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REGISTER—Established August, 1887. TELEPHONE—Established June, 1886. Consolidated Feb. 1, 1889. McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1890. VOL. II. NO. 3.

H. BALLINGER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Fletcher building, Third Street, McMinnville, Oregon

J. F. CALBREATH. E. E. GOUCHER.
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Work taken by Contract or by the Day. Experienced men employed.
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OREGON DEVELOPMENT COMPANY'S STEAMSHIP LINE.
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The above trains connect at YAQUINA with the Oregon Developement Co's. Line of Steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.
N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette Valley Points can make close connection with the trains of the YAQUINA ROUTE at Albany or Corvallis, and if destined to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.
The Oregon Pacific steamboats on the Willamette River division will leave Portland, south-bound, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 a. m. Arrive at Corvallis Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3:30 p. m. Leave Corvallis, north-bound, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m. Arrive at Portland Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3:30 p. m.
On Monday, Wednesday and Friday both north and south-bound boats lie over night at Salem, leaving there at 6 a. m.
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6 C. H. HASWELL, Jr.,
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BETWEEN PORTLAND AND SAN FRANCISCO!

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Portland	4:00 p m	San Francisco	7.45 pm
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Local Passenger Daily, except Sunday

LEAVE.		ARRIVE	
Portland	8:05 a m	Eugene	2:40 p m
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Pullman Buffet Sleepers
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For accommodation of Second Class Passengers attached to express trains.
The S. P. Company's Ferry makes connection with all the regular trains on the East Side Division from foot of F street
WEST SIDE DIVISION
Between Portland and Corvallis.
Mail Train Daily, except Sunday.

LEAVE		ARRIVE	
Portland	7:30 a m	McMinn'	10:13 a m
McMinn'	10:13 a m	Corvallis	12:25 p m
Corvallis	1:30 p m	McMinn'	3:44 p m
McMinn'	3:44 p m	Portland	6:20 p m

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific
Express Train Daily, except Sunday

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	4:50 p m		8.00 p m
McMinn'	5:45 a m		9:00 a m

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The neatest place in the city. Animals carefully selected for killing—insuring the finest meat. Poultry, etc., bought and sold. Highest market price paid for everything.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
Raw & Boiled Linseed Oil,
Oil Cake Meal and
Ground Flaxseed.
309 Front Street, - Portland, Oregon.

From Terminal or Interior Points the
Northern Pacific Railroad
Is the Line to Take
To all Points East & South
It is the DINING CAR ROUTE. It runs Through VESTIBULED TRAINS Every Day in the Year to
ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO.
(No Change of Cars)
Composed of DINING CARS
(unsurpassed)
PULLMAN DRAWING ROOM SLEEPERS
(Of Latest Equipment,)
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS
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about the fifteen part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as it easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $3 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.

THE STORY OF NELLIE BLY.

An Authentic Biography of the World's Globe-Girdler.

The nature of the work that Nellie Bly has done for the *World* during the past two and a half years has made it necessary that her personalty should be kept as much as possible a secret. But the public interest in the young lady has become so great that the *World* to-day relieves the intense public curiosity by publishing her portrait. At the same time that the public learns what Nellie Bly looks like, it seems well to say something about who and what she is.

It is easier to say what she is not. The *World* and Miss Bly have kept the secret well, and most of the printed matter about this young lady has become entirely from hearsay. In the first place she is not "Helen Finnegan." Nor is she a "widow." Nor—so far as the *World* knows—is she engaged to marry anybody. Nor is she "anywhere from thirty to forty-five years old," as various journals have stated. Nor is she "a brazen-faced, masculine woman who forces her way in search of news." All of these things have been said of her and all of them are false.

Nellie Bly is known in private life as Miss Elizabeth Cochrane. She is an unmarried woman, twenty-three years of age. She lives quietly in an uptown flat with her widowed mother. The kind of work that she has done has made it necessary that she should know as few people as possible, and on that account her private life has been a very quiet one. She has accepted no social attention, but among the few people with whom she has come in contact she has gained liking for her two most distinctive qualities—her frankness and her gentleness. Free from affectation and loudness, she is popular with all who have known her, except the people she has made uncomfortable through the columns of the *World*.

