount Wilson.
I feared to proceed, and sought shelter beneath a huge pile of rocks about the center of the area, and some half a mile from the southern end of the semi-circular basin mentioned. In less time than I have been writing these notes the clouds swept eastward with immense velocity. The low altitude which they maintained was not great, and the sound of the rain, as it fell against it with terrific force. There was such a vast weight of water contained in them that the concussion when the clouds struck the precipice was so great that in some places the rock was broken off, and fell with a shock like an earthquake to the foot of the cliff. Like a battering-ram the body of clouds was thrown back and again advanced until three distinct breaks were made in the cliff. By this time the water was pouring over the mountain in a Niagara-like flood, bringing down additional quantities of rock. The occurrence lasted only a few minutes, but in this time it was easy to perceive how the masses of debris were placed in the position they occupied. The storm was over, the air cleared up, and I was able to pursue the projected journey. -*Denver News.*

GRATITUDE TO A DOG.

An Invalid Lady's Memorial of a Faithful Pet.
The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recently received the following letter from an invalid lady, who wishes to make her gratitude of practical value:
"Enclosed find a check for one thousand dollars, which sum, through you, I offer to the acceptance of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as a grateful memorial of my dog, who through four years of seclusion and pain has been my constant, faithful, devoted friend and companion.
If all whose lives had been made happier by dumb creatures would imitate the example of this good dog, the Massachusetts society would have the means not only of vastly increasing its work in our own State, but also of reaching out a helping hand to stop the abuses by which hundreds of thousands of animals annually die on our cattle cars, and other hundreds of thousands in our extreme western and southern States and Territories of neglect and starvation, and other hundreds of thousands die in slaughter-houses with great unnecessary suffering. The sending of checks, or the calling at the rooms of the society and having without cost a legacy added to a will, or giving the society the use of money on condition that it shall be repaid, if ever needed by the giver—these are forms of practical gratitude which will give material aid to the men who without pecuniary reward are now giving heart, brain and energy to the protection of dumb animals. -*Boston Transcript.*

RAPID TRANSPORTATION.

The Factor Which Has Produced an Era of Cheapness.
The economies brought about by cheap and rapid transportation, as well as the inventions which add to the disadvantage of the agriculturists of the hitherto favored nations. Time was when the "beef of old England" would command higher prices, but the killing of cattle in distant regions, such as South America, Australia and New Zealand—the freezing of the dead meat and its transportation to western Europe in swift steamships—has ruined the markets of those who breed choice cattle at home, and the consequence is that the cattle of eastern United States, as well as western Europe, will not be worth more intrinsically than the cattle at the Antipodes. In other words, the world hereafter will have all the beef, mutton and hog flesh it can use at readily cheapening prices. What is true of meat has been true some years past of wheat. The old-time figures of two and three dollars a bushel will never again be quoted during this generation. The wheat fields of the entire globe are at the command of the consumers of western Europe. While these facts are not cheering to agriculturists, they are very reassuring to the consuming part of all countries. There may be distress, but famines are at an end so far as the civilized and semi-civilized world are concerned. -*Denver Monthly.*

FINE PEARLS.

Necklaces Such as Nobody But Princesses Used to Wear.
The increased favor given by fashion to low-necked evening dress has encouraged the jewelers to put together some very beautiful and costly necklaces. Three strings of pearls recently shown in this city were valued at \$3,200, \$2,200, and \$1,500 respectively, without the costly diamond clasps which fastened them. The pearls were graduated, and of beautiful color and shape, but one must be a poet to love Spencer, one must be accustomed to jewels to appreciate the refined beauty of pearls, and half the women who saw them thought they had seen some rival diamonds which blazed near them in another necklace would have chosen the diamonds if not informed of their comparative cheapness. The cost of this pretty bundle was \$7,500, and it was a single hand of stones in a light gold setting, but it had a star pendant, which added two-thirds more to its price and was a beautiful ornament by itself. The combinations of diamonds and colored stones are very fine this season, not only in pendants, but also in rings. One of the latter, by which a turquoise as big as a humming bird's egg is surrounded by diamond sparks, is pretty enough to figure in one of Mrs. Spofford's stories. -*Boston Transcript.*

THE GREAT TRANS-CONTINENTAL ROUTE.

