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BUDS IN WASHINGTON.

MARGARET MANTON TELLS OF THE CAPITAL'S PRETTY GIRLS.

They Are Inclined to Be Strong and Hearty as Well as Comely to the Eye. Pictures of Six of Them from Photographs Procured Especially for Us.

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ABOUT this time of year, says the society almanac, look out for buds. One would suppose that buds coming out in winter must be hothouse blossoms, but these are not. The young lady who thrived on star mist and butterflies' wings, and to whom the grasshopper was a burden, is, thank heaven, a relic of the past.

The girl of today is healthful and strong and lithe and supple. She has no scorn of a healthy appetite. She walks miles, she rides horses. In Washington she rides bicycles. She can row a boat or handle a rifle. She can fence and swim and—tell it not in Gath—there are a few of her who can send a football spinning into the air in a way that would make a Yale halfback ashamed of himself. It is the girl of today who will be the mother of the future statesman, and, if there be any truth in popular theory, he should surpass the Roman gladiator. So much for the girl collectively. Individually she is charming.

Miss Violet Sibyl Pauncefote, the second daughter of Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British minister, is one of the most distinguished of this season's debutantes. Miss Pauncefote is tall—"divinely tall and most divinely fair," for she has the complexion of pure white and red that only English girls have. When on horseback she might pose as the huntress Diana, and she walks with the grace and freedom of Iolanthe. It is worth while to see her come down Pennsylvania avenue with her sister. No sluggard stroller could keep up with them. Miss Violet wears usually a plain cloth suit, a high English walking hat, and a boa of black lynx, against which her glowing color shows in strong relief. Let no one suppose from this description that Miss Pauncefote is masculine; she is not; quite the contrary. She is modest and sweet as the dainty English blossom whose name she bears.


VIOLET SIBYL PAUNCEFOTE.


MISS PATTEN.

Sir Julian and Lady Pauncefote will not give a ball, as has been reported. They are at present giving a series of Saturday dinners, and when the season begins they will give the after dinner receptions and small dances which were so enjoyable a feature last season.

The great Patten house on Massachusetts avenue was opened this season for the first time since the death of Mrs. Patten three years ago. The occasion was the coming out of the youngest of the three sisters.

The Pattens are from California and possess fabulous wealth; their house is a treasury of art. The debutante is rather the prettiest of the sisters, all of whom are reserved—so much so that they are thought by the Washington public to be somewhat haughty.

The young Miss Patten has a great fondness for dogs. While waiting upon the wide veranda for the door to open the dogs came all about me, giving the most hearty welcome they knew how to give. There was a leonine St. Bernard and a sleek fox terrier; a brown eyed collie and a slender greyhound; a mammoth Newfoundland and a tiny black-and-tan; there were two beautiful hunters and a mottled coach dog. Such an army of dogs leaping upon one all at once seems rather formidable, but they are all good natured, which is fair proof that their mistress is good natured too.

Miss Courtenay Walthall, daughter of the senator from Mississippi, is said to be the prettiest girl in Washington. Whether she is or not she is as pretty as any girl need be, and she is as lovable as she is fair. Miss Courtenay is a tiny girl, a pocket edition of Venus, and not yet eighteen. She has eyes like a deer, big and soft and brown, and her hair is brown with a dash of red in it. Her cheeks are the color of American beauty roses, and her soft southern speech is irresistibly charming. I predict that Miss Walthall will have more attention this season than is good for several debutantes, but it will not spoil her.


FLORENCE WINDOM.


COURTENAY WALTHALL.

Miss Florence Windom, the secretary's daughter, is another beautiful girl from the west who will be one of the belles this winter. Miss Windom is quite an artist. She has been in a Boston studio for some time, and has done some things which have received favorable comment from critical judges. Miss Florence was present at her mother's Wednesday teas last year, and this is the season of her formal introduction into society.

