

LEXINGTON WEEKLY BUDGET.

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Baby's Name.

What shall we call her, our sweet maiden fair,
With her soft, dreamy eyes and her bonny
brown hair.
She came with the beautiful roses of June,
She is sunny and bright as the Summer moon,
And her laughing song, as she dances in gloe,
Is soft as the rippling waves of the sea.
Oh call her not Rose, though she's queen of
the flowers.
That revel in beauty 'mid garden bowers,
For the bloom of her freshness is gone as the
breath.
Or the mist of the morning that sweeps o'er
the heath.
When her leaves strew the pathway, her sharp
thorns abound.
When buds and sweet roses once clustered
around.
What think you of Heart's-Ease, so dear to us
all?
That is sweetest and freshest when evening
dews fall;
It loves the bright sunshine, yet blooms in the
shade,
And springs in fresh beauty in wildwood or
glade.
When Autumn's pale sunshine on roses unfolds,
The bloom of the Heart's-Ease is purple and
gold.

O then, dearest maiden, thy flower name shall
be
An emblem of life in its sweetness for thee;
If the skies smile above thee, reflect in thy
smile
The sunshine of Patience, earth's cares to re-
gulate;
If clouds gather o'er thee, behind their dark
gold
See the lining of silver with fringes of gold.
The weary and way-worn, the sad hearts to
cheer,
Be thy mission of love when the pathway is
drear;
When evening shades gather around thy dear
home,
Let the calm of Contentment dispel all the
droom;
And at last, as the stars crown the glory of
night,
So thy peace be reflected in Heaven's own
light.
—Good Housekeeping.

THROUGH A KEYHOLE.

When the evening boat, quite crowded
with passengers, swept gracefully
up to the pier at Highbeach, one of
the first to cross the gangway was
Mr. Willis Tracey, youngest partner of
the well-known banking firm of Tracey,
Stokes & Tracey.

He was a substantial-looking man of
35, with a fresh, healthy complexion,
clear, blue-gray eyes, and light auburn
mustache. His whole appearance was
suggestive of good nature, prosperity,
and content; but at the present mo-
ment he betrayed a little nervousness,
as his eyes ran rapidly along the long
piazzas of the hotel, where people were
promenading and enjoying the sea-
breeze and the sight of the bathers on
the beach.

Evidently his search was unsuccessful
until his attention was attracted by a
voice, which called out in shrill and
juvenile tones:
"Lor', ma, if there ain't old Tracey!
What's he doin' here, I wonder?"
Looking up, the gentleman thus
prominently presented to public notice
lifted his hat to two ladies, who were
smiling down upon him from the piazza,
while a small boy, in a Lord Fauntleroy
cap and jacket, grinned a patronizing
recognition.

As he passed on, a faint and con-
scious blush suffused his face. That
lovely creature with the golden locks
and rose-and-lily complexion, who had
so radiantly greeted him, was Miss
Juliette Bessamy, to whom he designed
that very evening to offer his hand and
heart.

The blush had not quite faded from
Mr. Tracey's face, when he found him-
self accosted by two ladies, who were
just descending the hotel steps to the
beach. He stopped and shook hands
with them in a cordial, unembarrassed
manner.

In fact, the elder of the ladies was
the widow of his deceased uncle, and
had, since his mother's death, been living
with him and taking care of his
house.

He had sent her to Highbeach about
a week previous, partly to meet Alice,
her daughter by a first marriage, who
was there as companion to an invalid
lady; for Mrs. Tracey's husband had
been insolvent and left her poor.

It was Alice who now stood by her
mother's side, quiet and smiling, as she
traced him her hand.
"Why, Willis, this is a surprise!"
Mrs. Tracey said. "I received your
note to-day, and did not expect you
until to-morrow."

"Yes, I know that I said something
about being detained by business, but
I managed to get through in time for
the evening boat. I am glad to see
you looking so well. How are you
enjoying yourselves here?" he inquired,
as he held a hand of each.

