

FROM GUY OSBORNE

EXPERIENCE OF A SALEM BOY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Work of the Concord and Her Crew in Establishing American Rule—Spaniards Released.

(From Daily, April 4th.)

W. H. Osborn is in receipt of a letter from his son, Guy R. Osborn, who, for the past three years, has served Uncle Sam as a landsman on board the United States gunboat Concord, and who has participated in all the naval operations in the Philippines since the war broke out. The letter received by Mr. Osborn yesterday is dated "Gulf of Son Miguel, February 27, 1900," and in it the young man says that a short time ago his vessel cruised off the coast of the Hundred Islands, after which it was ordered to Cavite in the dock, remaining at Cavite during January and February. The Paragua, a small gunboat attached to the Concord, had been sent to chart the coast of the Hundred Islands and do patrol duty. Mr. Osborn is one of the small crew of the Paragua, and seems to have been performing an important part of the work for which the boat was detailed. Following is the letter he writes to his father:

"Just before we left Cavite, I received a letter from home. It was the first one that I had received for several months. Well, we had orders to come down and help General Bates make a landing here. The Marietta and four transports are here, but could not go up the river, so we took two companies of soldiers on board and went up thirty miles to the town, which is called Nuevo Caceres, and is the capital of the province of Camarines Sur. We did not have to fire one shot because, as quick as the Filipinos saw us, they ran away. Just as quick as the soldiers landed they went out at outposts, and we were in the town. We looted the houses and took a lot of stuff out of them. I got this book which I am writing in, and a No. 18 Remington shotgun, a lot of Spanish phrases, a full set of chessmen with board, some fine neckerchiefs, a good sheet, six pretty rosaries, a gold badge, and some other things. Some of the boys found jewelry and watches and money. It was a good haul for us. We got into the town at 10 o'clock in the morning, and remained until 9 o'clock the next day.

"Then we went back down to the Marietta for orders. She ordered us to go over to one of the transports and to top up the river boats, which she had loaded with rations for the soldiers at Nuevo Caceres. Well, we towed these up and started back, but had not gone far when we heard a shooting on the banks of the river alongside of us, and we stopped and lowered a boat and went to see what was the matter. We found they were two Spanish prisoners who had escaped from the Filipinos. We started, and had not gone much further, when we picked up four more, and they were pretty nearly starved. We gave them food and clothes, and sent them to the Marietta, and she will take them to Manila. They told us, there were 400 more about twenty miles further up. The army will try to get them. We got stuck on the bottom about three hours before we got out of the river that time. I will write from 'Ho Ho next'."

The writer gives his address at Ho Ho, Panay Island.

A BIG SALE MADE

450 BALES SOLD YESTERDAY—BY HOP GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

Hop Vines Are Shooting Forth Rapidly and Are Fully Two Weeks Earlier Than Last Year.

(From Daily, April 4th.)

The month of April is opening up most auspiciously for the Oregon Hop-growers' Association, and the officers of that organization naturally feel pleased with the outlook. The officers of the association's office, in this city yesterday reported the sale of several lots of hops, aggregating 450 bales. The hop vines are growing splendidly in all of the yards. James Winstanley, secretary of the hop-growers' association, yesterday found shoots in his yard north of this city that were fully a yard in length. While this is an exceptional growth, yet vines in all of the yards throughout the county have attained a growth of several inches. In fact, the vines are fully two weeks earlier than they were in the season of 1899. Wiring is in progress in many yards.

Mr. Winstanley, who made a trip to Portland a few days ago, made particular observation of the condition of hop yards bordering along the railroad track. His observations disclosed the fact that a number of the yards that were cultivated last year, have been abandoned, not even having been cleared of the vines of last year's crop. This condition, together with the receipt of reports from various sections that some yards are being ploughed up, will doubtless result in a reduced acreage and a consequent contracted yield, thinks Mr. Winstanley, although the deficiency so created will be partly supplied by the yield from yards that were set out last year.

TO ASK FOR FUNDS

SALEM HOSPITAL ANXIOUS TO OCCUPY NEW HOME PROPERTY.

Necessary Improvements Make Essential the Raising of Between \$2,000 and \$5,000—Committee to Work.

