

IN THEIR MEMORY.

HOW THE OBSERVANCES OF DECORATION DAY ORIGINATED.

It was in the South that flowers were first strewn on the graves of soldiers and the incident called forth the poem, "The Blue and the Gray."

May 30, 1865, was not a day for sentiment or ceremony in the United States. Never, indeed, in the history of the great republic, had so many exciting events occurred in so brief a time as then, and never again, let us hope, will there be so many sad and anxious hearts. The tears of the bereaved in the north were, it is true, relieved by the smiles which greeted the returning brave; from all parts of the south the Union soldiers were coming home, to receive the homage of a nation and live as an honored class, while the poor Confederate sorrowfully sought his desolated home with only wounds and glory for his pay.

At last there was peace. The almost exhausted nation breathed freely again and took account of her hurts. Over 500,000 men had died on the field and in the hospital, nearly 500,000 more were disabled; 1,000,000 had been subtracted from the virile force of the country, while wealth had been wasted and money poured out like water. In the north there was mourning enough; but in the south every second plantation was desolate and the commerce of every port was dead, every family wore weeds, every fifth house was in ashes, every third soldier had sunk to his grave. The nation as a whole had been treated freely but a day when its president was assassinated, and the grand review of 300,000 Union veterans at Washington, on the 23d of May, was contemporary with the beginning of the trial of the conspirators. In the south all was uncertainty, their chosen leaders in prison, and all prominent Confederates in doubt of their future. Verily, it was no time for Decoration day ceremonies.

Yet even that early were the beginnings of the custom noted. A few women ladies on different days, and at widely separated points, had during the spring held simple ceremonies at the cemeteries and garlanded the tombs of their lamented heroes. Early in 1866, by a common impulse, the custom was adopted in the south; the 26th of April was the day selected, and it remains the southern day. Let it be noted that Decoration day had its origin in the south, and that its first general observance was marked by some touching incidents which tended to soften the animosities of the late war.

At Columbus, Miss., where many Federal soldiers were buried, the ladies, in a noble spirit of tenderness and hope for the renewed union, strewed flowers upon the graves of both Federals and Confederates, and from every part of the nation came warm eulogies. There were those who sneered and disapproved this womanly act but The Vicksburg Herald, then published by a Federal and edited by a Confederate veteran, gave this manly tribute:

"We envy not the narrow heartedness of journalists who can find fault with no noble action. To our mind it speaks volumes for the purity of woman's character. Our ladies are not politicians—they are Christian women. And while engaged in decorating and preserving the graves of our soldiers, they thought not of warlike strife, nor of vengeance against the dead. They only knew, as they viewed those solitary graves of strangers in a strange land, that they were sleeping far away from home; far from mothers and sisters, and as they dropped the spring roses on their sunny clime upon their silent resting places, it was with the Christian hope that some fair sister in the north, in a like charitable spirit, might not overlook the silent graves of our southern sons which are scattered among them."

The charitable and patriotic hope thus expressed was not immediately realized; but from many kindred spirits came a warm response, and from the pen of one northern woman came, when this incident was related to her, that touching poem, "The Blue and the Gray."

Everywhere in the south the day was looked upon as one of sad memories, and people of both colors maintained an air of quiet and mournful respect. So highly was this appreciated at the north that there was a general call for the adoption of the custom, and in May, 1867, in many places, decoration days were observed with appropriate ceremonies. In 1868 the southern day came in the very heat and fury of the first election under the reconstruction acts, and all tender memories were laid aside for the time. Indeed, all testimonies agree that that spring was the season of greatest bitterness ever known in the south, and the beautiful customs of Decoration day would have been out of place.

In the meantime, however, the most active Federal soldiers were organized in the Grand Army of the Republic; that organization appointed May 30 as Decoration day. It was generally observed and has steadily grown in the popular affection. On the 5th of May, 1868, John A. Logan, commander-in-chief, and N. F. Chipman, adjutant general of the G. A. R., issued from headquarters in Washington the first general order for posts and companies to decorate the graves of the dead. It was a document of rare beauty and most unofficial eloquence, concluding thus: "We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of sword or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the presence or to the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic. If other eyes grow dull and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us. Let us, then, at the appointed time gather round their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring time; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, sacred charges upon a nation's gratitude; the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan."

