TISSLE IN THE DARK.

at Caused a Country Parson to Shut up His Hymn Book and Swear.

ESCRIPTION

[Arkansaw Traveler.] of the Rev. Mr. Mulkittle—that is, a In the Mulkittle house he eral nights very quietly, but after th night he engaged board at a cheap

ready to go up to your room?" Mr. Mulkittle.

he conolel replied. "I reckin I can gree with me. I am used to work, I had a couple of trees to chop down I ould regain some of my lost physit you call preaching work?" asked

ll, it is work after a fashion, but it sen up the joints like splitting rails. ever split rails!"

and I hope I never shall." e vou do not consider yourself above not that, Brother Glint. I don't con-

self above milking a cow, but I do st happened to think of a cow, that's

dn't somebody tell you that I milk the have never heard of anything of the

en you are certain you meant no disrene when you referred to the cow! hy, my dear sir, such an idea is pre-

each all around any man in this

think you are over-sensitive, Brother and are disposed to be quarrelsome. and understand me when I say that I not be instrumental in making it other-Your bed is ready, and there is a lamp room. Good night.

ng with Mulkittle, I'll go down and

t as Mr. Mulkittle had stretched himthe bed, his wife, in a great fright, ex-

Mulkittle went to the door and dereplied a voice.

a drunken man. "Must have been hty late with the boys if you hafter feller that comes along was you Who do you reckin you are, any way? aughed and slapped himself. you don't go away from there I'll come

ou're the man I want to do business

am, eh?" and Mr. Mulkittle threw open or. The fellow ran away, Mr. Mul-following him to the yard gate. Just reacher re-entered the door, he was ed by the colonel. The colonel mis-Mulkittle for a burglar, and it flashed bss Mulkittle's mind that the drunken had been a device to get him away he door so that a robber could enter. two men did not speak, but grappled with other. Mulkittle is not slow in a "tusand the colonel, a fact proudly recorded There was just light enough in hall for the men to see each other, not enough to admit of recognition. ng his opportunity with the circumn of a physical scientist, Mr. Mulkittle ing blow between the eyes of his ary, but ere he could follow up the adre thus gained, the colonel, violating the ational treaty, struck Mulkittle below belt, shutting him up like a knife. The nel sprang forward to avail himself of but Mulletttle straightened to proper adjustment. Just at this time Mulkittle rushed into the hall with the of a duster. She leveled a blow, she not know at whom, but it struck the

onel across the ankle bone.
'Hold on!" he yelled, "I pass. I can stand od deal, but when I get a crack across one I'm done.

reat heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Mulkittle, h. no." replied the colonel in agony, not me. It's the feller that keeps th

Yes," the colonel replied "its d-d unforte. I don't use such expressions, as a that is, I don't swear by note, but n a man deliberately sets a trap for me, r speaking contemptuously of my milking s, and then gets his wife to hop out and nn book and swear.'

"Don't brother me. I'll take you out here d break you against a tree. Lemme g balance of my clothes and I'll leave you When he came down stairs agai kittle, seeing that her husband had failed, pted to effect a compromise, but he ed her off. "No, madam, your husband be a good man, and may walk beside the still waters he can find, and loll in all n a man instructs his wife to whack my ught the cheap lodging-house.

utting a Shaft Under Difficulties.

[Chicago Herald.] The work of cutting a perpendicular shaft a the 2,900 level of the Mexican mine in ada to 2,700 level is very difficult and The rock is bitterly hard and it not blast well. With all this a perfect ent of hot water is constantly pouring in upon the men. It is difficult to cone how they can work at all in such a ce. They must go principally by the se of touch—must feel their way like blind Not only is it impossible for the miners ok up, but such is the force of the pourscades of water that they cannot climb ladders without danger of being beaten and it has been found necessary to rig a ting apparatus by which to hoist the men

Comprehensive.

