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Thursday, August 20, 1891.

George Jones of the New York *Times* is dead. He is known as the man who caused the downfall of Tweed.

Andrew Carnegie is an excellent disciple of home industry. He was born in Scotland and in Scotland he is spending the money made in the foreign land of the United States.

The trans-Atlantic greyhound Majestic made the run in five days and eighteen hours. The funny thing about it is that old sailors who had sailed the seas for lo these many years got sick as any land lubber the propellor went so fast.

There is in New Zealand a tree that proves fatal to birds in an altogether singular way. The seed vessels give off a sticky fluid and many a fly finds itself imprisoned in the gummy stuff. These flies, in their turn, attract small birds and they also get so covered with the fluid that they are unable to flutter. The fruit, too, is an object of desire, and birds become, as it were, glued to the ripe clusters which they proposed to eat. The wee birds cannot escape without help, so lie there a prey to other animals.

Osmond the phenomenal English wheelman, recently ran a mile on a safety bicyle in the remarkable time of 2:16, within eight seconds of Maud S.'s trotting record. This performance was surpassed, however, by his subsequent feat of riding twenty-four miles in one hour, 40 minutes and 4-5 seconds unapproachable by any horse. A mile on a bicycle in 2:35 is pretty fast, but when it comes to doing twenty-four consecutive miles at an average pace of 2:35 and a fraction, it seems almost incredible.

His record of sixty-three miles in three hours is also a facer, when it is taken into consideration that the fifty-mile record for a horse is 3 hours 52 minutes, being made by Ginger on the Bath road it England, July 10, 1887.

The time was in the history of this coast that California held undisputed sway in the production of fruits. Oregon was looked upon as a fairly wheat growing country but with the exception of her apples, she was not considered in the race with her neighbor on the south. Matters have changed however and at the present time California has a strong rival in this state. The following from the Eugene City *Guard* bears out this statement: "Oregon farmers now generally concede, having investigated the matter thoroughly that no branch of soil tillage pays so well as the cultivation of fruits. The boundries of this state embraces a ground famous for its excellent horticultural products in immense quantities. Though this agency Oregon farmers may easily pay off their mortgages and henceforth laugh at usurers,

LOWER-PRICED STAPLES.

Nearly all the beneficiaries of the McKinley tariff who have defended it lay much stress upon the cheapness of calicoes, cotton cloth, steel rails, and other protected articles, compared with the prices of twenty or thirty years ago and claim that the reduction is due to the stimulation of domestic production by the tariff. This is almost as absurd as the kindred claim that the great crops of this year, and the increase price due to a foreign shortage, are to be credited to the Republican party.

Low cost is due to improved methods of manufacture and to the development of the science of transportation. Every reduction in price here can be more than matched by a reduction in England. If our cotton, calicoes and rails are cheaper than they were twenty years ago, they are still more costly than those of Great Britain. Otherwise why do we require a 60 per cent. tariff to keep out foreign competition? Why does England beat us in the South American trade?

Prices that are low with a tariff would be lower without it.

FIGURES OF MOMENT.

The figures of the actual yield of the great wheat belt of the United States exceed the most sanguine anticipations. For Kansas the President of the Farmers' Alliance estimated the total yield at 42,000,000 bushels, and the Agricultural Department predicted 60,000,000. It is not evident that there will not less than 70,000,000 bushels. In Minnesota the estimate of the total yield has risen 60,000,000 bushels.

These two States contributed to the largest crop of wheat which the country has yet raised—that of 1889—only a little over 76,000,000 bushels. This year they will yield at least 130,000,000 bushles an increase of 71 per cent over 1889. Let anything approaching to this rate of increase apply to Iowa Nebraska, North and South Dakota and Washington and we shall have a wheat crop not only beyond any previous experience, but greatly exceeding all the estimates made of it. The total crop of 1889 was 490,560,000 bushels. With the harvest of two States already showing an increase over 1889 of 54,000,000 bushels, it is surely within a modest range of probability to look for a gain of 160,000,000 throughout the entire country.

