

GRAY-HAIRED AND GREAT.

The Political Opinions of Fred Douglass on Current Events.

The Colored Man's Future—Reform at the White House—The High C's, Conkling, Cresswell and Cox.

"Carp," the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Leader, writes: I met Fred Douglass to-day and asked him what he thought of Senator Sherman's Mt. Gleed speech, which the democratic papers are so bitterly denouncing. The veteran abolitionist replied: "I thought very well of it, and I liked Foraker's speech, too. Both of these speeches presented the real living issues which now exist, and a campaign fought on any other issues ought to fail. The trouble with the last presidential campaign was that the republican party made their fight on the basis of the body being more important than the soul; the tariff was considered everything and the human rights of the newly enfranchised race nothing. What shall it profit a man, a party, or a nation if it gain the whole world and lose its own soul?"

"What do you think of the present administration?" I asked. "I am holding office under it," was the reply. "They have not removed me as yet, though I am openly and avowedly a republican. I believe Mr. Cleveland to be an honest, well-meaning man, and I think he will do the right as far as he sees it. Whether he will succeed in preserving the civil service is hard to say, and whether he can overcome the spoilsmen of his party is a question. You cannot serve God and Mammon, and a president must be either a democrat or a republican or a nobody."

"How about the future of the negro under the present regime, Mr. Douglass?" "I think there will be progress," was the reply. "and it would be almost as well for me to think otherwise. No, I cannot but feel that our race will move steadily onward toward a better civilization. I have seen such great changes in my past life. I have known the day when New England was the South when Massachusetts was Mississippi, and when New York was North Carolina. I think the change for the better will still go on, and that the future of the colored man will be yet brighter than it is."

SAM COX IN TURKEY. I hear that Sam Cox is highly pleased with his reception in Turkey, and that his position here is a most desirable one. It is doubtful, however, whether he will remain there throughout the administration, and a friend of his tells me that he took the position mainly to get out of politics, should he return to his country he will probably live in retirement in New York, devoting himself to lecturing and literary work, and it may be that he will still own a house in Washington. Sam Cox is in good circumstances. His wife was an heiress, and Mr. Cox himself has done very well at the law in the intervals of his congressional labors. His book will probably pay him several times a congressman's yearly salary at least, and from his long experience as a public man he has gained such a knowledge of American history and politics that he can always make more by his pen than by shaking the stars of the country in the halls of congress.

There are a number of BAD THINGS ABOUT THE WHITE HOUSE, and the time will come when it will be devoted to business and the president will have a mansion in which to entertain situated in another part of the city. At present the president has no privacy whatever. He is bothered by his guests day and night, and he cannot take a walk without being as much of a show as the procession of a circus. The half of the great building is open always to visitors, and the other half is never shut to senators, representatives, or any one of official importance. The president can never get away from his work, and if he is a man with any conscience the superabundance of the entertainment he has had and day. The presidents of the past have appreciated the necessity for a new executive mansion, and nearly all of them for a couple of decades back have worked upon plans for the thing. The architect of the new library has gotten up plans for a new white house, or a rounding of the old so as to leave the old in fact, but to turn it into a house at present is an ugly building—a great square pile of stone painted white. Its glare hurts the eyes on a hot day, and one turns to the forest of elms surrounding it, to the creek and the hills in the front, or the green lawn for relief. A half mile of grass lies in front of it, and a semi-circle walk runs around this leading to the great porch, which, ugly and massive, stands in its front. If you walk up this, before you get to the door you must pass a railing over which you can hardly fail to see the president's servants washing and doing up his linen. The architects of to-day who would build a house so that its laundry could be seen from the front door would have a hard time making a national reputation.

The rooms of the interior are cut up into the most inconvenient shapes, and the east room, full of beauty in some respects, is wide, stiff, and dreary looking, except when the great purple comes, on masses, to see the president, and with overcoats on arm and hat in hand walks about and stares at the furniture, and tries to slip pieces out of the lace curtains for relics. This east room was originally intended as a banquet hall, and it was so used for a long time. The present dining room is far too small, and its furniture is shabby. At present the great house has more like a barn than a president's mansion. On the stairs leading to the president's rooms the oil cloth has been worn ragged by the feet of a thousand office seekers, and the paint on the outside of the house shows plainly where the painters have been patching up the dirtiest places with a new coat of white lead.

