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THE JOURNAL.

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A WORD OF WARNING.

FARMERS, stock raisers, and all other interested parties will do well to remember that the "Western Horse and Cattle Insurance Co." of Omaha is the only company doing business in this state that insures Horses, Mules and Cattle against loss by theft, accidents, diseases, or injury, (as also against loss by fire and lightning). All representations by agents of other Companies to the contrary notwithstanding.

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15-y Columbus, Neb.

THE COMING OF THE ROSE.

The star-gemmed gates, which are never seen
Except by elves on the dewy green,
Were rolled apart at a touch to-day,
And all the roses are on their way,
Coming to fill the land with light,
To crown the summer with garlands bright.

Sweet within sweet and fold on fold,
Crimson and white, and cloth of gold—
This with its fiery heart aglow,
That with the luster of falling snow,
See them toss on the prickly hedge,
See their foam on the meadow's edge.

Blooming as fair by the roof of thatch
As where a princess may lift the latch,
Scattering odors pure and sweet
On the dusty road or the thronging street,
Baffling the grasp of a rude desire
By the jealous watch of the sentry brier

Everywhere is the fragrance poured;
Earth is a garden of the Lord.
Pride of the bower and light of the lane,
The rose is timed to a merry strain;
Music and perfume, joy and June—
Nothing is jangled or out of tune.

Bird atilt on the jeweled spray
Weaves the rose in his rollicking lay;
Child at sport by the cottage door
Never was half so glad before;
Little wren in the hidden nest
Chirps of the pleasure that fills her breast.

Which is the lovelier, bud or rose,
The clasp that hides, or the bloom that grows
Fairer and braver hour by hour,
Till we gaze entranced on the perfect flower?
Somebody wiser than you or I,
Dear little questioner, must reply.

I, as I stoop to your rose-bud lips,
Gates through which innocent laughter trips—
I, as I bend with a kiss to meet
The wistful eyes in their candor sweet—
Know that the bud so fresh and free
Is the dearest thing in this world to me.
—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.*

CUPID AND CUT RATES.

A New York Scalper's Romantic Love Story.

I

THE SCALPER'S NARRATION.

They say that "all is fair in love and war." The railroad companies have found out that there is a good deal that is not fair in this war of cut rates. You may think this is a joke. If you've got any such foolish idea as that into your head, just tackle the first stockholder you meet and see if he don't tell you it's cold, hard truth. This sort of funny business between the trunk lines—you cut my throat and I cut yours, so to speak—has made it lively for us. Too lively, to be honest with you, when we come to figure up the profits. I'd rather see less people here in my Broadway office and more money. Don't you see for yourself that it is less wear and tear on the nerves, not to speak of the furniture, to sell twenty tickets a day at a clean commission of three dollars a ticket, than to sell one-hundred on a fifty-cent margin, not to speak of having to turn ourselves inside out as a universal railway guide and bureau of information for two hundred more people, who finally go to some other fellow's shop to buy their tickets?

The theory of our side of the railroad business and the basis of our success—when we have any—is that half the world wants to get something for nothing, something for less than it is worth, something cheaper than the market price. So you see, we don't have any very altitudinous opinion of the class of folks who mostly patronize us. Our best customers are fellows who could just as well afford to pay full rates and never know the difference. Of course, though, a good many poor people come here, and in helping them save a dollar or two dollars, I feel as though we are regular out and out, died-in-the-wool philanthropists.

Funny customers? Do we have any? Do we have anything else? I would like to ask you. Some of them are regular, but mostly transient. I'll tell you about one of my regular customers if you'll keep it to yourself. If it should get out the boys would have the grand laugh on me, from Canal street to the Astor House. It was about six weeks ago—just six weeks ago to-day if you are so particular about dates—that a young woman came in and asked:

"What does a ticket to Chicago cost?"

"Seventeen dollars," I said.

Without another word she walked out—except, I believe, she did say: "Thank you" in a very low tone.

The next day she came again and asked the same question and got the same answer. The third time she came, which was the day following, I noticed her more closely. She was very plainly dressed, but somehow her dry goods looked better than some that cost a pile of money. She knew how to wear things like a lady. She might have been a saleswoman or a school-teacher or anything of that sort that a lady might be who was down in her luck. She looked pale and sad, but there was something brave in her eyes that made a fellow respect her. At any rate, it made me pull off my hat and lay my cigar down—and there are mighty few folks I ever do either for in business hours.