This would give a total wheat harvest for the United States of 650,000,000 bushels. At the average home value of 1889 this would mean a solid addition to the wealth of the country of $112,000,000 over the estimated value of that years comparatively abundant crop. But the bushels price at the farm of this years wheat yield is not likely to be below a dollar and it is thus entirely within the range of probability that against a home value of 342,500,000 for the crop of 1889 we shall have a value of $650,000,000 for that of 1891. This would be an astounding gain yet it is part of the enormous profit which the country must reap this year from its harvest of food products. Socially, financially and politically these figures will be found to have a tremendous significance.

THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.

From the mass of figures which has been collected to show the huge deficit in the grain crop of Europe one fact stands ont in appalling prominence—the existence of a state of famine in Russia.

Already there are reports of peasants eking out an existence on grass boiled in water, of people dying of hunger in the streets of the overcrowded towns, and of parents trying to sell their children to save them from starvation. The reserves of grain in the country have been used up and the harvest which is being gathered is less than half a crop. Wheat is 100,000,000 of bushels short, and rye, the staple food of the peasantry, is short at least 300,000,000 bushels. Instead, therefore, of being able to export 90,000,000 bushels of wheat and 60,000,000 bushels of rye, as is the case in ordinary years, Russia must import 250,000,000 bushels of grain to feed her own people.

But there is no evidence that Russia can do anything of the kind. According to Stepniak, a letter from whom is published in *Free Russia*, the relief fund of the empire held against such emergencies has been reduced to 11,000,000 roubles, not a twentieth of the sum needed to cope with the present distress.

The credit of the Russian government has never been so poor as it is to-day, and the destitution of the peasants, who pay 85 per cent of all the taxes, means a loss to the national treasury of probably half its ordinary income. There have been five partial famines in Russia in the last eight years, but for a parallel to the one now threatened it is necessary to go back to 1840.

A disaster of such magnitude is calculated to command the sympathy and aid of the civilized world whatever may be the verdict on the errors of policy and administration which tend to make it worse.

Capt. John Palmer, the new commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., was born on Staten Island March 22, 1842, and has a splendid war record. He served during the war in the Ninety-first New York volunteers, taking part in all its engagements. Since the war he has been engaged in fresco painting and decoration business at Albany, N. Y. As a member of the G. A. R. he was for several times commander of Lew Benedict post. He was elected commander of the New York department, and in 1879 was elected senior vice commander-in-chief, all of which important positions he filled with credit. He is said to be a forcible speaker and a model presiding officer.

The fifth annual meeting of the Oregon press association is to be held at Astoria and at Clatsop beach, the 28th, 29th and 30th of this month. The arrangements already perfected promise a most pleasant and profitable session. The first day's programme includes a visit to the salmon canneries and on the second day a visit will be made to the government jetty. Sunday there will be an excursion to the seaside. Some very interesting papers will be read and very practical discussions will be held. A number of Washington journalists have promised to be present.

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THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

Notwithstanding the frequent assertions made that the plumed knight is actively scheming and maneuvering for the presidential nomination next year, the truth is, probably doing nothing of the kind. There is a large class of people who will never believe that Blaine is not a candidate until that astute and distinguished gentleman has rounded his career in the inevitable. Mr. Blaine somehow to a greater extent than any other public man now extant has gained a reputation which makes the world ready to suspect him of ulterior motives in everything he does and says. The world seems to have made up its mind that Mr. Blaine's soul is always charged to congestion with the electric ether of ambition—the ambition to be president. Perhaps the world is about right in this respect. At any rate, no lapse of time, no change of circumstances appears capable of expelling this idea. Of course there are many events transpiring in different sections of the country almost daily which show that strong forces are at work for Blaine. But it is not at all likely these forces have at the present time been called into play nor that they are directed by Mr. Blaine, nor that the men who are directing act on a settled plan sanctioned by him.

The existing Blaine boom is a result of many causes and of mixed motives on the part of many men. The remarkable growth of the boom in the last couple of weeks, there can be no doubt, is the outcome of a desire on the part of those who are engineering it not so much to secure Mr. Blaine's nomination and the institution of Jingoism as to consolidate the anti-Harrison feeling, which is so strong among republican politicians. They have their own purposes to serve, and don't care whether it is or is not Blaine's wish that his name should be used. It is a potent rallying cry, and by its aid republicans are consolidated as they could be in no other way. This is the true inwardness of the Blaine boom, probably, but how long the secretary of the state will idle in his mid-summer siesta and allow his name to be used in this way remains to be seen.

