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GRACE GREENWOOD'S KISS.

IT TAKES A GENIUS LIKE GEORGE SAND TO BE A SMOKER.

The Effect of Tobacco Smoke Upon Sensitive Nerves—Do You Perceive It?

Several years ago, when Mrs. Lippincott was on this coast, she visited a little inland town, near which I was living on a ranch, doing the Maud Muller act (probably). She had known a member of my family in Washington, in her younger days, as a poet and literary man, for whom she cherished a fond recollection, which perhaps inspired the desire to see what sort of an offshoot I was. I received from her a kind note, naming the day and hour, when she hoped to see me.

Living in the town was a bright, chirpy little woman, for whom I had conceived quite a liking, and at whose house I was in the habit of making my stops, removing my duster and arranging my "brown locks" before presenting myself to the good people of the town.

Upon this occasion we were having a more than usual spirited time over the merits of a new book, and both determined to have the last word. Her son, an embryo hoodlum, made his appearance in our midst, with a cigar sticking out of his pocket. Dropping the subject that to me was of the most interest, with a true virtuous instinct she began:

"Charlie, what are you going to do with that cigar?"

He answered, "Nuthin'," with his hands up to his elbows in his pockets.

"Say, Charlie, throw it away, dear."

"Don't want to!"

"But you must, Charlie."

"I say I won't; it looks nice."

"Charlie, mind me now!"

Tired of this interruption, I walked over to the youngster and plucking the cigar out of his pocket struck a match and began to smoke, only intending to take a few whiffs in order to establish my possession, and then destroy the article.

Resuming the subject of discussion, I was soon entirely lost in the heated debate which followed with my friend.

All at once I became aware that the room was dim with smoke, and only an inch of the cigar remained in my fingers. Simultaneously we two started for the door.

I fell flat, paralyzed—yea, dying, I thought. A ghastly pallor overspread my face and cold drops stood out from every pore. The floor was whirling around so fast that I clasped my hands to save my head from colliding with the door. Then the table was coming. Ah! a Dakota cyclone was never more dreadful, and the true depth of suffering I felt at this little seance must be experienced to be fully appreciated.

But as nothing on this earth will last, so the end came. And when I stood upon the floor one hour later, to view the perfect wreck of my scattered self, I saw far out in one corner my collar and watch; my pin, switch and hairpins, and a tangled lot they were. Solemn thoughts swelled my breast, and with a mental resolve to be god-like the balance of my life, I was about to leave the house with a satisfied feeling that, after all, I did not look any worse for my little spree, when suddenly my nervous little friend cried out:

"Oh, my! Mrs. Lippincott will smell the smoke."

"What on earth are you talking about?" I asked.

"Have not my clothes been aired and bucketfuls of water been poured over my head?"

She said something about sensitive nerves, and followed it up with a parting shot—"It takes a genius like George Sand to be a smoker."

I settled my turban on my head, buttoned up my jacket and sticking my thumbs in the pocket ran down the leaf-strewn walk. The little footpath was edged with brown grass, and there was a richness of autumn landscape that I loved, but I walked hurriedly on, nor dared look from the little bridge swung across the creek which carried the "past waters of the mill," lest I should be again tempted from a straight course to the house, where I knew Mrs. Lippincott was awaiting a tardy visitor.

The servant answered my inquiries, and said Mrs. Lippincott would see me in her room, not feeling well enough to come down.

I found Grace Greenwood cosily arranged among the pillows. She extended her white hand with a bright look of welcome in her eyes. I stooped down to kiss her, when, all at once, the lingering of odors around a broken vase occurred to me. The kiss was a whack, and we flew apart like two suspended balls that violently collide. The muscles of her lips were suddenly drawn tight, and I retreated with the feeling that I had kissed a pair of steel tongs.

I had entirely forgotten that miserable cigar until that moment, and like a guilty thing I sought the most remote chair, which was far back in the bow window.

But all the talk was crushed out of me. She evidently shared my sincere embarrassment. Smoothing over the soft silk quilt, she would now and then gather it up in her hands and fold and crease it, and then smooth it out again, her thoughts evidently distracted. I grew cold and hot by turns. I was sure she had discovered the smoke, and that her sensitive organization had received a shock; perhaps she was even becoming sick, sick as I had been.