Two years ago Mrs. Leiter, of Chicago, introduced the custom of bringing out debutantes at the beginning of a Washington season. She presented her first daughter then; this winter her second girl makes her bow. Miss Leiter No. 2 is a very pretty girl. She is a western girl, which is in her favor, for girls from the south and west are the girls nowadays. She is slender and has a wealth of glossy hair; but her greatest charm is in her eyes. They are large and clear and wonderfully gray, like those of Scott's Helen—"The gray of early morn, between the black of night and blue of day." Miss Leiter has been educated abroad and is accomplished and graceful. She promises to be a social favorite. The Leiters live in the Blaine mansion.

Miss Carroll, the daughter of the ex-governor of Maryland, will be presented here on her return from Europe, which will probably be some time in January.

Miss Constance Lodge, the daughter of Henry Cabot Lodge, the Massachusetts member, is a demure little maiden who quite charmed her friends when she made her bow not long ago. Miss Lodge is a Boston girl.

Miss Rebecca Potts, who is one of the local belles, made her debut recently at her sister's wedding. She served in the capacity of bridemaid, and at the reception following the ceremony was formally presented.

Miss Kitty Reed, the daughter of the "Czar," will appear this season at some of her mother's afternoon receptions, and next year she will be introduced. Kitty is only 15, but she is well grown and looks and appears much older. She has learned early what there is in political favor, while her father was speaker, and before it was determined that he would not remain in that position she was made the recipient of overwhelming attention. After the election a change became apparent. Everybody was as kind as ever, but the effusiveness was considerably toned down. Miss Kitty has all of her father's independence, and her happiness does not depend upon society's favor.

Another very young, young lady is the daughter of Senator Pierce, of North Dakota. She is not yet sixteen, but she, too, will assist her mother this season.

The daughters of Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, Misses Corinne and Lucille, will both be in society this winter. They are typical southern beauties, tall and slender, with clear cut faces and dark eyes. Miss Corinne, the elder, has dark hair, but Miss Lucille's tresses are almost golden. They are both charming girls, with winning, cordial manners. Everybody likes them. Senator Blackburn has been very badly hurt. His horse ran away and threw him. During his confinement to the house his daughters were very devoted. It is evident that as yet the senator is the man in whom they are most interested.

Miss Everett, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Everett, will be introduced this winter. This young lady is a striking beauty. She is very tall, with dark, shining eyes and beautiful curling hair. Miss Everett has been abroad for some time.

Several young ladies will be presented at the cabinet receptions. Miss Halstead, Mrs. Noble's pretty sister, is here, and Mrs. Rusk has a daughter who is very vivacious and pleasing. Mrs. Miller has two daughters; the elder, Miss Florence, has been in society two years, but the younger makes her first appearance this season.


LUCILLE BLACKBURN.


MISS EVERETT.

Miss Minnie Wanamaker, one of the several daughters of the postmaster general, will take a prominent place in society this winter. Miss Minnie's gowns are something to dream of, especially as they will be worn by a very pretty girl. There is only one more of the sisters, Miss Lily, who will not come out for two years yet. Mrs. Wanamaker and her daughters returned to Philadelphia for the Christmas festival which Mr. Wanamaker always gives, and at which the ladies of his household are always present. They are now here for the season, which is only six weeks this year, but the girls will make the most of it.

MARGARET MANTON.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

What Elizabeth Cady Stanton Thinks of Annie Besant.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton writes in The New York Herald a letter about Annie Besant, and it is worth while to note what this clear headed woman and shrewd observer has to say of the most famous woman Radical in England. Mrs. Besant is one of the busiest persons in Great Britain, to begin. She is identified closely with two classes of movements—one the working people's cause in general, the other the progress and rights of women. Besides this she is a socialist, a theosophist, and a very active member of the London School board. She manages a house for poor working girls where the cost of living is so calculated that for a small sum honest girls who work for low wages can have a pretty and comfortable home in a respectable neighborhood. Annie Besant's history is remarkable. Her radicalism was driven into her by a process of slow torture—driven so thoroughly that now not the rack or the stake should force it from her; no, not even wealth and fashion could tempt her to resign it. She was married very young to a clergyman of the Church of England, a man whose violent temper and gloomy bigotry made her first question the saving grace of the theology he preached. But this questioning was subversive of all proper domestic discipline, and the Rev. Frank Besant in the name of Christianity turned his freethinking wife outdoors and took her children away from her because the laws of England did not consider a mother who doubted the creed of the Church of England a proper person to train the young mind. So, widowed and desolate, she went out to work for humanity. When her children were old enough to choose they went to her of their own accord. Mrs. Stanton writes of the famous Radical, "She is one of those rare characters, purified and elevated by every sorrow, whose learning has passed from her memory to her judgment, and made her wiser in all the practical details of life."