ROOSEVELT CONKLING. One of the great events of the coming year at Washington will be the memorial services which congress will hold in honor of General Grant, and if, as has been suggested, Roosevelt Conkling should be chosen to pronounce the eulogy, his speech will probably go down to posterity as one of the great specimens of American eloquence. I talked with ex-Rostmaster General Cresswell about Conkling at Mt. McGregor while Grant was lying in his coffin not a stone's throw away from where we were speaking. Said he: "I consider Roosevelt Conkling the greatest orator on earth. It is a command of language surpasses that of any public man I know. He uses many uncommon words and in such a way that his shade of meaning is expressed in the shortest and most forcible manner. His speech nominating Grant at Chicago was one of the greatest orations of our history. Do you remember the verse with which he began it?"

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above was one of the verses of the poem. When it was read Conkling said: "That is a good thing and I may have occasion to use it." He then made the poet read it over several times until he had it thoroughly committed to memory. The steady applause of full fifteen minutes which followed it when he uttered it at Chicago showed that he was not mistaken in its value.

CONKLING'S FUTURE. "Do you think Conkling has any political future?" I asked.

"He may have," was the reply, "but it seems to me only in one emergency. If a mighty issue should come before the country and the people should become involved in it to such an extent that the issue overshadowed the men who represent it, then Conkling might come to the front as one of the great orators of a party and as such regain his old foothold. At such times leaders become heroes in the people's eyes, and such an occasion may yet come before Conkling. The great mistake of Conkling's life was in his attempt to go back to the senate. He made the attempt against his better judgment, and I don't believe he intended to make it when he tendered his resignation."

GRANT. At this point the conversation turned to General Grant and Mr. Cresswell said: "General Grant had as pleasant relations existing among his cabinet officers as any president who ever sat in the white house. He permitted each officer to do his duty in his own way, and if one officer wanted anything of another he went to the cabinet officer and not to the president. Perfect harmony existed among the cabinet. We had a free interchange of views, and though General Grant always spoke first and generally had an opinion of his own, he advised with his cabinet on most matters of importance."

EX-POSTMASTER GENERAL CRESSWELL, the present administration is attempting to cut down his salary as the lawyer of the Alabama claims court. His salary has been \$8,000 a year, not a very large salary for a great lawyer in these days, when Ben Butler and Roscoe Conkling are said to make from fifty to one hundred thousand yearly from their law business, and when senators make a hundred times their salary in practicing before the supreme court here. Mr. Cresswell has been thirty-five years in the practice of law. He is a Maryland man by birth, a graduate of Dickinson college, and he began his legal labors when Clay and Webster were yet living and when Chief Justice Taney had yet ten years and more to spend on the supreme bench. Mr. Cresswell has repeatedly held public office, having been in both houses of congress, and also in Grant's cabinet. He is now fifty-seven years of age, and is as strong and active as any man in public life. Tall and well made, he has a fine appearance, and he would be a marked figure anywhere. He has a full, open face, bright, friendly blue eyes, and a high forehead, which is a sign of his broad chest. He is a pleasant man to talk to, and has generally something to say. He understands himself pretty well, too, and Comptroller Durham will have to jump about with more than his usual agility if he gets ahead of him.

Mapleton's Plans. New York Times: "Colonel Mapleton to have the house as in former years, free of rent?" the reporter asked.

"Colonel Mapleton will pay a stipulated rental for the use of the Assembly, which has been estimated so just about to cover the running expenses of the house, and the stockholders will retain the use of their boxes and seats. We have no desire to make money out of the colonel, but we want the relations between him and the board in the future to be those of business, as man to man. We give him no guarantee against loss, as we have done in former years. He must look out for his own finances and I believe when he finds that he cannot lean upon us he will manage to make both ends meet. You know the very first end out that Italian opera is dead in New York. We don't believe this and we rely on Colonel Mapleton to prove that Italian opera is still a very lively corpse."