Whatever surprises are in store for us in the way of new trans-continental lines, it is reasonably certain that the Northern Pacific will always remain the choice of nine out of ten persons going from Oregon to the East who seek comfort or pleasure. The splendid combination of river and mountain scenery along its line, together with its unrivaled equipment, place the "Northern" easily at the head.
Leaving Portland for St. Paul or Duluth, the tourist or business man contemplates his long journey with no fear of fatigue, for every provision known to the most approved methods of railroad service, in the shape of palace dining cars and Pullman sleepers, has been made for the patrons of this road. The trip from Portland to St. Paul is one of varied interest. Dead to all appreciation of the grand and beautiful coast by this route, it is not within the limits of this article to speak. It is a world of wonders and beauties in itself, which one must see to appreciate, and having once seen them he will never rest till he has seen them again.
It is easy for those inclined to criticize to speak of railroads as monopolies and their management as grinding corporations; but had it not been for the far-seeing enterprise of men like Jay Cooke and Henry Villard, we should no doubt today be depending, in Oregon and Washington, on the slow and uncertain methods of steamboating. Without disparaging the claims of other lines, we are safe in saying that the opening up of the Pacific Northwest received its greatest impulse from the completion of the Northern Pacific, whose future is bright with the promise of a far greater development of the country it traverses than its most sanguine friends have ever predicted.
This Western passenger business of this great system could not be placed in charge of a more competent gentleman than Mr. S. D. Clarkton, who, it is enough to say, is the son-in-law of the general passenger agent of the country, while that prince of the craft—W. F. Carson, Esq., Traveling Passenger Agent—is always a "drawing card" whether in a theatrical bill, a post-prandial speech, a "lob tail" flush or in looking a party of "gray backs" over the "Northern."

CURRAN'S WIT.

A Few Samples of the Saliva of the Wit-test of Irishmen.
To the bench Curran could be at times unmerciful. In his early days Judge Robinson made an attempt to extinguish the rising advocate. Robinson, it was currently reported, owed his elevation to the publication of political pamphlets, remarkable only for their slavish meanness and scurrility. In arguing his case Curran said he had consulted all his law books and could not find the principle contended for. "I suspect, sir," said Robinson, "that your law library is rather scanty." "It is very true, my Lord," said Curran, "but my books are not numerous; but I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones." Curran was occasionally complimented by a witness, the son-in-law of a master of a horse trainer's servant, he could get no satisfactory answer. "Come, come, friend," urged Curran, "has he lost his teeth?" "Do you think," reported Robinson, "that I know his age as he does his horse by the mark of the mouth?" Once followed by a Limerick banker with an iron leg, Curran in his address to the jury said that his leg was the softest part about him. In a debate in the House of Commons he stated that he needed no aid from any one, that he was proud to be "the guardian of his own honor." "Indeed," exclaimed Sir Boyle Roche, "congratulate Mr. Curran on his holding a sinecure." Lord Curran was a determined enemy of Curran while he was at the bar. The Lord Chancellor ruined his practice at the Chancery court, and his clients were always sufferers. Indeed Curran stated that the losses in his professional income from the animosity of Lord Curran amounted to no less than £30,000. The incidents in court in consequence of this disagreement were sometimes ludicrous. On one occasion when he was known that the advocate was about to make an elaborate argument in chancery, Lord Curran brought a Newfoundland dog upon the bench, and paid much more attention to the dog than to the barrister, and the fact was commented on by the profession. At a material point in the argument the Chancellor lost all decency and turned quite aside to fondle the dog. Curran stopped at once. "Go on, go on," said Lord Curran, "do I beg a thousand pardons, my Lord?" "No," he replied, "I really took a few minutes your Lordship was engaged in conversation." -*Temple Bar.*

THE AETHIA.