Miss Cochrane is a good-looking brunette, of medium height, and slight graceful figure, who does not look nearly so old as the records make her. Her appearance is girlish, and while contact with the world in her journalistic capacity has given her thoughts and manners a serious cast, and the far-reaching usefulness of many of her tasks has make her feel that newspaper women have earnest missions in life, still there is a glint of the sunshine of youth in many of her ways and a jolly light-heartedness at times manifests itself, which shows that there is a strong, bright link between her looks and the girlhood that radiates through them. She is not so old, either, as far as years are concerned. Miss Cochrane was borne in 1867. That's not so very long ago, is it? Her birthplace was Cochrane's Mills, a settlement in Armstrong county, Pa., named after her father. Mr. Cochrane owned flour mills there and a large tract of land. He had numerous employees who built houses in the neighborhood on his property and these composed the community. Her father was not a miller, as might be supposed from the fact of his owning flour mills; he was a lawyer, and for several terms filled the office of associate judge of Armstrong county. The family lived first at the Mills and then moved into a house built for them at Apollo, about ten miles distant. While Miss Cochrane was still in her first decade her father died. He was stricken suddenly with paralysis and passed away without being able to make a will. This involved the family estate, which is still unsettled and in the hands of administrators. Miss Cochrane's education began at home. Her first instructions were given her by her father, from whom she received inspiration in the direction of study. He was a broad-minded, high-principled gentleman, cultured and polished, and, appreciating all the advantages of education, he gave his children the full benefit of every advantage he possessed in that way. When Miss Cochrane was old enough to leave home, she was sent to a boarding-school at Indiana, Pa., where she remained from 1879 to 1881. She was obliged to leave this institution on account of threatening heart disease, and later, when arrangements were nearly completed to send her to the Blairsville Seminary, the doctor said one year's study would probably cost the girl her life. She was anxious to continue her studies, but she didn't want to die. She remained at home and her waking hours not given to books were devoted to horse back riding and light out-door exercise which greatly improved her health. She became so skilled in equestrianism that she soon had the reputation of being the best horsewoman in Armstrong county. Her literary taste was general. She had no favorite study, but seemed to have an inordinate mental appetite for all kinds of information. Stories of travel seemed to give her a great deal of pleasure, and if she liked any one class of books more than another, it might be said that she preferred books of travel. Sentimental creations she had no fondness for. This appears strange in face of the fact that when a very little girl she wrote love and fairy stories by the score. She wrote them on the fly-leaves of books and on loose scraps of paper. For whole hours at night she lay in bed unable to go to sleep because of the tirelessness of her imagination, weaving tales and creating heroes and heroines, simply for her own delight or the gratification of the young companions to whom she would relate them. It was her wont to get the girls of the town together and tell them these stories; it was easier to make up some story to tell them than to repeat an old story. So active was the child's brain and so strongly her faculties eluded sleep that her condition became alarming and she had to be placed under the care of physicians. She had no idea then of publishing anything. It was not until she and her mother went to Pittsburg at the solicitation of her three brothers, who are there in the rubber business, that she entered the professional field of literature. She was a great newspaper reader, and one day she saw an article in the Pittsburg *Dispatch* headed "What Girls Are Good For." She wrote a reply to the article, giving her imagination a pretty free rein, and though the reply was not published, a paragraph appeared in the *Dispatch* the day after she sent the communication asking for the writer's name. Miss Cochrane sent her name and received a letter from the editor requesting her to write an article on the subject of girls and their spheres in life for the *Sunday Dispatch*. She did this. The article was printed and the same week she received a check for it and a request for something else. Her next subject was "Divorce" and at the end of the article appeared the now world-famous signature "Nellie Bly." Miss Cochrane assumed it by the suggestion of Mr. Geo. A. Madden, managing editor of the *Dispatch*, who got it from Steven Foster's popular song. The divorce article attracted attention. It was timely and contributed to causing the salutary change which was made shortly after in the marriage laws of Pennsylvania. Then Miss Cochrane wrote to the editor setting forth the value of a series of articles about working girls. She was invited to the office and made arrangements to accept a salary and devote her time to the *Dispatch*. Taking an artist with her she went through the factories and workshops of Pittsburg and described and pictured the condition of the working girls. The articles made a big hit and were imitated by writers in almost every large city of the land. Later Miss Cochrane became society editress of the *Dispatch* and also looked after the dramatic and art departments, all for a salary of $10 per week. Ideas kept bobbing up in her brain all the while and one of them took strong hold of her mind. She wanted to go to Mexico to write about its people. At this time she was receiving $15 per week. She went, and her letters printed in the *Dispatch* were full of interest and were widely copied. She had never been out of her state before, but she travelled everywhere in Mexico that a railroad could take her. Her mother was her companion on the trip. Returning to Pittsburg she became dissatisfied with that field—quit the *Dispatch* and came to New York. She did syndicate work for a while. One day she lost her bocketbook and all the money she possessed, about $100. She was too proud to let her friends know, or to go home, so she sat down and thought.