He is furnished the board with a list of his company? "Not yet, but we are looking for his prospectus every day. It ought to come soon, as the colonel and his company are booked to sail in the City of Chester on October 13, and he certainly ought to send his plans in advance of him. He has promised to make his opening night one of great splendor and worthy of the magnificent house which is waiting for him. I was told by a friend of his that he intended to open with 'Lakme,' but we have heard nothing about it from him personally. He is keeping very quiet about his plans, as he has been advised to do by his friends. I know that Patti has canceled her European engagements to sing here with Mapleton, and that he is prospecting for the company, which includes De Anna. Outside of these, I can tell you nothing of his company. After his season here he is under contract to direct music festivals in Chicago, Cincinnati, and one more western city, and then he will take his company to Mexico. I know that he has been offered a large guaranty to make a tour of South America, but whether he will accept or not I can't say. One thing you may say, Mapleton's operatic career in this country is by no means at an end, and I only hope he will have a season in New York that will cheer his heart."

Cat Parties. New York Commercial: Cat parties are the latest entertainments. Recently a young girl, the happy possessor of a fine Maltese cat, invited a number of her friends to bring their pet cats to five o'clock tea, each cat to have a ribbon fastened about its neck corresponding to that worn by its mistress. At the appointed hour the cats made their appearance, in charge of their respective owners. After the feline introductions had taken place, some of which were the reverse of friendly, games were introduced, and soft balls, toy mice and other objects dear to puss's heart were provided. These pastimes, however, I grieve to say, were sometimes marred by a vigorous slap when two strangers came in collision, and once the beligerent pussies had to be separated by friends. When tea was announced, a table furnished with saucers of milk and small cakes, and with cushioned stools, was disclosed. The formal decorations consisted of catnip, lavender, grasses and height flowers. The cats, placed on their respective stools and attended by their mistresses, partook of the good cheer as before them. Their behavior was said to be correct. With the fork paws on the table, they lapped the milk with becoming propriety. When all were satisfied, there was a comical sight. Each mistress began making her toilet, and the face-washing was decorous in the extreme. After leaving the table, a sprig of catnip was given each kitten, and the feline happiness was complete. These sprigs were tossed in the air, and lovingly caressed. As each kitten departed, it was presented with its ball or toy mouse as a memento of the party.

As a Bear Hobbed of Her Whelps. Boston Journal: "He's not what you call strictly handsome," said the major, leaning through his glasses on a homely baby that lay howling in his mother's arms, "but it's the kind of face that grows on you." "It is not the kind of face that grows on you," was the indignant and unexpected reply of the maternal being; "you'd be better looking if you had."

AUSTRIA AND AMERICA.

The China of Europe that Insultingly Rejected Minister Kelley.

Opinion of an Austrian-Born American on His Native Land's Hostility to Our People.

New York Sun: I have just finished the reading of that remarkable new book, "The History of China," by Robert K. Douglas of the British Museum. I have laid aside the volume regretting it is no longer, and ready to pronounce it the best and most readable history of the Flowery Kingdom. In reading it I have neglected the current events, and as I now take up the evening paper I read of the rejection of Mr. Kelley at Vienna. Though I am an Austrian by birth I cannot help exclaiming: "Austria is as far behind the times as China!" Verily, it seems as if the hour of my lifetime is as if it were a story of my native land.

It is too true. In the fullness of the world knows almost as much of the China of Austria as it still lives the bounds of the seventeenth century, and has a settled prejudice against modern things that are not Lethalian. It boasts of its arms and its military advantages—and there is pride in Austrian arms, and there is glory in Austrian education. Education there is really up to the times.