What Caused the Demise of the Only Asthmatic Who Ever Died.
Some folks say that asthma and the hay fever are one and the same. The folks are wrong. Asthma is an affection of the throat. Hay fever is an affection of the mind. A man can have the asthma on a dollar a day and bread and water. He can't have a genuine, first-class case of hay fever unless he has an income of twenty thousand a year. A three months' vacation will cure the hay fever. Nothing milder than a hypodermic injection of cold lead, introduced under the left ear, is a safe cure for the asthma.
One of the symptoms of asthma is a tendency to longevity on the part of the subject, if he is carefully watched. The good die young, but the man with the asthma lives to see his great-grandchildren married. It has long been a matter of much scientific speculation as to what became of asthmatics. They disappear, like mules, but you never hear of a dead one. My opinion is, however, that if coroners were more thorough in their investigations, much light would be thrown on this important question. If they went deeper into the antecedents of parties who "got on to" the mysteries of the Great Beyond by jumping off of docks, blowing out the gas, making a luncheon of rat poison, and by other equally cheerful and effective mediums, there would be very few verdicts of the regulation form: "Came to his death by his own hand. Cause unknown." Very few. But there would be many after the following form: "Came to his death by his own hand. Confirmed victim of the asthma habit."
A man with the asthma never catches any thing else, unless he sleeps in a Hoboken area, on the summer-time. No asthmatic that ever grabbed for wind on shore the Jersey mosquito. But he can't catch small-pox, malaria, lock-jaw, nor mumps, no more than an oyster can catch the ear-ache. But he can catch fish, for even the asthmatic can lie. Except down. He can't lie down. If he does, his wind-pipe and all and singular his bronchial tubes inaugurate an early-closing movement at once and push it heartily. The luxurious couch of the custodian of a thoroughbred case of asthma is a gentle flag-broom chair, with a high, straight back.
There's one good thing about the asthma. You don't exert yourself any if you have it. If a man with the asthma laughs heartily, you've got to pump wind into him for ten minutes afterward. I had an asthmatic friend once, who was so constantly afraid that some one would tell him a funny story, or that something would happen on the street to make him laugh, that he stayed home all day, and in the evening stole quietly through back streets of the theater where the latest comic opera was being sung.
Carrying a scuttle of coal up the cellar stairs, or a pail of water from the pump, is a direct affront to the asthma, and it will howl like a saw being filed if it is shoved that way. I heard of a young fellow who got tired, once, of toting the coal upstairs, a month or so after he was married, and he worked the asthma dodge on his innocent and indulgent wife. She couldn't bear to see him suffer, so she carried the coal herself. One night my fly-lying laddy-buck got home late after an evening with the boys, and was just a trifle elegant. His wife was a real nice wife and she didn't say a word. Next morning she remarked, however: "Jack, I want a hod of coal from the cellar."
"Now, my dear," said Jack, whiney-like: "you know how it affects me to carry coal upstairs."
"That won't do any more, Jack," said the innocent wife: "Any one who could get upstairs with the load you carried last night and never get a wheeze to show for it, can't play the short-winded dodge off on a little hod of coal."
And Jack has carried the coal ever since.
I said no one had ever seen a dead asthmatic. I'm wrong. I saw one. He was killed right before my eyes, much to his great joy and satisfaction. He was a friend of mine. He started in with the asthma fifty-three years previous to his death, and was as yet only an infant, as asthmatics run. He had tried all the never-failing asthma cures there are, and his asthma got fat on them, so to speak. He even took the advice of a friend, who said it could be starved out, and went to live in a Brooklyn boarding-house to give the prescription the best kind of a chance. But it wouldn't work, and my friend had settled down with his phthisis and was indulging in the daily pastime of clutching for breath, when, fortunately, a funny man went to board in the house. He was a "cooker." My friend and the asthma had been having a week's picnic, and it had left him almost as robust as a shad in June. As he sat in his chair, one day, whooping and wheezing and gasping, the funny-man came in.
"How you feelin', old man?" he said.
"Not very—muscular," gasped my friend.
"Asthma readily be seen?"
I glared at him. My friend fell back in his chair. A smile almost heavenly played about his face. He evidently had caught a glimpse of the shining shore.
"He's had a tough siege of it, this time," I said.
"Phthisis-zactly so!" howled the funny-man, actually gloating in his infamy.
The smile on my friend's face became more angelic, and he settled still further back and closed his eyes.
"Do you know what I'd do if I had the asthma?" asked the joker-friend.
"I'd go to some monarchical country, grow up with it, and become its ruler."
"Why?" said I.
"Because, unworthy hes the head that wears a crown," he yelled.
My friend opened his eyes, gave one grateful look at the funny-man, and was at peace. -*Ed. Mott, in Puck.*

THE GREAT TRANS-CONTINENTAL ROUTE.