I could have clutched my face in my hands and have cried out in my shame. Finally, as if she could endure it no longer, Mrs. Lippincott touched a bell at the head of the bed. When the servant came she asked her to open the window, from which she insisted I should move, lest the draught should give me cold (or waft the odor to her, I mentally added).

What should I do? Jump out of the window and run? I felt like it. The feeling of embarrassment had evidently run so high between us that the tension had to be loosened, and presently she turned to me again and extended her hand, with the honest confession that *she had been smoking*, and when she sent for me to come to her room she had forgotten it until I kissed her. She added, "Do you perceive it? and will it make you sick?"

I could have fairly screamed with laughter under the sense of relief, but I had not the honesty of Grace Greenwood to confess. Then I remembered the words of my friend, "It takes a genius like George Sand to smoke." To this day the dear old lady does not know but that my embarrassment was the result of her indiscretion.

NAMOUNA.

ART NOTES.

Paintings and sculptures by colored artists may be shown in Boston during the coming winter.

Detroit will have a building specially arranged for art works at her projected international exhibition.

Alexander Young, the "Taverner" of the Boston *Post*, is a most interesting man, who frequents the clubs and knows everybody worth knowing. He has strongly-marked features and looks like a Scotchman. He is a bachelor of 55, and supports himself by his pen.

M. Osiris, a rich Hebrew of Paris, interested in the arts, has placed the sum of £4,000 in the hands of the Press Committee of the Exhibition, to be awarded to the most remarkable work of applied, or "useful," art in the show. One-half is to be awarded to the designer and the other half to the executants; or should one and the same person entirely produce the work, the whole sum will be handed over to him.

E. S. Church, N. A., has presented a water color copy of his painting, "Knowledge is Power," to Vassar College. The picture is that of a young woman attired in an Oxford gown and cap, seated within a grove, holding a book, and surrounded by five huge tigers. The animals are charmed by her presence. The original picture was dedicated to the college girls of America. N. B. The spell-bound gazer is expected to take his choice between the lady or the tigers.

The most noteworthy exhibit in the collection of pictures now on view at the Hanover Gallery, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is Meissonier's celebrated "1814," the famous work in which Napoleon is represented on his white horse retreating from Moscow at the head of his column. The size of the picture is only ten inches by fifteen, and the curious in these matters point out that, as the price asked is £16,000, the painting is valued at over a hundred and six pounds per square inch.

If half is true that M. Emile Cartailhac tells about the remains of primitive architecture on the Islands of Majorca and Minorca, the archæologists of Spain, France and Italy have been dull indeed. He reports to the Academie des Inscriptions that there are complete towns on these islands, surrounded by walls made of immense blocks of stone. There are *talayots*, round towers built in the same way over caves or crypts, and *nau* or *navetas*, elongated towers shaped like boats bottom up, which cover tombs.

Dr. Charles Waldstein, who has recently occupied for a few months the directorship of the American School at Athens, proposes to resign his position at Cambridge, England, as curator of the Fitzwilliam Museum, but retains his lectureship in the university. Dr. Waldstein visited Constantinople last winter, and has a good word to say for Hamdi Bey, the educated Turk, who enrages European antiquarians by endeavoring to secure for his country's museum all the yields of excavations in Asia Minor and elsewhere. Dr. Waldstein will return to the United States for a month or two this summer.

Speaking of the American decorative works shown in New Bond street, London, the *Athenæum* calls them novelties in the best sense of the word. They "exhibit characteristics of their own—sumptuous colors and admirable finish, the luxuries of craftsmanship of a fine order, being most marked of all. Design of the higher kind, which delights in pure and noble form, and the decorations arising from it are yet to come. At present even these subtle elements are by no means conspicuous by their absence, as is usually the case in examples of voluptuous design."