I have always had a sly suspicion that there were a good many fools in the world, but at present the most hopeless fools seem to me to be those superfine individuals who base their claim to gentility on the fact that they wear hand made underclothing and scorn the machine made underclothing. Let those wear the hand made gear, of course, who prefer clothing which some woman has darned her fingers off and bored her eyes out to make, and after she has done it her seams are neither so handsome, strong nor even as those made by the tireless little iron fingers. Machine made clothing is very nice and very pretty, and thousands of lovely women will continue to wear it. Cranks can wear what they like, but let them not presume to criticise those who do not agree with their nonsense. If they must wear hand made clothing as a mark of gentility, let them. They probably need it.

The Catholic archbishop of Santiago must have drawn very doleful conclusions from his observations on the estate of matrimony in his archdiocese. He has directed that hereafter all bridemaids shall wear at weddings black dresses. Marriage is a grave business in Chili.

There is one state in the Union that has no college for women, and the thought of a "co-ed" college would frighten her out of her Rip Van Winkle sleep of a century. That state is Virginia—old Virginia. It is easy to understand why Virginia is no longer the mother of presidents.

A woman, Mrs. Annie Baxter, has been elected in due form clerk of Jasper county, Mo. This is the county of which the flourishing and growing town of Carthage is the county seat.

The Women's union of Boston has inaugurated a series of Sunday meetings exclusively for women. The speakers are always women. The topics discussed are not necessarily religious, but are usually of an ethical nature, and distinguished and able women in all the walks of life address the meetings, which are full of interest. Women's societies ought to have meetings of this sort in all the cities and large towns.

The voting in the Methodist church for the admission of women as delegates to the general conference amounts to this: It is simply a popular expression of the sentiment of the church members in general. The church in general has voted in favor of it. The authoritative vote—that which will decide the matter finally—will be taken by the ministers of the church next year. The preachers will vote not only on the admission of women to the general conference, but on their eligibility as delegates to the ordinary conferences of the separate districts and divisions of the Methodist church. There is little reason to doubt that the result will be in favor of the women, however, since among the Methodist clergy are some of the most enlightened and liberal men on the woman question to be found in America. Well they may be, too, for it is women who support the church.

Bishop Vincent prophecies that women will be admitted as delegates to the Methodist general conference.

Professor Lester F. Ward says in The Forum: "Man has displayed more genius than woman largely because he has been in possession of a wider range of facts." Therefore, oh, women! get facts, not about things that happened in some foreign country 2,000 years ago, but facts about the science, history, government, industries and social and political economy of your own time. The woman who understands thoroughly a single one of the vital questions of the day is worth more to mankind than if she had at her tongue's end the history of all the poets and painters of past ages. Don't go into Sanscrit history. Study the United States constitution and the tariff and silver questions.

Eliza Archard Conner

The Turkish Young Woman.

At the age of 9 the Turkish girl puts off childish things and becomes a young woman. She then puts on the close embroidered jacket, which closes around the bottom of the waist with three gold buttons and leaves the chest exposed, and when on view in the harems of other ladies, or on visiting or bath days, she wears pantaloons of some brilliant satin or silk, with a feridjee also of some astonishingly gay color. Her pantaloons may be green, her shalna or train (which is tucked in her waistband in the street) of pink satin, her jacket of crimson, with gold embroidery; a quantity of all sorts of jewels, a shawl bundled around her waist, a purple feridjee or wrap, a blue parasol, white gloves with her rings outside of them, and all the colors of the rainbow on her head.

He Accepts.