Whatever surprises are in store for us in the way of new trans-continental lines, it is reasonably certain that the Northern Pacific will always remain the choice of nine out of ten persons going from Oregon to the East who seek comfort or pleasure. The splendid combination of river and mountain scenery along its line, together with its unrivaled equipment, place the "Northern" easily at the head.
Leaving Portland for St. Paul or Duluth, the tourist or business man contemplates his long journey with no fear of fatigue, for every provision known to the most approved methods of railroad service, in the shape of palace dining cars and Pullman sleepers, has been made for the patrons of this road. The trip from Portland to St. Paul is one of varied interest. Dead to all appreciation of the grand and beautiful coast by this route, it is not within the limits of this article to speak. It is a world of wonders and beauties in itself, which one must see to appreciate, and having once seen them he will never rest till he has seen them again.
It is easy for those inclined to criticize to speak of railroads as monopolies and their management as grinding corporations; but had it not been for the far-seeing enterprise of men like Jay Cooke and Henry Villard, we should no doubt today be depending, in Oregon and Washington, on the slow and uncertain methods of steamboating. Without disparaging the claims of other lines, we are safe in saying that the opening up of the Pacific Northwest received its greatest impulse from the completion of the Northern Pacific, whose future is bright with the promise of a far greater development of the country it traverses than its most sanguine friends have ever predicted.
This Western passenger business of this great system could not be placed in charge of a more competent gentleman than Mr. S. D. Clarkton, who, it is enough to say, is the son-in-law of the general passenger agent of the country, while that prince of the craft—W. F. Carson, Esq., Traveling Passenger Agent—is always a "drawing card" whether in a theatrical bill, a post-prandial speech, a "lob tail" flush or in looking a party of "gray backs" over the "Northern."

CURRAN'S WIT.

A Few Samples of the Saliva of the Wit-test of Irishmen.
To the bench Curran could be at times unmerciful. In his early days Judge Robinson made an attempt to extinguish the rising advocate. Robinson, it was currently reported, owed his elevation to the publication of political pamphlets, remarkable only for their slavish meanness and scurrility. In arguing his case Curran said he had consulted all his law books and could not find the principle contended for. "I suspect, sir," said Robinson, "that your law library is rather scanty." "It is very true, my Lord," said Curran, "but my books are not numerous; but I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones." Curran was occasionally complimented by a witness, the son-in-law of a master of a horse trainer's servant, he could get no satisfactory answer. "Come, come, friend," urged Curran, "has he lost his teeth?" "Do you think," reported Robinson, "that I know his age as he does his horse by the mark of the mouth?" Once followed by a Limerick banker with an iron leg, Curran in his address to the jury said that his leg was the softest part about him. In a debate in the House of Commons he stated that he needed no aid from any one, that he was proud to be "the guardian of his own honor." "Indeed," exclaimed Sir Boyle Roche, "congratulate Mr. Curran on his holding a sinecure." Lord Curran was a determined enemy of Curran while he was at the bar. The Lord Chancellor ruined his practice at the Chancery court, and his clients were always sufferers. Indeed Curran stated that the losses in his professional income from the animosity of Lord Curran amounted to no less than £30,000. The incidents in court in consequence of this disagreement were sometimes ludicrous. On one occasion when he was known that the advocate was about to make an elaborate argument in chancery, Lord Curran brought a Newfoundland dog upon the bench, and paid much more attention to the dog than to the barrister, and the fact was commented on by the profession. At a material point in the argument the Chancellor lost all decency and turned quite aside to fondle the dog. Curran stopped at once. "Go on, go on," said Lord Curran, "do I beg a thousand pardons, my Lord?" "No," he replied, "I really took a few minutes your Lordship was engaged in conversation." -*Temple Bar.*

THE AETHIA.