(From Daily, April 4th.)

In the Salem hospital, the Capital City has an asylum for the sick and maimed that reflects credit upon the community. Although it has been but four years since this worthy institution was established in Salem, yet in that period it has made a record for

the successful treatment of cases that is equalled by few and surpassed, proportionately speaking, by no hospital or sanitarium on the coast.

The hospital is not supported by a single endowment nor by any monetary donation. By the most careful and economical management, the institution has been made practically self-sustaining, which is far more than other hospitals are doing under even more favorable conditions. But this is of secondary consideration. Since the hospital was established in Salem, no single appeal for funds has been made, and a subscription at this time would not be asked, were it not particularly essential to the future welfare of the institution. Unfortunately, the possessions of the hospital management, including the site now occupied, which was donated to the hospital by J. H. Albert, are not available for present needs. An appeal for popular subscription is the only alternative for the management of the hospital.

Prior to her death, Mrs. J. L. Parrish donated to the Oregon Childrens Aid Society the property that is now known as the Glen Oak Orphan's Home on Asylum Avenue. The property was occupied as an orphanage until the state refused to grant the usual bi-annual appropriation for its support, necessitating the abandonment of the property as an orphanage about one year ago. In order to perpetuate the memory of Mrs. Parrish, commensurate with the idea that prompted the gift, the board of managers of the Orphan's Home decided to give the property to the Salem hospital people with the reservation that it should always be used as a hospital and not occupied as a hospital within one year after its acceptance, then the property should revert to the donors.

The year alluded to in the above paragraph, expires on August 1st and it is essential that early action be taken if the hospital people are to retain possession of this valuable property, so admirably suited for hospital purposes by reason of its suburban location and the excellent sanitary conditions afforded. The present quarters are not suited for hospital purposes neither by location nor in construction of the building, nor is it adequately large to meet the requirements. Hence the occasion for removing into new quarters is quite apparent. But before the Orphan's Home building can be occupied, extensive changes on the interior of the building will have to be made. The contemplated improvements, which are absolutely necessary for the proper management of the building, will require an outlay of between \$3000 and \$5000 and the charitable people of Salem will be asked to provide this amount.

The board of managers at a recent meeting named the following committee on subscriptions: H. T. Bruce, W. T. Gray and E. P. McCormack. The committee will begin soliciting subscriptions some time this week and is entitled to a very cordial and respectful hearing at the hands of Salem's business and professional men and all other public-spirited citizens.

TO CAPE NOME.—Mrs. Anna M. Nichol, for the past four years, manager of the Salem office of the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company, has resigned her position, and leaves for Puyallup, Washington, this morning, whence she sails for the Cape Nome gold fields in a few days. Mrs. Nichol will be joined at Puyallup, by a lady friend and two trained nurses, and the party, well supplied with a number of tents and the necessary appliances, will go to Nome City, for the purpose of establishing a hospital in that dismal and faraway country. Mrs. Nichol has made numerous friends in this city during her long stay here, and as a result, there is universal regret at her departure. She has taken a high place in the business community, while in the social world, and especially in fraternal circles, her place will be difficult to fill. Mrs. Nichol has the heartfelt wishes of her numerous Salem friends for unbounded success in the gold fields of the far North.

A STOCK RANCH.—The Primeville Land & Live Stock Company filed articles of incorporation in the state department yesterday. The new firm will engage in the business of raising and dealing in live stock of all kinds; deal in general merchandise, and do a general commission business. The principal office will be located at Portland. The company has a capital of \$125,000, divided into shares valued at \$100 each. Henry Hahn, Julius Durkheimer, and Moses Baruh are the incorporators of record.

ONE DIPLOMA.—The state board of education held a brief session at the capitol yesterday, to consider the application of Miss Belle Wallace, of Pendleton, for a state diploma. The document was granted by the board upon the applicant's showing that she was the holder of a life certificate granted by the educational department of the former state of Michigan.

FORMER SALEMITES.—The Pioneer Mutual Insurance Association has been organized recently at Seattle, and among its prominent officers are two former Salem men of considerable experience in the insurance business, viz: J. H. Bridgeford, who is secretary, and Harvey S. Jordan, who is treasurer.