She finally applied for an engagement at the *World* office, with a letter of introduction. She asked the privilege of going in the balloon the *World* was then sending up at St. Louis. This suggestion was not favorably received on account of the hazardous nature of the undertaking. She called again and pluckily suggested a trip to Europe and return in the steerage, for the purpose of writing up the experience of an emigrant. As she had done no writing for the *World* as yet Mr. Pulitzer preferred that she should try a local story at first, and he personally suggested the Insane Asylum expose. Miss Bly did this with such marked success and originality of treatment and attracted so much attention that she was immediately given a permanent place on the *World* staff.

This was three years ago. Her achievements since have been many and brilliant. Scarcely a week passed that she had not some novel feature in the *World*. Her fame grew and her tasks enlarged until they culminated in the wonderful tour of the world in 72 days, 6 hours, 11 minutes and 14 seconds, which has made her the best-known and most widely talked of young woman on earth to-day. She has worked hard and she deserves all her success.

Salaries of Chorus Girls.

The chorus girl receives a salary varying with the character of the company in which she is engaged. The first-class companies, such as McCaull's Aronson's, Duff's, Conreid & Hermann's, Carleton's and several others pay their chorus girls from $15 to $25 per week while "on the road," and about $3 less when they are stationed in one city for four weeks or more. Of course, this is not a large sum to live on while traveling through the country, but all the girl has to buy out of it is her board and clothes and occasional medicines and luxuries. But she manages to live well. It is quite a common thing for three or four girls to club together for the season. When they reach a city in which they stay a week or more, they rent a furnished room containing two beds, and with their portable oil stove and cooking utensils they prepare their own meals. In this way they sometimes live for $2.50 or $3 per week. When playing in towns less than a week they go to cheap hotels, rarely paying more than $1.50 per day, and more frequently paying $1. If they have a long trip to make, they usually take possession of an ordinary coach, and dexterously transform it into a sort of sleeping-car, where they rest nearly as comfortable as if in a Pullman without paying anything for it. I have known several who have gone all the way across the continent and back several times without having spent a night in the berth of a sleeping-car. They inure themselves to the discomforts of traveling, cheap boarding-houses and the like for the sake of a comparatively small salary. Almost without exception there is some one at home awaiting the savings effected by such economy.

The railroad repairers who returned yesterday from the vicinity of Oregon City think it will be a good many days before trains are running through to Portland. Below Oregon City, in the Clackamas bottom, one entire section of track of five miles is washed away. To repair this will require several days, and as the flood has not yet gone down it will be some time before laborers can do much to the track.—*Statesman.*

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

FOUGHT AGAINST FATE.

Eventful Career of a Confederate Naval Officer Just Closed.

Capt. C. W. Reid, chief of the board of harbor masters of New Orleans, who died last Saturday, had an eventful history. He was born in Yazoo county, Miss., in May, 1840. The sea was his hobby from boyhood, and when he was old enough he was admitted to the Annapolis Naval academy from Mississippi, and was graduated a midshipman. He was a bustling boy, an energetic, ambitious, determined youth, and a dashing, fearless man. When he put away his diploma and went into active naval service it was on board the Powhattan, then stationed at Vera Cruz, Mexico. There he was when that Mississippi, along with South Carolina and the rest, had nailed the bars to the masthead and cried out upon the Union. March 14, 1861, a day after the Powhattan anchored in New York, he left her and hurrying to Montgomery, Ala., the Confederate capital, offered his services to Jefferson Davis and Mr. Mallory, secretary of the Confederate States navy.

