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. V. LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 29. 1891. NO. 12.

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Above trains stop only at the following stations north of Roseburg: East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving and Eugene.

Roseburg Mail—Daily.

8:00 A. M.	Lv	Portland	Ar	4:00 P. M.
12:30 P. M.	Lv	Albany	Ar	12:00 M.
5:40 P. M.	Ar	Roseburg	Lv	6:20 A. M.

Albany Local Daily (Except Sunday.)

5:00 P. M.	Lv	Portland	Ar	9:00 A. M.
9:00 P. M.	Ar	Albany	Lv	5:00 A. M.

Local Passenger Trains—Daily Except Sunday.

2:05 P. M.	Lv	Albany	Ar	9:25 A. M.
2:20 P. M.	Ar	Lebanon	Lv	9:40 A. M.
7:20 A. M.	Lv	Albany	Ar	4:26 P. M.
6:22 A. M.	Ar	Lebanon	Lv	3:40 P. M.

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At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

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4:40 P. M.	Lv	Portland	Ar	9:20 A. M.
7:25 P. M.	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	5:45 A. M.

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Farm Notes

Silage on Dairy Farms.

In response to numerous inquiries regarding the use of the silo in storing food for stock the following report of work done in this line at the Oregon experiment station has been prepared.

A small silo was built in the barn on the station farm in 1889. It consisted of a portion of the lower floor, 10x12 feet, partitioned off with 2x6 studding, placed 12 inches apart, and extending to the upper floor, 10 feet above. On the side next the side of the barn the studs were 16 inches apart. The floor of the silo was made on the ground, 18 inches below the barn floor, making the silo 11½ feet deep. The studding was boarded inside with common rough lumber running across the studs. Tarred building paper was placed on this, lapping enough to break joints. Then a covering of matched flooring running up and down was put over the paper, making a smooth and air-tight wall. A coat of hot gas tar and resin was put on the last covering to protect the lumber from the hot juices of the silage. The tar and resin was used in the proportion of one pound of resin to one gallon of tar. This portion of the silo has been filled the third time and there is no sign of decay in the lumber. There was no floor in the silo when filled the first time, simply the ground covered with two or three inches of pounded gravel. This worked all right until the rats found out the merits of silage and began explorations. A cement bottom has since been put in to protect the silo from these rodents.

Many use plank floors and are much pleased with them; observing the same precautions that are taken in the construction of the walls—namely, to keep out the air and vermin, and to make it strong enough to support the great weight of the green silage.

In the fall of 1889 the silo was partially filled with corn of several varieties, grown on the experimental plats and on the farm. About 15 tons were available for silage, hence the silo was only partially filled. The filling was delayed by the cutter not arriving on time. On account of this delay the corn was very badly frost-bitten, so much so that when cut the leaves were dry and brittle. Notwithstanding this condition of the fodder it made excellent feed, none being refused by the stock. The silo was filled the first week in October.

After filling the silo tarred paper was spread over the top, and loose boards laid over this, with about half of a cord of fir wood placed on the boards to hold them in position and press them down in a measure. There was comparatively little weight, and even this may be dispensed with, as many have determined in practice.

When the silo was opened January 1, 1890, there was a few inches of poor silage on the top. This was removed to the manure pile and feeding begun. All the covering was removed from the top, which is thought to be the best method, as there is no loss when a layer is taken off every day or two for feeding.

There were no animals on the farm that had ever been fed on silage, yet some of them ate it at once and all soon became very fond of it. It is best to feed only a little of the silage at first, as in the case of any new kind of food animals have to learn to eat it. The animals were given one feed each day for a few days; but later two feeds were given, constituting the main ration. A small ration of bran was given to cows giving milk. Better results are realized if there is one feed of dry material given each day, or the animals are given the privilege of the straw stack. I believe straw can be utilized very satisfactorily when fed in this way.