Over the door of a cabin in Montana, on he line of the Northern Pacific road, is writ-m with charcoal these words: "Only nine water and twenty miles from wood. b in the house. God bless our grub in the house.

THE CUP WHICH CHEERS.

Various Ways of Drinking It -- American Ways and Foreign Customs.

If many cups of tea have the reverse of a beneficial effect on the system, on account of the reaction and sense of exhaustion which they invariably produce yet the first cup of tea offered is as in vigorating as it is welcome, and the tes closely associated with English and American women in the minds of Frenchmen as is coffee with the French in the minds of Americans. As to the accompaniments of tea-cream sugar-a recent writer boldly asks: don't we forswear them both? as at this hour of the day they interfere far more with the digestive organs than does the tea itself; he considers it would always be as rational to add cream and sugar to wine as to delicately flavored tea. This is rather going ahead, writer, and if we are inclined to sacrifice our sugar we have not yet made up our minds to give up our cream; indeed, gentlemen who drink tea are very free with the cream, both when helping ladies and when belping themselves. Sugar is decidedly going out of fashion at afternoon tea, and out of ten ladies, perhaps, only three will say yes when it is offered; but it may be this is rather the result of fashion than faney.

The French, on the contrary, take sugar lavishly; they even dispense with the use of sugar-tongs, which Americans consider so indispensable at the tea-table, and help themselves to

sugar with their fingers. We draw upon the Russians for many of our customs connected with the din-I know town people have a disposition ner table, but have not yet taken kindly ake fun of people who live in the count to their idea of tea drinking; that is to to their idea of tea drinking; that is to and I want you to understand that if I say, substituting lemon for sugar and preacher I ain't a slouch. I cream—"fragrant peel and a hint acid," a slice of lemon no thicker nor larger than half a crown. This, according to authority already neither disguises nor flattens the aroma of good tea, as do the conventional additions, sugar and cream, but combine with and heightens it." The great fault of using lemon consist in adding Glint, without replying, sought his it in excess, whereas a very He lay on the bed and tossed awhile, slight shaving containing both peel en remorse began to seize him. "I and pulp is the correct quantity for go down and ask his pardon," he an ordinary cup of tea. But this "but he's gone to bed. Hello, what's custom has yet to take root, and with "Somebody outside us this process is but a slow one; are not too ready to take up a new idea. but once we have done so, it is remarkable with what pertinacity we cling to it. When lemon is substituted ere's somebody trying to get in at the cream and sugar, slices of the prescribed size are handed with the tea. Any one who has once tasted the Russia caravan tea will understand the term good tea, but this is a luxury which only the wealthy care to invest in, as it costs upton't know who you are," replied the ward of \$10 per pound. There is, of a drunken man. "Must have been course, a medium in all things, a course, a medium in all things, and there is a wide margin from which to choose, and economy in this direction is soon detected. It is the province of the master of the house to buy the tea, and the one is far oftener celebrated for the wine he gives his guests than is the other for the choice tea offered to hers.

Need of a Better Education.

Nearly every one who testified before the senate commission which sat in York recently, as to the best means of benefiting the laboring classes. agrees that vital changes must be made in our common school education. Boys and girls must be trained to work as well as to read, write and cipher. France, Germany, and especially Switzerland, are far ahead of the United States in technical and art education. Hence the immense superiority of the foreign workmen in all our shops and manufactories over the

native employes. The American is naturally the most intelligent, quick-witted, and inventive, but he is left hopelessly in the rear when in competition with the trained European artisan. We must rid ourof the superstition that our comith the colonel on the back of his neck. mon school system is perfection. As a n followed a series of scramblings with a matter of fact, it is wofully deficient as compared with the industrial education given by continental European nations to their working classes. Apart from our scientific schools, the Cooper Union, and the Boston Technological institute, no provision has been made in the United States to do work that requires intelligence and artistic skill.

The President's "Lightnin' Wood."

