

BURGLARY & CREDIT

The Enterprise of the Wideawake and Unscrupulous Western Reporter.

There is the liveliest kind of competition among the newspapers of St. Louis...

He came near breaking up the Order of Veiled Prophets three weeks ago by causing a reporter to steal the official account of the annual pageant...

"Burglary, as I have said before, is not rated a serious crime in the St. Louis decade. Why, a few years ago a Globe-Democrat reporter actually accompanied a pair of crooks on an excursion...

Gold by the Chumby.

One of the richest strikes known to the mining history of California was made at the Neville, or Mammoth mine, about three miles south of this place, lately.

Secrecy of Beeswax.

"Do you know where I can get some beeswax?" inquired a wholesale druggist of an Indianapolis reporter.

Russia's Turf Beds.

The immense wealth which Russia possesses in turf beds is but little appreciated. Its exportation is only developed in a few provinces, and by some of the railway companies turf is used as a combustible.

Tupper in Poverty.

"Proverbial Philosopher" Tupper, whose works have sold to the extent of a million copies, is 73 years of age and very poor.

The Chinese exclusion law has given an impulse to Japanese emigration to California.

ALPINE ADVENTURES.

The Trials of Tourists Crossing the Rhone Glacier—What Mountain Climbing Really Is.

"Morris" in Globe-Democrat. The fog had not yet lifted, but Casper said we would find the air clear on the glacier.

The guide followed a well-beaten path in the snow, which was so soft that we sank ankle-deep every step, although we were careful to take his advice and walk in the old footsteps.

As we gained the summit snow began coming in earnest. It beat in our faces and blinded us so that we could barely see our guide.

The Increase of Wealth.

Mr. M. G. Mulhall, an English statistician, has lately published some figures, showing that the English people as a whole are far better off than they were in the time of the Stuarts.

Cupid and Theology.

A Baptist minister was once asked how it was that he consented to the marriage of his daughter to a Presbyterian.

Red bamboo canes with enormous silver heads are carried to the opera by the swells.

JOURNALISM IN PARIS.

Interesting Facts Which Contain Lessons for American Contemporaries.

[New York Sun.]

In Paris there are published about 125 periodical publications, daily or weekly newspapers or reviews treating on politics and social economy.

The average daily circulation of all the daily papers published in Paris is a little under two millions of copies.

The regular staff of The Figaro, the most numerous, is composed of twenty-five persons. The pay of the celebrities of the chronicle, like Albert Wolff, Scholl and Monselet, is 1,500 francs a month for one of two articles a week.

The French reader seeks two things in a newspaper—amusement and news—and he perhaps prefers the former to the latter.

Flats in Gotham.

There has rarely been a busier time among builders in New York than the present. The statistics of building operations from January 1 to September 1 show an outlay of over \$44,000,000 on new structures of various kinds.

U. S. Currency Paper.

The paper on which United States currency is printed is manufactured at Dalton, Mass. Eighteen or twenty treasury girls, who earn \$3 a day, count the sheets, examining each one closely and rejecting all imperfect ones.

How Hawthorne's Portrait Was Secured.

It is reported by The Bookeller that the new portrait of Hawthorne is the result of an artful stratagem on the part of John Lotthrop Motley.

It has been discovered that Abalom was a duke.

MY FIRST NIGHT IN JAPAN.

A Midnight Pandemonium—Blind Men and Bad Water—The Noisy Night-Watchman.

[Foliosol in Inter Ocean.]

I shall never forget the experience of my first night in Japan. It was not the flood—I have them yet to meet and vanquish—but it was the Babel of nocturnal sounds that rendered the night memorable.

"What means this pandemonium?" I inquired in stern, sepulchral tones.

"More quiet as is most of the nights," was the assuring reply, delivered with a profound, deferential obeisance.

"But what is that agonizing whistle?" I persisted.

"That be the blind man. Lots of blind men in Japan. They go round all night whistling on pipes so they be not run over and so they be heard by people with the rheumatics.

"Why should so many people have the rheumatism?"

"Well, Japanese only have one suit of clothes. He work hard and sweat; then sit down in wind, and sweat get into his bones.

"Bad water. Water no good in Japanese town; it make worms that eat the eyes, sometimes one and sometimes both."

"What is the trouble with the water?"

"Well, the Japanese spoil it by washing rice, vegetables, etc., near the wells. Every place so crowded, and had water drain into the wells.

"Night-watchman clapping his two sticks together so that people may know he is on duty. Japanese no mind that sound; like to hear it."

"They be Japanese selling black beans, macaroni, and other things. They go about selling till 12, 1, 2 o'clock."

The evening sights are no less interesting than the sounds. The city is overrun with the ginkishas or man-power carriages, each one of which carries a pretty Japanese paper lantern at night.

No Counting-House Bonfire for Her. A young lady in St. Louis sent the following application for a position as bookkeeper:

George Vanderbilt. [Fifth in New York Tribune.]

George Vanderbilt, youngest son of William H., the Sagamore, was 21 years of age during the week past, and received \$2,150,000, of which one-fifth was accumulated earnings on the grandfather's legacy of \$2,000,000.

German Carp in the United States. In a paper read before the American association, Mr. C. W. Smiley, of Washington, D. C., said he had some years ago imported from Germany thirty or forty pairs of this fish.

The emperor of China employs eight eunuchs to check him when he is beginning to eat too much.

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare. And he who has one enemy shall meet him everywhere.

—[All Ben Abu Taleh.]

A FAMOUS RACE.

The Contest Between the Natches and Robert E. Lee.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

No steamboat race ever excited so much interest throughout the civilized world as that which took place between the Robert E. Lee and Natches in June, 1870, from New Orleans to St. Louis.

Before the return of the Natches to New Orleans Capt. Cannon had determined that the Lee should beat the record of her rival, the fastest that had ever been made over the course.

The Natches returned to New Orleans and received a few hundred tons of freight and also a few passengers, and was advertised to leave again for St. Louis June 30th.

The telegraph informed the people along both banks of the river and the world at large of the coming great struggle for supremacy in point of speed, and the world looked on with as much interest as it would had it been an event local to every part of it.

The Lee gained slightly every hundred miles as the race progressed, which gain at Natchez, 300 miles from the starting point, amounted to ten minutes, attributable more to landings that had been made by the Natches for fuel than anything else.

When the Lee arrived at St. Louis 30,000 people crowded the wharf, the windows and the house-tops to receive her.

Neither the present R. E. Lee nor the present Natches is the same Lee and Natches as engaged in the race, and neither is as rapid a traveler as her predecessor, although both are fast steamboats.

Newspapers throughout the civilized world condemned the Lee-Natches race. One eastern paper, noting the arrival of the Lee at Cairo, said that she had accomplished the distance without an explosion, and promised she would be able to reach St. Louis in safety.

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TOWARD SOMETHING BETTER.

America Rounding into Shape—Washington's Architectural Beauty—The Color of Cities.

[Joaquin Miller.]

America is a swift land and rounds into shape rapidly. Only a year or two ago money was the great god. But to-day our people are suddenly surfeited with money. We have suddenly awakened to the fact that money-getting is not the noblest pursuit of man.

And so it is that our best people are suddenly beginning to say "Let us do something better." But as the army is a dead letter, and as our navy is rot, why art—art in its many ways and walks—allures the eager feet of our ambitious and best-minded people.

New-York will, of course, long remain the capital of commerce. This tremendous Moloch of trade will naturally trample art to death.

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