If there is a single American reader of your paper who is not proud of the white squadron then he is no true American, for as the six new warships swung at their moorings in Hampton Roads a few days ago they formed a magnificent scene. The squadron is directed by Admiral Walker, who, therefore, just at present, though the junior admiral of the navy, has the largest command afloat under our stars and stripes. The ships anchored with the dynamite cruiser at one end of the line and the flag ship Chicago at the other; with the Newark, Boston, Yorktown, Concord and Atlanta between them. The "Baby," as the swift little torpedo boat Cushing is called hugged close into shore and there dropped her diminutive anchor. The wonderful speed of the Cushing that excited so much comment after her official trial a year ago, is still maintained and a few days ago her commander, Lieutenant C. M. Winslow, who is a son of Capt. Winslow, who so gallantly captured the confederate cruiser Alabama in the Kearsarge in 1863, said that the Cushing could make even more than the twenty-four knots of her trial trip, as her engines ran smoother as they wore a little. The little torpedo boat has wonderful handling properties, as when going at full speed she can come to a full stop inside of a distance equal to her own length and can easily turn in her own tracks. The dynamite cruiser also excites a great deal of curiosity wherever the squadron goes. All sorts of ideas as to the manner in which she uses the high explosive are prevalent. Few people apparently realize that the huge case of dynamite is thrown from the tubes that form the guns of the Vesuvius, by air pressure that was so applied that it gave no direct shock to the explosive gelatin—yet such is the case.

Confusion still reigns supreme at the White house, and the chances are against its being in any way fit for the occupancy of the president's family before the first of October. The decorators have just commenced the state dining room and green parlor and have finished the greater part of the front vestibule. No part of of the house is therefore open to visitors. As far as the average sight-seer is concerned, however, they evince quite as much desire to look at the house in its dismantled condition as if it were dressed up for a state ceremonial, and the disappointment in not being able to peep inside the front doors has been very great.

Since the chief justice came here to reside each winter has witnessed the debut or marriage of one of his daughters. There are now only four left to blissful maidenhood. The return of Miss Mary Fuller from her long stay in Berlin virtually amounts to a Washington debut, and of her talents and mental cleverness the opinion is decidedly unanimous.

"Eli and Dennis" is the title of Mr. Ingalls' new lecture. He should give Warner Miller a job as advance agent.

About the year 1783 a Bristol plumber named Watts dreamed that he was out in a shower of molten lead, says the Indianopolis *Sentinel*. He observed that the metal came down in spherical drops, and afterward, to find whether it would be so, he went to the top of a church and poured melted metal into a vessel of water below. To his great delight he found that the lead had gathered into beautifully formed globular balls, and he at once took out a patent,

DON'T INVITE SORROW.

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF.

Dr. Talmage Preaches a Powerful Sermon on the Insanity of Borrowing Trouble—It Has Wrecked Many a Life. The Lord Will Look Out for You.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 16.—Dr. Talmage has returned from his western tour reinvigorated in health and cheered by the hearty and enthusiastic greetings he has received in the numerous cities he has visited. Thousands of persons who have read his sermons in their local newspapers have struggled to get within sound of his voice wherever he has spoken. His sermon this week is on the very common and foolish habit of borrowing trouble, and his text is Matthew vi, 34, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The life of every man, woman and child is as closely under the divine care as though such person were the only man, woman or child. There are no accidents. As there is a law of storms in the natural world, so there is a law of trouble, a law of disaster, a law of misfortune; but the majority of the troubles of life are imaginary, and the most of those anticipated never come. At any rate, there is no cause of complaint against God. See how much he hath done to make thee happy; his sunshine filling the earth with glory, making rainbow for the storm and halo for the mountain, greenness for the moss, saffron for the cloud and crystal for the billow, and procession of bannered flame through the opening gates of the morning, chaffinches to sing, rivers to glitter, seas to chant, and springs to blossom, and overpowering all other sounds with its song, and overarching all other splendor with its triumph, covering up all other beauty with its garlands, and outflashing all other thrones with its dominion—deliverance for a lost world through the Great Redeemer.