PAID IN FULL.—The Benton county treasurer yesterday deposited \$4889.21 in the state treasury department, the same being the balance due from that county on the 1899 tax. This is the second county to pay its state tax in full, Columbia having done likewise only last week.

ANOTHER IDOL SHATTERED.

She was a kindly faced woman, and it was easy to see that she was bubbling over with love for the little folk, says the Omaha World-Herald. She walked modestly into the office of the city editor and enquired:

"Will you please tell me which one of the staff is it that writes all those pretty little stories about children? I know he must love the little folks because he writes such nice stories about them. I want to tell him a precious thing. My story about my darling boy who is only—"

"That's the man over there," interrupted the city editor.

"Which one, pray?"

"That one with the cornicol pipe in this mouth and swearing at the office boy."

A QUESTION OF GENDER.

Teacher—Willie, what's the masculine of "laundress?"

Willie Wiseguy—Chinaman!—Brooklyn Life.

TRIP IN MONTANA

ELLTON SHAW WRITES THE STATESMAN FROM LIVINGSTON.

Excellent Descriptions of Cities in That Mining State—Customs of the People—Slow Travelling.

LIVINGSTON, Mont., March 25.—

Editor Statesman: I believe, I wrote you last from Helena, which place we left Tuesday forenoon, after sitting up all night, waiting for the train, which was delayed on account of the wrecking of a freight some few miles west of Helena. Twelve freight cars were smashed, but no one seriously injured. Leaving Helena, we run south and east through a country which resembles, to a certain extent, the eastern part of Oregon, along near the Columbia. It is a rolling plain, covered with bunchgrasses. The land is gravelly and will raise but little, if anything at all, without irrigating.

We reached Townsend, a small town thirty-three miles from Helena, at the noon hour. This little place is a farming town. Here we could see stubble fields and a few straw stacks. The town is on the Missouri river, but any one who has ever seen the "Old Muddy" down along its lower course, would not recognize the stream at this place, for here the water is as clear as that of any mountain stream, flowing over a pebbly river bed, and presenting to our minds an altogether different picture from the muddy, curling, twisting, boiling, and moving stream which we see when looking upon the Missouri at Omaha or St. Joe.

In the evening, at 12:30, the train being one hour late, we started for Bozeman, a town of 5000 people. This place, the capital of Gallatin county, is in the heart of a rich river basin known as the Gallatin valley. Their main crops here are oats, barley and wheat. As you know, grains and vegetables here are bought and sold by the cental, oats \$1 per cental. Potatoes are high all through this country. Nine gallons timothy hay, is \$14 per ton; alfalfa hay is Jess, 25 cents per dozen, and winter, 25 cents, 30 cents per pound. Cheese is a scarce article in this section. I found some on the table at the Cosmopolitan hotel in Helena, but it was not much like Warren Cranston's cheese. Bozeman has, I think, three big flouring mills and two or three big grain elevators. I did not see the interior of any of them, but from outside they look like Eastern elevators, not Oregon warehouses. On the low lands here they irrigate and secure the greatest yields per acre of any place of earth—so they tell me. The subtle looks as if their reports might be true. On the rolling land they can not irrigate and do not get such large yields per acre. The soil is black and loamy, and when the frost begins to leave in the spring it resembles very much an Iowa slough under the same circumstances, and some of your readers know just how such soil is adapted to road building. I saw a wagon loaded with rock drop through the street one morning, and after a few attempts to pull it out and breaking the tongue "square off," they left it there, every wheel down to the hub. They say the roads get muddy sometimes, but they are dry on top now.

This town is well laid out and has trees all over the place—cottonwood, but they look as though they were all dead. There are mountains on all sides. Off to the east is a high point called "Old Baldy." It is smooth as can be, round, and has nothing growing on top of it. To the south is Blackmore's Peak, bearing on the north side of it a large St. George's cross, formed by the huge crevice being filled with snow, while the snow surrounding it melts, leaving the glistening white cross on the face of the bare mountain.

