LEBANON EXPRESS.

He Who thinks to please the world is dullest of his kind; for let him face which way he will, one-half is yet behind.

VOL. IV. NO. 21. LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUUGST 1, 1890. $2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

PHILADELPHIA'S LEARNED NEWSBOY.

His Surprise at Swipsey's Appearance Brings Out a Legend About Solomon.

"Holy Cat! Git onto Swipsey, will yer? Where did yer git dem togs? Where did yer git——"

At this point in his song the learned newsboy was interrupted by Swipsey.

"Come off de roof, will yer? I ain't no guy, I ain't. Ef er feller gits er noo layout o' clo'es some blokeys wot don't wear no'tin' but a lot er holes sewed togedder t'inks dat he mus' be er museum freak."

The Fat Boy—"On de level now, Swipsey, where was de fire?"

"Freckles—"Did yer git dem off er tree? Tell us will yer? An' I'll go an' pluck er suit."

The Learned One—"Solomon in all his glory wasn't togged out like dis."

"Youse ducks t'inks yerself funny, don't youse? Youse ducks is ex funny ez er Chinese fun'ral, youse is. I don't care erbout no Solomon or any odder bloke; see?" (Swipsey was evidently indignant.)

"I's sorry dat yer don' care fer Solomon," said the learned one. "But dat, Solomon, won't min' dat. Dat is I don' t'ink he will."

"Who's Solomon anyhow?" asked Swipsey, sullenly.

"Solomon, my t'ick an' benighted frien', ain't not; he was. He hez been dead long enough ter be cold. Solomon was er King wot was so wise dat he hed over er hundred wives an' handled dem all without ever gitting pinched an' yanked before de jedge fer domestic infelic'ty."

"Come ergen." (This from Freckles.)

Freckles got a look of withering contempt and the learned one continued:

"Ter show yer how much dat blokey, Solomon, knowed, he hed two women before him onet wot bot' sed dat er kid dey hed wid dem belonged ter dem. Solomon didn't know which was de mudder o' de kid, so wot's he do but hol' de kid up and t'reaten ter cut it inter two pieces and gib each o' de women er half. Dat settled de biz. De real mudder squealed and tol' Solomon not ter cut de baby, but gib it ter de odder woman sooner dan kill it. Dat was de way Solomon foun' out wot was de real mudder. See?"

"Der wasn't no flies on dat, was der?" put in the fat boy, emphatically.

"Not none," assented Freckles.

"It was him wot builded de great temple, an' dere he showed dat he was er loo loo. In de Koran an' de Chronicle o' Tabari dere's er story wot sez dat Solomon got de genii——"

Freckles—"Wot's de genii?"

The Learned One—"Dey's fokes wot kin do anyt ing ef yer kin fin' dem an' git dem ter do it. Yer don' see 'em or feel 'em, but they git dere all de same; dat is dey useter, but I aint heard er any bein' in Philadelphy."

"Not in de Dime?" asked the fat boy.

"De Dime don' hev everything, yer jay," replied the learned one. "Ez I was er sayin', Solomon got de genii ter build de temple, an' while dey was er buildin' it he foun' dat he was er goin' ter croak. He knowed dat ef de genii got onto dis dey would quit work ez soon ez he got pale. Solomon was er cagey bloke, he was. Dere wasn't no bugs on him. He was dead onto the genii, an' dey couldn't play him fer no chump."

Swipsey—"Wot was de matter wid de genii goin' on er strike? Didn't dey have no union?"

"Swipsey," said the learned one impressively, "since yer got dem togs yer'er puttin' on more lugs dan a oie woman wid er noo set o' brass teeth."

"Yes, I am." (Swipsey apparently did not agree with the other.)

"So dat the genii'd keep on the job w'en he was er stiff, Solomon cut a stick in his garden, an' strikin' er posish like this——"

Here the learned one assumed an attitude something similar to the stage lover struck with remorse.

Swipsey—"He must er had a pain ef he looked like dat."

"W'en he got hisself fixed right," resumed the learned one, without noticing Swipsey's remark. "Solomon jes' bowed his head an' give up de ghost. De body kep stan'in' in de same posish for er whole year, an' in dat time de temple was done. De fellers wot seed him stan'in' dere t'ought dat he was meditatin' an' wouldn' say not'in to him. Dere was a little red mouse wot all de time was er chewin' erway on de stick wot Solomon's stiff was er leanin' on, an' at de end o' de year de stick was chewed so much dat it broke an' de stiff tumbled to the floor. Dat was how dey knowed dat Solomon had been er corpse all the time."

"Wot was the matter wid the Coroner? Where did he come in?" asked Freckles.

"He wasn't in dis."

Swipsey — "You're a good one. You're a dandy, you is."

The Learned One— "Perhaps yer don't take dat story in!"

"Naw, I don'."

"Well, yer don' have ter; see?"

"Dat's what I t'ought."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Lucca's Tender Heart.