I discourse of the sin of borrowing trouble.

First, such a habit of mind and heart is wrong, because it puts one into a despondency that ill fits him for duty. I planted two rose bushes in my garden. The one thrived beautifully, the other perished. I found the dead one on the shady side of the house. Our dispositions, like our plants, need sunshine. Expectancy of repulse is the cause of many secular and religious failures. Fear of bankruptcy has upturn many a fine business and sent the man dodging among the note shavers. Fear of slander and abuse has often invited all the long beaked vultures of scorn and backbiting. Many of the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, flee if you courageously meet them.

FORCE HAPPINESS TO COME.

How poorly prepared for religious duty is a man who sits down under the gloom of expected misfortune! If he pray, he says, "I do not think I shall be answered." If he give, he says, "I expect they will steal the money." Helen Chalmers told me that her father, Thomas Chalmers, in the darkest hour of the history of the Free Church of Scotland, and when the woes of the land seemed to weigh upon his heart, said to the children, "Come, let us go out and play ball or fly kite," and the only difficulty in the play was that the children could not keep up with their father. The McCheynes and the Summerfields of the church who did the most good, cultivated sunlight. Away with the horrors! they distill poison; they dig graves, and if they could climb so high, they would drown the rejoicings of heaven with sobs and wailing.

You will have nothing but misfortune in the future if you sedulously watch for it. How shall a man catch the right kind of fish if he arranges his line and hook and bait to catch lizards and water serpents? Hunt for bats and hawks and bats and hawks you will find. Hunt for robin redbreasts and you will find robin redbreasts. One night an eagle and an owl got into fierce battle; the eagle unused to the night was no match for an owl, which is most at home in the darkness, and the king of the air fell helpless; but the morning rose, and with it rose the eagle; and the owls and the night hawks and the bats came a second time to the combat; now, the eagle, in the sunlight, with a stroke of his talons and a great cry, cleared the air, and his enemies, with torn feathers and splashed with blood, tumbled into the thickets. Ye are the children of light. In the night of despondency you will have no chance against your enemies that flock up from beneath, but, trusting in God and standing in the sunshine of the promises, you shall "renew your youth like the eagle."

THERE ARE BLESSINGS A-PLENTY.

Again, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong because it has a tendency to make us overlook present blessing. To slake man's thirst, the rock is cleft, and cool waters leap into his brimming cup. To feed his hunger the fields bow down with bending wheat, and the cattle come down with full udders from the clover pastures to give him milk, and the orchards yellow and ripen, casting their juicy fruits into his lap. Alas! that amid such exuberance of blessing man should growl as though he were a soldier on half rations, or a sailor on short allowance; that a man should stand neck deep in harvests looking forward to famine; that one should feel the strong pulses of health marching with regular tread through all the avenues of life and yet tremble at the expected assault of sickness; that a man should sit in his pleasant home, fearful that ruthless want will some day rattle the broken window sash with tempest, and sweep the coals from the hearth, and pour hunger into the bread tray; that a man fed by him who owns all the harvests should expect to starve; that one whom God loves and surrounds with benediction, and attends with angelic escort, and hovers over with more than motherly fondness, should be looking for a heritage of tears!

Has God been hard with thee that thou shouldst be foreboding? Has he stinted thy board? Has he covered thee with rags? Has he spread traps for thy feet, and galled thy cup, and rasped thy soul, and wrecked thee with storm, and thundered upon thee with a life full of calamity? If your father or brother come into your bank where gold and silver are lying about you do not watch them, for you know they are honest; but if an entire stranger come by the safe you keep your eye on him, for you do not know his designs. So some men treat God; not as a father, but a stranger, and act suspiciously toward him, as though they were afraid he would steal something.

THANK GOD FOR WHAT YOU HAVE.

It is high time you began to thank God for your present blessing. Thank him for your children, happy, buoyant and bounding. Praise him for your home, with its fountain of song and laughter. Adore him for morning light and evening shadow. Praise him for fresh, cool water bubbling from the rock, leaping in the cascade, soaring in the mist, falling in the shower, dashing against the rock and clapping its hands in the tempest. Love him for the grass that cushions the earth, and the clouds that curtain the sky, and the foliage that waves in the forest. Thank him for a Bible to read, and a cross to gaze upon, and a Saviour to deliver.