All of the cattle, consisting of ten head, were fed on the silage until the middle of March, when the supply gave out. In May, 1890, five or six tons of mixed clover and grass, cut from the college lawn, were placed in the silo. This was covered with a layer, three inches thick, of green rye which had been run through the feed cutter. The clover and grass was not cut with the feed cutter. The silo was covered as before, except there was no paper placed over the material. The feeding of the clover silenage was begun July 1. The animals were very fond of it, and the cows gave more milk than when running in the pasture. This is one of the strong points in favor of the silo; i. e., by its use the supply of succulent food can be kept up during the dry season. Dairy products bring a better price at this time than earlier in the season, and the pastures invariably fail during these dry months. The practice of feeding silage at this season has been successfully followed by those who are engaged in the dairy business.

About Strawberries.

The strawberries that seem to be safe to plant everywhere throughout this coast are Langworth's Prolific—old, medium size, very good; Sharpless—very large, poor in quality, productive, but fairly good for home use if allowed to become fully ripe; Monarch of the West—fine south and in Arizona; Wilson's Albany is still prized by many, and is exceedingly rich and fine if allowed to ripen on the vine; Cinderella is fine near the coast on strong soils. Varieties seemingly worthy of further trial: Downing, Haviland, Bubach's No. 5, Warfield's No. 2, Parker Earle, Eureka and Princess. These have all been found to withstand heat and drouth well.—Petaluma Courier.

Emperor William has forbidden court preachers to make their sermons longer than fifteen minutes.

Woman's World.

Women's Press Association.

The Women's Press association held its "journalists' day" at San Francisco May 11. Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster presided. Mrs. Eyster announced the illness of Mrs. Emily T. Y. Parkhurst, and in the latter's absence read her paper on the duties of local writers to the community in which they live. In reply to the criticism that the members of the association were not genuine journalists, Mrs. Parkhurst ably argued that newspaper workers had more to do than supply news. They were builders of the commonwealth.

A fine paper, "The Editorial Chair," was read by Mrs. Maggie D. Brainard of the Santa Clara Valley. "Soul-reaping," said Mrs. Brainard, "is the actual vocation of the editor, whether he realizes it or not."

Mrs. Emily Browne Powell recited her prize poem, "The Story of the Ages." Mrs. Abby Holton gave an essay on "Special Articles." A lively discussion followed.

Mrs. Mary Lambert then read an able paper on "Poetry." Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson followed with a vigorous, encouraging poem addressed to "The Girls of To-day."

Mrs. Eliza Keith in her essay, "Editorial Discourtesy," scored the editors.

A resolution of sympathy was passed for Mrs. Elizabeth Hogan, whose mother recently died.

Mrs. Edholm was appointed fraternal delegate to the convention of the Pacific Women's Christian Temperance Union to be held at Portland, Or. The next meeting of the Women's Press association will be held the second Monday in July. This will be "authors' day."

What Mothers are Made For.

A home is what a woman makes it. A daughter is, in nine cases out of every ten, the reflection of her mother, writes Edward W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. The training of the girl of fifteen is shown in the woman of fifty. A son may, by contact with the rough world, sometimes outlive his early home influences—a daughter rarely does. She may make a misstep. Indiscretion may be to her a necessary teacher; but her early domestic training will manifest itself sooner or later. A mother's word, a domestic proverb told at eventide by the quiet fireside, has been recalled by many a woman years after it was uttered. "I thank God that my mother told me what other women have been taught by the world," said a gentlewoman to me not long ago. This, my friend, is the tribute which your daughter and mine should be able to pay to our memories long after we are gone. The world has a sharp way of teaching its truths to a girl. Is it not far better, then, that her mother should tell her with that sweet and sympathetic grace and tenderness which only a mother knows? The flowers most beautiful to the eye and sweetest to the smell grow in good soil. The world's noblest women have sprung from good homes.

Womans' Proper Sphere.

The question of admitting women to the Methodist general conference provoked an interesting discussion at the meeting of Methodist preachers in San Francisco May 11. The paper opening the subject was read by Rev. M. D. Buck. Discussing his subject historically, the reverend gentleman cited many examples of womanhood equal to all emergencies of public and private economy. He told of women high in the council of great states, of women powerful in the deliberations of mental and moral congresses, of women able and discriminating in the accomplishment of reforms and in the adjustment of existing institutions. Woman has been found equal to the responsibilities of her environment. She should be admitted to a religious and moral conference. In schools and colleges she has wielded a subtle and modifying influence. She is capable to judge and act as well as follow.