"What is the price of a Chicago ticket to-day?"

"Sixteen dollars," I said.

There was just a little glad streak came into her tired face at the drop of a dollar that made me wonder how glad she would look if the tumble had been five times as large. But she only said "Thank you," and walked quietly away as before. I wondered if she would come again, but the next day she was here at about the same time. Prices had stiffened up again, and I felt like a brute when I had to say "Seventeen dollars" instead of "Fifteen," which I would much rather have said, and I believe I should, and pocketed the loss, if so many other people had not crowded around.

She opened her large, blue eyes at me as though she thought I must be mistaken. After she had repeated the question to make sure, and had received the same answer—I hadn't the courage to look her in the face when I said "Seventeen," and so made believe I was terribly busy with some letters—she walked away more slowly than usual.

The next three days running the rates stood still at seventeen dollars, and "My Customer"—I'd got to calling her so in my mind—came and went regularly at the same hour.

Then early the next morning we got news of a big break. Prices were all at sixes and sevens, but we started in at fourteen dollars to Chicago. When She came—I suppose it does not cost any more to put in a capital than a small "s"—I felt a little nervous about telling her. To tell the honest truth, I was afraid she would buy a ticket and that would be the last I would see of her. Then I thought to myself: "It's none of your business, anyhow. What do you care—what right have you to care?" And I had to answer back: "Not any." And besides, it was evident she was so anxious to go that I would rather she would go if it would make her the least bit happier. It was rather a got-used-to-being-disappointed sort of a tone in which she asked her regular question, but there was plenty of life and snap, and it sounded good to hear the way in which she said: "Oh, I thank you!" when I told her "Fourteen," just as though I was responsible for it and made all the rates for the whole country. But she didn't buy any ticket all the same, and it may be foolish for a scalper to say—and a scalper who is not in the habit of getting left—to own up, fair and square, that I was downright relieved when she did not plank down fourteen dollars on my counter.

It was fourteen dollars the next day, and she asked me if I thought it would go any lower. I told her everything was so mixed up it was impossible to tell, but the chances were that tickets would yet sell for twelve dollars and perhaps less.

"Do you think they will get as low as ten dollars?" she asked.

And then I knew her figure and what she was waiting for, and I was glad to size up her pile at last.

"I wouldn't wonder if it got down to ten," I said, "but I don't know how soon it will be, and I hope you are in no hurry about going."

When that fly clerk of mine heard what I had said about hoping she wasn't in a hurry, having seen her coming in or going out every day for two or three weeks, he thought I was trying to be sarcastic, and the continental idiot laughed.

First she looked at him and then at me with those great, blue eyes, and then, without a word, she walked away, and somehow I felt as though I would not see her again. I haven't got the ugliest disposition in the world, but I believe I would really have enjoyed choking that fly clerk until he was half dead. As it was, I told him in cutrate times the profits would not allow the luxury of two clerks, and as he was the last to come he should be the first to go, and that he could look for another place at the end of the week. When he turned pale and said he had a sick mother and two little sisters to support on his ten dollars a week, of course I could do nothing but keep him; but I gave him some advice about laughing in the wrong place that he wont forget to his dying day.

She didn't come the next day, nor the next, nor the next. I was getting nervous and too cross for any earthly use when, on the fourth day after my fly clerk laughed—I say the fourth day after, because he hadn't laughed since—in she came at the usual hour.

"Tickets are eleven dollars to-day," I said, before she had time to ask her regular question, and I could not help showing that I was glad to see her again, although for the life of me I dared not say so. And then, without giving her time to speak, I rattled on:

"You've had so much bother and trouble waiting, though, that I will make it ten to you if you are in a hurry to go."

I did this to make up for the rudeness of my fly clerk, but it was an effort that took nerve, I tell you, for I was sure this would be the last of her, and that, of all things, was what I didn't want to see.

"I thank you very much," she said, "but I am able to pay the full price when I buy a ticket."

When she was gone I was rather glad to know that her pride had prevented her accepting my offer of a dollar's discount, for it gave me still another chance of seeing her even if ten dollars should be the next day's rate.

It was selfish, I know, and I own up to it, but I am as near like a fellow who is sentenced to be hanged and then gets a reprieve for twenty-four hours as I hope I ever will feel when I found the next day's rate was twelve dollars. For two days this was the ruling price, and then the cut rate fell to ten dollars. And now my only thought was:

"Will she come here once more, or will she buy her ticket of some one else?"