"It is delightful, now that mamma
has come," Alice answered. "And it
was so good of you to send her—in-
deed, the very kindest thing you could
have done for either of us."

Though she spoke smilingly, her soft,
dark eyes were suffused with tears,
and Mr. Tracey's heart was touched.
He felt that he had not done half
enough to deserve this grateful feel-
ing.

He looked into the moistened eyes,
and wondered why they seemed to sink
before him, and why she drew away
her hand so shyly.

Even when he had passed on, prom-
ising to join them presently on the
beach, he found himself speculating on
this new expression on Alice's face.

It was a sweet, fair face, which he
had liked and admired ever since he
had first known her as a little school-
girl.

He had been accustomed to treat
her almost as a cousin, lavishing upon
her books and flowers and birthday
and Christmas presents; but to-day,
after a long absence, he had discovered
something new and strange about her,
and now it dawned upon him that she
was no longer a mere school-girl, but
a woman grown—almost 20 years of
age, in fact. It was something of a
surprise to Mr. Tracey.

"not as bright and rosy as she used to
be. I fear she is too much overtaken.
I wish I could persuade her to make
her home with her mother in my
house, but she prefers to be independ-
ent, as she calls it. I suppose she will
marry soon. If I had ever thought of
her as a woman and had not met Ju-
liette—"

And his thoughts went back to his
golden-haired love.
He was the last of the newly arrived
to enter the clerk's office, and here was
met with the information that there
was not a vacant room to be had in the
hotel, or indeed in the whole place.

It was an unpleasant situation, and
at first seemed hopeless, but at length
one of the female employes came to
the rescue.

In the east wing, which was exclu-
sively devoted to the accommoda-
tion of "ladies unaccompanied by gen-
tlemen," was a short passage-way
opening upon a rear piazza. This pas-
sage, being of little use, had been shut
in by a door and converted into a linen
closet.

If the gentleman would be satisfied
for one night with a cot in this limited
apartment he should be properly at-
tended to on the morrow, when some
of the guests would be leaving.

Mr. Tracey was only too glad to se-
cure a sleeping-place of any kind, so
the arrangement was made, and with a
mind relieved, he repaired to the beach
and the society of the ladies.

That was a blissful evening to Mr.
Willis Tracey. When he had paid
some proper attention to Mrs. Tracey
and her daughter, and attended them to
the supper table, he was at liberty
to seek the society of his charmer, the
fair Juliette.

With her plumb, white arm resting
on his and her blue, languishing eyes
ever and anon glancing up into his
own, while her soft, low voice mingled
with the murmur of the ripples at their
feet, they wandered away up the moon-
lit beach, where other couples were
also strolling, and intent upon the
same old story.

Mr. Tracey, shy and inexperienced
in the lover's role, had carefully
thought over and fixed in his mind all
that he had to say. He had got as far
as "No man's life is satisfied without
the blessing of some pure woman's
love," when he was interrupted by the
unexpected presence of Master Bessamy,
who came flying after them along
the beach.

"Why, Rudolph! Where is mamma?
Why have you left her?" his sister in-
quired.
"Oh, I guess she's lookin' for me!
She wanted me to go to bed, jus' like a
baby, and I wouldn't. I'm going to
stay with you all."

"But, Dolphy, darling," said Juliette
sweetly and persuasively, "you should
not have run away from mamma. She
will be very uneasy, and perhaps think
you are drowned."

"I don't care!"
"But they will have the trouble of
getting the boats out to look for you,"
said Mr. Tracey, gravely.
"Oh, my! what fun!"

"Won't you go back, my precious,
like a dear, good little boy, and let
mamma know that you are safe?"
"No, I won't. I'll stay here."

Mr. Tracey, though by no means a
cruelly disposed man, could have
seized the little wretch, and flung him
into the sea. As it was, there was no
help for it. He must wait for another
opportunity for concluding his love
story. And he wondered at Juliette's
patience and sweetness, and felt more
than ever anxious to secure for a life
companion one whose amiable disposi-
tion seemed a pledge of future happi-
ness.

