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AMONG THE COSSACKS.

An Impressive Funeral in the Twilight of a Glorious Balkan Sunset.

Among the numerous superstitions of the Cossacks there is none stronger than the belief that they will enter Heaven in a better state of moral purity if they are personally clean at the time they are killed. Consequently before an expected battle they perform their toilets with scrupulous care, dress themselves in clean garments, and put on the best they have. This superstition is not confined to the Cossacks alone, but is widely prevalent in all branches of the Russian army. Skobeleff, in common with many other officers, professed a similar faith, and did not fail to dress himself for a battle as he would for a soiree. The Cossack sotnia, being often composed of men who belong to the same community at home, have a harmony of interest among the members which extends further than the ordinary matters of discipline. Their sick and wounded are generally more sedulously cared for than in other corps, and even in the excitement of active service they appear to have a reverence for their dead uncommon with soldiers who are accustomed to the daily spectacle of a comrade's death. Many a touching little burial-service have I witnessed among the Cossacks, but none more moving than one which I accidentally saw in the beginning of winter. We had been making a rapid forward movement, and had captured a pass in the Balkans. In the late afternoon, after the engagement was over, I was making my way by a short-cut across the hills to a point where I expected to find the headquarters, when I came upon a singular scene. Near the top of a bare knoll, strongly relieved against the sunset sky, three riderless horses came out in sharp silhouette. A little to the right of them, and on the very summit of the knoll, two Cossacks were stooping over, busy with something, I could not see what. The landscape, desolate, somber and brown in the near foreground, deepened to intense purple in the middle distance, and beyond and on either side of the knoll, which was the dominant object in the scene, the jagged mountain-tops sharply cut the wintry sky. The glory of a rich sunset mystified the details of the masses, while it seemed to sharpen their contours and heighten their contrasts. It was one of those evenings when there steals into the mind a sense of the solemnity of the hour almost amounting to religious fervor, and when one contemplates the departure of the daylight with sadness, and a scarcely formed but still vivid realization of the fathomless mystery of the near future.

As I approached the group the two men rose to their feet, and, without looking in my direction, uncovered their heads and stood motionless. Between them a long low mound disturbed the rounded outline of the hill, and a rude cross made of an unwhewn tree trunk added its unexpected silhouette to the shapes of the men, seen as irregular masses against the deep crimson of the western sky. I involuntarily paused, and waited, cap in hand, until their silent prayer was finished, and they had slowly turned away toward the three horses; then, skirting the knoll crowned by the mound and cross, kept on my way. All that friendly hands could do to honor the victim of the day's fight had been religiously done by his two comrades. In the midst of the turmoil of war he had been given a decent, dignified, Christian burial. And what more impressive funeral could there be than the one I saw in the glorious Balkan sunset? The place, the hour, the simple ceremony, the symbol of Christian faith, and proof of comrades' love—it was the poetry of a soldier's burial.—*Frank D. Millet, in Harper's Magazine.*

—“Now,” said the bridegroom to the bride, when they returned from the honeymoon trip, “let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life: are you to be president or vice-president of this concern?” “I want to be neither president nor vice-president,” she answered; “I will be content with a subordinate position.” “What is that?” “Comptroller of the currency.”—*N. Y. Sun.*

—“Yes, Bill, I'm engaged to Miranda. But, do you know, she is most excessively timid?” “When you are married to her, Joe, much of that timidity will wear off. You'll be taking off your boots in the lower hall at night inside of the first six months.”

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE OF A WOMAN WORTH WINNING.

Cleanliness and Its Virtues—Rules for Family Peace—A Woman's Good Resolutions—Interior Decorations—Children. Kitchen Hints—Notes and Items.