A peculiar feature of education in Austria is the industrial school. There are now 75 of these, with 122 teachers and some 6,000 scholars. They embrace 21 different industries. Of the number 100 are devoted to the manufacture of working, 3 to lace-making, 4 each to pottery and carving of woods, and others to painting, embroidery, turning, sculpture, mechanics, and various industries. The schools are located in many places, have 25 teachers and 700 pupils devoted to textile industry, turning and clock-making. The other 68 are scattered all over the empire, the textiles, however, being chiefly in Austria, and in the Tyrol and ceramics in Bohemia. Their purpose is to furnish skilled labor, and to render Austria foremost in industrial arts. Perhaps it might be well for the United States to make note of the competition that in this way is preparing for American manufactures.

This matter affords opportunity to say that not a few of the manufacturers of the United States to the textile factories of Vienna are so dissatisfied with their surroundings that they would be only too glad to transfer their industries to the United States. They apply to the government for permission. Their art was introduced just two centuries ago, when the edict of Nantes drove the French Huguenot artisans into exile, and in consequence of the banishment of these people, the arrangements on the part of the Imperial Museum, there are now a great many of these artisans who are of pre-eminent ability, but who have the narrowest of views as to the future of their art. If there is to come a demand for such skill, it will come from the New World.

We want these artisans, but Austria does not win our products. It is handicapped there to win and retain the markets of Austria-Hungary. Our goods are handicapped there by national jealousies and prejudices, as well as by the character of the tariff. There is an elaboration of protective duties and formalities. Our invasion excites the deepest rooted feeling of opposition ever manifested from both the worker and consumer. This opposition takes different forms, and resorts to every imaginable device. The damaging reports of the public press lead all else, and one is privileged to read of the various characters of American canned meats and fish, and other damning trash that deters the masses by fear from using our products. The native manufacturer and producer are always pressing the government to enact decrees preventing their introduction or hampering the trade so that introduction will be unprofitable. There is in effect an embargo against the importation of the goods of the United States, because of the enormous duties. Furthermore, this opposition often finds shape in counterfeiting our inventions up to the patent itself. It applies to the most useful arts and agricultural tools, and to sewing machines and stoves. Naturally the imitation is bungling, but there is, nevertheless, a remarkable display of talent in some of the work produced. It is a wonderful thing, and dilution is a step in science that is not and cannot be beaten anywhere else. For instance, it is no uncommon thing for a Viennese cooper to make six quarts out of it. And our mineral waters and medicines are served in the same way. Our flour, when brought into Austria, cannot be resold, and a young American wheat bary, plaster of paris and potato flour until it is no wonder that the bakers aver that they cannot make good bread of American flour. Our hard is doctored in many ways with tallow and grease, and the more it is done so much the more there is a howl about American adulteration. Our government energetically met the charge against our pork, and instituted an investigation that completely vindicated the American hog, though still the effects of that prejudice is felt.

Close following the crusade against pork came the case of Dr. Doern, a Viennese physician and head of the sanitary department of Vienna, gravely proposed an extension of prohibitory measures to beef because of its alleged infection of cholera. Of course this was absurd. The amiable trichine has none of the John Bull about it, and its existence in beef is an utter impossibility. This was pointed out to Doctor Kanzer by a young American medical student, and had the effect of putting the learned physician hors de combat. Had it gone on trichine would have been found in our country.

There is senseless warfare against our agricultural machinery, especially the reapers, because the laboring class imagine they injure their interests. At one time there was a mean sort of application in the burning of reapers, but at present the laborers have put aside their rabidity and are content to meet the obnoxious machines by charging the same on being the great evil. Doern, that they would ask for hand cutting and binding. But it is not profitable to fight the advances in agriculture, and in the very near future the farmers will have it arranged so that no matter what form of issue opposition may arise, our machinery will triumph. The objections of Austria, you will note, are against Kelley, pork, reapers, and the kind of face that grows on you.