This was this beautiful custom formally established; the successive anniversary funds the people more ready to observe it, and in many parts of the land all the departed are remembered with offerings, and the day bids fair to become our national "Festival for the Dead."

One of the good results flowing from the beautiful ceremonies of Decoration day, is the revival of family fellowship, the reunion of hearts and hands around the grave of a common relative. We all know how easily near relatives become alienated or embittered over questions of property; and how envy creeps in when one is rapidly growing rich and the others growing poor. But when they meet by the grave of a brother or father who served his country, and share in the honor accorded the relatives of the dead, it often happens—many affecting circumstances show it—how the way is opened for a complete reconciliation.

THE SONS OF ADAM.

Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, is the only bachelor in the senate.

Senator Sherman, who always dresses well, ties his own necktie.

Congressman Kelley, of Pennsylvania, was a proof reader at the outset of his career.

John Jay was the only chief justice New York state has ever produced. He was appointed in 1789 and served six years.

Lord Augustus Loftus, at one time Queen Victoria's ambassador at Vienna, now presides over the bookkeeping department of Lady Loftus' millinery store.

Matthew Arnold drew a pension from the British civil list. The pension lapsed at his death, but it is understood that Queen Victoria will be asked to continue the pension to Mr. Arnold's widow.

Ex-Senator Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, has made all his fortune since the war. At the close of hostilities he had hardly a dollar in the world, but rented an abandoned Arkansas plantation and in less than ten years had made \$1,000,000.

George Francis Train has contracted for a lecture tour, with the provision that twenty or more minutes of each lecture shall be devoted to exploiting the history and purposes of the city of Omaha.

The Emperor Frederick of Germany has directed that hereafter, in the service of the Lutheran church, he shall be prayed for not in the old form, as "his imperial majesty the Emperor Frederick," but as "thy servant, Frederick, the emperor."

The youngest cowboy in the world is Logan Mulhall. He is only six years old, but he owns and manages a herd of over 100 cattle in the Cheyenne nation. He is worth \$1,300 in his own right, and his profits this year will probably reach \$500.

The Rev. George Barnes, the famous evangelist from the mountains of Kentucky, is a man of striking appearance. He is now 60 years old, is fully six feet tall, and his straight, vigorous form shows no sign of the stoop that comes from age. His face shows strength of character and earnestness in every line.

During Max O'Rell's visit in this country he received letters from a number of would-be prominent people in various parts of the country suggesting that in case he concluded to write a book about the United States he incorporate in it some reference to them; and to make this easy for him they inclosed a laudatory sketch of their lives.

Otto Hegner, the new piano prodigy, over whom London is going into raptures, is said by careful critics to be gaining the hearty approval of professional pianists. He looks younger than his alleged 11 years, and is a pretty boy with curly black hair and intelligent face. For six years he has been receiving careful training from Hans Huber, of Basel.

The number of artists who wield the pen as well as the brush is increasing every day. To the list, which has for some time included the names of Frank D. Millet, Howard Pyle, George H. Boughton, Kenyon Cox, Joseph Pennell and William H. Gibson, may now be added those of Edwin Blashfield and Frederick A. Bridgman. Mr. Pennell and Mr. Blashfield are ably assisted by their wives, and it is hard to tell where one lays down the pen and the other takes it up.

Mr. Gladstone received an honorarium of 100 guineas for the manuscript of the last brief essay with which he favored an American magazine. The Sage of Hawarden has got higher pay from several American periodicals than they ever gave to any writer. A few days ago the editor of a monthly arsenal of brains made him an offer which overtopped anything yet sent to him. "It is not for his thought," the editor said in explanation, "but for his name."