She did come.

"I see by this morning's paper that the price of a ticket to Chicago to-day would be ten dollars," she said, very demurely. "Is that correct?"

She handed me ten dollars in silver, mostly dimes, and it took me a long while to count it. I knew I would not see her again, and I was in that state of mind that I wanted to do something for her which she could not refuse.

"You have made a mistake," I said. She turned pale, and I saw her little hand tightly grasp the edge of the counter as she asked:

"Is there not money enough? Is there not ten dollars?"

"Oh, yes, enough, and more than enough; here are twelve dollars—see?"

Then I counted out before her the ten dollars she had paid me and the two dollars in quarters that I had hastily slipped in with her money, and then handed back to her two dollars. She was about to say something further, but I said:

"Excuse me, but I am too busy to bother about change. What train do you wish your ticket for?"

"Eight o'clock to-night," she said, hesitatingly, still holding the two dollars in her hand.

I made a memorandum of the number of her ticket—3,684—as I stamped it, put it in an envelope and handed it to her.

Still she hesitated and was about to say something more, and again I said:

"Excuse me—your ticket is all right—please don't bother me about that change again. I wish you a very pleasant journey and hope I may have the pleasure of selling you a ticket again some time."

Without waiting to hear a word I rushed out, catching one farewell glimpse as I passed, and dropped in at the rival cut-rate office next door to talk over the situation. But for the life of me, if I were called into court to testify, I couldn't tell one single word that was said. When I went back to my office she was gone, and I didn't care whether Chicago tickets sold for ten dollars or ten cents—or didn't sell at all.

Now I am a business man, a practical man, a cut-rate man, a scalper, but a sudden inspiration dawned on me when I looked at the number of the ticket she had bought. I knew the train on which she was going. I, too, would go to Chicago on the same train and if in any way I could serve her—if I could win her confidence to the extent of being allowed to do something for her there would be the profit of my trip that would be bigger and more comfortable than any profits my books ever showed.

I had to rush around lively in order to get away, for it was the worst possible time for me to leave, and when I got to the station the train was just pulling out and it was a close call that I caught it at all.

II.

THE CONDUCTOR'S CHAPTER.

Queer experience a conductor has? You are just right he does. There are cranks of assorted sizes on every train till it makes me tired, and I ain't one of the tired kind. I've been railroading—train boy, brakeman and conductor—twenty-two years, and I've seen things to make a fellow laugh till he split, and tragedies—real tragedies—to make a white man's heart ache. But sad and glad, first and last and all along between, I have never had anything strike me more in a heap than the other night when I had one of them Broadway cut-throats—I mean cut-rate, scalping fellows—on my train. He swung on just as I did, as she was pulling out, and went direct to the smoking car and took a seat, although he had a whole section in the Chicago sleeper and is well fixed. Our Pullman conductor put me on him as a scalper or I wouldn't have known who he was from a side of Illinois sole leather. When I came through punching tickets the scalper says to me in an off-hand sort of a way:

"Say, conductor, keep an eye out for ticket No. 3,684, and when you come back let me know where it is located," handing over a first-class cigar as he spoke.

"All right," said I, thinking there's a woman in the case, or else some fellow has put up a job on him about that ticket and he is laying for him.

When I found 3,684 it wasn't any woman or any job—only a poor, hump-backed cripple, fit to make your heart ache to look at. A bright face and all that—too bright for the kind of a body it was hitched to—just the sort of a face to make a fellow want to kick up a row with all creation that such things could be. He wasn't in a sleeper, neither, but in a day car, all wrapped around with shawls and made comfortable-like as though somebody loved him, and had fixed him to go through with as little bother and shaking up as possible. Well, I went back after I'd been through the train, and said to the scalper, who was puffing away nervous like:

"I have found your 3,684."

"She's in the Chicago sleeper, ain't she? She's comfortable, isn't she?"

"Well," I said, "you'd better see for yourself. 'She' is in the fifth seat from the front, on the left-hand side in the next car back."

He threw his cigar away and hurried into that car. A moment later he came back, looking black and ugly.

"What do you mean by monkeying with me?" he said. "Where is the young lady with Chicago ticket No. 3,684?"

"I don't know your racket," said I, "but if you think I'm fooling about it just walk back with me and I'll soon convince you."

He followed, and when we had reached the cripple's seat I said:

"Excuse me, sir, but is your ticket for Chicago?"