After bidding his fair companion
good-night, he sauntered about a little
until the obliging linen mistress could
show him to his closet—which she did
with many warnings to keep quiet and
not let his presence in this part of the
house become known.

The place was more convenient than
he had expected, but he had scarcely
disposed himself for a night's rest
when he became conscious of voices on
the other side of the door against which
his cot was placed.

He tried not to hear, but the speak-
ers were close to the door, and the
mention of his own name attracted his
attention.

"It was too provoking for anything!
Mr. Tracey was on the very point of
proposing—the words were actually al-
most upon his lips—when that aggra-
vating boy rushed in and spoiled it all.
Really, mamma, I could have boxed
his ears soundly."

Mr. Tracey started. Could that be
his Juliette's voice, speaking in those
high and angry tones?
"I will send him away to-morrow
with his Aunt Louise," said Mrs. Bes-
samy, in tones of vexation. "It is too
bad that, after all the trouble we have
had in bringing that man to the point,
this unfortunate contretemps should
have occurred."

"I won't go home!" said Rudolph,
defiantly. "You daren't send me, any-
how!"
"Why not you bad boy?" said his
sister.
"Cause I'll tell on you. I'll tell old
Tracey that you dye your hair, and put
that red stuff on your cheeks and lips.
You giv me a dollar once now to tell
anybody, but I will, now. And I'll
hide your front teeth, like I did that
time you was going to the ball, and—"

"Hush, sir—hush this instant!" said
his mother, apparently with an admoni-
tory shake, for the amiable youth
set up a howl, which was presently
hushed by the promise of a popgun
and a velocipede.

evening. Alice Lee is in love with Mr.
Tracey, and he is actually too stupid
to perceive it!"

"Fortunately for you, Juliette, I
have feared all along that he might
fancy that girl, and if you don't hurry
up matters she may yet steal a march
on you. By the by, that Tracey house
will have to be remodeled and refur-
nished, I suppose. It is all very hand-
somerly fitted up, but not in the latest
style."

"Indeed, mamma, I've no idea of
living in the Tracey house. I shall in-
sist, after we are married, upon mov-
ing into the new west end. I know it's
expensive, but he can afford it, I'm
sure. And I must have a more stylish
carriage than that with which the Tracey
girls were satisfied. Oh, trust me
to have all I want and to enjoy myself
now that I am going to marry a rich
man! I owe it to myself for giving up
poor Fred. If only Fred had Mr. Tracey's
money—"

"Hush, Juliette! Positively you must
not talk in this way. Suppose Mr.
Tracey could hear you? What would
he think?"

"He would be rather surprised, I
suppose," she answered, laughing. "But
don't be alarmed, mamma. I am not
silly enough ever to let him suspect
that I married him for his money."

"But how late it is! and I must re-
ally try to get a good sleep, for you
know I must look as charming as possi-
ble to-morrow."

Mr. Tracey indeed was surprised. So
surprised that long after all was still
he lay in a half-dazed condition, which
gradually gave place to an emotion of
intense thankfulness at having escaped
the snare laid for him. He could have
taken Rudolph to his breast and hugged
him in real affection.

But his pure and beautiful ideal of
womanhood—was that destroyed for-
ever? Juliette—the Juliette of his
fancy had proved a myth; but—there
was Alice. He knew Alice to be good
and true. And could it really be, as
Juliette had said, that Alice loved him?

Long before sunrise Mr. Tracey was
up and miles away on the beach nerv-
ing himself to meet this new condition
of things.

The Highbeach gossips who had
taken an interest in his affairs were sur-
prised to observe that on this evening
not Miss Bessamy, but Miss Lee, was
the companion of his moonlight stroll.

Some set him down as a flirt, while
others asserted "on the best authority"
that he had been discarded.

But what else could the Bessamys
do, after being informed by Master
Rudolph—who had peeped through
the keyhole of the linen-closet—that
Mr. Tracey had passed the night in that
apartment?