Many Christians think it a bad sign to be jubilant, and their work of self examination is a hewing down of their brighter experiences. Like a boy with a new jackknife, hacking everything he comes across, so their self examination is a religious cutting to pieces of the greenest things they can lay their hands on. They imagine they are doing God's service when they are going about borrowing trouble, and borrowing it at thirty per cent., which is always a sure precursor of bankruptcy.

Again, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong because the present is sufficiently taxed with trial. God sees that we all need a certain amount of trouble, and so he apportions it for all the days and years of our life. Alas for the policy of gathering it all up for one day or year! Cruel thing to put upon the back of one camel all the cargo intended for the entire caravan. I never look at my memorandum book to see what engagements and duties are far ahead. Let every week bear its own burdens.

WHY BRING NEW SORROWS?

The shadows of today are thick enough, why implore the presence of other shadows? The cup is already distasteful, why halloo to disasters far distant to come and wring out more gall into the bitterness? Are we such champions that, having won the belt in former encounters, we can go forth to challenge all the future?

Here are business men just able to manage affairs as they now are. They can pay their rent, and meet their notes, and manage affairs as they now are, but what if there should come a panic? Go tomorrow and write on your daybook, on your ledger, on your money safe, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Do not worry about notes that are far from due. Do not pile up on your counting desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years. The God who has taken care of your worldly occupation, guarding your store from the torch of the incendiary and the key of the burglar, will be as faithful in 1891 as in 1881. God's hand is mightier than the machinations of stock gamblers, or the plots of political demagogues, or the red right arm of revolution, and the darkness will fly and the storm fall dead at his feet.

So there are persons in feeble health, and they are worried about the future. They make out very well now, but they are bothering themselves about future pleurisies and rheumatisms and neuralgias and fevers. Their eyesight is feeble, and they are worried lest they entirely lose it. Their hearing is indistinct, and they are alarmed lest they become entirely deaf. They felt chilly today, and are expecting an attack of typoid. They have been troubled for weeks with some perplexing malady, and dread becoming lifelong invalids. Take care of your health now and trust God for the future.

Be not guilty of the blasphemy of asking him to take care of you while you sleep with your windows tight down, or eat chicken salad at 11 o'clock at night, or sit down on a cake of ice to cool off. Be prudent and then be confident. Some of the sickest people have been the most useful. It was so with Payson, who died deaths daily, and Robert Hall, who used to stop in the midst of his sermon and lie down on the pulpit sofa to rest, and then go on again. Theodore Frelinghuysen had a great horror of dying till the time came, and then went peacefully. Take care of the present and let the future look out for itself. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

ROBS US OF WHAT STRENGTH WE HAVE.

Again, the habit of borrowing misfortune is wrong because it unfits us for it when it actually does come. We cannot always have smooth sailing. Life's path will sometimes tumble among declivities and mount a steep and be thorn plented. Judas will kiss our cheek and then sell us for thirty pieces of silver. Human scorn will try to crucify us between two thieves. We will hear the iron gate of the sepulcher creak and grind as it shuts in our kindred. But we cannot get ready for these things by forebodings. They who fight imaginary woes will come, out of breath, into conflict with the armed disasters of the future. Their ammunition will have been wasted long before they come under the guns of real misfortune. Boys in attempting to jump a wall sometimes go so far back in order to get impetus that when they come up they are exhausted; and these long races in order to get spring enough to vault trouble bring us up at last to the dreadful reality with our strength gone.

Finally, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong because it is unbelief. God has promised to take care of us. The Bible blooms with assurances. Your hunger will be fed; your sickness will be alleviated; your sorrows will be healed. God will sandal your feet and smooth your path, and along by frowning crag and opening grave sound the voices of victory and good cheer. The summer clouds that seem thunder charged really carry in their bosom harvests of wheat, and shocks of corn, and vineyards purpling for the wine press. The wrathful wave will kiss the feet of the great storm walker. Our great Joshua will command, and above your soul the sun of prosperity will stand still. Bleak and wave struck Patmos shall have apocalyptic vision, and you shall hear the cry of the elders, and the sweep of wings, and trumpets of salvation, and the voice of Halielujah unto God for ever.