My brother, it is said, and I believe it to be in many cases true, that men do not read women readily; do not understand their real characters even though those characters may be seen by other women. Now, let me give you an infallible rule, one which you can apply in every case and never be disappointed in the results. It is simply this: When you come into the presence of a woman whom you are meeting for the first time note the impression she makes on your mind. If she reminds you at once of your sex and her own by look, word or act, let her alone, for her influence will degrade you. She may please your eye by her beauty, your ear by her voice, flatter you by her words and manner, but she will never be a true friend to you. She studies to please and expects you to please in return. She has no thought above present pleasure and no care for anything but self. She will never uplift you beyond your present plane nor incite you to deeds of honor. She must live out her organization and by suffering be made to see the true aim of life before she can be to you in any respect what a woman should be to a man—a guide to draw him up, not down; a friend whom he can safely trust and honor, and, perchance, even love.

If, on the other hand, you meet a woman whose presence brings no thought of sex into your mind, who brings out your best thoughts and gives you hers in return, whose manner encourages no ignoble deed or word, who respects herself, and involuntarily calls out your respect for her, make that woman your friend, no matter what may be her age or social position, no matter if she is poorly dressed and plain featured and not calculated to make a show in the world of fashion; she has a soul filled with good, and her thoughts are the forerunners of good deeds, and she will prove a source of constant inspiration to you that will draw you to higher planes of development and tend to make you the man you ought to be. After spending an hour with such a woman you leave her feeling more manly, more erect morally and physically, and though you may not have the thought clearly formed in your mind, yet you are conscious that the time spent in her company was spent wisely. You are aware that her influence is elevating and refining and you feel your better nature rousing into action. You feel ashamed of your misdeeds and wish yourself better than you are, and resolve to make yourself more worthy of her regard. Evils that you have scarce noticed before you are hardly willing to tolerate, now desire awake and you breathe for a time a new, purer atmosphere.

When you find a woman who produces these or similar impressions on you, cultivate her acquaintance; she will do you good. Her influence will be ennobling, not degrading. She will never drag a man down, but raise him to a higher level and bring out in strong relief all the grand nobility of manhood that is in him, and the strength and purity of his highest and best gifts.

The friendship and love of a woman of this class is worth winning, my brother; and happy is he who can call such a woman his friend, and doubly blessed is he who can win her for his life companion. Association with her will be on a plane far above selfish passion, and round out the life into harmonious completeness that not only influences the individual but all who come in contact with him.—*Cor. Christian Register.*

Cleanliness is Next to Godliness.
“I have seen the women of many nations,” remarked an old gentleman to a reporter the other day, “both in society and at home, and I confess with pride that I think American women, as a rule, are the neatest the world over. Have you ever lived in a village and noted the fastidious habits of the belles, who are perhaps more particular about their appearance than they would be in a large city, because they know everybody knows them, and because they cannot go down the street without being scrutinized closely by some admirer? I have known village maidens after having married and settled down in a great city take advantage of the wilderness of houses and strange faces and go about in such slatternly attire that they would never have assumed in their native village, but these cases are rare.

“You take a girl who is neat at home and she will be neat everywhere else. If she wears a clean calico in the morning she will wear a spotless merino in the afternoon. If she wears a clean collar in the morning she will replace it with a fresher one in the evening, and so on.

“The habit of neatness or its opposite is an interesting study in women. The characteristic, naturally exists just the same in men, but the circumstances governing their lives are such as do not bring out this phase in such pronounced fashion. I don't doubt that some of the greatest slatterns on earth are men, but they are seldom found out, you know. If you are sufficiently intimate with a gentleman to gain access to his apartment you will soon have a very excellent method of judging of his habits. If you find his brushes full of hair and lint, his towels and soiled clothes kicking about everywhere, with a bowl of dirty water always on his washstand, you may easily judge that he will go out in the street with greasy spots on his clothes and half soiled linen on.

“Now, between you and me, I detest dirty people. There is something as repulsive about untidy habits to me as there is in real wickedness. I don't think you can be a good man or a good woman without possessing thoroughly clean personal habits, and I will stick to it until my dying day. They tell me I am a crank on this subject. I don't care whether I am or not.”—*Denver Tribune.*

She Meant Snow.
A little South Boston girl of less than 5 years was very anxious to use her sled, so Monday night when she said her evening prayer she finished with, “Please God, send some snow, so that I can take out my sled.” During the night it snowed enough to cover the ground, and when she awoke she saw it fast disappearing. And looked out silently went to the window, and soon as she was up she saw a few minutes, when she broke out: “Our Father, I meant snow; I didn't mean this horrid slush!”