President Gilmore, of the Johns Hopkins university, accepts with thanks the $100,000 donation of Mr. Henry Winter Davis, Miss Mary Garrett and others, which was given to the university on condition that the medical school of the university shall be opened to women. President Gilmore also mildly suggests that it would be a noble act, a graceful act and a womanly act if the ladies would now go on and raise the other $200,000 necessary to set the school going. So it would, President Gilmore; so it would. It would be truly womanly because it is forgiving.

ANTICS OF TWINS.

Some Amusing Experiences of Clittie and Clayton Heath, of Louisville.

The life stories of Clayton Heath and his twin sister, Clittie, surpass anything related in fiction, and have been the cause of many remarkable incidents. But let Miss Clittie tell the story:

Our names are Clittie and Clayton Heath. We were born in 1858 in Louisville, Ky. Our father at that time was connected with a large match factory. Until the age of 4 it was impossible for any of our family to pick out the boy from the girl, and so often was I taken for the boy that at the age of 4 my mother was compelled to put boy's clothes on my brother Clatie in order to protect me from getting a sound thrashing from a boy in a back street, as my brother was full of cussedness.

He was also very fond of raw eggs, and on one occasion when caught taking them he declared that it was I who had done it. The result was a punishment from my father and the lovely name of "Sucking Eggs" by my sister, who was two years older. Although only a child, I would not dress myself until father and mother both promised they would not allow Clatie to wear the same clothes as myself, and to make matters decided I insisted on mother cutting his hair, to which she decidedly objected, as his hair was very long, and, like that of many southern children, blonde and curled.

My brother in breeches and I in dresses did splendidly for a week or so, but as he was so like me it only required a wrap on a stormy day to completely hide those little pants. So I was in for a sound scolding every rainy day. When we had a week of wet weather and mother was obliged to go shopping and sister was at school, we were left at home with the girl—a black auntie, who allowed us to do anything we liked.

For amusement brother and I once went into the dressing room, took long strings and tied all the movable furniture together, and made wagons for moving. The only thing remaining was a large hat rack that stood in the hall. Clatie suggested that we move it. I said it was too big. But like all boys he thought himself a man, and so he moved it; at least, he tried to, when over came the rack, mirror, marble slab and fancy top, broken into a thousand pieces.

Clatie and I ran upstairs in great fright, hiding behind the machine in mother's sewing room. We huddled up like little chickens. I saw lying on the floor mother's shears, and thinking it could not be laid on me if it was not for our hair I took the shears and cut Clatie's hair as short as it ever has been done since by a barber, although it lacked style. Our faces seemed never to change. When Clatie was ill I was. At one time we both lay for weeks with the same fever.

When he was 18 years of age my brother fell in love with a pretty girl, and our people objected. But my brother declared it was only a flirting acquaintance. One fine evening I played the part of brother. I put on his best coat, hat and gloves and drove up to the abode of my brother's lady love. I asked her to drive for half an hour. I did my best to talk love. I did what I thought a sweetheart ought to do. I talked of a future home and of love by the sea. After I fairly engaged myself I found the dear little dove crying. I asked the reason for the sudden flow of tears from those lovely eyes, and she said:

"Mr. Heath, I have been waiting for you to propose for so long, and to think it has come at last!" and then she put her head on my shoulder and wept.

I trembled for my brother, and tried all manner of tales to have Clatie make a trip to some seashore for my health before the next engagement night, but the night came, and to my surprise he was only absent a short time. I crept out of the barn to see my brother as he drove in. I overheard him say:

"That girl is a fool; she must take me for a flat."

I crept back to the house, and to this day my brother has the greatest sympathy for those who are engaged without their knowledge.—Boston Globe.

From the remotest times men saluted the sun, moon and stars by kissing the hand.

ODDS AND ENDS.

It is only with the mouth open that snoring can be accomplished during sleep.

Miss Lynch, author of "In Troubled Waters," is going to Paris to lecture on the works of George Meredith.

It is impossible for a slave to have any style. If you would have your child dignified you must treat it with dignity.

Robert Browning is responsible for the statement that he was nearly 50 before he made any money out of his writings.

In France and Italy the usual dinner hour is 4 or 5 p. m., a custom that has remained unchanged for hundreds of years.