In the matter of the arts, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Professor Hubert Herkomer, A. R. A., M. A., Slade Professor, comes nearer to being the Admirable Crichton of our time than any other man of the day. A painter in oil and water color, an engraver in etching, dry point and mezzotint, a draughtsman on wood and paper, a wood carver of pre-eminence, an ironsmith of the highest skill, a lecturer on the fine arts at one of the great universities, the founder and principal of an art school of world-wide fame, his own architect and civil engineer, a newly-developed magazine writer, a playwright, a musician, a theatrical manager and actor—he now appears as a theatrical 'machinist' of great ingenuity and scene painter of still more originality, a singer and an opera composer.

Benjamin Creswick was a Sheffield workman, earning his living by the sweat of his brow, and with apparently no prospect before him but a life of manual labor. But he had the good fortune to live on the Walkley hillside, and one Saturday afternoon, when the weather was too "dirty" for a walk, he strolled into the museum which Mr. Ruskin and the brethren of the St. George's Guild had established at Walkley. It was the turning point of his life, for it opened up to him a new world and a future full of endless possibilities. He borrowed of the curator—the late Mr. Swan—two photographs of Mr. Ruskin, and set to work to model a bust of the author of "Modern Painters." Of course he had no technical knowledge, and it was but a poor attempt, but there was the hall mark of genius on it all the same, and Mr. Ruskin, who was shown the work, was so struck with it that he invited Mr. Creswick to Brantwood, and afterward arranged for him to study sculpture at Oxford, with the result that he is now at the head of the modeling department of the famous Birmingham Municipal School of Art.

PLUCK AND PRAYER.

There wa'nt any use c' fretting,
An' I told Obadiah so,
For ef we couldn't hold on to things,
We'd just got to let 'em go.
There were lots of folks that'd suffer
Along with the rest of us,
An' it did'nt seem to be worth our while
To make such a dreffle fuss.

To be sure the barn was most empty,
An' corn an' pertaters sca'ce,
An' not much of anything p enty and cheap
But water—an' appie sass.
But then, as I told Obadiah,
It wasn't any use to groan,
For flesh an' blood couldn't stand it; an' he
Was nothing but skin an' bone.

But laws! ef you'd only heard him,
At any hour of the night,
A prayin' out in that closet there,
'Twould have set you crazy quite.
I patched the knees of those trousers
With cloth that was noways thin,
But it seems as if the pieces wore out
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little
Of the thorny way we trod,
But at least a dozen times a day
He talked it over with God.
Down on his knees in that closet
The most of his time was passed;
For Obadiah knew how to pray
Much better than how to fast.

But I am that way contrary
That ef thing don't go jest right,
I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high,
An' gettin' ready to fight.
An' the giants I slew that winter
I ain't goin' to talk about;
An' I didn't even complain to God,
Though I think that He found it out.

With the point of a cambric needle
I drive the wolf from the door,
For I knew that we needn't starve to death
Or be lazy because we were poor.
An' Obadiah he wondered,
An' kept me patchin' his knees,
An' thought it strange how the meal held out,
An' stranger we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers,
"God knows where His gift descends;
An' isn't always that faith gits down
As far as the finger ends."
An' I would have no one reckon
My Obadiah a shirk,
For some, you know, have the gift to pray,
And others the gift to work.

—*Josephine Pollard, in Harper's Weekly.*

He Had Reasons.

"I've had my hosses and wagon stole!" shouted an excited farmer, as he rushed into police headquarters yesterday:

"Where from?"

"Right out here on the square!"

An officer was detailed to go with him and investigate, and as they reached the market the farmer said:

"I left 'em right over there about fifteen minutes ago."

"There's a team around the corner there," replied the officer. "Did you have a woman with you?"

"Yes—my wife. Say, by gol! that's my rig as sure's you live!"

"What's the matter, Sam?" asked the wife, as they approached.

"Thought the rig was stole."

"I just drove around to be in the shade."

"You go off the handle pretty easily, I should say," observed the officer to the man. "Why didn't you look around a little?"

"Say," said the man, as he moved a few steps away, "I was a little hasty, but I have reasons for it. That woman sitting right there, humble and demure as she looks, has run away from me three times, and I'm expecting the fourth calamity every minit in the day. Go kinder light on me. She may skip me yit before I git out o' town."—*Detroit Free Press.*

STORY OF A SALMON.