The next morning after arriving here we saw a couple of men, mounted on good saddle horses, accompanied by seven big stag hounds, start out to the foothills to chase wolves. The state pays a bounty of \$5 per head, and the stockmen, in addition to this, give \$20 per head, so a wolf's scalp makes a couple of men a good day's salary, not including the sport they and their dogs have in the chase.

Friday morning while Sam Lee, a noted stockman and expert broncho buster, was chasing a loose horse about town, he saw a horse race to near a telegraph pole. Mr. Lee's head struck one of the iron spikes projecting from the pole. He was knocked off his horse and fell upon his left shoulder blade was fractured and his left eye was put out by the spike projecting from the pole. I saw him only a few minutes from the time the accident occurred. The man kept saying: "Boys, I am about dead; my heart is knocked out of place." He is a large man, of middle age, well known and has a great many friends throughout this and other parts of the state. He is the second, if not the best rider in the state. At one time he was challenged to ride a wild horse, and at the time had a \$100 watch in his pocket. He mounted the horse, took his watch out, held it in one hand so the cayuse in its fearful lunge and plunging would not shake the watch so badly.

Bozeman is a quiet little place at the present time. The Hotel Bozeman is the best building. The business portion of the town is a mile from the depot, but the electric cars meet all the trains. The car fare during the day is 10 cents; at night, 25 cents.

In the evening at 4:45 we took passage on a Northern Pacific freight, composed of about fifty cars and two Northern Pacific hogs, for Livingston, a distance of twenty-five miles. From Bozeman to the Bozeman tunnel, on about the summit of the ridge between the Missouri and Yellowstone valleys, the grade is quite heavy, and we made haste slowly as the following statement will show you. Any one, who is acquainted with me, knows I am not a very swift runner, but at different times I dropped from the steps of the car, and, holding by one hand, ran along on the ground. Not being satisfied with this, I jumped off, ran along by the train without any support whatever. So you can see why it took a half hour and 15 minutes to make the twenty-five miles. After passing through the tunnel we left our engine, at the evening of the way is down hill, and the next day it rained a shower, the first of the season they say. It was more wind than rain. This town we reached at 7 o'clock. It is built on ground as flat as a floor, sandy and

gravelly. The wind blows and piles the sand up against the houses and fences. The foothills, only a short distance away, as well as the small valleys, are covered with dry bunchgrasses. Not a sprout of a tree around the place. Snow-clad mountains are on all sides. The Yellowstone river flows off to the south. You can see a canyon leading out into the mountains, and it is up this that the railroad is built to the National Park, a distance of fifty miles from here. The park season does not open until June 15th. They tell me there is but little snow in the park now, only three and one-half feet. This is an exceptionally mild winter. The Yellowstone river here is about like the Missouri at Townsend. They are about like the Santiam from Jefferson down to the Willamette.

THE CASH BALANCE

FINANCIAL CONDITION OF MARIION COUNTY TREASURY.

Funds Have Increased During the Month of March on Account of the Collection of Taxes.

Treasurer A. L. Downing, of Marion county, yesterday gave out his financial report for the month of March, showing the moneys received and disbursed during the month and the balances on hand. During the month the receipts have exceeded the expenditures by a considerable amount, the reason for this being the receipt of the moneys collected by the sheriff, and turned over to the treasurer last Saturday. The statement is as given below:

Special City and School Dist. Fund—
Cash on hand March 1st.....\$ 159 88
Receipts..... 1440 00

Total.....\$ 1605 94
Disbursements..... 80 20

Cash on hand April 1st.....\$ 1525 68
General Fund—
Cash on hand March 1st.....\$ 2610 17
Receipts..... 6914 00

Total.....\$ 9524 23
Disbursements..... 357 21

Cash on hand April 1st.....\$ 9167 02
General School Fund—
Cash on hand March 1st.....\$ 485 35
Receipts..... 1801 49

Total.....\$ 4376 84
Disbursements..... 411 00

Cash on hand April 1st.....\$ 1965 84
Indigent Soldier Fund—
Cash on hand March 1st.....\$ 168 17
Receipts..... 37 73

Total.....\$ 205 90
Disbursements..... 119 25

Cash on hand April 1st.....\$ 86 65
Institute Fund—
Cash on hand March 1st.....\$ 16 00
Cash on hand April 1st.....\$ 16 00