There are not so many Austrian emigrants as one would think there would be, because the government, actuated by a motive of self-protection growing out of a stern military necessity, does all it can to prevent emigration. A short time ago seventy Galician peasant families were stopped at the station and forced to return home, although they were provided with prepaid tickets. Another company from the districts of Pilsno and Zarno arrived at Krakau for the purpose of setting out for America. The men, feeling afraid, went on foot to a by-station several miles distant, proposing to join their wives and children at that point on their arrival. But the police prevented the women and children from departing, and consequently the men were obliged to return to Krakau much against their will. Such proceedings that be feel that they cannot afford

are not infrequent, for the powers to lose the people, who must remain behind for starvation's sake. And it is in a manner justified, after all, for there is a public debt of nearly three thousand millions of florins, with an annual interest of upward of one hundred million, and the debt of Clisothiana into the bargain. The Rothschild consortium controls the loan, and there is a great demand for the purchase, but there are thirty-seven million people, and almost as a matter of course the outcome is a yoke that is hard to bear. Meanwhile the government disposes its finances in the way of the Credit Foncier, and public credit is poorer than in any other other state. If you please, it is distress, and it becomes emphatic from the burlesque of the government's method of adding new sources of public revenue. The people might not care so much if wages were not so low. The cost of living, however, is not so very great, and, indeed, it is said that though the mode is so different, the cost is nearer that in the United States than it is in any other European country. This applies to food, clothing and rent.

The working classes are, as a rule, very steady and industrious, but do not—and cannot—save much money. They have no signs of ambition, and contentedly plod on like a dumb animal. They have none of the anarchical spirit of the Russian and German, no labor organizations, and rarely indulge in strikes. Physically their condition is not good, morally they are unbridled. They are not averse to the use of their frequent spree (katzenjamer). Of political rights they have none, as in order to vote the workingman must pay taxes amounting to \$250, and five members of the house of deputies but five are industrialists. Consequently, no changes of an economic nature are of likely occurrence, and, moreover, the idea that there will be much, if any, betterment of the condition of the wage-earners. What, then, you will ask, will the harvest be? There is but one answer: The harvest is passed for Austria-Hungary long ago, and the future of the state is not very bright so far as it concerns the military side of the nation. That the army is proud, is fear, is glory. That bounds all.

A DISTANT PEOPLE. Strange Characteristics of the Terra del Fuego Indians—The Women's Love for Tobacco.

The Terra del Fuego Indians, the ugliest mortals that ever breathed, are always looking for passing voyagers, and come out in canoes to beg and to trade skins for tobacco, writes a correspondent to the New York Sun. The Fuegians, or "Canoe Indians," as they are commonly called, to distinguish them from the Patagonians, who dislike the water and prefer to navigate on horseback, have no settled habitation. They are a simple people, with a dirty and unclean-looking appearance, and scarce a male. They have broad features, low foreheads over which the hair hangs in tangled lumps, high cheekbones, flat noses, enormous chins and jaws, and mouths like a crocodile, with teeth that add to their repulsiveness. Their skin is said to be of a copper color. They are short in stature, round shouldered, squat, and always dressed in the skins of seals. It is due to the fact that most of their lives are spent in canoes. The women are even more repulsive in their appearance than the men, and the children, which are uncommonly scarce, look like young baboons. Their intelligence seems to be confined to a knowledge of boating and fishing, and they exercise great skill in both pursuits. Scientists who have investigated them say they are of the very lowest order of the human kind, many degrees below the Digger Indian.

Although these people live in a perpetual winter, where it freezes every night and always snows when the clouds show moisture, they go almost stark naked! The skin of the otter and guanaco are used for blankets, which are worn about the shoulders and afford some protection; but under these neither the men nor women wear anything whatever, except shoes and leggings made of the same material, which protect the feet from the rocks. Their little attempts at ornament are made by both sexes, in the way of necklaces, bracelets, and earrings made of fish bones and sea shells, which are often ingeniously joined together. The women also wear the skins of otters that cover their backs for tobacco, standing, meantime, as nude as a statue of Venus!