Recently, while in social converse with a friend, Bismarck, in answer to a question, remarked that in the course of his long and eventful life he had never met with but one thing that really mystified him. "I cannot," he said, "account for the fact that a group of men figures never by any chance look at an object they are supposed to be interested in, or at each other." This little revelation of the man's keen observation exhibits the spark that has made him a great statesman.

Congressman Charles O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, is the only man in congress who personally knows and can call by name every voter in his district. If he receives a letter from a person he does not know, the first act after his arrival in Philadelphia is to call upon that person and make his acquaintance. Every new family that moves into his district is at once looked up, and every one that moves away receives a Godspeed from the congressman.

John Wheeler, a toll collector of the Titzeville and Pleasantville road, has made from the casual appendage of a porcine squealer as much money as a lawyer would make in a year. It is made entirely of the skin of the curly and has been polished till it shines. Mr. Wheeler has made several of these eccentric trifles, we are told. Whether he is now devoting his leisure hours to the evolution of a silk purse from a sow's ear is not stated. Mr. Wheeler is a native of one of the eastern states—that of the wooden nutmegs, we believe.

The Rev. Dr. E. Murray doesn't believe in the church fair, and in the last Presbyterian Quarterly says so at length, giving reasons for his unbelief. "It seems strange," he says, "that those who would think it beneath them to turn peddlers, restaurant keepers, etc., yet think they are honoring the church in thus degrading her. What a state our poor church must be in when she is forced to take to selling oysters and ice cream for a living! What minister with an atom of self respect would tolerate a proposal to raise his salary in such a way? With all our dime readings, ice cream festivals, oyster suppers, concerts, etc., every one of the benevolent causes of the church is languishing for the want of a proper support."

Waters of the Dead Sea.
A decidedly picturesque range of hills, of no mean proportion, stretches along each side of the sea, which averages six to ten miles in width and is about forty-six miles in length north and south. The waters closely bathe the foot of those hills and stretch towards the south in a beautiful, mirror-like sheet, clear as crystal and being wondrously blue in color. The scene is by no means one of desolation, although no busy city or handsome villas line its shores, no white winged messengers of commerce sail its placid waters. The consciousness of the fact that this is the Dead Sea, whose waters no living thing inhabits, and that stately buildings are not upon its borders, these preconceived reflections, and not its visible self, give rise to the endless descriptions of the unspeakable loneliness of the Dead sea.

We put off our clothing and most heartily enjoy a swim in the Dead sea. It is a most peculiar and indescribably pleasing sensation, not to be able to sink. Going in feet foremost, that is walking, we could not duck our heads. Lying on our backs, with arms folded across the breast, or hands forming a sort of pillow for the head, we floated, like so many logs, upon the surface of the water. —Foreign Cor. Detroit Free Press.

The Recent Deadlock.

The recent deadlock will long be remembered in congress. There has been nothing like it since the Democrats tried to defeat the counting in of Hayes, which was broken by Speaker Randall declining to entertain any further filibustering. He ordered the clerk to inform the senate that the house was ready to proceed with the count, and it was through him that the deadlock was broken. An hour after this Hayes was declared to have received a majority of the electoral votes, and he was thus made president just two days before Grant's term was ended. There was a deadlock in the Forty-fifth congress on a contested election, and the Forty-sixth congress died in a deadlock.

During the eventful two weeks under consideration many night sessions were held, and the Capitol at night is one of the great sights of the world. Seated about 300 feet above the river on the heights of Capitol Hill, it can be seen for miles around looking like an illuminated temple. Its 1,000 windows blaze with light, a spiral stream of burning jets runs up into the dome, and the whole looks like a great golden cross with a small, yellow snake hovering in the air above it. The view from the front at night is magnificent. Standing on the steps of the Congressional library, one sees spread out before him a great, black, inverted star, in which the constellations of stars beneath vie with those of the dark blue firmament overhead. Washington, the City of Magnificent Distances, is lighted from one end to the other.