New York Tribune The other day a large hogshead, sent ring a light. This is very unfortunate, from North Carolina by express to the president, was delivered at the White House. A colored domestic who took it in charge explained that "Dat dar bar'l is full, sah, ob lightnin' wood, or as yer might say, split pitch-pine kindlin's fur de making ov fires. Sence Mr. Arck me with a pole, then I shut up the thur hez been presidint, we hev been a gittin' on 'em ebbery munf durin' You are entirely wrong, my dear broth- fall an' winter. Mister Arthur nebber goes to bed in cold wedder widout a big blazin' fire in his room, wedder here or out to Soldiers' Home, and we as has ter clean up and look arter de fires hez ter take up a bundle ob dis hyar light-nin' wood ebbery night, so as he kin frow it in de fire an' make er blaze, an' sit dar an' tink while a-watchin' ob shadows on de wall. When he uses de reen pastures in the neighborhood, but lightnin' wood, he rebber uses er light, when he gets tired he jumps in de e, I'm done. Good night," and he bed an' watches de flames flicker till he goes ter sleep. He's mighty ler about dis lightnin' wood, He's mighty pertickersupply gins out, dar is some fun till dar's more put in de bin.'

Plantation Philosophy.

[Arkansaw Travele De simplest truth is de truest truth, fur it am un'erstood by de most people. Fear ain't based on judgment. A hog will run quicker from a brick bat den he

will from a gun. De thoughts what rise in a man longs ter hisself, but de thoughts what he gits frum books, 'longs ter somebody else.

Tourgueneff's brain weighed, it is said, 2,012 grammes, and was the neaviest human brain ever weighed. The average weight is 1,390 grammes. Cuvier's brain weighed 1,800 grammes.

Cider is so plentiful in France this year that drivers refresh their borses with pails of it in the rural districts where it is handler than water.

AT A FLEA THEATRE.

The Performance of Trained Fleas Behind the Footlights.

Which Goes to Show that "The Domestic Flea Is a Creature of Considerable Intelligence."

[Dantzig Letter in Pall Mall Gazette1 There was a fair going on outside the gates of this most picturesque old city. Wandering among the booths, our curiosity was ex ited by one which bore the following in cription: "Pariser Floh-Theatre." Tempted by a man who told us the performance "just about to begin," we accepted the tickcrossed the threshold of the tent. There was certainly no reason for delay, as we found some what to our embarrassment, that we constiuted the whole of the audience. But, as the famous flea theatre was about the size of an rdinary tambourine (which instrument it greatly resembled), we should scarcely have had so good a view of the performance if the spectators had been more numerous. Taking our seats as directed about a small round table, we looked with interest at certain cardboard boxes which stood beside the theatre One of these was open, and showed a number of tiny vehicles, carriages, bicycles, engine man chariots, all as minute as possible, The other boxes, with lids, contained the ac-

The enterprising manageress, a stout lady in a cotton dressing-gown, placed herself op-posite at the table, and prefaced the enterainment with a short but interesting address. "The ordinary domestic flea," sh gan, "is a creature of considerable intelligence, and capable of a high degree of intelectual cultivation. We have no less than three hundred in this establishment. They are not hungry," she added hastily, in answer to some slight expression of anxiety that doubtless portrayed itself on our counte-nances. "I engage a man to come every day and feed them. He bares his arm, the three hundred are placed thereon, and they suck until they are satisfied." Our immediate ap-prehensions thus allayed, the lady proeded to explain that the first ess in thegreat work of taming and educating a flea was to fasten an invisible gold ad around its neck, by means of which it could be lifted at pleasure or harnessed to any of the vehicles displayed in the box before us A well-nurtured specimen will often live to the age of 8 years; and with evident pride she remarked, "We have several among ur troup who are already 6 years old, and so saying, she handed us a powerful microscope, and gratified us by the sight of one of these venerable fleas (magnified to the size of a wasp), kicking and plunging vio wise impeded by the weight of lently, in no its golden collar.