PLACE YOUR TRUST IN GOD.

Your way may wind along dangerous bridle paths and amid wolf's howl and the scream of the vulture, but the way still winds upward till angels guard it, and trees of life overarch it, and thrones line it, and crystalline fountains leap on it, and the pathway ends at gates that are pearl, and streets that are gold, and temples that are always open, and hills that quake with perpetual song, and a city mingling forever Sabbath and jubilee and triumph and coronation.

Let pleasure chant her siren song,
'Tis not the song for me;
To weeping it will turn e'er long,
For this is heaven's decree.

But there's a song the ransomed sing,
To Jesus, their exalted king,
With joyful heart and tongue,
Oh, that's the song for me!

Courage, my brother! The father does not give to his son at school enough money to last him several years, but, as the bills for tuition and board and clothing and books come in, pays them. So God will not give you grace all at once for the future, but will meet all your exigencies as they come. Through earnest prayer, trust him. Put everything in God's hand, and leave it there. Large interest money to pay will soon eat up a farm, a store, an estate, and the interest on borrowed troubles will swamp anybody. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Pope, who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days, at Lord Bolingbrook's, unless he were told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he rose instantly and came down to the table.

Three reasons are given to account for the origin of the pawnbroker's sign. One says that the balls are used because they were the emblem of St. Nicholas, who is said to have given three purses of gold to three virgin sisters to enable them to marry. Another legend attributes the use of the three balls to the members of the Lombard family, the first great money lenders of England. They were druggists before they became capitalists, and used the three golden pills in memory of their old calling. Still another story attributes their original use to the Medici family of France. The Medicis were money lenders, who used the three pills as a pun on their medical sounding name.—St. Louis Republic.

HE WANTS A FLOATING HOTEL.

An Enthusiast's Vision of an Ideal Midsummer Boarding House.

"Now that another summer is upon us," said the perennial crank, "let me urge upon you newspaper men that you have an opportunity to do a great act of philanthropy for many hundreds of New Yorkers whose incomes will not allow them to spend the dog days out of the heated city, by persuading some capitalist to fit up a big steamer for a hotel. There's money in it.

"Get a big steamer, or, better still, build one with plenty of roomy staterooms, well ventilated, with ample dining, smoking and lounging saloons, and two or three decks for promenade and chairs. Charge the customary summer hotel rates, and let the steamer have a pier near the Battery.

"Let her start from that pier every evening at the close of business and steam slowly out of the bay while her guests are at dinner. Then let her touch her pier again in time for those who want to spend the evening on shore. After these people are landed on the pier let the steamer put out from the shore and steam slowly about in the cool evening air, while her passengers amuse themselves in her saloons and staterooms and on her decks just as people do in hotels. Just a little before midnight let the steamer steam up to her pier and take on board those people who have been at the theaters, etc., and then drop away down the bay again for the night.

"What refreshing and invigorating sleep a man could get in that salty air. Quiet and order could be preserved on board just as well as in a hotel, and in the morning passengers could be landed fresh for business, while those who had no business in the city could spend the whole day on board if they liked.

"There need be little unpleasant bumping and noise of machinery, as only enough steam would need to be kept up to insure steerage way. No one would look for speed. The expenses would be as small as any other city hotel's, and I am certain that people would just tumble over each other to get quarters on the ship. On those rare occasions when the water was too rough or the wind too boisterous the ship need not leave her pier at all, as the atmosphere would be cool enough then down by the Battery to render the night agreeable.

"Think of the thousands of New Yorkers who must stay in the reeking hot city all summer. How they would jump at such a boarding house! I tell you there's money in it for the first capitalist that takes it up."—New York Tribune.

British Eccentricity.

It is hard for an Englishman to say whether his own countrymen are really more eccentric than other people. He is told they are; but how is he to know that the information may not be built solidly upon prejudice? The saying, "Oh, he's an Englishman," with the shrug of the shoulders that means so much, is often indeed commonly put forward abroad when there is talk of the doings of this or that man, whose ways are not like the ways of the herd of mankind.