The following anecdote is told by the Warsaw papers, demonstrating the good heart of the celebrated singer, Lucca. As is well known, Bismarck was one of the warmest admirers of her talent and often visited her. Once, when walking together along one of the Berlin streets, they noticed the sad spectacle of a photographer's establishment being sold at auction. The business had not prospered and they were selling his property to pay some debts. "Unfortunate people!" said Lucca; "let us help them, Count." "Willingly," replied Bismarck, "but I did not take with me money enough for that." "Ah! how provoking it is," exclaimed Lucca; "neither have I any money about me. . . . But here, let's help them in another way," quickly suggested the singer; "let us go and have our pictures taken together at this photographer's." It was no sooner said than done, and the poor photographer, who realized great sums of money by selling the pictures of Bismarck and Lucca, six months afterward was a ready opening a luxurious establishment on "Unter den Linden."

A Famous Indian Chief.

Chief Joseph, the famous chief of the Nez Perces Indians, who defied the [illegible] tes a few years ago, is fully [illegible] his moccasins, and weighs [illegible] His features are fine and [illegible] ed character; his forehead [illegible] high, slightly sloping from [illegible] avy, beetling eyebrows, [illegible] g black eyes. His hair, [illegible] ght, is remarkably fine [illegible] and is glossy without [illegible] e. His hands and feet [illegible] l-shaped; of the former [illegible] ands much time [illegible]

EASTERN NEWS.

Hundreds of Discontented Mexicans Raiding New Mexico.

VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON'S WIFE ROBBED OF HER DIAMONDS.

The End of the New York Cloakmakers' Strike—The South to Boycott Northern Manufacturers.

Large amounts in silver have been made ready in Mexico to be shipped to the United States in case the silver bill passes.

Senator Stewart, July 21st, introduced a bill granting public lands in Nevada, except mineral lands, to the State in aid of irrigation.

As a result of Admiral Lang's resignation the Chinese Goverment declares that never again will it entrust real authority in the navy to any foreigner.

Secretary Tracy has officially accepted the United States steamer Philadelphia. Mr. Cramp, the builder, receives $13,500 as premium for extra speed.

An American girl, Josephine Neuendorf who has been studying music in Berlin, has committed suicide. Her mind is said to have been affected by overstudy.

In the House, July 15th, General Vandever of California introduced a bill granting a pension of $8,000 a year to the widow of the late General Fremont.

Water has been let into the Central Park reservoir in New York for the first time through the new Croton aqueduct, which has been six years in building.

The conference of Maryland tariff reform clubs met in Baltimore in the interest of tariff reform, and incidentally to boom Cleveland for the Democratic nomination.

The Atlanta Constitution in a long editorial urges the organization of Home League clubs to boycott Northern goods, in the event of the passage of the Federal Election bill.

Prof. John W. Heston, principal of the preparatory department of the Pennsylvania State College, has accepted the superintendency of the Seattle, Wash., public schools.

The London Standard says: The death of Gen. Fremont deprives America of a romantic personality which it can ill afford to lose in these prosaic times. His name will live in history.

Dr. W. Mitchel, pastor of the Broadway Presbyterian Church at Fort Worth, Tex., has been arrested for forgeries amounting to $3,500. He was placed in jail, being unable to give a $4,000 bond.

The cloakmakers' strike ended in New York July 15th, by the manufacturers agreeing to discharge all non union men, with the understanding that they would be taken back as soon as they had joined the union.

A special cable dispatch to the Toronto Globe says the Canadian Pacific Railway is about to issue fresh capital for purposes in connection with the Pacific Steamship service under the subsidies granted by the Dominion Governmeht.

Supervisor of the Census George L. Sopris announces the population of Denver and its suburbs at 126,186. This shows an increase over his former figures of 7,000, which has been added by a recanvass of the city by a citizen's committee.

Several hundred Mexicans, armed, masked and mounted almost nightly patrol the vicinity of Las Vegas, N. M., and forty miles thereabouts, destroying fences, houses, bridges and crops. The motive for their depredations is stated to be a kind of agrarian discontent.

The national executive committee of the Mine Workers' Union of America, in session at Columbus, Ohio, has decided to bring suits in behalf of the families of the men who lost their lives in the mine at Dunbar, Pa., against the company for $10,000 in each case.

At a meeting held at Middlesborough, Ky., to organize permanently the Grant and Lee Monument Association, the subscription committee reported $14,100. Telegrams of encouragement were read from Gov. Hill, Gov. Campbell, Gov. Taylor, Charles A. Dana and others.

An English Syndicate is negotiating for the purchase of all the tobacco warehouses in Louisville and Cincinnati. With the Louisville and Cincinnati markets the syndicate could control the tobacco market of the world, Louisville alone last year selling nearly 200,000 hogsheads.

Gen. Casey, chief engineer in the War Department, in a report submitted to the Senate, states that it will cost $640,000 to complete the Washington aqueduct. Over $2,000,000 have so far been expended on the work. It was abandoned two years ago as defective, and has been going to ruin ever since.