With that he reached down, and hauling out his pocket-book handed me ticket No. 3,684. The scalper stood close by and I held my lantern up while I looked so that he could see plain at the same time. There was a vacant seat behind the cripple and the scalper, without a word, sat down in it. I went ahead to smoke. When I came through next time the scalper had the cripple in his arms and was carrying him back to his own section in the Chicago sleeper, while the train boy followed with the cripple's things—a shawl, a bag, a pillow for his back and a big envelope box full of lunch. The cripple was put into the scalper's lower berth, while he himself climbed into the upper, and that's all I know about them, except that I thought then, and I think now, and I ain't ashamed to say it, that whoever and whatever that cripple was, it was a kind act the way that Broadway scalper treated him.

III.

THE SCALPER RESUMES AND CONCLUDES.

It was a great piece of good luck on my part, as I am sure that you will agree, that I found Her brother on the train. He is unfortunate in having a crooked back, but his head is so level and his brain so bright that no one ever thinks he is deformed. At first I was disappointed in not finding Her; but after all it was better in every way that I met Her brother. It was for him She had saved up money that he could go to friends in the West who are able and willing to help him, and not for a trip for herself. He was good enough to take pity on me, because I was so lonesome, and consent to share my sleeping-car section with me. I never rode with a more agreeable fellow in my life, and we parted great friends when I finally was obliged to leave him in Chicago and come back. He also sent a message to his sister here in New York, which he said I must deliver personally, and as he made such a point of my doing it in person I couldn't refuse.

Now it just occurs to me you have been too inquisitive all along, and I didn't stop to think who I was talking to; and so I will not, under any consideration, tell you who She is or what a grand, brave struggle She has been making for her invalid mother and her unfortunate brother. But having thoughtlessly gone on as far as I have, I don't suppose it can do any real harm to say that, whatever her name may be now, a week from to-day it will be the same as mine, and I'd like to give everybody a free ride to wherever they want to go, or do anything in reason to make everyone as happy as I am now, regardless of the fact that if cut rates save money to some people, they have given me—or will in a few days give me—a mother-in-law and a lame brother-in-law to care for, not to mention a wife too good for the best and squarest scalper who ever drummed up business on Broadway, and so I go in for cut rates to the end of the chapter.
—*Detroit Post.*

Creating a Coolness.

"I am so glad to know you, Mrs. Johnson. I am an old acquaintance of your husband."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, long years ago, twenty years ago, before he knew you. I was his first love. We were indeed betrothed."

"Yes, my dear," put in Mr. Johnson. "Yes, that was very long ago."

"But you have not forgotten it, John, have you?"

"No, no; but—"

"Do you remember our parting? O, how sad!"

"Yes, it was; but—"

"We can talk about it now, for your wife must know me as a friend of hers as well. See this, Mrs. Johnson. Let me give you this. It was the ring John, your husband, pressed upon my finger when his heart was free, when we plighted our troth. I give it to you because—"

"Why, John! I declare. If it isn't the ring you said you lost; the ring I gave you when I was engaged to you in 1865."

There's a coolness among the three now.—*Merchant Traveler.*

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Platte Center, Nebraska. 9-y

GOLD MINING IN CALIFORNIA.

How and for What Reason It Began to Be Neglected.

When the discoveries were made on what is known as the Comstock lodge gold-quartz mining in California began to be neglected. The wonderful silver bonanza of Nevada threw everything else in the way of mining into the shade. Silver mining stocks were sold at so much a foot, and the price mounted into the thousands. There has been a quarter of a century of mining on the Comstock lode. The operations there have been of a gigantic character. A few men became millionaires. As for the great army of operators, they finally became poor. There is not a dividend-paying mine to-day on that lode. Nor has there been one for a long time. When the silver-mining interests of Nevada fell down below the dividend-paying point and assessments all round were the order of the day, attention was turned to other mining fields. But, singularly enough, there was no real revival of gold-quartz mining in California. The great mineral belts of Arizona and New Mexico began to attract attention. There were rich silver-lodes there, and the impression was deepened that in Arizona, in particular, a mineral belt would be found exceeding in richness the famed Comstock lode. Many good mines have been found in Arizona, and no doubt there are many more yet to be developed. But no discovery has been made of anything like the importance of the silver discovery of Nevada a quarter of a century ago. A great deal of prospecting has been done in the Republic of Mexico, and many important mines have been acquired by Americans. But, while there is a possibility of a vast mining interest to be developed in Mexico in the interest of American miners, on the whole the mineral development has gone slow in that country. There are many drawbacks, the duties on supplies have been heavy, and the discount on silver, added to the various taxes, has gone a long ways to keep down the profits. Yet it is probable that one of the greatest mining fields of the world will be within the limits of the Mexican Republic. What is most worthy of observation to-day is the revival of interest in gold-quartz mining in California. This has resulted in part from the decline of mining interest of Nevada, the heavy discount of silver, and the small number of dividend-paying silver mines in all the country usually designated as the Pacific coast. A large number of abandoned gold mines have been rehabilitated of late. The annual production of gold had fallen below twenty million dollars in this State, and a large part of that product was represented by the gravel mines. Slowly the gold-quartz interest has been creeping up. There are just now no well-defined gold-bearing lodes carrying from sixteen to twenty dollars a ton which are begging for purchasers. The processes for extracting gold have been greatly improved; machinery has been perfected, mining engineers and experts know how to get the last possible dollar out of the rock, and the yield of many of these low grade mines has become very satisfactory. When it is once extracted there is no discount on the bullion.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