Resolutions for a Woman.

Never for one day to neglect hair, teeth or nails.
Never to wear a garment spotted or with a hole in it in any way avoidable.
Never to come down to breakfast other than as fresh as a bath and good temper will admit. If too ill to be sweet or to dress carefully, to stay out of sight.
Never to appear at dinner without distinctly showing it is dinner and worthy of some distinction.
Never to forget to show in dress, body or manners that I am glad to be a woman.
Never to run down men or get excited about the wrongs of our sex.

Never to sulk or whine, or nag—the three greatest failings of womankind.
Never, if possible, to scold husband or brother or other masculine attachments; but if it can't be helped, to scold quick and reasonably and have that the end of it.

Never to forget, if dependent on husband or any one else for even the most loving support, that the least return is love and care and a certain amount of forgiveness.

Never to make a woman's cabinets on the edge of a horse car seat when by moving three inches she might have comfort.

Never to elbow a woman out of the way, to be so old, young, rich or poor. If anxious to go ahead, say “please.”

To answer letters.

To keep appointments.

And last and most enduring resolution of all, to wear no hats at the theatre.—*New York Graphic.*

Interior Decorations.

Horticulturists are positively besieged for handsome seeds of exotic and native plants to be worked in with embroidered flowers, or with divisions of bands of screens, or to deck the covers of card boxes, etc. For attachment a fine drilled hole for the passage of the needle passes through their axes.

Among choice knickknacks for boudoir and similar use are small cabinets with masking doors inside of doors—subtleties of craftsmanship with interior arrangements concealed, the whole of accurate and refined execution.

A picturesque card case consists of an open gilded net, with the model of a fisherman in camp holding up one end. The net would seem to be sufficiently capacious for any of the leaders of society.

A lantern of tin, octagonal in form and jeweled, should be a clock on one of its sides. Suspended in a darkened corner and with the face of the clock shining in the base of the colored roundlets it presents a pretty effect.

Half dozen sets of elegantly decorated cups and saucers, in satin cushioned case, are now composed of three patterns. For various dishes on stands, such as tureens and sauce holders thick, flat beveled edges and sunken centers have been introduced.

As a receptacle for jewelry or other articles of beauty and value is a nest of four cabinets set in frame of beautifully carved tortoise shell, each in a different style of lacquer work and ornamented with rock crystal cut in fantastic forms.

White Underwear Going Out.

The following notes on dress are furnished by a lady: While many a Frenchwoman of the well-to-do bourgeoisie class goes to market herself in order to save a few sous on the price of her comestibles, she is often regardless of the expense of her white petticoats. The white petticoat is rather a costly article, because it must always be spotlessly clean. A French lady, and above all a Parisienne, would as soon think of wearing one soiled as she would think of being seen with a hole in her stocking or with boots down at heel.

In such matters the French are essentially particular, and in this respect they set an example to many wealthy and well-dressed daughters of Albion and of America, who, even when in Paris, are not always irreproachably gloved and booted.

To return to the white petticoat, it has held its ground in France, while in some other countries it has of late years been almost driven from general use. Yet even in this matter of the white petticoat fashion is a receding French ladies to be henceforth too conservative. They are told that, at any rate during the coming winter, they are to wear colored skirts, except for full evening dress and for toilettes de ville. In short, underlines generally is undergoing modifications, and night dresses of colored cambric reflect the taste of many foremost women of fashion. Nay, more, pure white is no longer exclusively used for baby toilets.—*Boston Transcript.*

Hints for the Kitchen.

When stove and shoe blacking brushes get so worn at their scrubbing end as to be useless, remove the brush from the handle, reverse it and tack again in place, securing the two thirds worn brush another term of service.

“It is potato little or potato big to-day?” I overheard a young girl ask her mother as the clock struck 11.