Sneak thieves entered the Bliss cottage at Saratoga, N. Y., and got away with $10,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry. The cottage was occupied by Mr. Morton, the Vice President of the United States, and his partner, Bliss, and their wives. A reward of $1,000 has been offered for the recovery of the jewels.

The Chicago evening papers say there is on foot in this city a gigantic scheme for irrigating 300,000 acres of the richest land in Southern California, which is to be accomplished by impounding the waters from the mountains in immense storage reservoirs. It will then be conducted to the land by a system of pipes, ditches and flumes, and what is now practically a desert will be made to boom like Riverside, Redlands, Los Angeles or Pasadena.

Probably the most valuable dog ever imported arrived at Boston, July 21st. The dog was a handsome, rough-coated St. Bernard and the price paid for him abroad was $4,250. He is 3 years old, weighs 208 pounds and stands within an inch and a half of three feet high at the shoulders. He is by champion Plinlimon and champion Queen Jura.

An agreement has been arrived at between the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians and the Cherokee Commissioners. They agree to hold lands in severalty and receive $1,500,000 in cash and $1,000,000 to be left with the Government, drawing 5 per cent interest. It will probably require eight or ten days for the Indians to sign the agreement. The treaty opens 4,000,000 acres of land.

Robert Bonner's new purchase, the beautiful California filly Sunol, was driven a practice mile at Hamtramck track, Detroit, July 21st, she surprised the stable men by showing a mile in 2:15. She made the last half in 1:04 1-5, and when Marvyn, the driver, called for a spurt on the last quarter, she came down the homestretch from the three-quarter pole [illegible] two-minute clip. The track is [illegible] condition, and most of the [illegible] that Sunol can beat Maud

Bargaining in Algiers.

You select your goods with slow deliberation, pile them together casually in a little heap, eye them askance with an inquiring glance, and take a contemplative pull or two at the inspiring weed in solemn silence, says a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine.* Mohammed Ali responds with a puff from his cigarette in grave concert. Then you walk once or twice up and down the piazza slowly, and, jerking your head with careless ease in the direction of your selected pile, you inquire, as if for abstract reasons merely, in an offhand tone, your Moslem friend's lowest cash quotation for the lot as it stands.

Two hundred francs is the smallest price. Mohammed Ali paid far more than that himself for them. He sells simply for occupation it would seem. Look at the work, monsieur. All graven brass, not mere repoussé metal, or real old chain-stitch, alike on both sides—none of your wretched, common-place, modern, machine-made embroidery.

You smile incredulously, and remark with a wise nod that your Moslem friend must surely be in error. A mistake of the press. For 200 francs read 50 francs.

Mohammed Ali assumes an expressive attitude of virtuous indignation and resumes his tobacco. Fifty francs for all that lot! Monsieur jests. He shows himself a very poor judge, indeed, of values.

Half an hour's debate and ten successive abatements reduce the lot at last to a fair average price of 70 francs. Mohammed Ali declares you have robbed him of his profit, and pockets his cash with inarticulate grumblings in the Arab tongue. Next day you see in the Rue Bab-Azzoun that you have paid him at least 30 francs too much for your supposed bargain.

Said to be 180 Years Old.

The oldest man in the world is a citizen of Bogota, in the Republic of San Salvador.

The new Methuselah declares that he is 180 years old, and it would seem he flatters himself, for his neighbors give the assurance that he is older than he says he is.

He is a half-breed, named Michael Solis, whose existence was revealed to Dr. Louis Hernandez by one of the oldest planters in the locality, who as a child knew Solis as a centenarian.

They have found in the year 1712 his signature among those of persons who contributed to the building of a Franciscan convent which exists near San Sebastian.

His skin is like parchment, his long hair, of the whiteness of snow, envelops his head like a turban, and his look is so keen that it made a disagreeable impression on the Doctor.

Interrogated by the Doctor, he answered complaisantly that his great age was due to his regular mode of living, and to his never giving up to any excess of any sort whatever.

"I never eat but once a day," said he, "but I never use any but the strongest and most nourishing foods. My meals last a half hour; for I believe it is impossible to eat more in that time than the body can digest in twenty-four hours. I fast the first and fifteenth day of each month, and on those days I drink as much water as I can bear. I always let my food become cold before I touch it. It is to these things that I attribute my great age."—*Union Liberale of Quebec.*

The Men and Women of Brazil.

The Flumenenses, as the people of Rio are called, are in some ways polite and well bred, in others rude and vulgar. The men have a coarse habit of rudely staring at every lady who passes by, and a crowd on a street corner will never give way to let ladies pass through. If two or more Brazilians meet on the sidewalk and stop to talk they coolly obstruct the pavement and expect passers-by to take to the roadway. The tram-cars are not fit for a lady to ride in—the men all smoke, and usually villainous tobacco.