LLOYD'S.

Description and History of a Well-Known Institution.

As to the early history of the classification of ships there is no date, but we all know how dull is the famous chapter in the "Iliad," where even Homer was caught napping. In a more or less imperfect form classification of merchant ships must of course have existed contemporaneously with marine insurance, while Gibbon already speaks of nautical insurance as being common with the Romans. Such ships' lists were, it appears, at the end of the Seventeenth Century to be seen by merchants in the different coffee houses of the city, and among these the establishment kept by a certain Edward Lloyd, who seems to have been a man of unusual ability and enterprise, was the most frequented because the best posted up. That the house was well known was shown by the fact that Steele makes it the theme of a "Tatler" paper, that Addison names it in the "Spectator," and that in a poem of the period a character says:

"Now to Lloyd's coffee house, he never fails
To read the letters and attend the sales."

It soon occurred to Lloyd to systematize these lists, and he started on his own account a shipping chronicle—"Lloyd's News," which began in 1696 and was issued three times a week. At first these lists were written and passed from hand to hand, like the news letter of the period, but in 1726 it was printed under the changed title of "Lloyd's List." Soon after, the principal underwriters and brokers, who had long made the coffee house their meeting place, formed themselves into an association and took up their headquarters near the Royal Exchange, setting up on a permanent footing the great institution which has flourished ever since on the same spot and has made the name of Lloyd a household word all the world over. Some of the earliest lists issues have perished by fire, but that of 1776 is preserved and here we first read the now familiar name A1, which has passed into the common speech, but was at first merely intended to designate a ship of the first class. These lists were issued to subscribers only, and so strict were the rules concerning them that to lend a book or allow a non subscriber to see it entailed forfeiture of membership and at the end of each year every subscriber was obliged to deliver up his old book before a new one was issued to him. At one time, if the book were lost or stolen, the person to whom it belonged was refused another, although willing to pay for it. The subscriptions formed the only source of revenue for the society, which then numbered some hundred and thirty members. Some discontent arising as to the difficult questions of classification, a rival book was issued by a company of ship owners, and for a while the two books ran in antagonism to each other, though from the first Lloyd's took a better position and carried more weight. The elder society also at once appointed surveyors in twenty-four of the chief ports of the United Kingdom and from the beginning showed that earnest desire after equity and liberality that has distinguished their operations throughout their career.—*London Society.*

—It is no indication that a cat knows the value of money because it always carries its purse with it.

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For time advertisements, apply at this office.

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All advertisements payable monthly.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The pearl fisheries off the Lower California coast are said to have produced fifteen million dollars last year.

—Placing gold-fish in salt water for a space of thirty minutes will kill the fungus which often afflicts them to such a great extent.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The juice of the Bartlett pear, in some medical cases, is used in California, both as food and drink. At first the invalid grows thin upon the diet, but in a few weeks gains strength.

—Last year 3,457,309,017 cigars and 994,334,000 cigarettes were manufactured in the United States, requiring over 91,000,000 pounds of leaf. In 1872 not 40,000,000 pounds were used.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Irish jaunting car, which has been under the ban since the Phœnix Park tragedy, has again come into favor, the Prince of Wales having used one on his recent visit to the Lakes of Killarney.