Long lines of jets mark out its broad avenues. Crescents and rings of flame are seen here and there in the places of the numerous circles, and constellations of light show its squares and star lit parks. Pennsylvania avenue is the milky way across this black sky, and the red lights of street cars, herds and carriages fit here and there over it like the will of the wisps of the Dismal swamp. The great Capitol building at a night session is all ablaze. A thousand globes burn in the lobbies and passages, and their mellow light bathes the polished marble into a softer glow. Statuary half becomes alive, and the marble figures of the men of the past are vivified. The paintings show brighter and better, and by glisten Pochontas loses her coarseness as she looks out of the painting in the rotunda, and the stiffness of the statues vanishes. —Carpenter's Letter.

White Hat Year.
"This is 'white hat year,' as we call the presidential year," said a State street hatter, "and the manufacturers and dealers are preparing for the abnormal demand—the former by turning out immense quantities of cheap white hats and the latter by getting in their orders for stock early. White hats as a political badge were first worn in the Greeley campaign. The editor candidate set the fashion himself, but his generally rusty looking tie was not exactly imitated. The well to do among his followers wore a white silk plug, away. This hat was an expensive one, it was eccentric. It cost from \$8 to \$12. The sale of white hats each presidential year there after showed a steady increase. In the last campaign enormous numbers were sold. Why, I fitted out three big clubs in one day. It is the members of the organizations that are formed, chiefly, who wear white hats. Still, individuals who will not join political clubs take this method of showing fealty to their party. I notice that a big white hat trade affects the fall trade. Why? Because many of the white hats, when the leaves begin to fall, go into the dyer's pot, and, as black ones, are made to last until Christmas." —Chicago Herald.

Journalism in Japan.
Y. Ozaki is the name of a Japanese journalist who was recently banished from Tokyo and from Japan for having printed in his newspaper something that did not please the mikado. "Liberty of the press," he says, "is a privilege which Japanese journalists have not yet secured. Their business is transacted under excessively severe regulations, and we criticize the government through the columns of his paper. The obnoxious passage no sooner meets the eye of the official censor than he hurries to the office, seizes and burns the edition, and frequently suspends the publication of the paper for weeks." Mr. Ozaki, whose paper is The Court and Country, is also president of the municipal council of Tokyo, but that fact did not save him from a sentence of three years in exile. —Philadelphia Times.

Miss Alcott's Private Papers.
Despite the fact that the late Louisa M. Alcott ordered that all her manuscripts and papers be burned after her death, some very interesting material has been selected by the remaining members of the Alcott family for publication in a biography now being written and shortly to be published. Miss Alcott's chief aim in ordering the destruction of her papers was that no part of her private and extensive correspondence should see print, and this wish will be carried out in every particular. But a number of other papers, unpublished and most interesting, will be given to the public. These manuscripts are scraps of autobiography which doubtless the author herself wrote for publication at some time, as they were found neatly tied in a package apart from the papers which she desired should be destroyed. —New York Graphic.

Bull Fighting Prohibited in Mexico.
Gen. Gonzalez, formerly president of the Republic, and now governor of the state of Guanajuato, has taken a bold and decisive step in suppressing the suppression of bull fighting in that state. He declares that the sport is demoralizing and leading the people into habits of wastefulness and disorder, and that the employment of large sums for constructing bull rings and maintaining them is entirely improper in the present state of civilization. He declares that educational interests and manufacturing enterprises suffer from the use of so much money in this barbaric sport, and that habits of public order and economy are destroyed by it. Accordingly he orders the summary prohibition of bull fighting in his state. —New York Evening Sun.

The Chinese in Chicago.
The Chinese colony in Chicago consists of 2,000 souls, of whom only two are women. About one hundred of them are merchants, several of whom have fortunes of from \$100,000 to \$200,000. Four firms, dealing in tea, coffee and Chinese groceries, have an aggregate capital of \$500,000. —New York Evening World.

It is officially announced that all foreign Jews in Odessa, numbering 10,000 families, chiefly natives of Austria and Roumania, will be expelled shortly.

A Philadelphia firm of soap manufacturers have a kettle that holds 471,000 pounds of liquids and six kettles that hold 150,000 pounds each.

Fairfield Center, Me., is a village that must be popular with book agents. There is not a dog owned in the place within a mile of it.