The Brazilian women are not pretty, and in the presence of gentlemen are usually shy. At a reception or soiree the gentlemen gather in knots and talk politics at the top of their voices, and the ladies sit about and talk—I know not what, for if a gentleman comes near they instantly stop short.

The men of native birth, as a rule, are low of stature and slender. But there are Brazilians of girth and commanding presence. The Brazilian women are dark and not comparable to our Northern beauties. They make good mothers, though rather indulgent, but social usages allow them no liberty and their days are monotonous and without excitement. Their daughters are taught French. Music is a natural gift. They can embroider a little, but the world and what goes on it is a sealed book to them. Until they are married they are never alone in a gentleman's company. A young man cannot call often and manifest any particular preference for a young lady without being asked if his intentions are serious. The mother has scarcely more liberty than the daughter. Her place is at home, and, be it said to the Brazilians' credit, the husbands, as a rule, are domestic in their habits. Their evenings are spent at home or at places of amusement with their wives and children.—*Rio Janeiro Letter.*

Spreckels, the Sugar King.

"Claus Spreckels," said a friend of his, "looks so much like the conventional idea of Santa Claus, the Christmas saint, that no one ought to be surprised at his being named 'Claus.' The old sugar king has a full white beard, rosy cheeks and luxuriant snowy hair. He is even as benevolent in a benevolent way as his Christmas namesake is on a large scale, and his family and employes are devoted to him. Mr. Spreckels knows the sugar business from the cane field to the refined product. When the refinery was being built at the foot of Reed street in Philadelphia, at a cost of more than a million dollars, a quantity of the most expensive machinery in the plant was put in wrong, and when Mr. Spreckels saw it he recognized the error at a glance. As a practical machinist he leaped into the excavation, had the whole mass of iron and steel yanked out and personally superintended its proper erection. Few millionaire operators in any business know its ins and outs so thoroughly as he."

South Africa.

British capital is developing the resources of South Africa at a remarkable rate. The returns of the mines have increased from $250,000 to $7,500,000 a year. At the same time silver, coal, petroleum, and planting companies, with all their attendant industries have been started, and in many cases are doing well.

SPORTING NOTES.

Theodore Winters Disgusted With Eastern Racing.

SENATOR HEARST'S STABLES COMING TO THE FRONT.

Dwyer Bros.' Two-Year-Olds Prove Failures—Merry Bell's Wonderful Record in England.

The two-year-olds of the Dwyer Bros., although they cost a fortune, are failures.

Mike Coslin of Bennington, Vt., wants to wrestle any 115-pound man in America for $500 a side.

Four watches agreed on Luther N. Carey's 11 1-5 seconds for 110 yards at the New York Athletic Club games.

A free all go-as-you-please race will take place at Madison Square Garden in New York next November. Littlewood and Albert will enter.

Budd Doble says that Axtel will be ready to take Sunol's measure in a race by September. Marvin says that Sunol will not dodge the meeting.

The Queen's Park Football Club of Glasgow, champions of Scotland, challenge America to play against a picked-up team in September for the world's championship.

Senator George Hearst's stable has been running in better form lately. It is no fault of the horses that the California millionaire does not win more races, but the trainer's

"Professor" Young Whistler says he would like a match with Professor Oldrieve of Boston at water-walking. He says any sum from $10 to $500 will be covered by him.

In 1889 Salvator won the Realization Stakes from Tenny by 18 inches; the Surburban in 1890 from Cassius by half a head, and the match for $15,000 in 1880 from Tenny by a head.

Mugan of San Diego has challenged Martinez Chick, the champion wing shot, to a contest for the Peters Medal. They will shoot 26 singles and twelve doubles. Chick has allowed a handicap of three yards. He has already won the medal four times and if successful in this match will retain it for good.

A remarkable animal died in England recently in the racing mare Merry Bells, by Knight of St. Patrick, out of Solitude foaled in 1861. She had won 122 races when she was retired to the stud at the age of 21. She, not unnaturally, proved barren, and at the age of 27 was put in training again, doing well until within a day or two of her death.

Jimmy Carroll, boxing instructor of the California Athletic Club, has been matched to fight Andy Bowen to a finish before the New Orleans Olympic Club, for a purse of $2500. Theodore Peterson, president of the club, will telegraph to President Fulda of the California Club, asking the directors to give Carroll permission to meet Bowen, as the match has been made subject to their approval.

There has been considerable dissatisfaction with the management of the St. Louis races, which culminated in the semi official announcement that Mr. Theodore Winters, owner of the famous Winters' stables, will be conspicious by his absence from the St. Louis track after this, as will also his stable. Mr. Winters claims that Starter Ferguson is deliberately giving the Winters horses the worst of the start at every opportunity.