The opinion of many of the ministers present was heartily in sympathy with the views of the essayist. There were not a few, however, who deemed woman's true and only sphere the home circle. Woman is an equal of man, but her activity should not be his. Created with concurrent powers, they move in different orbits.

After a business meeting of the Woman's Press Club in New York the other day Mrs. Candace Wheeler presented a plan for an apartment-house for women which met with the approbation of the club. The plan is for a building which shall contain suits of rooms and single rooms, together with a restaurant for those who do not care to keep house. She said: "That such need may be understood it is desirable that the professional women of New York should co-operate by forming an association and choosing a committee who are qualified to decide upon the necessary requirements of a building for woman's occupation. The opportunity for investment would be made apparent to capitalists and a substantial proof of the demand would be given them."

Miss Caroline Guelph, the neglected daughter of George the 4th of England, who was born at Kensington in 1815 and baptized in the church there that year, as shown by the record, is dying in the Camberwell poorhouse.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Current News.

A Wholesale Fatal Burning.

Terrible forest fires had been raging in Pennsylvania and May 11 at Moore's Run, on the Sinnamahoning road, a train load of seventy-five willing men, sent out from Austin the preceding night, had been fighting back the fire by every conceivable means. They made trenches, piled up earth and lighted fires but were finally obliged to retreat.

The men hastily boarded the train and started to make the run to another point, when it was found that they were hemmed in by forest fires on one side and a huge skidway of burning logs on the other. It was finally decided to dash past the burning skidway, and the engineer and fireman, with their faces covered with dampened cloths and their hands and arms wrapped in wool, pulled through the wall of fire.

The seventy-five exhausted men gathered in groups on the flat cars for protection or lay on their faces on the floor. The engineer had forgotten that such a great heat would surely warp the rails. Suddenly there was a lurch, an ominous heaving and a shriek of dispair as the train toppled over into the hell of fire beneath. The cars caught fire like so many playthings and the men within, half-blinded, and scarcely realizing anything except that they were being slowly roasted to death, struggled fearfully to regain the track, where safety lay, for a time at least. Those uninjured from the fall and only smarting from the pain of the intense heat, bravely turned their burned, blackened hands to aid their more unfortunate fellows.

Superintendent Badger of the Sinnamahoning Valley railroad, who was in charge of the train, went down under some of the wreckage and undoubtedly burned to death. Six others also miserably perished at once or died soon afterward, and thirty others of the party were badly burned, many probably fatally, having inhaled the flames.

The works and stock at thirteen oil wells have been burned at Pine Grove.

Numbers of people from the burned districts in Michigan have asked the railway companies for transportation to places where they have friends, as they were not able to save more than the clothing they wore. Clinton, Claire county, and Walkerville, Oceana county, have been burned. A tract six miles long and three miles wide has been burned over at Beyos.

Over 100,000 square miles of virgin forest in Wisconsin has been destroyed.

Many Belgian strikers are returning to work.

The strikers in Pennsylvania continue to induce many new men to quit work and the employers continue to flood the region with laborers from other parts of the country.

Oakland was drawn into the San Francisco mill hands' strike.

The New York lumber trade association has stopped building operations in that city by refusing to deliver lumber where union men are employed, in retaliation for a boycott placed by the union on a member of the association.

Strikers with shotguns attempted to prevent Davis & Son, proprietors of a brickyard at Denver, and a number of non-union recruits, from going to the brickyards and F. N. Davis ordered his men to shoot, and shoot to kill, and they did, killing one man and wounding several.

At Ghent 3500 weavers have struck.

All the union cigarmakers in New Hampshire are on a strike for an advance to $1 50 a thousand.

A strike of spinners, followed by riots, is reported at Warsaw. The leaders are German socialists.

The employes of the National tube works, Pittsburg, got a nine-hour day after a strike of fifteen weeks.