The entertainment began with a chariot race by fleas of various nations. The Russian was attached to its native drosky, the Siberian to a sledge. England, France and Germany had each their representatives, the former harnessed, I think, to a common London omnibus. Each competitor was supposed to be able to draw a body of six times its own weight. The stage was slightly tilted, however, in order to assist the runners. I regret I am unable to give you the exact result of the race, which would doubtless be of intense interest to your sporting friends, but the start could not altogether be considered satisfactory. The English steed considered satisfactory. The English steed went off at a steady trot, without waiting for any one else. The German lay down to have a nap by the way, and most of the others bolted off the course. This being over the lady resumed her lecture.

"It is not every flea," we were informed, that is gifted with the power of saltation. So far we had seen only, as it were, the beasts of burden—docile insects, indeed, but with no other special accomplishment. we were to be treated to a ballet, as danced by some really superior artistes. So saying she opened one of the cardboard boxes, and extracted thence with a delicate pair of pincers a dozen of dancing fleas, each ele-gantly attired in—or rather, I should perhaps say, covered by—a petticoat of tissue paper. red, blue, green, yellow-ad the colors of Each dancer was announced by rainbow. name as she entered upon the scene: Meess Elizabet, Fraulein Anna, Mamzelle Barbe, etc.; and each and all, encouraged by the astonishing evolutions, whirling and hopping, skipping, leaping wildly into the air in a way that was comical to behold. It was as if the minutest of ballet girls had be two at the waist, the lower half performing minus the head and shoulders, or like a Sabbattical dance of fairy lampshades bewitched.

Now and again, after some unusually prodigious leap, an artiste would be upset. Then, beneath the gay voluminous skirt, the struggling insect was for a moment visible quickly replaced on its legs, however, by the vatchful care of its mistress. Now came act culminate; and with much verbal flourish of trumpets, a female rope-dancer was produced, second only in renown to the famous Blondin himself. This young lady's name was Eliza. She lived in a nest of cotton wool, with other companion, who was prob-in delicate health, as she was not called upon to perform. Eliza not only danced on a rope, but twice traversed an imaginary unfathomable abvss on a nearly invisible wire suspended bety two pins. Finally to conclude the exhibition the box of cotton wool was held upside down at a distance of nearly two inches above her head, and at the word of command 'Jetzt, Elisa, springe!" (Now, Eliza, jump! the intelligent insect sprang with one bound warm and cosy nest. charged for this entertainment the not im walked away, remembering the man who fed and the lady who taught the fleas, we could not but marvel at the variety of ways in this our work a-day world.

Mr. Beecher's Substitute for Hell.

[Interview in Galveston News.]
Beecher, when the dogma of a hell is men in such a way as to lift them out of their

Preach retribution," answered the great thinker, in a very emphatic manner, telligent person believes in a literal burning hell, but when men come to learn that their will find them out and there is no chance of escaping the punishment for wrong-doing you have got a moral lever that will control the violences of human nature and send it on ugh the ages of eternity in the right di-

The Senate Bar-Tender.

The new "caterer" (bar-tender) of the United States senate is Richard Francis, He is worth \$40,000, and can under stand a wink a mile away.

The three funds already collected for the erection of a monument to Gen. Lee in Richmond now amount to about \$35,000,

THE VARIETIES OF LAUGHTER.

From the He-He Giggle to the Thou sand-Acre-Guffaw.

Brooklyn Eagle, There is the hearty laugh, the convulsive laugh, the he-he laugh, and the uproarious, almost-tumble out-of-the-chair laugh. There was the laugh of Prince Hal, who was said to laugh his face is like a wet cloak-ill, laid up. There is the incipient laugh, which is not a laugh but a smile. The late laugh but a smile. Charles Backus, the minstrel, who, it will be remembered, had a very large mouth, was once having his photograph taken. The operator told him to look pleasant, to smile a little. The famous minstrel gave an elaborate smile. "Oh, that will never do!" said the photographer, it's too wide for the instrument.