Bud Doble, who was a double-team driver when trotting to the pole was in full blast, having piloted Jessie Wales and Darkness and other crack teams, is again taking an active part in the new crusade for championship honors, in handling fast pairs belonging to wealthy owners. He is at present driving Hornl. 2:17; Lady Bullion, 2:18¼; and Reina, 2:22½; and after getting the trio acquainted with each other will select two of them for a tilt against the watch

A new athletic organization, known as the Lewiston Athletic Club, has been organized at Lewiston, Neb. Every aparatus for the purpose of physical development has been ordered, under the supervision of General Instructor B. J. Eugene, of the Olympic Club, of San Francisco. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows: F. A. Carl, late of Indiana, president; B. Benjamin, vice-president; R. James, treasurer; C. M. Ransom, secretary; S. D. Robert, superintendent; B. J. Eugene, general instructor.

George Bubear, the champion oarsman of England, defeated Robert J. Brown in a single-scull race on the Clarence River, Australia, recently on a foul. Time 22 minutes 15 seconds. The stakes were $1,000. Bubear was not cheered for his victory, but hooted for the mean advantage he took of courting a foul. Brown accidentally got in the Englishman's water, and before he succeeded in leaving it Bubear purposely rowed into Brown's boat, claimed a foul and stopped rowing. The referee gave Bubear the race because he could not do otherwise.

The Traver Advocate says, A friend in Honolulu has written to J. R. Terrill, station agent here, wanting Mr. Terrill to send him a dozen live rabbits. If the fleet-footed varments are to be turned loose on the island the people should profit by the experience of the Australians. Wild rabbits were introduced there as pets and since then the Government has spent millions of dollars trying to exterminate them, with little success. The Honolulan is welcome to a dozen of our little pets—we can spare a few million if he wants them—but old King Kalakaua and his army of fifty men couldn't rid the country of them in a few years.

A. J. McCellan, the backer and manager of Prof. Edward J. Northrup, the aerial champion parachute jumper called at this office, posted $100 forfeit and issued a challenge to match Northrup against any parachute jumper in America for $500 or $1,000 a side and the championship, each to assend with balloons, and at a given signal to cut loose and descend. The contestant reaching the ground first with his parachute to be declared the winner. Richard K. Fox to be the final stakeholder and appoint referee. The contest to take place at Coney Island three weeks from signing articles. This is an opportunity for ambitious parachute actor.

Advices from San Francisco state that both Charley Turner and Jack Davis have refused to fight Fitzsimmons, the New Zealand middle-weight champion. Joe Ellingsworth, when he signed to fight Denny Kelleher, agreed, in the event of his winning to fight Turner. But now he has backed out on the ground that it it would add nothing to his record to whip a man whom Kelleher had disposed of. He has been signed to fight Fitzsimmons in August before the California Club. Joe is a very clever and level-headed fighter. Joe made a mistake in not fighting Turner instead of Fitz, because he can whip the Stockton colored champion, while Fitz. will polish him off in good style.

LONG-LIVED FRIENDS.

How Intermarriage Affects the Lives and Success of Quakers.

It is quite true that many "Friends" live long, says the London *Hospital.* It is equally true that certain circumstances in their history militate against long life. Among these latter, intermarriage is perhaps the most important of all. The followers of George Fox have never been very numerous, but until late years they have been extremely exclusive. The inevitable result of that has been extensive intermarriage throughout the whole community. The consequences of the frequency of intermarriage have been, and are still, very evident. Quakers, as a class, are not muscularly robust; many of them are decidedly anæmic, and not a few are mentally feeble.

Yet, in spite of these practical and serious drawbacks, the Friends, as a class, do more than their proportion of the world's serous business, and they manage to attain a high average of longevity. Now, this is exactly the kind of fact that true medical science likes to get hold of and to interrogate and learn from. What is the reason, asks the sensible man, why the Quakers, with so many undoubted disadvantages, attain such a high average of success in all that constitutes worthy life, and also succeed in enjoying their success to an exceptionally old age? The reason, we are convinced, is to be found in their quiet habits and disciplined life. An ordinary doctor, or even layman, would probably have felt much more interest in the subject at this point if we had been able to affirm that the Quakers owed their success and long life to certain drugs, as for example, to arsenic, phosphorus, strychnia, and the like, or to certain methods of feeding, as vegetarianism, or meat-eating, or fruit-eating, or wine-drinking, or tectotalism, or smoking, and so on. But we submit that that shows a want of real mental capacity. For what, after all, is the true importance of the subject? Does it not consist in the undoubted character of the results? The results are really the things to be considered.

As a matter of fact the Quakers are successful in life. As a matter of fact they do not live long. Then, surely, true science will not curl the lip of scorn because these results are obtained by what may be called "natural and simple" processes instead of by elaborate preparations or out-of-the-way methods.

Copper Brads in Shoes.