Mr. Tracey is very friendly toward
Rudolph to whom he considers himself
indebted for his sweet young wife—
Alice.—Saturday Night.

Hasn't Taken It Off Yet.
When a man gets the best of a bar-
gain it is only natural that he should
wish to remain in that happy frame of
mind occasioned by the transaction.
And it requires strategy—cool, subtle
cunning—to wrest his gains, ill-gotten
or otherwise, from his grasp or make
him square the account. Honest, up-
right dealing hoodlums the under man
as the following incident will show.

Two old men have lived in the same
neighborhood on the South side for
fifteen years. One of the old men has
been in the grocery business all that
time and the other was his constant
customer for years. But one day, how-
ever, the customer, who is living on
the interest of his money, came in and
ordered two pounds of cheese, which
the grocer cut off. The lump weighed
a trifle over two pounds and, as the
grocer wrapped it up, he jokingly re-
marked:

"Oh, I'll just take that off the next
time."
This happened eight years ago and
the customer hasn't been back since.—
Chicago Times.

"None So Deaf."
It has been noticed that sometimes
people who are slightly deaf appear to
be able to hear certain sounds better
than they are others, says the *Yonk's
Chronicle*, and from this the proverb
"none so deaf as those who won't hear"
has arisen. The story is a well-known
one of a rich father, who was some-
what deaf, and who was asked one day
by his orphanage son:

"Father, will you give me \$50."
"What?" said the father, putting his
hand to his ear.
"Will you give me \$100?" shouted the
young man.
"Hold on!" said the father. "I heard
you well enough the first time."
A somewhat similar story is told of
Sir Richard Steele, who, when he was
preparing a room in York buildings,
London, for public orations, happened
to be a good deal behind in his pay-
ments to his workmen. Coming one
day into the hall to see what progress
was made Steele ordered the carpenter
to get into the rostrum and make a
speech in order to observe how it could
be heard.

The carpenter mounted the stage,
and, scratching his head, told Sir
Richard that he did not know what to
say. "I'm no orator, sir," he said.
"Oh, no matter," said Steele; "say
the first thing that comes uppermost in
your head."

"Why, then, Sir Richard," said the
man, "here we have been working for
your honor these six months and can
not get a penny of our money. Pray, sir,
when do you intend to—"
"That will do—that will do!" Steele.
"You may come down. I heard you
quite distinctly, but I didn't like
your subject."

Saved By the Governor.

In one of the Indiana prisons is a
convict who is serving a life sentence
for the commission of one of the most
horrible of crimes, says the *Indianapo-
lis News*. It has been said that no
man is so bad that he has not friends.
The friends of this man from the be-
ginning of his sentence have never
ceased to work for his pardon. Influ-
ential citizens and public officials have
been induced to write personal letters
to all the governors who have held
office since the term of confinement be-
gan. Petition after petition has been
prepared and hundreds of signatures
secured.

It is related that at one time a gov-
ernor was almost persuaded to pardon
the man. The sentiment in his favor
seemed fairly overwhelming. As a last
precaution he sent for his private sec-
retary to talk over the whole case with
the prisoner himself. The prisoner told
his story forcibly, but so glibly as to
indicate that he had carefully prepared
it and committed it to memory. As
his recital closed he drew a photograph
of a beautiful young woman from his
pocket.

"The first thing I shall do when I am
released will be to marry this girl," he
said.

"Who is she?" asked the visitor.
"She is Miss M—," he replied,
"and is the daughter of one of the rich-
est and proudest families in the city of
— She will marry me the minute I
am set free."

"How do you happen to know her?"
"Oh, that's all right. She visited
the prison one time and I got acquaint-
ed with her. She fell in love with me
at first sight. Don't worry about me,
I'm sold with her."