Speaking of a western actress the re-orter wrote: "Her smile opened out porter wrote: like the Yosemite valley in a May morn-When Miss Marie Wilt n, the Euglish actress, played Hester Graze-brook in the "Unequal Match," her laugh was said to be of the character which Iowa young women ordinarily earn that first as it were looks out of the a livelihood, how is independence to be se eyes to see if the coast was clear, then steals down into a pretty dimple of the the while; then waltzes at the corners of the mouth like a thing of life; then bursts its bonds of beauty and su air for a moment with a shower of silver-tongued echoes and then steals back to its lair in the heart to watch again for its prey." How different from was ringing for the first time with the the kind of laugh of Prince Hoare, a friend of Hayden, the painter. This gentleman was a delicate, feeble-looking of southeastern Dakota. nan, with a timid expression of face,

It runs in families sometimes to distort the countenance in laughter. Mr. Labouchere speaks of a family who laugh a great deal, and who always shut their eyes when they do so. It is funny at the dinner table, when some thing witty is said to look around and see the same distortion of every face. There is not an eye left in the family. A trio of sisters is spoken of who show half an inch of pale pink gums when ing their applauding triple of gums. laugh is sometimes only a sneer. Diogenes, of tub notoriety, saw a good deal of this kind of laughter. Some one said to him, "Many people laugh as said to him, "But I," he quickly remarked, am not laughed down."

The "Store" Pumpkin Pie.

The store kind of pumpkin pie has a sort of sickly second-cousin countenance, and is scarcely over an eighth of an inch thick, with a crust on the bottom that alm breaks a tinner's shears to cut it. As for taste, that has to be imagined, as it is a sort of go-as-you-please flavor between tan bark and cinnamon. Then again, 100 store pies will be made out of an ordinary 20-cent pumpkin. Each pie is cut into eight pieces about the size of two fingers, which sell for 5 cents. This brings 40 cents for a pie, or \$40 for the product of the pumpkin. That leaves the store-keeper \$39 and 80 cents profit on his pumpkin and as the crust is thin with no shortening in it 80 cents ought to cover this cost, leaving an even \$39 profit on the transaction.

A slice of mother's pumpkin pie the size of your two hands, that's the regulation cut in home-made pie, and an inch and a half thick contains more real pie than a dozen store pies, and there is no danger of trouble from indigestion eating it.

Death from Passion

mental passion are, according to The Lancet not uncommon. A recent instance has again called attention to the matter. Unfortunately, those persons a girl can do, who are prone to sudden and overwhelming outbursts of ill temper do not, as a rule, recognize their pro-pensity or realize the perils to which it exposes them; while the stupid idea that such deaths as occur in passion. and which are directly caused by it, ought to be ascribed to "the visitation of God," tends to divert attention from the common sense lesson which such deaths should teach. It is most unwise to allow the mind to excite the brain and body to such extent as to endanger life itself. We do not sufficiently ap preciate the need and value of mental discipline as a corrective of bad habits and a preventive of disturbances by which happiness, and life itself, are too often jeopardized.

Insect Destroyers

[Chicago Tribune.] Prof. C. V. Riley, in a recent address before the American Promological society, said that if he were asked to enumerate the six most important substances that could be used for destroying insects above ground he would mention tobacco, soap, hellebore, arsenic, petroleum and pyrethrum. The first The first three, he said, were well known, and comment on their value is unnessary But it has only lately been learned that the vapor of nicotine-that is tobacco vapor-is not only very effectual in destroving insects wherever it can be confined, as in greenhouses, but that it is less injurious to delicate plants than either the smoke or the liquid.

Graves of Wirz and Mrs. Surratt.