"Do you see these large copper brads in the sole of my shoe?" asked a gentleman of the St. Louis *Republic's* Man About Town, as he held up to view the sole of one of his shoes. On being answered in the affirmative he said: "To these simple brads alone I attribute my present good health. For years I was an invalid, subject to dyspepsia, neuralgia, headache, and other innumerable pains, and traveled the country over in search of health. In traveling out west among the Indian tribes I was struck with their remarkable health, and expecially their exemption from the maladies that afflicted me and also with the fact that the strongest and healthiest went barefooted altogether. I sought an explanation of the matter and by continued observation and study was finally led to the conclusion that the aches and pains to which civilized man is heir are owing to the manner in which we insulate our bodies from Mother Earth. Science is every day more clearly demonstrating that electricity is the vitalizing constituent of our bodies and that this globe of ours is a mighty battery, continually generating and discharging electricity. Now, I reasoned, if this was correct the secret of the Indian's health was in his bare feet, which exposed his whole body to the vitalizing influence of the electrical earth currents; while my ill health was attributable to my feet being insulated from these currents. Acting on this hypothesis I sought to restore the broken connection by inserting these brads in the soles of my shoes, and the result, I must say, was astonishing. My feet, which formerly were nearly always cold, soon became warm and moist; my health commenced shortly to improve, and in a few months I was entirely relieved of all my pains, and have ever since enjoyed good health. It is a very simple thing and easily tested, and I feel sure would benefit any one afflicted as I was.

The Author of M'Ginty.

The man who envolved from his teeming brain the ballad which narrates the tumbles taken by Dan McGinty is probably at the present moment the most talked about of the minor poets of America, says the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle.* "Down Went McGinty" has arrived at the dignity of being "the" gag of the day. So when the reporter was informed that Joe Flynn, the undoubted author of the most popular song of the season, was singing it daily and nightly at a local theater, down went the writer to the bottom of the hall that connects the upper tier of dressing-rooms at the opera-house and found himself in the awful presence of the original McGinty, who was engaged in extricating himself from his grease paint, preparatory to donning "his best suit of clothes."

Mr. Flynn is a good-looking, black-haired and black-eyed young fellow, who takes the success of his muse in the most philosophic and modest manner. Of the origin of the famous song he said: "If you ever heard the story of the Irishman who was successfully carried in a hod to the top of a seven story building by a friend, as the result of a bet that the feat could not be successfully accomplished, and who remarked on paying over the money, 'Well, Pat, ye won fairly, but when yer foot slipped at the sixth floor, be jabers, I had hopes!' you know what suggested the first verse of the song. If you ever heard the air of the old song about the old man who had a wooden leg, and who 'had no tobaccy in his old tobaccy box,' you can guess where the suggestion for the tune came from. I wrote the song some time last April and did not think very much of it, while my partner, Mr. Sheridan here, thought nothing of it at all. We tried it on for the first time at the Providence opera-house. That important event took place on the evening of May 6 last. The song caught on at once, and we, and, as far as I can see, every song-and-dance man, have been singing it ever since. I suppose it took me about half an hour to write the song after I had got the chorus in my head."

When the Rev. Glover of Hoquiam announced that "Real Estate" would be the subject of his next Sabbath's sermon an enterprising dealer in town lots offered him $25 to speak a kind word for Campbell's addition.

GENERAL NEWS

Alaska and Her Vast Mineral Resources.

ENGLAND'S CUSTOMS BEING ADOPTED BY NEW YORKERS.

In Divorce Matters and Beer Drinking Japan Competes With America.

The Ocean's Treasure.

Two hearts and two livers were taken from a chicken killed at Lock Haven, Pa.

Emin Bey has two relatives in this country—his father's sister, Mrs. J. P. Kolsen, of Pittsburg, and a cousin, her son, who has served as Mayor of Terre Haute.

Senor Velarde, Bolivian delegate to the Pan-American Congress, favors a common American coin. This would be a great thing for the simplification of the slot machine.

The belle at a recent dog feast on an Indian reservation in Dakota wore a jacket trimmed with teeth from 150 elks, which she herself had slain. She is the granddaughter of the chief of the tribe.

By paying $2 in spot cash, you can get a divorce in four hours in Japan. But there is a great deal of dissatisfaction at the length of time required, as it is generally felt that the business ought to be done in one hour.

The rise of the price of ivory may be described by the statement that the cutlery firm in Sheffield, Rodgers & Sons, used to pay £600 a ton, but they have lately paid £1,280 and in some special cases as high as £2,000.

The proclamation suppressing the Chinese secret societies has been published all through the straits settlements. The property of the societies may be disposed of, though the governments do not desire to confiscate it.

President Carnot of France has learned to waltz in the American fashion. He has always been fond of dancing, and his recent intimacy with the American colony in Paris has led him to adopt our mode of tripping the light fantastic toe.

Beer has become a very popular beverage in Japan. The importations from Germany increased from 880,699 bottles in 1886 to 2,601,228 bottles in 1888, but since then the imports have decreased, owing to the establishment of native breweries.

It is said that the first thing that the new government of Brazil did was to send a telegram to the Rothschilds asking for their continued financial support, and the reply received was favorable and undoubtedly did much toward solidifying the new government.

A Greek paper reports that a number of coffers containing 80,000 gold and silver Spanish pieces of the year 1666 have been hauled out of the sea near the island of Andros. Six bronze cannon were also found, and it is thought the articles came from the wreck of a Spanish war vessel.