Broca, the French anthropologist, declares that the broad headed race now represented by the people of central France are the true Gauls or Celts or Cæsar.

The Bell Rock lighthouse is enveloped to its summit in blinding spray during a heavy ground swell, even when there is but little or no wind.

Reading cars, fitted out with the most popular periodicals and books, will be attached to the passenger trains of the St. Petersburg and Warsaw railroad.

Queen Victoria's chef receives a salary of $3,500 a year. Under him there are four master cooks and a score of male and female assistants.

The Thames was frozen over in 1788, 1794 and 1798. In the following year, the last of the century, a terrible snow storm raged throughout the Midland counties.

In a new arc lamp that has lately appeared a hollow carbon is used to form the arc, and the light is increased by introducing a hydro-carbon vapor to the arc through the bore of the carbon.

It is no uncommon thing for the inhabitants of Vienna to eat five meals a day, these consisting of breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea and supper.

For stings or bites from any kind of insect apply dampened salt, bound tightly over the spot. It will relieve, and usually cure very quickly.

Gen. Lew Wallace is writing with elaborate care a story of the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks in 1454. He intends it to be as good in its way as "Ben Hur."

A royal proclamation was published in England a week ago, calling in by Feb. 28, 1891, all gold coins not of the present reign. After that date all such coins will not be legal tender.

Some hunters near Potts, Mich., shot a white deer the other day. It is said to be the only white deer ever heard of in that section and was about one and a half years old.

An old lady from New Hampshire visited Boston, and was asked how she liked the city. "Well," she replied, "of course I can't tell yet, while all this building is going on, but I should think it would be quite a pretty city when it is finished."

Mr. Gladstone as a Book Buyer.

What Oliver Wendell Holmes describes as "book hunger" seems with Mr. Gladstone to increase with years. Catalogues conscientiously perused and duly marked by him are quite a frequent feature in book sellers' windows. One of the most interesting examples, as it is also the latest, is now exposed with the check in the window of Mr. Menkin, in Gray's Inn road. Nearly forty books were ordered, subject to the discount of 10 per cent. for cash, upon which the G. O. M. always insists. The most remarkable thing that strikes one in glancing through these catalogues is the extraordinary variety of Mr. Gladstone's reading.

His first book, for example, is an odd volume, "A Sketch of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama," by F. Ireton; then come three works on anthropology, one of which is Carus Sterne's "Werden and Vergehen" in the original German. As a set off to Taylor's Origin, etc., of "The Fine Arts in Great Britain and Ireland," Mr. Gladstone orders Sternberg's translation of Dr. Magnin's "Bacteria." Bibliography appears also to be a favorite subject with Mr. Gladstone, for he orders Dobson's "History of the Bassandyne Bible" and the "Archiv fur Geschichte des deutschen Buchhandels." It would be highly interesting to know what Mr. G. wants with Cobbett's "Advice to Young Men and Young Women." The "drink question" and "epitaphs" are truly strange companions, but the ex-premier orders two upon each topic, one being by W. Andrews. Heredity, Mormonism and Popery, not to mention two books by Priestly, are duly marked off.

But it is Shakespeareana that Mr. Gladstone orders wholesale. Sixteen French and six German translations from or criticisms on Shakespeare form a portion of the order; so that our readers need not be at all surprised to learn that Mr. Gladstone will edit a variorum edition of the great dramatist or some such stupendous undertaking. Truly an inexhaustible Old Man!—Pall Mall Gazette.

For Psychologists to Explain.

Any one having investigated ghostly rappings knows full well that nineteen-twentieths of the mediums are frauds. This fact makes the pursuit and vindication of the twentieth medium the more fascinating. I am not a spiritualist, and have never been to a spiritual seance in my life, but I have had 107 sittings with a hard working, obscure laboring man within two years past. In this man's presence, in broad daylight, I have frequently seen every natural law of physics set at naught by the levitation of heavy furniture, the ringing of bells (as you say) by unseen hands, the verbatim reading of sealed writing, etc.; the shaking of the whole house and rappings on a table, easily heard 100 yards outside the house, such as would demolish any table if made with a wooden mallet.