“Neither, child, but middle sized potato day,” said the mother helplessly clattered down the cellar stairs with her pan. I said: “Whatever do you mean? With your large crew of workmen for which you must prepare meals, I should think all your days would be potato dinner days.”

“So they are,” was her quick reply, “but we have learned to avoid waste in their cooking by boiling different sizes consecutive days. Formerly we would boil a large dinner pot of potatoes for each noon meal, giving little attention to their size. In consequence the smaller ones would be overdone, a waste of several bushels throughout the year. But nowadays we keep the potato heap picked clean as we go, a dinner pot of small ones wholly one day, large, may be, rotten hearted old fellows the next and middle sized potatoes another day. Since adopting this plan our boiling potatoes are nearly all done at the same instant, and none come from the kettle half raw and others mushed for the swill barrel.”—*London's Home Journal.*

A Strange Religious Sect.

One of the strangest of religious sects is that which calls itself The New and Latter House of Israel. Its headquarters is in Chatham, England, in which town its devotees are building an immense temple which will cost \$250,000. They believe that they will not die and that they will reign with Christ for a thousand years. Their founder was a man named Jezriel, who is now dead. His death was a great shock to the believers, but his wife claimed that it was an accident and claimed herself to be his successor.—*New York Tribune.*

WAS SHE INSANE?

THE JEALOUSY OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

Gen. Badeau Throws Some Light on Mrs. Lincoln's Eccentricities—Her Unreasonable Rage Aroused by Trifles. Lincoln's Bearing Through it All.

The account of Lincoln's loving making in his history by Nicolay and Hay seems almost ominous when read by the light of later knowledge. The anxiety and forebodings were absent and forgotten that the president on the eve of marriage, the most incredulous might say, presaged the destiny that impended. For no one knows the character of Abraham Lincoln, his godlike patience, his ineffable sweetness, his transcendent charity amid all the tremendous worries of war and revolution and public affairs, who is ignorant of what he endured of private woe, and no one rightly judges the unfortunate partner of his devotion and unwitting cause of many of his miseries, who forgets that she had “eaten on the insane root that takes the reason prisoner.”

The country knows but has preferred to forget the strangeness of Mrs. Lincoln's conduct at intervals after her husband's death. Many of the most extraordinary incidents in her career were not revealed, out of delicacy to others and tenderness to one who had been the sharer of Abraham Lincoln's fortunes and the mother of his family; but enough will and were entertained at the mass of Gen. Grant, so highly respected, the dragging of their affairs into a public court, the necessary supervision of the poor lady's finances and the restraint of her actions, if not of her person, disclosed the fact that her mind had been diseased.

The first time that I saw Mrs. Lincoln was when I accompanied Mrs. Grant to the White House for her first visit there as the wife of the general-in-chief. The next that I now recall was in March, 1864, when Mrs. Lincoln, with the president, visited City Point. They went on a steamer, escorted by a naval vessel of which Capt. John S. Barnes was in command, and remained for some weeks in the James river under the bluff on which the headquarters were established. Here they slept and usually took their meals, but sometimes both ascended the way, and then the man were mounted, but Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Lincoln went on in an ambulance, as it was called—a sort of half open carriage with two seats besides that for the driver. I was detailed to escort them, and of course sat on the front seat facing the ladies, with my back to the horses.

EXTRAORDINARY JEALOUSY.

In the course of conversation I mentioned that all the wives of officers at the army front had been ordered to the rear—a surmise that active operations were in contemplation. I said not a lady had been allowed to remain except Mrs. Griffin, the wife of Gen. Charles Griffin, who had obtained a special permission from the president. At this Mrs. Lincoln was up in arms. “What do you mean by that, sir?” she exclaimed. “Do you mean to say that she saw the president alone? Do you know that I never allow the president to see any woman alone?” She was absolutely jealous of poor, ugly Abraham Lincoln. I tried to pacify her and to palliate my remark, but she was fairly boiling over with rage. “That's very unkind of you, sir,” she exclaimed. “Let me out of this carriage at once. I will ask the president if he saw that woman alone.” Mrs. Griffin was one of the best known and most elegant women in Washington, afterward the Countess Eslerhazy, a Carroll and a personal acquaintance of Mrs. Grant, who strove to mollify the excited spouse, but in vain. Mrs. Lincoln again bawled the driver, and when I hesitated to obey she thrust her arm past me to the front of the carriage and held the driver fast. But Mrs. Grant finally prevailed on her to wait till the whole party alighted, and then Gen. Meade came up to pay his respects to the wife of the president. I had intended to offer Mrs. Lincoln my arm and endeavor to prevent a scene, but Meade, of course, as my superior officer had the right to escort her, and I had no chance to warn him. I saw them go off together, and remained in four and trembling for what might occur in the presence of the foreign minister and other important strangers.