Gen. Boulanger, a recent visitor to the Isle of Jersey says, has not aged. On the contrary he has a rested face, a fresher color. His shoulders, however, have weakened and his gait has become slightly heavier. His eye, always bright, clear, and curious, has lost none of its expression, but the smile is uncertain.

Alfred N. Hazzard, seventy-three years old, turned up in New Haven, recently, much to the surprise of his son, Alfred N. Hazzard. Mr. Hazzard deserted his family in western York State forty years ago, and after wandering about in the West has become wealthy and returned to his son. As he put it, he has come home to die.

James S. T. Stranahan of Brooklyn seems likely to enjoy the unique distinction of living to see a statue erected in his honor. His name is intimately identified with numerous important public works, and a movement has begun for the erection of his statue in Prospect Park. Brooklyn's proximity to New York, however, may prove fatal to the project.

G. V. Dupont of the great gunpowder manufactory at Wilmington, Del., declares that the so-called smokeless and noiseless powders so far invented are failures, but he proclaims his belief that in the next five years a new powder for warfare will be invented which will be smokeless, noiseless, uniform, and safe and free from poisonous gases when it is consumed.

Some men are disastrously superstitious, says the Burlington *Free Press.* A Burlington swain came to the determination to propose on a certain evening. Entering the parlor in considerable trepidation, he picked up a book and glanced at the title page. It was a copy of "Don't." He didn't and on the very next afternoon his girl consented to be Mrs. Somebody Else.

Sir Henry Aaron Isaacs, the new Lord Mayor of London, has two daughters who are deaf and dumb, but they have been so admirably educated in the oral system in Holland that they can by lip-reading even understand what goes on at a theater. They have such bright, intelligent faces that no one could possibly imagine them to be deprived of two of the best senses.

Dr. Seth Pancoast, who died recently in Philadelphia, was a descendant of the three Pancoast brothers who came to this country with William Penn. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1852. He became Professor of Anatomy in the Philadelphia Female College in 1853, and in the following year was called to the chair in the Pennsylvania Medical College.

While the sealing industry of Alaska holds a prominent place in public attention, and gold mining in southeastern Alaska and at Unga Island to the westward is inviting capital for gradual and certain development, the coal deposits in the vicinity of Cook's Inlet and at other points west of Sitka are rapidly coming to the front. Experts pronounce the coal of good quality and the beds extensive.

Lizzie, a polar bear in the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens, has lately given birth to twins. The cubs are about the size of full grown rats. It is four weeks before the young of the polar bear species open their eyes and fully six weeks before they venture out of their den. In their native haunts the mother remains with her young until spring, when, emaciated and scarcely able to walk, she crawls out.

A sportsman entered an inn in England, his gun on a table outside. During his absence a man named Speakman picked it up, cocked it, sighted it, and then laid it down again. The owner took it up afterward without noticing that it had been cocked, and he and two others, including the man who had examined it, walked on. While they were getting over a fence the gun went off killing the man who had cocked it.

The *Catholic Review* doesn't appear to be satisfied with Catholic literature in this country. "We sigh," it says, "for a glimpse of a novel, a biography, a history—anything written by a Catholic American with literary skill, taste and modesty. But we sigh in vain. French translations, German translations, English poppy prose, sermons dull and meditations awful continue to pour from the Catholic presses in long drawn-out agony."

At the Indian cemetery on Indian Hill, near Portland, Conn., the other day, John R. Lewis dug up a redman whose grave was liberally provided with culinary utensils. There were several bottles, an iron kettle with a copper ladle, a brass kettle and two Dutch mugs. The human remains, which were a skull and a dozen very fine teeth, were evidently those of a great chief; but what business the Dutch mugs had in the grave is a mystery to every one.

The custom of putting housemaids into livery, which is common enough in England, is beginning to be adopted in New York. The costume, or uniform, consists of a skirt of dark livery cloth, blue, green or brown, with plain front and broad pleats at the back; a waistcoat of the same cloth, with fine crosswise lines of red braid and a coat cut away in front and covering the hips. Metal livery buttons are used on the coat and waistcoat. A small white cap, stiff white collar and cuffs and a white cravat complete the attire.

Why Women Are Fascinating.

The power of fascination inherent in women may, moreover, be divided into two kinds. We all, says the Brooklyn *Eagle,* have seen the old lady, generally white haired, with kindly, pleasant features, on which time has set no unfriendly mark, who still retains all her attractiveness. Note how the boys and girls adore her; they will go to her and confide their sorrows, their hopes, their ambitions, and when they would not breathe a word to their mothers. The kindly, loving interest evinced in a lad's affairs by such a one has time and again first implanted the impulses in the heart which eventually led him on to an honorable career.