What Caused the Demise of the Only Asthmatic Who Ever Died.
Some folks say that asthma and the hay fever are one and the same. The folks are wrong. Asthma is an affection of the throat. Hay fever is an affection of the mind. A man can have the asthma on a dollar a day and bread and water. He can't have a genuine, first-class case of hay fever unless he has an income of twenty thousand a year. A three months' vacation will cure the hay fever. Nothing milder than a hypodermic injection of cold lead, introduced under the left ear, is a safe cure for the asthma.
One of the symptoms of asthma is a tendency to longevity on the part of the subject, if he is carefully watched. The good die young, but the man with the asthma lives to see his great-grandchildren married. It has long been a matter of much scientific speculation as to what became of asthmatics. They disappear, like mules, but you never hear of a dead one. My opinion is, however, that if coroners were more thorough in their investigations, much light would be thrown on this important question. If they went deeper into the antecedents of parties who "got on to" the mysteries of the Great Beyond by jumping off of docks, blowing out the gas, making a luncheon of rat poison, and by other equally cheerful and effective mediums, there would be very few verdicts of the regulation form: "Came to his death by his own hand. Cause unknown." Very few. But there would be many after the following form: "Came to his death by his own hand. Confirmed victim of the asthma habit."
A man with the asthma never catches any thing else, unless he sleeps in a Hoboken area, on the summer-time. No asthmatic that ever grabbed for wind on shore the Jersey mosquito. But he can't catch small-pox, malaria, lock-jaw, nor mumps, no more than an oyster can catch the ear-ache. But he can catch fish, for even the asthmatic can lie. Except down. He can't lie down. If he does, his wind-pipe and all and singular his bronchial tubes inaugurate an early-closing movement at once and push it heartily. The luxurious couch of the custodian of a thoroughbred case of asthma is a gentle flag-broom chair, with a high, straight back.
There's one good thing about the asthma. You don't exert yourself any if you have it. If a man with the asthma laughs heartily, you've got to pump wind into him for ten minutes afterward. I had an asthmatic friend once, who was so constantly afraid that some one would tell him a funny story, or that something would happen on the street to make him laugh, that he stayed home all day, and in the evening stole quietly through back streets of the theater where the latest comic opera was being sung.
Carrying a scuttle of coal up the cellar stairs, or a pail of water from the pump, is a direct affront to the asthma, and it will howl like a saw being filed if it is shoved that way. I heard of a young fellow who got tired, once, of toting the coal upstairs, a month or so after he was married, and he worked the asthma dodge on his innocent and indulgent wife. She couldn't bear to see him suffer, so she carried the coal herself. One night my fly-lying laddy-buck got home late after an evening with the boys, and was just a trifle elegant. His wife was a real nice wife and she didn't say a word. Next morning she remarked, however: "Jack, I want a hod of coal from the cellar."
"Now, my dear," said Jack, whiney-like: "you know how it affects me to carry coal upstairs."
"That won't do any more, Jack," said the innocent wife: "Any one who could get upstairs with the load you carried last night and never get a wheeze to show for it, can't play the short-winded dodge off on a little hod of coal."
And Jack has carried the coal ever since.
I said no one had ever seen a dead asthmatic. I'm wrong. I saw one. He was killed right before my eyes, much to his great joy and satisfaction. He was a friend of mine. He started in with the asthma fifty-three years previous to his death, and was as yet only an infant, as asthmatics run. He had tried all the never-failing asthma cures there are, and his asthma got fat on them, so to speak. He even took the advice of a friend, who said it could be starved out, and went to live in a Brooklyn boarding-house to give the prescription the best kind of a chance. But it wouldn't work, and my friend had settled down with his phthisis and was indulging in the daily pastime of clutching for breath, when, fortunately, a funny man went to board in the house. He was a "cooker." My friend and the asthma had been having a week's picnic, and it had left him almost as robust as a shad in June. As he sat in his chair, one day, whooping and wheezing and gasping, the funny-man came in.
"How you feelin', old man?" he said.
"Not very—muscular," gasped my friend.
"Asthma readily be seen?"
I glared at him. My friend fell back in his chair. A smile almost heavenly played about his face. He evidently had caught a glimpse of the shining shore.
"He's had a tough siege of it, this time," I said.
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