A violin made of clay is now on exhibition in Berlin. It is said to have a strong and full tone.

POISON FOUND IN CANDY.

Simple Tests that Can Be Applied by Any One Who Suspects His Dealer.

The board of health has not interfered often with the manufacture of candy in New York city, though the fact that candy is very frequently adulterated is well known, and there can be no doubt that occasional interference would be wholesome. It could be doing injustice to many confectioners to say that the practice is almost universal, and yet one is tempted to say it, for the proportion of adulterated confectionery that is sold is very large compared with the pure. The subject has not escaped notice, and Dr. Edson has recently given some points of interest to every candy eater, and has described some simple tests that may be easily and advantageously applied before eating any suspected candy. He describes the adulterations as being of three kinds; those for bulk, those for color and those for flavor.

For bulk, in order to increase the profits, the confectioner will use terra alba, kaolin, ground quartz, whiting and starch. These Dr. Edson declares injurious, though not poisonous. He advises that a little of the suspected candy be dissolved in cold water. If kaolin or quartz has been used it will settle to the bottom of the glass, and the ground chalk is present, a little acid will make the solution effervesce. If there is starch, a drop or two of tincture of iodine will turn the solution to a bluish color.

By burning a little of the candy and mixing the ashes in water and a little chloride of barium a white cloudiness may be produced. If it is, there is probably terra alba in the candy. Adulterations for color, he says, are of three kinds, harmless, and some highly injurious. He recommends that a little of the candy be dipped in alcohol. If the color is dissolved out, it is a white color; if it is not, it is red it may contain arsenic. If the alcohol does not remove the color, put a drop of hypochlorite of calcium in solution on the candy. If the color fades out it is probably harmless. The commonest poison used for color is chrome yellow, which is a very dangerous poison. Four ammonia on the candy. If it turns red it contains turmeric, which is harmless.

Dissolve some of the candy in a clear tumbler of water. Hold it in the sunlight and look at the water against a black background. If it looks yellow green as seen against the black, and yellow when held to the light, it is harmless. It contains fluorescein. If these results are not obtained, don't eat the candy. It probably contains chrome yellow. Again, dissolve a bit of any suspected chocolate or brown colored candy in a glass of hot water and see if any burnt amber is left in the bottom undissolved in the form of a brown, gritty residue. If so don't eat the candy. No simple test is known by which to detect the presence of prussic acid, fusil oil, oil of vitriol, wood alcohol and rancid butter, all of which, with some other ingredients, are sometimes used to give a pleasant flavor to the candy. But if the candy was bought from a reputable first class dealer, and any of it is left after all these tests are applied, you may eat it without serious apprehensions. —New York Mail and Express.

Diamonds Guarded Ingeniously.
When the French crown jewels were sold by auction last season it is well known that the finest and most historic of the gems, including the famous "regent" diamond, were reserved, and these may now be seen in the Louvre, in the gallery called after the well known statue of Apollo, which is such a prominent object in it. Before these priceless gems were offered, however, a committee of skilled officials and experts was appointed in order to decide upon some plan for rendering their loss by theft, practically impossible. And this is what the committee decided upon: The jewels are exhibited in a showcase, the glass plates of which are exceptionally thick, and the iron framework of which is abnormally strong, and an attendant has been appointed to specially keep watch over the precious exhibit all day long.

Should he have the slightest cause to suspect any visitor or visitors he has only to touch a button easily within his reach, whereon the glass case promptly disappears from view and sinks into a specially constructed shaft, over the top of which the same automatic machinery causes the jewels, formed of thick metal plates, to close with a sharp snap. The ingenuity displayed in carrying out this plan is remarkable, and the fact that the clockwork apparatus has cost close upon \$800 will convey some idea of its complicated character. —London Figaro.