The Chicago and Northwestern railroad discharged all its 350 union switchmen at Chicago May 14 because of their insistence on the re-employment of a discharged member and filled their places with new men.

All the breweries at Portland and the brewery at Vancouver have agreed to employ National union men and the Pacific Coast union men are out.

Rivals of the Fricke coke combination are openly aiding the strikers.

The Oregon Improvement company has imported 450 negroes, with their families, to take the place of the strikers at Franklin, Wash.

The Pacific coast brewers' union will test at Portland the anti-boycott law passed last winter.

Australian Federation.

The constitution for federated Australia is completed. After three colonies (which are to be called states under the federation) have accepted it the imperial parliament is to be asked to sanction it and the queen to appoint a governor general and proclaim a day for the constitution to take effect.

Then the governor general is to appoint a cabinet and call elections, when each state will choose eight senators, four to serve six years and four to retire at the end of three years, after which the term shall be six years.

A house of representatives of one for every 30,000 inhabitants, and not less than four from any state, is to be elected, its term to be three years. The bodies are to be called a parliament and have duties identical with those of the United States congress. Parliament is to meet every year.

Inter-colonial free trade is to prevail as soon as a tariff system has been agreed to by the [illegible] parliament.

General News.

Blaine says there is as yet nothing to arbitrate between Italy and the United States in the New Orleans affair.

UNITED STATES.

The prohibitionists in Iowa brought a suit to have the prohibition constitutional amendment put in force. An attempt was made to block them in the federal courts, but Judge Shiras decided at Des Moines May 13 that the matter belongs to the state courts alone.

The electrical execution law of New York has been declared valid by the federal supreme court.

The college of bishops, to which Rev. D. C. Kelley appealed from a decision of the conference deposing him for having, with his presiding elder's consent, made a canvass as the Prohibition candidate for governor, has sustained his appeal on the ground that he was denied the right of a trial by a committee of his conference. It is believed that such a committee would have sustained his action.

Asbury Green, a colored man serving a sentence for an indecent assault, was dragged from jail at Centerville, Md., May 12, and hanged by a mob.

White Caps tried to tar and feather Louis Walters and Mrs. Thomas Graham at Fostoria, Mich., but Walters choked Mrs. Thomas Campbell, who had instigated the outrage, almost to death, and when her husband interfered Walters gave him a good whipping and then left town with Mrs. Graham.

The forest fires in Michigan have been more destructive this season that for many years past.

Half the public debt has been paid in the past ten years.

The widow of President Polk is 88 years old. She was at the wedding of her grandniece, Miss Sadie Polk Fall, at Nashville, May 12.

A bride, whipped by White Cap women at Ducktown, Tenn., has died of her injuries.

Corte, the Italian consul at New Orleans, has quarreled with the grand jury and the city government and the latter has demanded his recall. He goes to Italy, he says, only to verbally explain the lynching and attendant circumstances.

Sister Catherine, formerly Miss Drexel, will open a school for colored children at Dallas, Tex.

A man and wife named Miller died in New York the other day of trichinosis. They were the first persons attacked by that disease in that city in three years.

J. A. and Samuel Riley and Berry Fowler found a bottle of aconite at Stanford, Ill., thought it was whisky, drank it and died.

The New Orleans committee of fifty, appointed by the mayor before Hennessy was murdered to investigate the Mafia murders, reports that there had been ninety-four of them committed by Italians where the accused escaped for want of evidence, the witnesses being terrorized by the Mafia. Consul Corte had admitted the existence of the murderous body and had given the names of a number of members, but suddenly stopped and refused to give any more aid. Then occurred the murder of Hennesy, the farce of a trial and the lynching.

Blaine is much troubled with gout.

Mayor Shakespeare of New Orleans has given notice to the Provenzano brothers that if they do not cease their bullying and intimidation of rivals the police force will stop it "if it is necessary to wipe from the face of the earth every member of the gang."

Fire destroyed the greater part of Muskegon, Mich., May 16, including 350 dwellings and all the principal business houses.

Barney Brooks and wife, who drugged Lody Wirt and sold her to Tom Parker, a gambler, have been turned loose and Parker is out on bail which he is expected to jump.