Then came the echo of the cannon firing upon Sumter. The war was on, and the martial youth of the South were rising to repel the Northern foe. The South had few sailors and Read was a welcome addition. May 1st he reported at New Orleans for service on board the McRae. She never ran the blockade, but was ordered to Kentucky. Young Read at New Madrid, Island No. 10 and Fort Pillow showed the mettle that was in him. When Farragut and Porter entered the Mississippi the McRae went to the defense, and was set on fire by the enemies' shells at the battle of the forts. When the dead and wounded had been carried from her Read saw that there was no more work for him at the Crescent City. He wanted to take a crew, get the ram Resolute afloat and go raiding up the coast of New England, but instead, was sent to Richmond, and helped to erect the batteries for the blockade of the Potomac. Then he went to Fort Pillow to report to Commodore Pinckney and thence on a recruiting tour to Vicksburg.

The pretty confederate gunboat Arkansas had then been launched. She was hurriedly put in order, after the evacuation of Fort Pillow, and Lieut. Read had orders to run by the gunboats above Vicksburg and the Brooklyn and the mortar schooners below town, proceed down the river, destroy any stray vessels of the enemy in the road, coal ship at New Orleans, pass Forts Jackson and St. Philip at night, and proceed to Mobile bay and raise the blockade.

This bold plan could not be accomplished, but what Read and his messmates did do won the plaudits of all the South and covered them with glory. The Carondelet, the Tyler and Queen of the West were encountered. It was a hot fight. One of them was left on the mud flats, the Confederate historians say, and the other two went skurrying away. The Arkansas was in bad shape when she steamed into the Mississippi to meet the combined fleets of Farragut, Porter and Davis, but Read was undaunted. His vessel got hot shot from a dozen broadsides. Many of her men were killed, but on her passage down the river she put holes in half a dozen of the Federal ships.

So they made their way to Vicksburg. Read wanted to go ahead down the river then, even crippled as they were. After them came the Federal fleet. A fierce, awful night attack was made. The Federal fleet went on to New Orleans and the battered Arkansas was left for a target for the guns of the Yankee boats for days. It was in such quarters and such company that Read learned his first hard lessons of war.

Then he was on the Florida and ran the blockade at Mobile. She destroyed fourteen prizes and boarded three while Lieut. Read was connected with her. Among them was the Jacob Bell, laden with tea, from Foo Chow. She and cargo were valued at $1,500,000. In one of the prize boats, the Clarence, Mr. Read made one of his most daring raids. He stopped a number of craft laden with provisions for Farragut and others of the Northern forces. That was in May, 1863. One of these was the Tacony. Read adopted her and burned the adandoned Clarence.

Up the coast they went and spread alarm over the coast of New England. Read had become on the sea what Morgan was on land. Armed vessels were leaving Northern ports in search of the Tacomy, which kept on at business, capturing the Byzantine, the Londonderry, the Archer and at last the revenue cutter Caleb Cushing right in Portland Harbor. This boldness cost the marauders their liberty. He was taken, with his men, and sent to Fort Preble. Artemus Ward visited Capt. Read there and presented him with his book and a bottle of whiskey, "both of which," said Read in a letter, "were duly appreciated."

From Fort Warren, whither they were transferred, Reid and his companions effected an escape in the night, let themselves down by strips of canvas to the water, made a raft of jugs, tin cans, an old target and what not. They were caught and brought back by the sentries. Read was afterwards exchanged and sent to join the James River Squadron.

He was engaged in the desperate attempt to relieve Richmond. It was then the beginning of 1865 and there was gloom over the South. Grant's armies were bearing down upon Lee but a forlorn hope remained to the confederates. If the James River squadron could disperse the Federal fleet at City Point and destroy Grant's base of supplies, Lee's trained veterans might mass upon the military lines tightened around Richmond, perhaps break them, and gain new strength for further struggle. Read conceived a daring enterprise, but it had to be abandoned. Their plans were betrayed to the Federals, and the expedition which Read had taken out wrought only failure.

About that time the ram Webb lay in the Red river, above Alexandria. Read, as her commander, fitted her up as a cruiser, and in April of 1865 left Shreveport. She ran the gauntlet of fire from Federal gunboats at night and escaped. Ten miles above New Orleans Read sent men ashore to cut the telegraph wires. Unfortunately messages from Fort Donaldson had already apprised the Federals at New Orleans of his approach. But nearing the city Read hoisted the Union ensign at half mast—President Lincoln was then dead—and the trick was not discovered until she had almost a clear field towards salt water. But meeting the Richmond, Read said further effort would be useless. The Webb was run ashore and then it was *sauve qui peut*. The men were caught by cavalry, and on May 10 the captain found himself in Fort Warren again. Gen. Kirby Smith's surrender ended their imprisonment.