A Curious Lightning Stroke.
The lightning's freaks have been strangely illustrated in Burke county, where the fluid struck one of the cabins on McManis' place. The house, a small, one room cabin, was occupied by an entire family of seven. The house was struck upon the cone, the current running along the edge of the roof for several feet, thence to the inside, where it ran down the studding, which was about six inches in diameter, tearing it into splinters, this within two feet of the head of a bed occupied by two children. These were not even shocked, but the lightning flashed across the six feet intervening between the other bed, occupied by the mother and three children, setting the bed clothing on fire and severely burning three of the children, but the mother was left unharmed. Thence the current ran into a chest under the bed, setting fire to the clothing in it. The eldest boy, 13 years of age, hasn't the smallest vestige of skin left on his back from his neck down, and is perfectly raw, while the next, a boy some 5 years old, has the skin burned off from the small of his back to his heels, and his hand is terribly burned. The third, a baby, 2 years old, has the skin burned off from the hips down. —Atlanta Constitution.

She Wanted the Flowers.
A few days ago a Boston lady was informed by her servant girl that a box of flowers had been left at the door for her. Being occupied at the time, the lady told the servant to open the box, sprinkle the flowers with water and put them on the ice, adding that she would attend to them when she went down to tea. The box really contained a new spring hat which had been ordered, but was forgotten at the time the servant reported the arrival. Only the flowers were to be seen when the box was opened. The servant followed her orders explicitly, and the flowers were so thoroughly drenched as to form a "perfect love of a hat" it became a limp and worthless mass of discolored ribbons and straw. —Chicago Herald.

A New Armored Cruiser.
The government is to undertake at the Brooklyn navy yard the construction on its own account of a first class armored cruiser at a cost, excluding armament, not to exceed \$2,500,000. The cruiser will be named the Maine. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Church in the Rock.
There is a natural rock house in Swain county, which is used as a church. Seats have been placed in it by citizens of the vicinity and regular services conducted. —Mount Airy News.

Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant.

Of the living wives of presidents Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant leads a quiet life as any. She has gone to Florida now with the family of ex-Governor Lehard Stanford, with whom she is very intimate. She has of late been writing reminiscences. When Col. Fred Grant was asked if she meant to publish them in a book he replied that her work in that way was entirely a matter of impulse, and that there was no certainty as yet whether it would ever be printed. It is sure that she will not lack opportunity. Uncounted publishers are bidders for the manuscript, but they are told that she has nothing to sell. The probability is that Mark Twain's firm, having done as well for her and themselves in the issue of Gen. Grant's memoirs, will be able and willing to outbid the rivals. Nevertheless, when Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., went into The Cosmopolitan Magazine as vice president and stockholder, it was thought in literary circles that Mrs. Grant would help him by putting her reminiscences into that periodical. Col. Grant denies strenuously that his brother is being lured in any other way than by a loan of money from his mother, and the authorized assertion is that, although shrewd, he is trustee for her. That is a legal technicality to protect him as a bankrupt from the Grant & Ward failure. My careful prediction is that Mrs. Grant will publish something within the year. —Clara Belle in Chicago Tribune.

Should Do His Best.
It is very common for young men, I think, to determine the quality of their work by the price which they are paid for it. I only get, says such a one, \$5 a week, and I am sure that I am giving \$5 worth of service; if my employer wants more, let him pay more; if he wants better, let him give better wages. This is specious reasoning, but it is false, and it is destructive to the best work, and therefore to the best manhood. No man can afford to do anything less well than his best. He who always strives to do his best work, in the very process of striving, will grow better and better. Not only will he grow more skillful in that particular workmanship, but he will be better equipped for other workmanship. This is an absolutely universal law, it is the absolutely universal road to promotion.

The man who is careful to give nothing more than he gets, rarely gets more than he gives. The man who works for his own sake, who puts the best part of himself into every blow that he strikes, who mixes all his work with brain and conscience, who studies to render the largest possible service regardless of the compensation which it brings, sooner or later will find his way on up. The world learns his worth and calls him to higher service. Nor is this all. By stirring himself up to do always the best that he can, he grows into a power to do better and ever better. —Lyman Abbott in The Chautauquan.