FOREIGN.

The grip has proved fatal in many cases in London. Seventy members of parliament have been down with it at a time.

France has decided to allow pool-selling on races under a tax.

Portugal is the scene of a financial panic and everybody expects the outbreak of a revolutionary movement. Some unknown persons exploded a bomb in the department of the interior premises the other day.

The government was sustained in the Spanish election.

Rebellion has broken out in Dutch Guiana.

In the conflict between the power of Parnell and that of the Catholic church Parnell is fast losing ground.

General Brock, chief of gendarmerie at Warsaw, suspecting the police of duplicity, ordered the students' quarters searched at a certain hour, previous to which he himself searched the quarters and found nothing of an incriminating nature. The chief awaited the arrival of the police and discovered that they had supplied themselves with revolutionary proclamations with the intention of manufacturing public sentiment.

The body of Madam Blavatsky was cremated.

Fighting between England and Venezuela over the boundary question is considered almost unavoidable.

Terrible anti-Hebrew atrocities are reported at Corfu, Greece, where corpses of murdered Jews lie unburied.

An investigation by the commander of the United States steamer Kearsage shows that contract laborers who have been lured to Navassa by the phosphate company are being treated as slaves and abused, clubbed and murdered.

A Chinese mob has burned and looted the British consulate and custom house at Woo Hoo, a treaty port in the province of Ngan Holi. The British consul was wounded and his wife escaped by disguising herself as a Chinese woman.

No other element is so inimical to the success of American wool growing as the large use of the lime and sulphur dip. It injures the fibre and lowers the quality of our American grown wool.

Six persons have died of trichinias in Meining, Germany, and fourteen more have the disease. It was caused by eating diseased pork of local production.

Queen Victoria has become very feeble.

When the czarowitz reached Otso, Japan, in swinging around the circle, a policeman, Tsuda Sanzo, tried to [illegible] inflicting a severe sword cut. [illegible] named Tsu[illegible] a bl[illegible]

A SOLDIER ROMANCE.

A STORY WHICH LAYS RUDYARD KIPLING IN THE SHADE.

Hugh Thompson, a Wanderer on the Face of the Earth for Twenty-five Years and Could Not Recall His Own Name.

Among the million claims filed away in the Pension Bureau is hidden material for more thrilling romances than Rudyard Kipling ever dreamed of, says a writer in the Washington *Post*. There was a case brought to final adjudication recently that even when told in the rigid, concise phraseology of the legal documents, verifying its strange features, reads more like the fanciful creation of a novelist than cold reality.

Sept. 1, 1862, there enlisted at Van Wert, O., in the Fifteenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry a slender, blue-eyed youth of 20 named Hugh Thompson. There was nothing to distinguish him specially from a thousand other farmer lads who donned the blue and marched away to the front in the early days of the great war. His surviving soldier comrades recall him as a bright, cheerful young fellow, with a low pitched voice, as one of them remembers, and always cheerful and ready for duty. At the battle of Chickamauga, as a comrade relates, while they were lying on the ground at the front to escape the tempest of balls that swept the thin woods where his regiment was engaged, a case shot, probably deflected from a tree, struck him in the head and his face was instantly covered with blood. His companion spoke to him, but he did not answer.

Just then the order to fall back was given. He was assisted to his feet, staggered a few yards in a dazed way, and then fell in a heap as a Confederate brigade swarmed into the woods, and his comrades were forced to leave him, evidently dying from a mortal wound. He never rejoined them.

The War Department records bear opposite his name this note: "Wounded and missing in the battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863." And so he disappeared from comrades, and friends, and home, one of the unknown dead, remembered only as a component of the myriads of soldier boys who gave their young lives for their country. His father, years afterward, applied for a pension on account of his service, his mother having died prior to his enlistment. No doubt was raised as to his death in the army, but the claim was rejected on the legal ground of non-dependence.