Tax Sale Fund—
Cash on hand March 1st.....\$ 40 00
Cash on hand April 1st.....\$ 40 00

Bicycle Fund—
Cash on hand March 1st.....\$ 178 34
Cash on hand April 1st.....\$ 178 34

Summary of Totals—
Cash on hand March 1st.....\$ 3657 91
Receipts..... 10,289 34
Total.....\$13,947 25
Disbursements..... 97 72

DECLINE OF PUBLIC LISTENING

Some comparison of notes with victims of Washington's Birthday banquets and other "intolerable necessities" of the sort (as the pessimist called the wedding at which he was present), confirms us in the belief that speakers on such occasions are finding their audiences more and more indifferent, not to say downright disrespectful. The painful spectacle is getting to be too common of an orator going heroically through his appointed task, in the face of hearers who shake no attempt to conceal their weariness and impatience. The thing has gone far beyond yawning or ostentatious sleep. Noisy chatter is heard. Little groups throughout the banquet-hall fall to discussing, story-telling, laughing, with the coolest ignoring of the hapless speaker. He may be an invited guest from out of town. He may even be a foreigner. No matter; if he is unlucky enough to fail to interest his audience in his first five minutes, it is all up with him. He might as well try to talk to the surf on the shore as to the buzzing tables-full of bored and disgusted hearers. We sometimes debate whether there has been a decline in public speaking; there is a clear decline in public listening. We believe, further, that the ravages of the "humorous" speaker have done a great deal to break down the old habit of respectful attention to serious speaking. It has got so that a speaker must have his stock of quips and stories, or he is at once wored a bore. Anything but the comic line will do; the broader the grinning through a horse-collar, the better; but to leave it off altogether is as fatal as it would be for an orator to leave off his shirt-collar. We have come to put an immense premium on silliness at public dinners. A favorite way is to pit two rival wits against each other. They launch their carefully prepared impromptus, and keep the tables in a roar with their toques, all polished up in advance, and it is rare sport. But where is the speaking? And what becomes of the faculty of attending to a man with something really to say. It is sedulously bred down by turning the whole thing into farce and horse-play.—New York Post.

SHE BUILDS MINIA

TURE SHIPS.

A Little Colorado Girl's Copy of the Nashville—the House She Made.

In the great mining camp of Leadville lives one of the brightest, bravest and most ingenious little girls that the west of Colorado shames upon. Her name is Florence Fulton and she is eleven years old, but so small for her age that she does not look over twenty.

Among her accomplishments is that of ship building. On both sides of the street where she lives runs a ditch. The monster pumps at the mines force the water up and send it down through the ditches of the town below in a mad rush. It comes almost to the

level of the banks when the full force is on and tears down with a speed as if it could not fly fast enough to make way for the volume back of it. In these ditches Florence has naval parades.

The finest piece of work that Florence has ever turned out is the Nashville. She built it without assistance or advice from any one, copying from pictures in old magazines of the real Nashville. It has portholes made with eyelets taken from old shoes. Its smokestacks rise tall and majestic, as if they really carried clouds of black smoke from panting furnaces below. All the finishings of this miniature war vessel took time and skill. There were masts to carve out and ropes and spars to adjust, and all the details of a big fighting ship to arrange.

Florence has never seen a big ocean steamer, but she has studied pictures until she knows more about them than many boys and girls who have lived on the sea coast and crossed the ocean in them. It was only after many days of hard and patient work on her Nashville that, by adding improvements here and there, she at last turned out an immensely clever copy of it. The dashing trip it has since taken down the muddy waters of the ditch would make a book of exciting tales.

Besides ships and all kinds of inferior crafts which she makes, she has rigged out an array on which she molds metal into any shape she desires. She treats it in the kitchen stove and pounds it out with an old hatchet. Since the United States has gone into the fighting business it has naturally turned her mind into warlike channels. As a result she has been turning ploughshares into swords upon her anvil and making a regular arsenal of her workshop. She even has her cannon mounted on wheels and sometimes spends weeks on one piece of work.