The person through whom these things happened I am sure is as much of a surprise to himself as he is to me. He supports a large family by the hardest kind of manual toil, and has never been willing to receive from me one cent as compensation for the time that he has given me in sitting. He is entirely free from the ordinary suspicion attaching to the paid "medium." If he is a medium he does not know it. If the wiseacres ever get together and explore him it will be interesting to see what they will call him.—Concord Cor. Boston Transcript.

Working on One Picture Thirty Years.

Artist Albert Bierstadt has recently been visiting his old haunts in the Rocky mountains. He first crossed the plains in 1859 with the army of Argonauts from the east, and it was then that he made the first sketches for the paintings of western scenes which gave him fame. For his latest work, "The Last of the Buffalo," he spent thirty years' time and made several hundred sketches. The picture was in his mind when he followed the trail to Pike's Peak thirty-one years ago.—Exchange.

An Aluminum Hand.

There is on exhibition in the window of Sevin's pharmacy an artificial aluminum hand which was invented by Samuel Lucas, of Poquetannoc, for his son, Willard A. Lucas, who lost his hand in a picker in Lucas Brothers' mill. This hand weighs less than a pound, and the fingers are so ingeniously arranged with springs that the hand can be made to grasp and hold articles more firmly, it is claimed, than any artificial hand ever yet invented. This new metal is light, bright, strong, tough, untarnishable and unrustable, and especially adapted for such a use.

The nice adjustment and form Mr. Lucas has put into it combine art and mechanism to some purpose. It is a curious as well as a useful device, and will prove such a boon to crippled men that it ought to bring a fortune to the inventor. This ingenious work of Mr. Lucas verifies the old adage, "Necessity is the mother of invention."—Norwich Bulletin.

Gas from Oil.

The Chicago Journal of Commerce states that a new process for the manufacture of gas from petroleum has been put into practice at Kittanning, Pa., by which it is claimed gas can be manufactured at one-half the cost of the old, and is much better for illuminating purposes. The method is a very simple one, consisting of a feeder and a system of retorts. These retorts are kept at a certain heat, and the oil forced through them into a receiving tank filled with water. When the heated oil strikes the water it turns into gas, and is conveyed from there to the supply tank, ready for use. It is said that 4,000 feet of gas can be manufactured from one barrel of Lima oil.

THEY'RE A CHESTNUT.

AND HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED HUNDREDS OF TIMES SINCE.

Dr. Oscar Lenz, Professor of Geography at Prague University, Tells Many Interesting Facts About the Little People—They are not as Small on the Average as the Esquimaux up North.

In the legends of ancient peoples, where myths which relate to beings of unnatural size and form so often occur, we find that stories concerning dwarfs seem to have been especially in favor. The classic literature of Greece makes mention of the Pygmies, a race so little that they are said to be only a few inches high, and to live in the depths of Central Africa, where, in mysterious silence and solitude, the Nile takes its rise. We are further told that these diminutive men make war every spring on birds of large size, and in "Homer's Iliad" we find a full description of the battle of the Pigmies and the Cranes. Strabo, who is much of a skeptic, and knew how prone to exaggeration were travelers, in the recital of their adventures in foreign lands, throws discredit on the story, and in one of his books bluntly states that "all who wrote about India were liars." Aristotle and Pliny, on the other hand, believed that a dwarf race, who were troglodytes or cave-dwellers, had their existence in Africa. Herodotus, more accurate and scientific, distinctly alludes to these dwarfs in his books. He relates that five men belonging to the tribe of Nayamonen, in Lybia, undertook a voyage across the Great desert, and came to the banks of a broad river running from east to west and full of crocodiles, where they found inhabitants all below the medium height.

When the Gothic night descended over Europe little or no progress was made in geography and ethnography. Not until 1661 do we again find the record of a tribe of small men, called Kimos, who are said to inhabit Madagascar—perhaps the same as those now known as the Vazimba, who dwell in the mountainous districts of that island.