But Gen. Meade was very adroit, and when they returned Mrs. Lincoln looked at me and said: “Gen. Meade is a gentleman, sir. He says it was not the president who gave Mrs. Griffin the permit, but the secretary of war.” Meade was the son of a diplomatist and had evidently inherited some of his father's skill.

At night when we were back in camp Mrs. Grant talked over the matter with me and said the whole affair was so distressing and mortifying that we must never either mention it to any one; at least I was to be absolutely silent and she would disclose it only to the general. But the next day I was released from my pledge, for “worse remained behind.”

The same party went in the morning to visit the Army of the James on the north side of the river, commanded by Gen. Ord. The arrangements were somewhat similar to those the day before. We went up the river in a steamer, and then the men again took horses and Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant went in an ambulance. I was detailed as before to act as escort, but I asked for a companion in the duty; for after my experience of the previous day I did not wish to be the only officer in the carriage. So Gen. Horace Porter was ordered to join the party. Mrs. Ord was with her husband. As she was the wife of the commander of an army she was not subject to the order for return, though before that day was over she wished herself in Washington or anywhere else away from the army, I am sure. She was mounted, and as the ambulance was full she remained on her horse and rode for a while by the side of the president and ahead of Mrs. Lincoln.

“TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.”

As soon as Mrs. Lincoln discovered that her rage was beyond all bounds, “This does

the woman mean,” she exclaimed, “by riding by the side of the president and ahead of me? Does she suppose that he wants her by the side of him?” She was in a frenzy of excitement, and language and action both became more extravagant every moment. Mrs. Grant again endeavored to pacify her, but then Mrs. Lincoln got angry with Mrs. Grant, and all that Porter and I could do was to see that nothing worse than words occurred. We feared she might jump out of the vehicle and shout to the cavalcade. Once she said to Mrs. Grant in her transports: “I suppose you think you'll get to the White House yourself, don't you?” Mrs. Grant was very calm and dignified, and merely replied that she was quite satisfied with her present position; it was far greater than she had ever expected to attain. Then Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed: “Oh! you had better take it if you can get it. ‘Tis very nice.” Then she returned to Mrs. Ord, but Mrs. Grant defended her friend at the risk of arousing greater vehemence.

Once when there was a halt Maj. Seward, a nephew of the secretary of state and an officer of Gen. Ord's staff, rode up, and trying to say something jocular, remarked: “The president's horse is very gallant, Mrs. Lincoln; he insists on riding by the side of Mrs. Ord.” This of course added fuel to the flame. “What do you mean by that, sir?” she cried. Seward discovered that he had made a huge mistake, and his horse at once developed a peculiarity that compelled him to ride behind to get out of the way of the sterm.

Finally the party arrived at its destination, and Mrs. Ord came up to the ambulance. Then Mrs. Lincoln positively insulted her, called her vile names in the presence of a crowd of officers and asked what she meant by following up the president. The poor woman burst into tears and inquired what she had done, but Mrs. Lincoln refused to be appeased, and stormed till she was tired. Mrs. Grant still tried to stand by her friend, and everybody was shocked and horrified. But all things come to an end, and after awhile we returned to City Point.

That night the president and Mrs. Lincoln entertained Gen. and Mrs. Grant and the general's staff at dinner on the steamer, and before us all Mrs. Lincoln berated Gen. Ord to the president and urged that he should be removed. He was unfit for his place, she said, to say nothing of his wife. Gen. Grant at once defended his officer bravely. Of course Gen. Ord was not removed.