Some Englishmen don't appreciate this sort of thing. They get in a rage with the foreigner who charges them with being of an eccentric race. But, for my part, I always take it as a compliment, bow and express my obligations and assure the speaker that I trust he does not intentionally flatter me and the countrymen of whom I am so proud.

On the other hand, however, every one who has been even but for a few months among the people of the Continent can not help coming to the conclusion that we English folk have not the monopoly of eccentricity.—All the Year Round.

Tea Will Detect Poisons.

"Tea," says a woman who knows, "clear tea, without sugar or cream, is one of the best of agents for the detection of suspected poison. I remember stopping once, in my travels, at a little country inn, whose buxom landlady offered me some beautiful looking waffles, beside which she sat down a small pitcher of sirup. There was talk at that time—it was several years ago—about the adulteration of some sirups, and this particular pitcherful had a peculiar color which I did not like. So I asked her that a cup of tea be brought to me first, and when it came I took a teaspoonful of the sirup and put it in.

"Instantly the tea turned perfectly black, showing the presence of a mineral poison. I don't know that there would have been enough to have done me serious harm, but as I don't care to take poison, even homeopathically, when I know it, I ate my waffles that day with butter and sugar. More than that, I called the landlady's attention to the circumstance, which resulted in banishing all of that sirup she had in the house."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

The Bright Side of Misfortune.

There is a woman in Bellevue hospital who, though sick of a remarkable difficulty, is having a first rate time. She doesn't suffer any pain at all. Her right eye is paralyzed, also the right side of her mouth, the right side of her tongue and the entire right side of everything, yet she sleeps well, eats well and enjoys being an object of interest. Having only one-half of her senses, she very wisely devotes all that remain to her in sensing only the pleasant things of existence. She sees things only out of her smiling eye; doesn't smell anything that she doesn't want to smell; only tastes of what is good, carefully putting obnoxious medicines over on the right side of her mouth, where there isn't any taste.

It must be quite charming to have this power of discrimination and separation. Think what a comfort a blind spot in one's eye may be, and then fancy the joy of being able to shut off half of one's whole being so that it will be dead to the disagreeable things in life.—New York Commercial-Advertiser.

Tired Standing.

Old Lady (in electric car)—Dear me! We're going to have a thunderstorm.

Bad Boy (hanging to strap)—I don't see no signs of it, mum.

Old Lady—No signs? Why, the lightning is beginning. See the flashes and hear the thunder.

Bad Boy—That ain't outside, mum. That's in the car. I guess something's wrong with the electric connections.

Old Lady—Goodness me! Conductor! Conductor! Stop the car; I want to get off.

Bad Boy (taking her seat)—I guess the old lady can get into some store before she gets wet.—Good News.

Insuring Electric Curios.

The collection of electrical apparatus on exhibition at Frankfort-on-the-Main has been insured against fire and damages by explosion to the extent of 3,500,000 marks. The risk has been undertaken by twenty-three of the principal German insurance offices. The value of the exhibition as a whole is estimated at 7,000,000 marks.—New York Telegram.

To take rust out of steel rub it over with salad oil and in forty-eight hours rub with unslaked lime, finely powdered, until the rust disappears.

The empress of Austria is as busy as a schoolgirl with her linguistic studies, and as interested as a land reformer in her agricultural projects.

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Wm. F. BREIDENSSEIN,
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AMITY, YAMHILL COUNTY, OREGON.

The French Colony of Algeria.

While a number of the lending European governments have recently adopted the so called colonial policy as a means both of increasing their national trade and of providing an outlet for their people, experiences which have recently been brought to light in France would indicate that a colonial policy may be an exceedingly expensive luxury for a nation to adopt.

In a recent debate in the chamber of deputies on the government of the colony of Algiera the calculation was made from official reports that in the last forty years that colony had cost France, over and above the income received therefrom, quite $800,000,000, and what is more, the annual costs at the present time are even larger than in previous years.