In secluded parts of Mount Olivet knocked in the head, how are you to appeal to cemetery. Washington, but far apart, are the graves of Mary E. Surratt and Wirz, the keeper of the Andersonville Wirz is buried under a tall hickory tree, in which squirrels chatter and gambol. Tall, rank weeds and unkempt grass surround the spot, and the simple word "Wirz" on a small block of marble at the head of the grave is the only thing to denote his resting-place. Mrs. Surratt's grave is

equally obscure. A small, plain head-stone has simply the name, "Mrs. Mary E. Surratt. Overdid It.

An Arkansas minister prayed for rain and that night they got it and a flood that set the neighborhood back ten years. A vigilance committee has notified him not to do it again.

AN IOWA GIRL.

The Story of Belle Clinton, the Brave Dakota Homesteader.

A Little Sunny-Haired Lass' Successful Solution of One of the Serious Problems of Life.

[Nevada (Ia.) Representative:] Belle Clinton's fame has touched

oceans. To the people of Nevada she is known as Sallie Hambleton—the grave, gentle maiden who, since she came here a little sunny-haired lass in the parental ark, has glided quietly among us from the door of her father's pretty cottage in Linn street. The catechism she learned in the Methodist Sun The day school, the three R's in the old school-Agricultural college till broken health called a halt. One long winter she studied this problem of her own. Given physical unfitness for the avocation sary of the party, her sister May, and two young friends of the "male persuasion," set out in a prairie schooner for the great north west. Two weeks of journeying over a circuitous route, brought them to the home of was ringing for the first time with the shriek

Near the residence of her friend Miss Hamand when he laughed heartily he almost bleton selected her homestead and timber seemed to be crying. entered her claim. After a week's stay the pioneer party returned, brown, vigorous, and enthusiastic. The spring took our home-steader again to Mitchell, and she supervised the building of her shanty, the breaking stipulated by law, and the planting of her timber. Her cabin was supplied with such comforts as circumstances allowed, and the place became known to passers-by as "the school ma'am's claim, where the flowers

Just before Thanksgiving of that year she they laugh. In their presence, like Wendell Holmes, one "never dares to be as funny as one can," for fear of seeeditor of The Representative, then pencil-pusher of The Boone Republican, to a seat beside her in the railway car, and the two friends discussed her experience as a home-steader until the train reached Nevada. The main points of her experience were embodied in an editorial for the next issue of The Republican. Eli Perkins was, at that time, on a tour which included several towns on the line of the Northwestern. Whether he caught Miss Sallie's story from her own lips or others, found it in The Republican paragraphs, or in his own fertile imagi deponent sayeth not; but true it is that in his next published letter to The Chicago Daily Tribune was incorporated, with slight embellishments, the outline of the piogirl's doings. It was given as a railway conversation between himself and "Miss Belle Clinton, of Nevada, the smartest girl I met in Iowa." In those days young lady homeaders were rare, and the readers Tribune in this vicinity immediately referred the alias to Miss Hambleton. Eli Perkins letter was copied by the press in the east as well as in the far west.

In December letters began to arrive addressed to Belle Clinton, and they were un-hesitatingly assigned to Miss Hambleton. They hailed from all points from Maine to California, a single mail often bringing half a dozen. Before winter was over the per received had swelled to several hundred They were from old men, young men, widows and maids, and with rare exceptions, were honest inquiries for information by persons desiring to become homesteaders. Of course, they were honestly and faithfully answered, and with the opening of the spring of 1882, a considerable number of Belle Clin ton's correspondents became Dakota settlers. Cases in which death results from the physical excitement consequent on the press report of her enterprise is indi cated by the fact that, on the strength of it, one Greene county old German alone started off sixty young men; "For," said he, "what a girl can do, of course they can." In recognition of her service the officers of the Milwaukee railroad readily passed her over their line: and the second six months, shortened by a long visit from her mother, was spent on the claim.