The next scene in this strange history opens on a snowy country road in Northern Illinois, near the village of Cleveland, in the winter of 1870. Night was coming on as a small-sized but sturdily built traveler breasted his way against the keen winds that swept the bleak prairie. He was comfortably dressed in a good working suit, with a pair of new boots on his feet and a coon-skin cap on his head. He carried an old-fashioned oil-cloth valise, and appeared to be looking for a place to stay over night. And there on the lonely road in the darkening twilight of that freezing February evening in the year of grace 1870, Hugh Thompson, the wounded soldier of Chickamauga, "came to himself," as he expressed it. It was just as if at that moment he had awoke from a dreamless sleep of seven years and become conscious of existence.

But his memory was gone, totally and absolutely. But other faculties were keen enough, but he could not recall his own name, where he had been, his family, or his home. His entire past up to that moment was simply a blank. The only thing that connected him with a former existence was an idea that he was looking for a Mr. Baker, who needed men to work. This turned out to be correct. He found him, and was given employment in a coal mine.

When asked his name he replied mechanically, "Henry Thompson," though why he said "Thompson" rather than "Brown" or "Smith" he could not explain. He was a good and reliable worker, but subject to spells, when he would disappear for days or weeks, but always returned and took up the thread of existence where he had left it.

The cloud on his darkened mind gradually lifted, and old scenes and incidents came back to him more or less vividly. He became aware that he had been in the army and had been wounded. Along in the '80's he drifted to Kansas and entered a homestead, on which he settled, having married in Illinois.

He finally became satisfied that he had served in an Ohio regiment, and then, aided by the Grand Army men of Kansas, to whom he told his story, he set about discovering his home and his family. The discouraging feature to him was that he did not know whether the name he went by was really his own or not. The local newspapers took up the matter, gave accurate descriptions of him, and the strange history of the Nameless Soldier, as he came to be known, traveled to Ohio, and was read in the columns of the Van Wert *Gazette* by his aged father. The personal description tallied in a measure with that of his long-mourned son, and correspondence followed.

The son, while not able to recall Van Wert, had a clearer version of his boyhood's home, and wrote an exact description of it as he had last seen it, a quarter of a century before—log house and stone chimney, the well with the long sweep to raise the bucket, the high-banked stream that ran through the farm—all still as he had left them, for changes are slow in the backwoods.

The result was that he returned home in 1887, was easily identified by his family and former comrades, applied for a pension, and the certificate directing payment to him as the wounded and missing Hugh Thompson of Chickamauga was duly forwarded.

Through all his wanderings—and this sounds like a Sunday-school tale, but the incident is legally proved, and forms part of the evidence of his identity—he carried a little Testament, given to him by a sister, with an inscription in rhyme, when he enlisted. The sister, still living, recognized it at once when he exhibited it upon his return. All his efforts have so far failed to recall to him anything that occurred to him from the time that he tumbled over on the bloody field of Chickamauga until the strange awakening of his dormant perceptive faculties in 1870.

He has a dim impression of working in a village or town, with a fountain in the square, and of a bright-faced Ge[illegible] named Tim[illegible] a bl[illegible]

his memory ever be thoroughly rehabilitated what a strange tale of a double life it might unfold.

Great Lights Quarreled.

"In the morning, at our usual time, 9 o'clock, our guests came to the dining-room, where my wife sat by the samovar, and I, in expectation of coffee, sat at the [illegible]end of the table," says a writer in [illegible] foreign exchange. "Turgenieff [illegible]n my wife's right hand and [illegible] on the left. Knowing the [illegible]ance Turgenieff at that time ascribed to the education of his daughter, my wife asked him whether he was satisfied with his English governess. Turgenieff began to sing her praises, and, among other things, said that the governess had asked him, with English exactitude, how much his daughter might spend in charity. 'Now,' said Turgenieff, 'she wants my daughter to collect the ragged clothes of the poor and mend them.'

"'And do you consider that to be good?' asked Tolstoi.

"'Of course! it brings the charitable person closer to the poor,' replied Turgenieff.

"'And I think,' said Tolstoi, 'that a well dressed girl who takes the dirty rags in her lap sets an insincere and theatrical part.'

"'I request you not to say so,' said Turgenieff, with quivering nostrils.