During all this visit similar scenes were occurring. Mrs. Lincoln repeatedly attacked her husband in the presence of officers because of these two ladies, and I never suffered general humiliation and pain on account of me not a near personal friend than when I saw the head of the state—the man who carried all the cares of the nation at such a crisis—subjected to this inexpressible public mortification. He bore it as Christ might have done, with an expression of pain and sadness that cut one to the heart, but with supremely calmness and dignity. He called her “mother,” with his old-time plainness; he pleaded with eyes and tones, and endeavored to explain and palliate the offenses of others, till she turned on him like a tigress, and then he walked away, hating that noble, ugly face that we might not catch the full expression of its misery.

THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT'S COURTESY.
Gen. Sherman was a witness of some of these episodes and mentioned them in his memoirs many years ago. Capt. Barnes of the navy, was a witness and a sufferer too. Barnes had accompanied Mrs. Ord on her unfortunate ride and refused afterward to say that the lady was to blame. Mrs. Lincoln never forgave him. A day or two afterward he was invited to the president on some official matter when Mrs. Lincoln and several other were present. The president's wife said something to him unusually offensive that all the company could hear. Lincoln was silent, but after a moment he went up to the young officer and taking him by the arm led him into his own cabin, to show him a map or a paper he said. He made no remark, Barnes told me, upon what had occurred. He could not rebuke his wife, but he regretted his regret and regard for the officer with a touch of what seemed to me the most exquisite breeding.

After the murder of the president the eccentricities of Mrs. Lincoln became more apparent than ever, and people began to wonder whether her mind had not been affected by her terrible misfortune. Mr. Seward told me that she sold the president's shirts, with his initials marked on them, before she left the White House, and that, learning the linen was for sale at a shop in Pennsylvania avenue, he sent and bought it privately. She lingered at the executive mansion a long while after all arrangements should have been made for her departure, keeping the new president out of his proper residence. Afterward she made appeals to public men and to the country for pensions and other pecuniary aid, though there was no need for public application. She went abroad doing strange things and carrying the honored name of Abraham Lincoln into strange and sometimes unflattering company, for she was greatly neglected and felt the neglect. While I was consul general at London I learned of her living in an obscure quarter and went to see her. She was touched by the attention, and when I asked her to my house—for it seemed wrong that the widow of the man who had done so much for us all should be ignored by any American representative—she wrote me a note of thanks, betraying how rare such courtesies had become to her then.

The next I heard of the poor woman was the scandal of the courts in Chicago, when the fact was made clear that she was insane. It was a great relief to me to learn it, and doubtless the disclosure of the secret which her son must have long suspected—though, like the Spartan boy, he cloaked his pain—was to him a sort of terrible satisfaction. It vindicated his conduct; it told for him what he had concealed; it proved him a worthy son of that great father who also bore his fate so heroically.—*Adam Badeau in New York World.*

Had Him on the Hip.

A Cincinnati speculator went over into Kentucky to take a look at an oil spring which a farmer claimed to have discovered on his land. Sure enough the surface of the water was covered with oil, and it could be traced along a creek for a mile. “Well, what do you think?” queried the farmer, after a long investigation. “Why, I think you have used about three barrels of petroleum around here,” replied the capitalist. “Humph! That shows how awful sharp you are. I didn't use but one and a half.”—*Wall Street News.*

A MEXICAN “FIESTA.”

A SEASON OF RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES AND INDULGENCE.

Brutality of the Bull Fight—The Native Mexican an Inevitable Gambler—Various Games of Chance—An Orderly Crowd.

Every Mexican town has a patron saint whose duty it is supposed to be to watch and guard over the interests of the town and its inhabitants.

The patron saint of the old town across the river, Paso del Norte, is Our Lady of Guadalupe. The natives begin their celebration on the 8th and keep it up till the 24th, when they have to quit so as to be ready to begin the Christmas festivities on the 25th.