It might be said that these large outgoes were no more than France was justified in sending for the purpose of providing a desirable outlet for her people; but, although Algeria is a remarkably fertile country and offers many opportunities, it does not seem to attract the French colonists. The total population of French origin is only 200,000, while there are an equal number of white people not of French nationality. These latter have, by the local laws, exemption from taxation granted them that the French colonist is not accorded, and, what is more, the rate of taxation upon the 3,000,000 or more natives is several times greater than upon the French colonist or foreign resident.

The French will not settle in Algeria as colonists, although large numbers visit the country each year as tourists, which would seem to prove that unless a nation has an aptitude for colonization—and this was no doubt what the French possessed six or eight generations ago when they settled Canada—it is useless for it to spend money and exhaust an effort in acquiring and attempting to develop the waste places on earth.—Boston Herald.

A Cheap Method for Coloring Glass.

Some of the German porcelain and glass manufacturers are now using a new coloring material, capable of being "fixed" without fire. In carrying out this process, ordinary water colors are used, these being rubbed down with a certain mixture, consisting of two solutions, compounded in definite proportions, one of them being composed of 100 parts of a syrup of potassium water glass, to which has been added ten parts of a lead acetate solution—fifteen parts lead acetate in 100 parts of water—and stirred by an air stream until well mixed; the other solution is a mixture of fifty parts of borax dissolved in 100 parts of warm water and twenty parts of glycerin.

Sixty parts of the first described solution are mixed with forty parts of the second, and with this mixture the colors are rubbed down. For thinning purposes water and the first named solution are mixed well together in equal parts. After the products have been painted they are placed in a bath composed as follows: One part of borax is dissolved in twelve parts of water and mixed in a gutta percha vessel with fifty parts of hydrofluoric and ten parts of sulphuric acid. On the immersion of the articles some ten minutes in this bath they are washed in clean water, and the color appears as if burned in.—New York Sun.

Pure Olive Oil from California.

The convention of olive oil producers, recently assembled in this city, took a decided stand for pure, homemade oil. This stand was not taken a day too soon. When a few months ago some official tests were made of the purity of olive oil it was found that some brands, or rather certain lots, had already been adulterated. The temptation is very strong to keep a spurious article on the market. Cottonseed oil and some other vegetable oils will always be cheaper than pure olive oil. The imported article is continually sold at a lower price than that produced at home.

The area suited to olive culture in this country has never been accurately defined. In general terms it may be said to include the country on the western side of the Sierras, below 42 degs. of latitude, down to and including parts of Arizona and New Mexico. Beyond this territorial area it is not probable that the olive will make much of a figure. Indeed, there is a strong probability that for at least a whole generation the only state in the Union that will get much commercial prominence for the production of the olive will be California.

The growers who have already become producers here are pioneers. Olive orchards have been planted almost as freely during the last two or three years as apple or plum orchards. The area of olives not now in bearing is greater than that in fruitage. The planting will go on in coming seasons, because there is satisfactory evidence that the business will be a paying one. The convention has now established the very conditions of success—concerted action securing a perfect guarantee of the purity of olive oil produced in California.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Ginseng in Commerce.

The trade in ginseng is a revival of one that formerly existed. In the autumn of 1716 Pere Joseph Francois Lafitau, a Jesuit father, who had arrived in the country in 1712, and was stationed at the Sault, above Montreal, discovered the plant. He had been in Quebec in 1715, and there saw a letter of Pere Jartoux, who had seen ginseng in Tartary in 1709, and who gave a description of it. Lafitau inquired about it from the Indians, and examined the country to find it.

At this time it was worth its weight in gold at Pekin. A company was formed to export it to China, Japan and Tartary. The price at Quebec was from thirty to forty sous or cents per pound. At first any one was allowed to sell it, but as its value increased the company exercised its monopoly rights, and in 1751 undertook to exclude all others from the trade. As the demand increased the care with which it was obtained and prepared was relaxed. It was gathered out of season and imperfectly dried in stove ovens. Even in this state it brought twenty-five livres per pound.

In 1752 ginseng of this character to the value of 500,000 livres was exported. In 1754 the value of the export had fallen to 53,000 livres. A quantity sent to La Rochelle remained unsold, but finally found its way to China, where its inferior quality gave the Canadian article a bad reputation; the demand fell off and the export ceased.—J. Jones Bell in Popular Science Monthly.

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