Capt. Read settled in New Orleans, although his love of the ocean did not permit him to be much of a landsman. He chose navigation as a profession, and served his country by guiding its merchant ships safely through storm and sea, and rebuilding and extending its commerce. He commanded a number of ships sailing to different points, and finally became connected with the fruit trade and the Royal Mail line between New Orleans and British Honduras. His special charge was the city of Dallas, and he commanded her for six or seven years.

He spent several years in South America. About a year and a half ago Gov. Nicholls, recognizing the worth of the bold fighter of the Arkansas, the Webb, the Florida and the Clarence, appointed him one of the board of Harbormasters of the port of New Orleans. It looked as if the brave sailor had found a "snug harbor" at last. With a good position, the esteem of the community, and a home upon which rested the blessings of peace and love and perfect companionship, it seemed as if Capt. Read would meet old age at anchor in the pleasant harbor of rest. But the enemy pursued him under the very guns of his changed career and quiet prospects. Disease overtook him and made him unfit for service. But the warrior who braved a thousand dangers did not surrender calmly. For many weeks he was confined to his bed, but bore his pain stoically. He would not give up hope. For a few days he rallied, got out of bed and said: "I am going to ask the governor for leave of absence for a month and go up to Meridian, Mass. I think I will recover there, so as to return to my post." His hopes was vain. Although he was scarce fifty years old, Capt. Read's hair was white as snow.

Rights and Liabilities.

Burton W. Hotter, a lawyer of Worcester, Mass., read a paper to a company of farmers the other day. In substance he said the common theory that the farmer has absolute dominion on and over his farm is a big mistake. He simply holds it in trust for the uses of society. The farm is liable to annual taxation and the amount depends upon the needs of society. The whole farm or a portion of it may be taken from him, against the owner's consent, for the purpose of a railroad, a highway, a reservoir, a mill privilege, or a schoolhouse, a pest-house, a cemetery, a park, or for some other public use. A man may not maintain a private nuisance on his own premises. But the farmer has rights. As the law now stands any person who enters upon the land of another without his consent, either expressed or implied, is guilty of trespass, whether enclosed or not, and although no material injury is done. If the trespasser without permission willfully cuts down, carries away, girdles or otherwise destroys timber wood, underwood or trees, the owner can recover in a civil suit three times the amount of the damage done, if the parties are worth anything, and if impecunious they may be tried for criminal offense. No other has a right to hunt or fish on another's ground any more than he has a right to play ball or cricket there. No person has the right to pick berries, fruit or flowers on the roadside of a farm any more than he has in the farmer's field, and those who buy and consume such berries, fruit or flowers are liable for prosecution for receiving or assuming ownership of stolen goods. Whoever malicio usly sets fire to, burns or does injury to another's woodpile, fences, gates, grass, grain, or other products, is liable to a fine of $500 and five years' imprisonment. It is against the law to paint or affix to any fence, structure, rock or tree, the property of another, the words, device, trade mark, advertisement or note, without first obtaining the permission of the owner. The disfigurement of fences, trees or buildings by the posters of quacks, showmen or traders of all kinds is a criminal offense. Posting a notice on one's own premises, forbidding trespass on enclosed or improved property, is sufficient notice to others. The law does not require any one to build a road fence. Cattle or other domestic animals must be driven along the highway with care; if they do damage their owner is not liable to trespass if they are removed as speedily as possible. A farmer has the right to drive off his premises and into the highway any animals trespassing thereon, or he may take any animals to the town pound or other suitable place of security, but he must feed and water the animals if they need it, and notify the owner of his doings, and state the amount of damages and his charges if he wishes to recover anything. A man has no right to kill another's fowls, cats or dogs when trespassing on his premises. A farmer has the right to protect his premises against the trespass of trees growing on adjoining lands, by cutting off all protruding roots or overhanging branches up to the dividing line of his land, but he may not convert any of such roots or branches to his own use, without paying the owner the full value for firewood or other uses. The fruit upon the branches of every tree belongs to the owner of the trunk of the tree, even if the branches overhang another's land. A farmer has the right to protect his premises from all surface water by an embankment, if need be, or the stoppage of the mouth of a culvert built by the town. It will thus be seen that the farmer has rights as well as liabilities, and that the law protects him.

AN EPIDEMIC OF SUICIDE.

Methods of Destroying Life that Are Now Popular in Paris.