The secretary looked at the photo-
graph again. The face shown there was
delicate and refined, and every line in-
dicated the confiding trustfulness of
innocent girlhood. He looked at the
prisoner. Evil and sin, was stamped
upon every feature. When the secre-
tary made report to the governor he
told the story of the photograph. The
chief executive pondered over it awhile,
then, bringing his fist down upon the
desk with a force that set all its light
furniture rattling, he said:

"The photograph settles it. That
sweet girl and the happiness of her
home and friends must not be subject-
ed to ruin and misery by any act of
mine. The prisoner must serve his
time."

As The Letter, So The Man.

It is of common occurrence that ad-
vertisements for help appear in the
daily papers directing applicants to ad-
dress in their own handwriting, and
by the character of such communica-
tions the applicants are judged, and
fairly, I dare say, in most instances,
says a writer in the *St. Louis Globe-
Democrat*. The experienced man of
business, the astute lawyer or other
professional, reads in these communi-
cations, almost unerringly, the talent,
attainments and general character of
their authors. Such letters reveal
first as a matter of observation, the ar-
tistic skill and literary attainments of
the writers; secondly, by inference,
their general taste and judgment.

This inference is drawn from all the
attendant circumstances, from the
selection of writing material to the
superficial and affixing of the post-
age stamps. Perhaps there are 100
applicants for a position; one is chosen;
just why he will not know, while nine-
ty-nine are left to wonder why their
applications were unsuccessful. Some
were bad writers, some were bad spell-
ers; one made a fatal revelation of his
lack of good taste and judgment by
selecting a large-sized letter or fool-
scap sheet of paper, which he folded
awkwardly to go into a very small-
sized envelope; another used a page
to express in a loose, ungrammatical
way that which should have occupied
no more than five or ten lines; another
manifested a want of knowledge or
taste in the arrangement of the several
parts of his letter; thus every act and
circumstance connected with the letter
speaks for or against its author, and
accordingly he has been accepted or
rejected. I dare say that in a vast
majority of these cases the handwriting
has been the chief indication, and was
alone sufficient to determine the fate
of the applicant. The quality and
style of one's writing not only show
directly of themselves the writer's
ability in that respect, but indirectly
will go much further, and are strongly
indicative of the whole general char-
acter of the writer; for it is reasonable
to infer that the same good taste, judg-
ment, skill, patience and persistence
which have given to anyone a thor-
oughly accomplished handwriting will
be equally manifest and equally potent
elements of success in any other direc-
tion in which they may be employed.

The Progress of Languages.

The progress of languages spoken by
the different nations is said to be as
follows: English, which at the com-
mencement of the century was only
spoken by 22,000,000 of people, is now
spoken by 100,000,000; Russian is now
spoken by 68,000,000 against 50,000,000
at the beginning of the century. In
1801 German was only spoken by 35,-
000,000 of people, to-day over 70,000,-
000 talk in the same language that
William II. does. Spanish is now used
by 44,000,000 of people, against 30,000,-
000 in 1800; Italian by 32,000,000
instead of 18,000,000; Portuguese by 18,-
000,000 instead of 8,000,000. This is
for English an increase of 312 per cent;
for Russian, 129 per cent; for German,
70 per cent; for Spanish, 36 per cent,
In the case of French the increase has
been from 34,000,000 to 46,000,000, or
36 per cent.

AFTER THE CIRCUS.

Jim and Hanner Criticize the Performance
Animals, and Peanuts.

The shades of night were slowly fall-
ing, the holy peace of a midsummer
evening was in the winds and fields,
when there slowly wandered down the
green lanes a young couple hand in
hand.

Their steps were less elastic than
when they traversed the same road in
the early morning. His paper collar
was limp and discolored, his linen coat
less starched, and the polish had long
since gone from his boots.

Her white gown was somewhat be-
draggled, her curls lengthened out
considerably, and her whole aspect that
of one who had borne the heat and dust
of an August day.