HIS JOURNEY FROM RIVER TO OCEAN AND BACK AGAIN.

Thrilling Description of His Trials and Tribulations From His Birth to His Death.

[Prof. David Starr Jordan, in Science Sketches.]

In the realm of the northwest wind on the boundary line between the dark fir forests and the sunny plains there stands a mountain, a great white cone two miles and a half in perpendicular height. On its lower mile the dense fir woods cover it with never-changing green; on its next half-mile a lighter green of grass and bushes gives place in winter to white; and on its uppermost mile the snows of the great Ice age still linger in unspotted purity. The people of Washington Territory say that the mountain is the great "King-pin of the Universe," which shows that, even in its own country, Mount Tacoma is not without honor.

Flowing down from the southwest slope of Mount Tacoma is a cold, clear river, fed by the melting snows of the mountain. Madly it hastens down over white cascades and beds of shining sands, through birchwoods and belts of dark firs to mingle its waters at last with those of the great Columbia.

This river is the Cowlitz, and on its bottom not many years ago there lay half buried in the sand a number of little orange-colored globules, each about as large as a pea. These were not much in themselves, but, like the philosopher's monads, each one had in it the promise and potency of an active life. In the waters above them little suckers and chubs and prickly sculpins were straining their mouths to draw these globules from the sand, and vicious-looking crawfishes picked them up with their blundering hands and examined them with their telescopic eyes. But one, at least, of these globules escaped their scientific curiosity, else this story would not be worth telling.

The sun shone down on it through the clear water, and the ripples of the Cowlitz said over it their incantantations, and it at last awoke a living being. It was a fish, a curious little fellow, only half an inch long, with great, staring eyes, which made almost half his length, and a body so transparent that he could not cast a shadow. He was a little salmon, a very little salmon, but the water was good and there were flies and worms and little living creatures in abundance for him to eat, and he soon became a larger salmon. And there were many more little salmon with him, some larger and some smaller, and they all had a merry time. Those who had been born soonest and had grown largest used to chase the others around and bite off their tails, or, still better, take them by their heads and swallow them whole, for, said they, "Even young salmon are good eating." "Heads I win, tails you lose," was their motto. Thus what was once two small salmon became united into one larger one, and the process of "addition, division and silence" still went on.

By-and-by, when all the salmon were too small to swallow the others and too large to be swallowed, they began to grow restless and to sigh for a change. They saw that the water rushing by seemed to be in a great hurry to get somewhere, and one of them suggested that its hurry was caused by something good to eat at the other end of its course. Then they all started down the stream, salmon-fashion, which fashion is to get into the current, head up stream, and so to drift backward as the river sweeps along.

Down the Cowlitz river they went for a day and night, finding much to interest them which we need not know. At last they began to grow hungry, and coming near the shore, they saw an angle-worm of rare size and beauty floating in an eddy of the stream. Quick as thought one of the boys opened his mouth, which was well filled with teeth of different sizes, and put it around that angle-worm. Quicker still he felt a sharp pain in his gills, followed by a smothering sensation, and in an instant his comrades saw him rise straight into the air. This was nothing new to them, for they often leaped out of the water in their games of hide-and-seek, but only to come down again with a loud splash not far from where they went out. But this never came back, and the others went on their way wondering.

At last they came to where the Cowlitz and the Columbia join, and they were almost lost for a time, for they could find no shores, and the top and bottom of the water were so far apart. Here they saw other and far larger salmon in the deepest part of the current, turning neither to the right nor left, but swimming right on up as fast as they could. And these salmon would not stop for them, and would not lie and float with the current. They had no time to talk even in the simple sign-language by which fishes express their ideas, and no time to eat. They had an important work before them, and the time was short. So they went on up the river, keeping their great purposes to themselves, and our little salmon and his friends from the Cowlitz drift down the stream.