Last summer she built a house in the back yard. It looked very much like a mosaic. The framework was of scantling. Over this was a most elaborate patchwork of slabs, scraps of shingles and remnants of old boxes. Anything she could pick up she utilized. All these different pieces she fitted neatly together, so that the house inside was snug and warm. She put in a window and hung a strong door so that it could be securely fastened up at night. She also put a number on it and gilded the figures. She fitted up the interior with shelves and seats and papered it with railroad posters, on which were great, gleaming red strawberries, advertising strawberry day in one of the neighboring towns. On the outside she had a flag staff, and when at home she ran up an American flag.

At one time her sympathy was so keen for the Cubans that she put up the Cuban colors, but one of the smallurchins of the neighborhood tore them down, and she has never since replaced them. Instead she spent weeks in carving out an immense cannon and mounting it before the door as a warning to the small boy to keep at a safe distance.

Florence also draws well, and she has a good ear for music. She was taught to play with not doing the things that little girls should, such as sewing and doll-dressing-making. In her disgust she said nothing, but a few days later presented her doll to her mother completely dressed as a boy, having even made a pair of kid boots for it.—Denver News.

THE LAUGH ON GIBSON.

Not long ago a boy came into Gibson's studio and begged permission to show some drawings. The lad wanted to know if the drawings gave any evidence of a future career for the artist who made them. Gibson looked at the sketches over, and in a disgusted way exclaimed:

"Not a bit. There is not a line in all these that gives any promise. They are crude—in fact, they are awful. If that is all you can do, quit. The hand that drew these things can never be the hand of a successful artist."

"Are you quite sure, Mr. Gibson, with study the person who made these drawings might not accomplish something?"

"Quite sure," said Gibson. "There is no hope."

Then the boy, with a dejected air, said:

"Mr. Gibson, my father is outside. Will you see him and tell him what you have told me?"

"Oh, show him in," said Gibson, anxious to end the interview.

The father came in and asked: "Are you sure these drawings give no promise?"

"They are awful," said Gibson. "The boy will never make an artist. Don't let him waste his time."

Just then Gibson took a second look at the father's face and said:

"Your face is familiar. Have I met you before?"

"I thought you would know me," said the father. "You lived at my home one winter, and these are your own drawings, made while you were a youngster."

Gibson gasped. He had passed on his own work, not recognizing it after the lapse of years, and the boy had made him foolish.

There was a good laugh, of course, but Gibson did not feel like laughing when his visitors had gone.—Washington Letter.

CREATED A SULPHUR LAKE.

In the Western part of the Mexican State of Michoacan, near the Lake of Chapala in the Guadalupe hacienda, an underground rumbling was heard recently, followed by a strong detonation, which threw the populace into a panic. An immense column of smoke rose from a neighboring hill, which is famous for its sulphur springs. A lake of hot sulphur water formed on the plateau of the hill. The lake is 1,000 feet across and 60 feet deep.

AN UNREDEEMABLE BORE.

Is the Conceited Man Standing Sentry at the Door of His Dignity.

Good fellow-ship is not only a natural gift, or trait, so to be found in the Americans, says Max O'Rell in the New York Journal; it is a quality cultivated by them even as late as in the mature days of manhood. And I hope I shall not offend American women if, using the word in its best and most respectful sense, I say that they do, too, strike the foreigners as good fellows, good comrades.

The conceited man has no humor in him, nor can he see it in others. The conceited man is a dull fool, who spends his life standing sentry at the door of his dignity. He is an unreasonable bore, who misses the sweetest pleasures of life, and makes life unbearable to all those who live around him. You do not meet that man in polite society in America.

The American man is a generous, good-hearted, pleasant, genial, good fellow, with whom you get on from the beginning. In England you meet charming men, but there is a crust to break through at first before you can get at them. The American is wide open, ready for use.

HOUSE SERVANTS IN BOSTON.

The Labor Bulletin of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for February contains some interesting information along many different lines, says the Boston Herald. In general, it is an effective prosperity document, as it shows gains along a number of industries, with plenty of work promised for the future. The bulletin is also interesting to those directly or indirectly affected by the "servant-girl" problem. Indeed, some of the worst kickers on that score might get information from the bulletin which would aid them in keeping efficient servants and improving poor ones. There are servants in Boston who read Schiller and Goethe.