In April last the third half year of occupation was begun. The right of a brave, gentle woman to strive honorably for indepe had made her cabin a castle impregnable to either open invader or secret foe; but destiny no most or fortress walls can stay. editorial room in San Francisco, a native of the city of brotherly love, whose kindred were still beside the Schuylkill, prepared "copy" for The Journal of Comm ome, the fireside of a friend, was one broken up by death. Belle Clinton, the Iowa maiden, pursuing a worthy purpose in a path unbeaten by her sex, 'had been named in numberless exchanges; and, in an hour of loneliness, he sent her a word of encouragement. The kindly message drew a courte ous response, and—it is the old, old storythus started, the moving shuttle was unhin-dered until it had woven fast two lives. In June, after Mrs. Hambleton had joined her daughter in Belle Clinton's rustic shanty, the prince first beheld his princess "face to face." His visit to Mitchell was followed by one to her parental home; the engagement ring tered on her finger, the Dakota claim was proved up, and in the George Hambleton ottage, in Nevada, rejoiced a reunited house-old. A few weeks of busy preparation followed, and then, September 4, the nuptials Belle Clinton's romance is complete, and

from the marrige sacrament go forth Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jarden.

Parisian Artichokes.

[Boston Folio.] How "the shop" will obtrude itself occanally in an unconscious way! I was dining the other day in company with P-- two well known artists, when from a ion of cauliflowers and "mounta ters" a step was taken in an opposite direc-

'Did you ever eat artichokes in Parisf' - of E-A heavy wagon was going by on the street

just then, and E—could not have heard distinctly, as his reply was: "Oh, yes! when I was in Paris I used to read all the art jokes, but I am out of the

And then there was a shout,

Cactus Paper.

Enterprises are on foot in Mexico for man-ufacturing paper and textiles out of the wild eactus which grows so abundantly in that country. The Denver Republican calls atcactus which tention to the fact that the same thing might be done in Colorad.

The Dakota lands set apart for educational purposes are valued at \$82,000,000.

ABDICATED.

[Nora Perry, in The Manhattan.]

So I step down and you step up;
Why not—why not?
I drained the draught, flung down the cup;

I drained the draught, flung down And you have got The little place I once called mine, And you will quaff The wine I quaffed and call it fine—It makes me laugh.

You'll get so weary of the thing Before you're through,
The shows, the lies, the paltering Of all the crew.

The shows, the lies, the pattering
Of all the crew.
I wonder if somewhere beyond
This earthly track,
When we have slipped the fleshly bond,
We shan'n't look back
With just this kind of glad relief,
And laugh to find
That we have left the grind and grief.

That we have left the grind and grief So far behind?

CAREER OF AN OREGON PIONEER.

Buckskin Jim" Gets Tired of New York in Twenty-Four Hours.

(New York Times One of the most remarkable of the 117 mem ers of the Oregon Pioneer association, Portland, Oregon, who arrived in this city from the west on Thursday night, and who are domiciled at the St. Nicholas hotel, is "Buckskin Jim," an old western settler and trapper of the Leather-stocking school, who derives his nickname from a costume which he usually wears, made of dressed buckskin in the real Indian style so familiar to the readers of dime novel literature. "Buckskin Jim's" real name is James Hearn.' He is over 70 years of age, well-to-do in the world, and few men are bet-ter or more favorably known on the Pacific slope. His story, as told to a reporter last night, had best be given in his own words:

"I ran away from my home in England,"
id he, "when I was 18 years of age, and sailed for the Pacific coast. The brig I went was wrecked on the coast south of San Francisco, and the few who were saved, including myself, fell into the hands of the In-dians, who treated us well. I staid among the Indians, wandering along the coast fish-ing and hunting. At Guaymas, in Sonora, in 1839, I think, I was taken by a party of Santa Anna's soldiers, who had orders to a every white man that could be found. were marched thence to Tepes on foot, and put in double irons. We were con-fined without the slightest pretext in a loathsome jail, and suffered greatly during the six months we spent there, in irons and persecuted by vermin. The British consul said that if every one of us would declare himself an Englishman he would liberate us at once. One of our party, the celebrated 'Yankee Jim,' declined at first, and said that nothing would induce him to declare himself a Britisher, but he came around and we all were liberated. Mr. Saunders preferred a claim against the Mexican government for damages, and he was so sure of getting it that he paid us \$360

per man and off we went.
"I then took a sailing vessel to Alaska, where I lived among the Flathead Indians. In '48, I caught the 'gold fever' and dug for gold in California. Oh. I struck it rich, you bet, Sometimes I had as much as 600 pounds weight of gold all at once, but it never lasted very long. I have no idea how much money I have dug out of the earth in my time, but I never could keep it. You'll never see an old forty-niner who has a cent. Since then I've given up mining, and have been engaged in real estate and stock raising in Idah@and Washington territory. I am going abroad next week to buy some Durham and Muley next week to buy some Durham and Muley calves, and when I get back I shall migrate to Snake river, the wildest place in Idaho.
Do I like the city? Not much. I have been here twenty-four hours and I'm sick to death There is not room enough for me. Tomorrow I am going to Bridgeport to try to find my sister, whom I haven't seen nor heard of for fifty years. I don't know whether she's alive or not, but maybe I'll find some nephews and nieces."

The aged pioneer suggested that it might be a good idea to go down Broadway to-day in his buckskin suit, but a friend advised him against it, on the ground that he might be mistaken for an advertisement

Old-Time Letter Writing.

[New York Tribune.]
It is a common but unjust complaint that cheap postage killed the art of letter writing. In the last century the dispatch of an epistle was an affair of some moment. The expense of the post was not to be incurred without consideration; and since it was the receiver of the missive who had to pay for it, every gentleman who valued his reputation was anxious that his friends should find his correspondence worth the money. The knack of mposing an elegant and entertaining letter of the first accomplishments de was one manded of a man of wit and culture, broad pages upon which he expended pains took the place, in some degree, which has since been filled by the newspaper and the magazine; every letter-writer tr to be an essayist, a chronicler politics and business, a critic, a gossip.

Hundreds of volumes of private correspondence have been collected and printed in our time, which rank with the most valuable materials for history and the most entertaining illustrations of the tastes, opinions and manners of past generations; and no incon-siderable part of them possess besides a positive literary quality. It is true that as soon as we go back to the fashionable era of letterg, to the time of Walpole and Pope, we find ourselves in the midst of insincerity and artifice; but these were characteristics of the society of that day, and the letters would not be prized so highly as they are if they were not faithful reflections of the life from which they came.

Waste Places in Michigan.

The burned regions of Michigan have been visited by a correspondent of The Detroit Free Press. He says: "Every half mile brings to view, as you sail on the Au Sable, an open space in the forests many acres in extent. There are thick blackened tree trunks on the ground, protruding in all directions from their shroud of green under-brush. A more impressive spectacle are the dead nine trees still standing in these open areas, black around the roots, and as straight as a dart a hundred feet in the the air. These are the gaunt skeletons of what once were splendid living pines, now killed by the forest fires that periodically sweep through the Michigan woodlands during drought. Not far below the mouth of the Au Sable, and on the other side of Saginaw bay, is the region where the deadly fires, two years ago, devastated the woodlands, destroying hundreds of lives and millions of

A Parental Pun.

[San Francisco Argonaut.] "Does a goose lay eggs!" inquired Rollo, ne brisk morning in breezy March. And Rollo's father, sitting behind the stove, eating quinine with a spoon, and trying to shake his whole skeleton out of his pockets, made reply: "Yes, my son, ague slays everything. It has slain your father."

Too Attractive.

(Exchange.)

A Brooklyn merchant made his signs and vindows so attractive that the gazers blocked the streets and his competitors asked the courts to haul in his attractions, and the court actually made the order.