Live Dogs Not Steal-ble.
Judge Dresser has ruled that a live dog is not stealable in Maine. Under the Maine law a dog is not subject to larceny, because he is not an article of food, nor made by the toil of man, and not included in any other of the classes of stealable property. However, the hide of a dog is stealable, because it is made valuable by the toil of man. Thus the owner of a dead dog is protected by law, while the owner of a live dog is left to his own resources to protect his dog. This is quite a premium on dead dogs. The legislature has the power to make a live dog stealable. If the legislature fails to do this the dog comes under the common law, and you can make off with him, and, although he cost his owner a small fortune, and was imported from Italy, you can't be arrested for stealing. But the owner can bring a civil action either of trespass, trover or replevin. Hawks are stealable, because they have a "noble and generous nature" and are serviceable to mankind. Bees are stealable, because they produce food. —Chicago Herald.

The Latest City Nuisance.
I have already growled at the abuses to which the "elite" directories are being employed. Tradesmen and women, artists, readers, even doctors and clairvoyants seem to have conspired together to direct envelopes to one's private address in order to effect a civil action either of trespass, trover or replevin. Hawks are stealable, because they have a "noble and generous nature" and are serviceable to mankind. Bees are stealable, because they produce food. —Chicago Herald.

Face of the Dead Kaiser.
There was a vast amount of kindness shown by the correspondents who wrote about the emperor's appearance in his coffin. On my way from Dublin to Berlin—a journey by the way which I made in the noticeably short time of thirty-seven hours—I was struck by the fact that all the newspapers said the dead kaiser looked serene and happy, and that there was no sign of suffering to be seen in his face. He was 61 years old when he died, and it seemed incredible to me that the appearance of the face could be described. I joined a multitude of nearly 100,000 people, was wedged in, and in the course of seven hours I came to the face of the kaiser's coffin. The face was sunken in and distorted. The upper lip had dropped into the mouth apparently. It was not as usually described. —Blackly Hall's Berlin Letter in New York Sun.

New Style of Stationery.
"What are the fashions in note paper now?" asked a reporter of a stationer recently. "This is a very popular style," said the stationer, as he pointed to a strip of paper two or three feet long and four inches wide. "Great Scott!" exclaimed the reporter. "Yes, sir, you've hit it. It is called 'Great Scott.' It folds up into a small space and locks very neat afterward. Another style is the size and shape of business letter paper and it is placed in long narrow envelopes. Ladies use envelopes to appear as much like a business letter as possible. The ragged edged paper is very popular, and so is paper cut into square sheets. In fact, anything out of the regular style can be used now." —New York Mail and Express.

French Copper Syndicate.
The French copper syndicate now controls three-fourths of the copper mined in the world, and its profits for 1887 are placed at \$3,200,000. The largest American mines have contracted to deliver all their product, which in 1887 was 17,300,000 pounds, for three years to come to this syndicate, and at thirteen cents a pound the payments will be \$25,000,000 annually. The profits of one of these mines under this contract will be \$3,150,000, and of another a large sum. In all, the French syndicate takes about \$50,000,000 worth of copper from the leading mines of the world, and its profits will be on this from 30 to 35 per cent. —Frank Leslie's.



The West Shore is the only illustrated magazine published on the Pacific coast and aside from its excellent literary features, its object is to convey information, by both pen and pencil, of the great resources of this region, and the progress of its development. Special illustrated articles appear in each issue; also, several pages of notes of the progress being made in every section. Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Alaska, Utah, California, British Columbia, and the Pacific Northwest in general, are being illustrated. The subscription price is only \$2.50. It is not only the cheapest illustrated magazine in the United States, but contains articles and engravings of great interest to every resident of this region, which can not be found in any other publication. Subscribers for 1888 receive a large supplement every month. The first one is a beautiful map of the "Entrance to the Columbia River," printed in nine colors, and each volume represents some feature of our sublime scenery. The supplements are also worth more than the price of the magazine. Try it for 1888, and after reading, send it to your friends elsewhere. You will find it both entertaining and instructive. L. SAMUEL, Publisher, 171-173 Second St., Portland, Oregon.



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