Coming to more recent times we find in 1820 a statement to the effect that a dwarf people, the Berikomo, were to be found living to the north of the lofty snow-capped Kenia mountain. In 1840 Dr. Krapf, a missionary, describes a dwarfish race, the Doko, who live to the south of the Kaffa province. The natives called them Malagilage, and claim that they are graced with a caudal appendage. All these facts, however, are of doubtful accuracy and have been derived from no better source than slaves and traders of the interior.

The first bit of positive data respecting the so-called dwarf peoples of Eastern Africa was furnished by the German explorer, Professor Schweinfurth. At the residence of Munsa the Monbattu king, he found some samples of the Akka or Tikki-Tikki tribe, men or small stature, who lived as hunters in the bush, and some of whom King Munsa kept as a curiosity at his court. Traces of this dwarfish race were also found at Batalto, on the western coast of Africa. Koelle, the missionary, who lived at Sierra Leone, and often made trips far into the interior, heard of dwarfs living farther inland called Lufun, where such tribes are called Kenkob or Bezaan.

At about the same time Stanley discovered the Upper Congo and afterwards explored the country. He found this dwarf race in different places, and in his more recent expedition from the Congo to the Albert Nyanza he often came across small groups of them scattered in the dense forests on the Upper Aruwimi. These, it would seem, are less harmless and peaceful than their congeners elsewhere. They attack with poisoned darts the caravans that seek to pass those well-nigh inaccessible solitudes.

As to the average stature attained by the people, the facts afforded on the subject by travelers are far from agreeing. Herodotus said: "They are below the medium height." It is no easy task to obtain exact data. They are exceedingly shy and timid, and in order to make observations they have to catch them, hunting them down like a wild animal. Once caught, however, they soon become tractable, especially when they see they are in the hands of white men, and not in those of a slave dealer; a few presents in the shape of beads, cloth, or, what is still more precious on the eastern coast, salt, will make them sufficiently friendly to allow of a yard measure being applied to their persons. They are mighty glad, however, when the operation is over, and run away most nimbly. The smallest man of ripe years I ever came across among the Abongos stood four feet three inches from the ground, Stanley saw one not quite four feet high, another four feet four inches, and a grown up girl of about seventeen years of age who was half an inch short of three feet. The latter may have been an exception, although the women are proportionately smaller than the men.

From personal observation and what I have read on the subject, I am led to infer that the height of these pygmies averages between 4 feet 3 inches and 4 feet 8 inches for a full grown man, and between 3 feet 8 inches and 4 feet 1 inch for the women. This certainly constitutes a race of smaller stature than that to be found in most other countries; but the term "dwarf" which is applied to them appears incorrect. Ethnology furnishes examples of many a tribe and nation whose stature does not much exceed that which is here attributed to the so-called pygmies. This will be made clear by comparing the figures I have just given with the following list furnished by anthropological research:

	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.
Patagonians	5	10	5	11
Suabians Kaffirs Polynesians	5	10½		
Englishmen	5	6	5	7
German-Austrians	5	5	5	7
Negroes	5	5	5	8
Frenchmen	5	5		
Chinese	5	4½		
Australians	5	3¾		
Malays	5	1¾		
Andamans	5	1½		
Akka (Tikki-Tikki)	4	11		
Lapps	4	6½	4	11
Abongos	4	3	4	11
Bushmen	4	3	4	6
Fakimos	4	3		

It will thus be seen that the inhabitants of the Arctic circle are much of the same size as some of the tribes in tropical Africa, Bushmen in South Africa who style themselves Sandi, also offer considerable constitutional analogy with those so-called dwarfs; their mode of life, their manners and customs, are similar to those of the pygmies. They are probably a branch of the dwarfish race found in Africa. The natural inference is that in by-gone years a distinctly aboriginal race inhabited the vast forests which extend between the Congo and the great lakes, and that this race was overcome and scattered everywhere by a more powerful, active and intelligent tribe, compounded of various negro tribes, and this in so effectual a manner that we now find but groups and remnants surviving in the midst of other races, who countenance and spare the strangers only because they are expert hunters and fishermen, or because in some places they serve to amuse the native chief by their grotesque dances and songs.

As being a race of hunters, these dwarfs are not addicted to agricultural pursuits. Their settlements or villages are of the most primitive description; they consist in agglomerations of small round huts, which can be readily taken to pieces and erected elsewhere, accordingly as the site chosen offers more favorable opportunities for the chase.