Serenity in old age is beautiful, but some of us find life too hard to bear until we reach that tranquility. All around me, here in Paris, is evidence of this distaste for life, this craving for the rest of the grave. An epidemic of suicide has sprung up like a plague, coming no one knows whence. On some days the list mounts up to ten suicides, while the average number is two or three. The city is marked out for the scourge, with its despondent populace, its many solitary griefs, and its uproar drowning the sound of so many sobs. Despairing men come there to die, just as they would throw themselves into an ocean. But never, I repeat, has the contagion of death seemed to claim so many victims. Some, in their misery or madness, throw themselves from the bridges, and their bodies are found in the Seine, caught under the boats. Others prefer the rope; a few hang themselves in some park in the suburbs, at Vincennes or Boulogne, but the greater number spare themselves this journey by tying the rope to the nearest beam. Men have hanged themselves behind doors, in garrets, along corridors and latterly one has been found who, simply to avoid the trouble of ascending five flights of stairs to his lodgings, suspended himself from the railing of the staircase. Of poisoning there are fewer instances; only women still swallow laudunum or the phosphorus from a bundle of matches, although the latter is sometimes a successful means of suicide. Women too, sometimes open an artery, while in a bath, and death puts them gently to sleep under the tepid water. A girl sixteen years of age, driven mad by disappointment in love, chose last week to die in this way. As to charcoal, it remains the solace of the poor, a cheap and ever ready cure for all the ills of life. Whenever an odor burning issues from under a door in the faubourgs inhabited by the working-people, the first cry is "Suicide!" They break in the door, and sometimes arrive in time to save some poor wretch struggling in the agonies of death. Suicide by the knife is more rare, for it requires too much courage to plunge a gleaming blade into the flesh. A more suitable weapon is the pistol; it demands only a slight movement of the finger—even a nervous contraction of the muscels will suffice. Moreover, in case the revolver is used, if the first shot miss fire there are still four or five balls to complete the work. Last of all, the public monuments are no longer used for this deadly purpose. Scarcely one or two instances, each year, can be cited of persons who have thrown themselves down on the pavement from the towers of Notre Dame or from the summit of the Column Vendome, and only the closest precaution has saved the Eiffel Tower from suicidal popularity. It is a fine death—this tremendious jump, this leap into space—thus to plunge into the vortex of Eternity.

One woman, after eight days vainly spent in seeking for work, obtained on credit a bushel of charcoal, to which she set fire, and then lay down, clasping in her arms her two little children. The next day the three corpses were found, stiff and livid, and locked in a close embrace. Two old people of eighty years, husband and wife, in their despair refused to wait until death should come to them; they were eager to go and they wanted to go together, so they inflicted horrible wounds upon themselves with a razor.

Cleveland's Quiet Life.

Mr. Cleveland walks up Broadway every afternoon without attracting any attention. He drops into the Fifth Avenue Hotel in the nest of the very busiest men of the world without causing a ripple of excitement. He lunches every day in a small restaurant near his office on lower Broadway, and not one person out of a hundred recognizes him. He takes his turn in a little Italian barber shop on Park row, the same as any other man, without attracting the slightest notice. He waited fifteen minutes recently to be shaved, and took the place of a burly longshoreman in the barber's chair, chatted affably with the artist as the razor glided over the ex-president's face, picked up his own hat, brushed his own coat, paid his 15 cents, and walked out of the place without even the barber suspecting who he was. He goes to the theater with his wife, attends concerts and lectures and often occupies a pew in St. Bartholomew's church on Sunday morning; but he is not stared at, seldom pointed out, and has ceased to be a curiosity. It is not that New Yorkers intend any disrespect to the ex-chief magistrate. It is simply a phase of New York life. The big men come here, mingle with the little men, and are swallowed up in the vortex. They soon forget their own importance and probably enjoy life more for not being so conspicuous.

Hebrew Progress.

It is evident to all casual observers that the Hebrews are progressing much more rapidly in wealth, numbers and influence than ever before. Look, for instance, at the fact that four new synagogues were opened within the space of ten days. New York now contains forty-seven synagogues—a larger number than can be found in any other city in the world. The Hebrew population ten years ago was 40,000, but now it is doubled. The Hebrews are patient and industrious and are so economical that they can defy competition. Some trades they almost entirely control, and one who traverses East Broadway will notice that almost every building contains a Hebrew