But they were happy. Two or three
coppers were all there were left out of
the \$1.50 he had when he left home,
but he wasn't thinking of that when he
asked:

"How'd you like the circus, anyhow,
Hanner?"
"Oh, it was splendid."
"Think so?"
"Yes, indeed."
"Glad you went?"
"Awful glad."
"Then I'm glad I tuk ye. I don't
mind layin' out money for a girl long
as she enjoys what I lay it out fer.
What'd you like best?"

"La, Jim, I don't know. It was all
so good."
"I tell ye, that feller tossin' up all
them butcher knives wa'n't slow."
"Wasn't that splendid?"
"And that derned fool of a clown!
He like to have killed me—the derned
ejot!"

"Hee, hee, hee!"
"I thought I should split when he
tried to ride 'round the ring on that
jackass!"
"La, Jim! Wasn't that funny?"
"I tell ye it beat the Dutch how
them fellers in the trapeze cut up.
Take it all in all an' it was a bully good
show. I don't care if it did cost me a
dollar to get in. How'd you like to be
them lady riders?"

"I think it'd be splendid."
"I don't see how they ever kicked up
their heels that a-way 'thout tumblin'
off when the hosses was goin' to full tilt.
Furty good leu'nade that was I got ye,
wasn't it?"
"Oh, it was real nice, Jim."
"But I've et better peanuts than
them was."

"They was a little wormy."
"I know it, and I'd told the feller so
if he'd come 'round agin. I tell ye
ye've got to look out or them city
chaps'll cheat you out of your eyes.
How'd you like them candy kisses?"
"They was splendid."
"I'd a notion to get pep'mint drops
instead, but I'm glad now I didn't.
Wa'n't that elephant a buster?"
"I never see his beat."
"But I've seen lions that'd knock that
one all holler. Them cussed little
monkeys tickled me."
"Hee, hee, hee!"
"I'd just like to have one o' them for
my own."
"So'd I."

"I don't think them bananners are
fit to eat, do you?"
"I'd rather have coco'nut."
"Well, I should smile. But I've all-
ers wanted to sample one o' them ban-
anners, an' I'd thought I'd do it today
while you was with me. Next time
we'll get a cokernut. You like that fau
I got ye?"
"I thinks it's lovely."
"Them circus peddlers know how to
charge—askin' 15 cents for a fan you
can get for 10 at the stores. Still, 5
an' nothin' to me when I'm to a circus.
Here we air to your gate. Good-by."
"Good-by, an' I'm much bliged."
"Don't mention it. Good-by."
"Good-by."—Time.

Dolls, Drums and Swords.

The doll is thousands of years old;
it has been found inside the graves of
little Roman children, and will be
found again by the archaeologists of a
future date among the remains of our
own culture. The children of Pompeii
and Herculaneum trundled hoops
just as you and I did; and who knows
whether the rocking horse on which
we rode in our young days is not a
lineal descendant of that proud charger
into whose wooden flanks the children
of Francis I's time dug their spurs.

The drum is also indestructible, and
setting time at naught across the cen-
turies, it beats the Christmas-tide and
New Year summons that bids the tin
soldier prepare himself for war, and
shall continue to beat as long as there
exist boy arms to wield the drumsticks,
and grown-up people's ears to be deafen-
ed by the sound thereof. The tin sol-
dier views the future with calm; he will
not lay down his arms until the day of
general disarmament and there is, as
yet, no prospect of universal peace.

The toy sword also stands its ground;
it is the nursery symbol of the ineradi-
cable vice of our race—the lust for bat-
tle. Harlequins, fool's-cap-crowned
and bell-ringing, are also likely to en-
dure; they are sure to be found among
the members of the toy world as long
as there are fools to be found among the
inhabitants of our own. Gold-laced
knights, their swords at their sides,
curly-locked and satin-shod princesses,
stalwart musketeers, mustached and
top-booted, are all types which still
hold their own. The Chinese doll is
young as yet but she has a brilliant
future before her.—Blackwood's *Magazine*.

Foreign engineers report that at the
present rate of sinking the northern
coast of France will in a few centuries
be completely submerged.