The more recent observations of travelers fully confirm the fact that the ancients were acquainted with this peculiar race, and there is reason to believe that the pygmies of Strabo an Herodotus are the same as the Batua and the Wambutu.—*Dr. Oskar Lenz, in Examiner.*

How "Rats" was Started.

Where do slang phrases originate? Thousands of people habitually indulge in the use of slang without a thought or care as to the source from which the vulgar phrases came, and often without the slightest idea of its original meaning. Doubtless many of them are coined by minstrels and burlesque actors, but often the simplest incident is responsible for expressions which sweep over the country and have their use in the mouths of gamin and the carelessness of speech until superseded by a word equally as offensive.

A few years ago a celebrated polo team was playing a match game in one of our Massachusetts cities with a team from a neighboring city. The visiting team called the Star, wore its name conspicuously embroidered on the breast of his shirt.

As the game progressed it became evident to the spectators that the referee, who was in sympathy with the visiting team, was unfair in his decisions. This caused great ill-feeling, especially as the members of the team were rowdyish in their behavior. Suddenly as their conduct became more exasperating, someone in the audience shouted "Rats!" The cry was instantly taken up, and throughout the remainder of the game the audience continued to apply it to the turbulent players.

Finally one of them, unable to endure the slurring appellation any longer, went to the man who had originated the cry and said:

"Why do you call us rats?"

"You ought not take any exception to the name" replied the gentleman addressed, "You behave worse than rats and besides you wear the word on your breasts. Spell the name of your team backward."

Sure enough. Star spelt backward could make no other word but rats.

A large number of people from other states were in the rink at that time, including several visiting teams, and thenceforth the word "rats!" was taken up as an expression of contempt.—*Boston Globe.*

A Hunter's Paradise.

In this unknown land, bear, elk and the noble black-tailed deer exist in almost countless numbers, and in all but perfect fearfulness of man, and, here from the great difficulty of access to their domain, the enterprising sportsman may find them ages hence. Until the summer just passed, no hunter's, prospector's or explorer's rifle had ever awakened the echoes of their hills. This hunter's paradise is the peninsular lying west of Puget Sound, and embraces all the territory west from the Sound to the Pacific ocean, and the straits of San Juán de Fuca south to the northern line of Chehalis county, comprising the entire counties of Clallam and Jefferson, and is locally known as the "Olympic Range country." A glance at the map will best inform the reader of the extent of this territory, where until last summer the noblest game on the continent has lived in undisturbed peace.

Oh, this ringing in the ears!
Oh, this humming in the head!
Hawking blowing, snuffling, gasping
Watering eyes and throat a-rasping,
Health impaired and comfort fled,
Till I would that I were dead!

What folly to suffer so with catarrhal trobles, when the worst cases of chronic catarrh in the head are relieved and cured by the mild, cleansing properties of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It purifies the foul breath, by removing the cause of offense, heals the sore and inflamed passages, and perfects a lasting cure.

Mrs. Garfield is said to be overwhelmed by her correspondence. Letters come to her from every part of the country and on every conceivable topic. Every communication she receives is given careful attention, and frequently a pleasant letter of some length is sent in answer.

Only one in the United States.

Out of 1307 cough syrups manufactured in the United States but one has been found to be entirely free from opiates, and that is the California Positive and Negative Electric Cough cure, which is the best on earth for coughs, colds, croup, etc. Sold by Rogers Bros.

Webb C. Hayes, the ex-president's son, lives in Cleveland, where he is rated a keen and successful business man. He is treasurer of one corporation and a stockholder in several others. He is a bachelor and occupies apartments in the east end of the city.

Gen. Miles believed he had the Sharp rifle with which Gen. Custer was killed by Rain-in-the-Face, or some other warrior, but the uncertainty about the whole thing renders the relic of little value.

SHILOH'S Catarrh Remedy, a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold by Howorth and Co.

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Roseburg... 6:20 a m	Portland ... 4:00 p m

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Albany....... 5: a m	Portland .... 9: a m

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