A considerable mass of statistics is published in regard to domestic employment, showing in representative instances the number of servants employed in a family, a classification of them according to their respective lines of work, their wages, places of birth, religion, reading and the chances given for it, opportunities for education, classes, lectures, etc., their savings in banks, the extent to which they support others, and so on.

In regard to wages, it is said: "The most numerous wage classes comprise 25 out of 231, the entire number, who received \$3 per week; 50 who were paid \$3.50; 81 at \$4; 31 at \$4.50, and 25 at \$5. Only three employes received less than \$3. One was paid \$6.50, six \$6 and one \$5.50. As might be expected, the wages of the cooks range highest, only about 37 per cent of the entire number receiving a wage as low as \$4. The average wage, the entire number of employes being considered, was \$4; for the cooks alone, \$4.62; for the employes in general household, \$3.72; for the parlor and chambermaids, etc., \$4.22, and for the second girls, \$3.81."

"These figures are undoubtedly somewhat above those which would appear in localities more remote from Boston or any large city. When it is remembered that board is included in the money wage, the aggregate recompense for the week's service per employe does not suffer in comparison, if there were no other factors to be considered, with wages paid in stores or factories, to women of average capacity."

In regard to religion, it is shown that of the whole number of cases investigated, 231, there were 155 Roman Catholics, 74 Protestants, and two persons whose religion was unknown.

As to the character of the reading, newspapers and magazines were available to the employes and read by them in 130 instances; newspapers only in 55 additional cases. Reading of this kind was seldom done in 11 cases; never in 79, and in 16 cases the replies were not definite or conclusive.

The replies as to the kinds of books which were read were so various as to make any simple generalization impossible. The more prominent may be given, however. In 33 instances no books were read, and in 57 no answer was given and the question, in eight others the reply was that the facts were unknown. The replies that remain number 133.

Cook books apparently comprised either all or nearly all that were read in three instances. Nearly all the others are reported to read fiction only, the exceptions being so few as to be easily noted. In two or three cases history, either of the United States or England, seemed to be preferred. In one a philosophical or critical work was mentioned; in one, the works of Goethe and Schiller, and in one of Homer were specified; and in one of the Chautauque course was followed. One kind of fiction mentioned ranged from children's books to the novels of George Eliot, Dumas, Dickens, Thackeray, Victor Hugo and Eugene Sue. In a few cases the reading of novels was supplemented by the works of Shakespeare.

O'MALLEY'S HAVERSACK.

During an advance in Manila, recently, one company had to lie down at the side of the road for shelter from the well-directed volleys of the insurgents. One of the privates had dropped his haversack in the middle of the road away back, and after the company had lain down, he calmly stood up and walked down the road towards the lost haversack. He made a fine target for the insurgents, and the bullets rattled around him pretty lively. "Here, come back here, O'Malley," yelled the lieutenant of the company; "you'll be killed." "Well," replied O'Malley over his shoulder, "I might just as well be killed as have General Otis a rumtin' me up hill and down dale and comin' over to me house every mornin' and a sayin', 'O'Malley, why don't you pay the government for that haversack?'" Then he calmly walked and, as he came back and sat down just in time to escape a volley of Manners, he threw the haversack on the ground and said: "And when he does come tomorrow mornin' to me house, I'll say, 'Otis, me little man, you're dead wrong. I never lost no haversack. There's your bloody old potato-bag. Take it to the government with me compliments.'"—Chicago Tribune.

None of the current items of literary news has been commented upon more widely among Frenchmen and readers of French literature than the announcement that Joris-Karl Huysmans, the novelist, has finally left the world and joined a Benedictine monastery as an "oblate"—that is to say, with permission to live outside the monastery and continue his writing. M. Huysmans declares himself through with the world and avows that he regrets none of the customs and companionships which he is leaving. Naturally those who followed the author's progress as shown in his works through various stages of skepticism and pessimism to the beginning of religious faith naturally trace an analogy between his own life and his intellectual evolution as disclosed in his books.