Their food consists of mussels, fish, sea animals, and the same sort of things which they catch with the rudest sort of implements. Their fishing lines are made of grass and their hooks of fish bones. For weapons they have bows and spears, the former being made of the skin of seals, the trails of animals, and the latter being long slender poles, with tips of sharpened bone. They also use slings with great dexterity, which are made of woven grass, and are said to bring down animals at long range.

During the day they are always on the water, in canoes or dugouts made of the trunks of trees, the whole family going together, and usually consisting of a man, two or three wives, and as many children as can be crowded into the boat. When night falls they go ashore and build a fire upon the rocks to temper the frigid atmosphere. Around this they cuddle in a most affectionate way. The name of the islands upon which they live came from these fires. The early navigators, who discovered the islands, were amazed to see these fires spring up as if by magic all over the islands every night at sundown, and so they called them Terra del Fuego, the land of fire. The English shortly after the discovery, and thus the place is known as Fireland.

No one has ever been able to ascertain whether they possess any sort of religious belief or have religious ceremonies. Across the straits to Patagonians, or horse Indians, are of a higher order of creation, and perform sacred rites to propitiate the evil and good spirits, in which, like the Patagonians, they are very superstitious, but the Fuegians are too degraded to contemplate anything but the necessity of ministering to their passions and appetites. They eat fish and bear uncooked and appreciate as dainties the least attractive morsels. Their language is an irregular and meaningless jargon, apparently derived from the Patagonians, with which they were, some years ago, in the distant past, connected. Bishop Sterling, of the Church of England, a devoted and energetic man, who has charge of missionary work in South America, with headquarters out the Falkland Islands, has made some attempt to benefit these creatures, but with no great success. He has a little schooner in which he sails around the straits, and is engaged in giving them presents of beads and twine blankets and clothing. They use the first for ornaments, the second for fishing gear, but trade off the other things for rum and tobacco the first chance they get. As long as his gift hold out he will be kindly received, no doubt, and his devotion meet with encouragement, but if he should land among them without the usual plunder they would probably kill him at breakfast time and pick his ribs for lunch. Toward the Atlantic coast the savages are of a higher order, and the ship has established a missionary station in a little town in which they live. His assistants have succeeded in persuading the inhabitants of this village to wear clothing and run a primary school, from which much good may come.

Statistics show that England is increasing her population ten times as fast as France and Spain.

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It will buy you a pair of pantaloons worth \$7, made by a merchant tailor, found only at The Only Misfit Clothing Parlors, 1119 Farnam

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What Can be Done with \$6.50

It will buy you an elegant pair of pantaloons fully worth \$12, made by a merchant tailor and found only at The Misfit Clothing Parlors, 1119 Farnam Street.

What Can be Done with \$7.50

It will buy you as fine a pair of pantaloons as any merchant tailor in America can make you for \$15, found only at The Misfit Clothing Parlors, 1119 Farnam Street.

What Can be Done with \$12.80

It will provide you a suit or an overcoat which was made by a merchant tailor for \$25 each; they can be found only at The Misfit Clothing Parlors, 1119 Farnam street.

What Can be Done with \$17.50

It will buy you a suit cut in a four button cut-away frock coat which was made by a merchant tailor for \$35, you can't find it outside of The Misfit Clothing Parlors.

What Can be Done with \$20.00

It will buy you a suit or an overcoat which was made for \$40 by a merchant tailor, sold only at such a price at the Misfit Clothing Parlor 1119 Farnam Street.

What Can be Done with \$25.00

It will buy you as elegant a suit or an overcoat as any merchant tailor will be willing to make you for \$50; to be found only at the Misfit Clothing Parlors.

What Can be Done with \$30.00

It will provide you an elegant silk or satin lined suit or an overcoat which a merchant tailor made for \$60; to secure it come to the Only Misfit Clothing Parlors.

What Can be Done with \$32.35

It will buy as fine a Prince Albert suit as ever an eye saw; it was made by a leading merchant tailor for \$70. To test the truth of these facts you are invited to call for an inspection at the

ONLY MISFIT CLOTHING PARLORS 1119 FARNAM ST., 1119 Open evenings until 9 o'clock.