—Nearly all the sheep-shearers of California come from Santa Rosa and travel in bands during the shearing season, many hands making quick work even with the large flocks.—*San Francisco Call.*

—Mr. Arthur L. Shumway writes to the Cleveland *Plaindealer* that fifteen mines of magnetic iron have been opened in Cuba within the past six months, by Cubans, Spaniards and a second American syndicate.

—Last autumn the loggers of the Northwest adopted a rule pledging a reduction in the log supply. The result shows a decrease of 873,938,000 the figures for 1884 standing 3,238,000,000 against 2,364,562,000 for 1885.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—A prominent New England farmer predicts that Massachusetts farms, which were tilled by the Pilgrims and their immediate progeny, are tending toward wildness, and may some day form a proper field for the new settler.—*Boston Post.*

—The city of Los Angeles, Cal., has a population of about 35,000. Its streets are lined with eucalyptus and pepper trees, and with handsome business blocks, which are more numerous and costly than in most American cities of five times the population.

—A wonderful man has been developed in Los Angeles, Cal. T. W. Hellman, to whom a large estate was recently bequeathed, proposes to deed it to the two orphan asylums of that city. He says he has as much money as he needs, and that he will not accept gifts from any one.

—A child with two tongues is said to be living at Yonkers, N. Y. The second has grown from the root and on top of the first. The mother first noticed it when the child was three days old. It was then quite small, but now that the child is two years old it is nearly as large as the real tongue.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A Pittsburgh philosopher says: "There is something wrong with the way in which young men of to-day shake hands. I either get a shake which impresses me with the idea that the other party doesn't care whether we shake or not, or I suddenly feel my hand grasped with a vice-like grip which makes my back ache. The young man of to-day wants to show either his languidness or his muscle."

—The house or sobbing wren is a bird peculiar to Southwestern Texas. Its melancholy note is described as very impressive. It begins in a high, clear key, like the tinkling of silver bells, and descending gradually from one chime to another, it suddenly falters, breaks off and sobs like a child—the song dying away in a gasp. The song is heard only in the opening light of dawn, and is repeated but a few times. The singer is rarely seen during the day.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Upon one occasion when Artemus Ward was in London a children's party was arranged by the great humorist, and to which one of the sons of John Bright was invited. The boy returned home aglow with delight. "Well," said the English statesman to his son, "did you enjoy yourself, my boy?" "O, indeed I did," exclaimed the little Bright. "and Mr. Ward gave me such a nice name for you, papa." "What was that?" inquired the father. "Why, he asked me how that gay and festive cuss, the governor, was," replied the child.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

—Up at the Grand Central station the other day, says a New York paper, there was an agitated young man and an agitated young woman. Bride and groom they were and it was a wedding tour they were taking. In a big Saratoga trunk they had packed their silks and their broadcloths, along with a toilet set with which some generous friend had equipped them. That toilet set was of celluloid, and in its rough journey the celluloid had ignited, the good big trunk and its contents were in ashes, and a wedding tour was brought to a sharp termination.

—Near Astoria, Ore., there is a deposit of clam-shells which cover an area of over four acres, and is piled in places to a depth of over four feet. The amount of shells is incalculable. Over one thousand loads have been hauled away to make roads, but that amount is hardly noticed in the diminution of the immense heap. From time to time relics of the old clam-eating tribes that made that place their headquarters are found. A party recently found a clam-opener. It was made from a whale's tooth, is about eight inches long, and is ground sharp at the end. There are some sixteen inches of soil on top of these immense clam-beds, on which grow fir trees, some of them four hundred years old.
—*Chicago Times.*

Willing to Keep the Rain Off.

"Do you want the use of this umbrella?" said a lad to a gentleman who was coming down the elevated railroad steps at Cortlandt street, one rainy afternoon last week.

"How much will you charge to take me to the Cortlandt street ferry?" asked the man.

"Anything you'll give me," responded the boy.

The man took the umbrella, and the boy walked beside him until they reached the ferry. Then he handed the boy a quarter and the umbrella.

"This is getting to be quite a business for us fellers," said the boy. "You see, on rainy days we get an umbrella, hang around the ferries and elevated stations, and tackle everybody we see without one. Most everybody gives us a dime or a quarter except working-girls. The other day I took a young miss about sixteen from the Cortlandt street ferry to a Broadway stage, and when she was getting in she said 'Thank you,' and gave me a five-cent smile, and that was all. You bet I was mad."—*N. Y. Sun.*