The celebration of “fiesta,” as it is called, consists of: 1. Religious ceremonies conducted daily in the celebrated old church known to be over 340 years old. 2. Attending three or four bull fights a week. 3. Gambling, and lastly, drinking plenty of pulque, mescal and tequila and having a good time generally.

Then the bull fights nothing could be more brutal or disgusting. Take a dog fight, a cock fight or a fight between two men, and you know that they are but following out the instincts of nature, and if either contestant gets enough he can show the white feather and generally get away. The bull fight is different; the poor brute is goaded and scored before he is turned into the ring; there he is again goaded and speared and finally killed. He stands no more show than a mouse in a box with a cat.

AN INVETERATE GAMBLER.

Sunday I went over to see life on the plaza. The native Mexican is an inveterate gambler. He will risk almost anything on the turn of a die. The plaza, a square in the center of the village, was turned into an extensive gambling establishment, and the games were numerous, and those run by Mexicans depended entirely on chance. The American factor was, however, on hand, and would sell you a \$1 bill rolled in a piece of paper for \$2, and a few other maps of that description, but the main games were Mexican. First in importance was the national game of monte. It consists primarily in dealing two cards from the bottom of the pack and then betting as to which of the two will be turned up first. There are many modifications of the game which would require an experienced person to describe. I have not been here long enough to acquire that experience.

Another game very popular, especially with the ladies, is a kind of an odd or even affair. There is a funnel-shaped contrivance with the bottom sloping to the center; in the center are several stops were a single marble can drop in and a general receptacle to hold them all. A handful of marbles is thrown and the gambler bets whether an odd or even number will drop in the general receptacle.

The game most numerous, however, and which seemed to draw the largest crowds, especially of the American population, among whom was a large delegation from the California excursion in town over the Illinois Central, was played with dice. The layout consisted of a table, six cards numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, a dice box, three dice, a few silver coins and any amount of tacco (pronounced “clackers”), a Mexican coin nominally worth 3½ cents, being a quarter of a real, which is one-eighth of a dollar, but in hard American money 5 cents will buy four of them.

DEALER AND DICE.

The dealer shakes the box and throws the dice on the table still covered by the box. The excursionist puts his money, say on the card marked three. The box is lifted, if there is a three up the dealer pays even; if there is a pair of threes up he pays two for one. If there are three threes up he pays three for one. It is apparently a square game, and the onlooker who is interested may spend a handful of “clackers” before he discovers there are several per cent, in favor of the dealer.

There are several other games of less importance, among which I noted a modification of the wheel of fortune. In this, however, every turn drew a prize. A “clacker” purchased the right to turn the wheel, and wherever the arrow stopped it would point to an article of some value, ranging from two hairpins to a cheap cotton handkerchief. What the young cowboy whom I saw gather in about a dozen hairpins will do with them is still a mystery to me.

The crowd in attendance was a very orderly one. If any one got more tequila on board than he could handle he could lie down anywhere and calmly sleep off the effects of his potatoes and be perfectly happy. I only saw one quarrelsome fellow, and he was a drunken American.—*El Paso (Tex.) Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

To be very gentle with the younger ones and treat them with respect, remembering that we were once young.

Never to judge one another, but to attribute a good motive when we can.

To compare our manifold blessings with the trifling annoyances of the day.

A Bit of Advice.

Happiness is a mosaic formed from many small stones, and these are found and set in beauty by the hand of love—love in little things, loving words, loving acts, and a large part of this work is in the home, where the greatest portion of our time and the best should be spent. Live this year for wife and husband and children, and let selfish pleasure take a back seat. Keep unspoken the quick retort, the frolic complaint, the angry word, for life is too short for such cruel blows, and then the scar never heals, though you may bathe it with bitter tears.—*Rev. Dr. Kittredge.*

Compulsory Vaccination.

Tasmanians, in future, will be permitted to vaccinate or not, as they please. Following the example of the mother country, England, they enacted a compulsory vaccination law some years ago. Resistance to it became to be so strong that the house of assembly, toward the close of last year, decided to revert to the optional system.—*Herald of Health.*