"'Why should I not say what I am convinced of?' answered Tolstoi.

"I had no time to interpose," continued the writer, "when Turgenieff said, pale with anger: 'Then I will force you to silence by an insult!' With these words he rose from the table; then suddenly clasped his hand excitedly over his face and left the room. After a moment he came back and said, addressing my wife:

"'I beseech you to forgive my rudeness. I am deeply sorry for it.' Then he withdrew. Understanding that the two late friends could no longer remain together, I ordered separate carriages for them."

In Popocatepetl's Crater.

Mr. Mouvel Los Tanos of Chichihan, Mexico has been visiting friends in this city recently. Mr. Los Tanos is a Mexican mining engineer. He told yesterday of his descent into the crater of Popocatepetl, the volcano which is now practically extinct:

"I went down into the crater of the mountain further probably than any other man to examine the sulphur mines," said the young Spaniard. "Very few persons of the United States have even made the ascent of this mountain. It is worse than climbing the Matterhorn. It costs about $50 in the first place, takes several days, and is very exhausting. I was let down into the crater the same way that the Mexican miners who dig sulphur at this elevation of 18,000 feet—by means of a windlass and a rope. The mouth of the crater is more than half a mile across. The mine is owned by Gen. Ochoa who lives in the city of Mexico. I saw there and examined carefully thousands of tons of the purest sulphur ever mined. When Cortez and his soldiers visited that country they needed sulphur for gunpowder and ascended the mountain for the first time in its history, the natives said. I tell you it must have taken a vast amount of nerve to go up an unknown mountain like Popocatepetl and then descend into a crater like the mouth of that volcano. I think, everything considered, it beats anything I have ever heard of in history or fiction. The natives who gather the sulphur now only secure small packages of it which they fasten to their backs. They then slide down the snow on the mountain after the manner of woodcutters of France. For this venturesome work they get about 20 cents per day."—*Kansas City Times.*

Chinese Servants.

While the Chinese do make good servants, it is not always easy to capture a prize; and while hunting for one among the wilderness of incapables, a housekeeper may meet with some very disagreeable experiences. Some of them are the natural outcome of the state of affairs. Since the passage of the Restriction Act, the Celestial, whose commercial instinct at once appreciated the law of supply and demand, advanced his price and became more exacting as to his accommodations. No more out-buildings for him. He must have a hard-finished room, even demanding that he might "sleep upstairs with the family." Of course, such a demand was made for the added facility it would give him for picking and stealing. For it cannot be denied that the majority of Chinamen are thieves. With the exception of provisions, which they will carry off bodily if they feel so inclined, or hold a banquet in a neighboring Chinaboy's room, the refreshments having all been contributed by heathen purloining from their employers, while he intends to remain in the place, he will be scrupulously honest as to money matters, or to articles of value, reserving himself and his opportunities for one grand sweep, after his apparent honesty has dispelled any suspicions or prejudices that his employer may have had towards the Chinese as an honest race. But when he does make a steal, he takes all that there is in sight. There is this peculiarity about a Chinese robbery, the stolen goods are seldom recovered; let the thief but reach Chinatown with his booty, and as well hunt for the proverbial needle in a haystack.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Burdens of Memory.

"I saw Phil Kearney brought dead into camp," said an old ex-soldier the other day. "It was the sadest moment of my life. He was my ideal of a soldier and of a man. It was he of whom the ruler of Egypt said. 'With a thousand soldiers like him I could conquer the world.' The Confederates wrapped him tenderly about with our own flag and wept over the body of the fearless man."

"The saddest hour of my life was when Sedgewick fell," said another.

"And Lincoln, when he died," said another.

"I had a young tentmate, a tender boy," said a fourth. "He was engaged to marry my youngest sister. We shook hands at Gettysburg for the last time. When I found him he lay dead still. His red cheeks were colorless. He had walked a distance and he lay upon his side. Before him on the ground lay a letter from home. Now I don't think my grief has ever surpassed what I felt then."

Curious is it not, after so many years, so many gray-haired [illegible]ld carry as burdens of mem[illegible] of war as those days.—*Journal.*