Quickly, almost by stealth, the good is done by such, and the good seed sown which will ripen in after time into a rich and abundant crop. On the other hand, we have most of us seen, perhaps in real life, certainly on the stage, the fascinating adventuress who, by her enthralling beaute de diable, enslaves men's souls and leads them (on the stage) to dare all for her sake. Such is directly opposed to the sweet old lady in her old-fashioned chair, and these two form the opposite poles between which the women who fascinate vary.

Types differ, and any one you may select has some position between these two opposites. Take, for instance, a pretty and may be witty woman who, hardly of her own free will, makes every man fall in love with her to a greater or less degree. She may be innocent of any evil intention, but her position on the scale is not vastly removed from that of the melodramatic sorceress. Or, again, take the instance of the pretty young matron who, while devoted to home, husband, and children, yet has several intimate friends of the male persuasion. But her influence is all for good. Her fascination is exerted in a worthy cause, and she has found out a great truth—that there is no friendship so lasting, so true, and so pleasant as one between persons of opposite sexes, where a true feeling of bonne camaraderie exists and there is no pretense to love-making. Such a woman, if she lives long enough, bids fair to develop into a snowy-haired old lady on whose friendship the children will rely.

Dressmakers' Terms.

Some of the phrases used in dressmaking are perfect Greek to the unknowing, says the *Ladies' Home Journal.* An apron is any sort of a draped skirt front; a tablier is a flat undraped skirt front; a full back means a straight back to the skirt gathered in two or more rows at the top; a panel is a straight piece for the front or sides, set in between a trimming of some kind to convey the idea of an inlay; a Spanish flounce is one reaching from the knees down and gathered to form an erect raffle. Knife-pleats are very narrow side-pleats, and accordion-pleats are still narrower and pressed in shape by machinery; kilt-pleats are those turned one way, and box pleats have a fold to the right side and one to the left; double and triple box pleats have two or three folds on either side; a "kilt" means a skirt entirely of kilt pleats. A "drop" skirt is one of the dress material made up independent of the lining and then hung or dropped over it from the same belt. A border is any trimming put on the edge or just above it. Armure silk has a bird's-eye or diaper weave; faille Francaise has a soft cord, moire has water waves over its surface, tricotine is sometimes called armure surah from its lines of bird's-eye weaving; surrah has almost invisible cords and is very soft.

Substitute for Coffee.

A new substitute for coffee may turn up in a berry known as "gaertnera." The British consul at Reunion says that at one time he has received many letters from merchants in England asking for information respecting a shrub then called "mussaenda," the discovery of which, it has been said in some commercial journals, would deal a severe blow to the coffee and chicory trade. About two years ago a rumor was spread that the berry of this shrub could be advantageously employed as a substitute for coffee and chicory. It grows to about ten feet high, has very few leaves, and its branches are wide apart. The berries do not grow all along the branches, as is the case with coffee, but in bunches at their extremeties. At present it is only met with in the mountains, where it grows wild. It might be produced on an extensive scale; but with its inferiority in fragrance and color it could hardly compete with coffee.

Belinda—"I see that Clara has taken to sending liberal donations to the hospitals and asylums." Annabel—"Yes, you see she has everything she could possibly want, she has not a wish ungratified, so she is going in for self-denial and giving to the poor."—*Americus.*

COAST NEWS.

Squatters Jumping Washington's Military Reservation.

CHINESE TRYING TO CORNER CALIFORNIA'S GRIPE CROP.

Boys at Dayton, Wash., Stone a Chinaman Almost to Death—Horrible Murder of an Old German.

Emmett Blakely was drowned in the Willamette River, near Springfield, July 18th, while running logs for the Springfield mills.

On Wednesday of last week Henry Hawley asked for a drink with a certain kind of flavoring, and when the barkeeper said he hadn't it Hawley expressed his disappointment by biting off his own thumb.

A Chinese trader has been traveling about the vineyards near Traver, Tulare County, to make contracts for raisin grapes. He offers $50 an acre cash for the crop grown on older vines. The price asked is $80 an acre.

Squatters have gone on the military reservation near Port Angeles, Wash., and the jumping fever extends even to Port Townsend. The squatters are regularly organized and propose to fight for their claims in court.

The Salt Lake City News says that J. M. Dwyer invested all he had in fitting up a great restaurant for the Ogden Carnival, and when the expected patronage failed to come and his property was sold by the Sheriff he blew his brains out. The News is sorry the carnival was ever held in Utah.

An old German, know at Las Vegas as "Dan the Tailor," was found dead near there Sunday morning. A knife had been run through his ankles and a rope run through in a way that a slaughtered animal is hung up by the gambrels, and he had been dragged over the plains. There is no clew to the murderer.

Says the Homer Index: There is nothing but snow in sight at the Gorilla mine and it is persumed that the buildings are smashed as flat as pancakes. The tramway also is about done for. Some of that snow bank will remain when the youngest boy now in Lundy is so old that he can wipe his nose with his chin.

Recently some Dayton (Wash.), boys came very near killing a Chinese gardener. The boys were helping themselves to strawberries, when the Chinaman tried to drive them away. He succeeded in capturing one of them, but was made to release him