By-and-by the water began to change. It grew denser, and no longer flowed rapidly along, and twice a day it used to turn about and flow the other way. And the shores disappeared, and the water began to have a different and peculiar flavor—a flavor which seemed to the salmon much richer and more inspiring than the glacier water of their native Cowlitz. And there were many curious things to see; crabs with hard shells and savage faces, but so good when crushed and swallowed! Then there were luscious squid swimming about, and, to a salmon, squid are like ripe peaches and cream for dinner. There were great companies of delicate sardines and herring, green and silvery, and it was such fun to chase them and then capture them!

Those who eat only sardines, packed in oil by greasy fingers, and herrings dried in the smoke, can have little idea how satisfying it is to have one's stomach full of them, plump and sleek and silvery, fresh from the sea.

Thus they chased the herrings about and had a merry time. Then they were chased about in turn by great sea-lions, swimming monsters with huge half human faces, long thin whiskers and blundering ways. The sea-lions liked to bite out the throats of the salmon, with their precious stomachs full of luscious sardines, and then to leave the rest of the fish to shift for itself.

And the seals and herrings scattered the salmon about, and at last the hero of our story found himself quite alone, with none of his kind near him, but that did not trouble him much, and he went on his own way, getting his dinner when he was hungry, which was all the time, and then eating a little between meals for his stomach's sake.

So it went on for three long years, and at the end of this time our little fish had grown to be a great, fine salmon, of forty pounds' weight, shining and silvery as a new tin pan, and with rows of the loveliest black spots on his head and back and tail. One day, as he was swimming about, idly chasing a big sculpin, with a head so thorny that he never was swallowed by anybody, all of a sudden the salmon noticed a change in the water around him.

All along the banks of the Columbia river, from its mouth to nearly thirty miles away, there is a succession of large buildings, looking like great barns or warehouses, built on piles in the river, and high enough to be out of the reach of floods. There are thirty of these buildings and they are called canneries. Each cannery has about forty boats, and with each boat are two men and a long gill-net, and these nets fill the whole river as with a nest of cobwebs from April to July; and to each cannery nearly a thousand great salmon are brought in every day. These salmon are thrown in a pile on the floor; and Wing Hop, the big Chinaman, takes them one after another on the table, and with a great knife dextrously cuts off the head, the tail and the fins; then with a sudden thrust removes the intestines and the eggs. The body goes into a tank of water, and the head goes down the river to be made into salmon oil. Next the body is brought on another table, and Quong Sang, with a machine like a feed cutter, cuts it into pieces just as long as a one-pound can. Then Ah Sam, with a butcher-knife cuts these pieces into strips just as wide as the can. Then Wan Lee, the China boy, brings down from the loft where they are making them, a hundred cans, and into each can puts a spoonful of salt. It takes just six salmon to fill a hundred cans. Then twenty Chinamen put the pieces of meat into the cans, fitting in little strips to make them exactly full. Then ten more solder up the cans, and ten more put the cans in boiling water till the meat is thoroughly cooked, and five more punch a little hole in the head of each can to let out the air. Then they solder them up again and little girls paste on them bright-colored labels showing merry little cupids riding the happy salmon up to the cannery door, with Mount Tacoma and Cape Disappointment in the back-ground; and a legend underneath says that this is "Booth's" or "Badollett's Best," or "Hume's" or "Clark's" or "Kinney's Superfine Salt Water Salmon." Then the cans are placed in cases, forty-eight in a case, and 500,000 cases are put up every year. Great ships come to Astoria and are loaded with them, and they carry them away to London, and San Francisco, and Liverpool, and New York, and Sidney, and Valparaiso, and Skowhegan, Maine; and the man at the corner grocery sell them at twenty cents a can.

All this time our salmon is going up the river, escaping one net as by a miracle, and soon having need of more miracles to escape the rest; passing by Astoria on a fortunate day, which was Sunday, the day on which no man may fish if he expects to sell what he catches, till finally he came to where the nets were few, and at last to where they ceased altogether. But there he found that scarcely any of his companions were with him, for the nets cease when there are no more salmon to be caught in them. So he went on day and night where the water was deepest, stopping not to feed or loiter on the way, till at last he came to a wild gorge, where the great river became an angry torrent rushing wildly over a huge staircase of rocks. But our hero did not falter, and summoning all his forces, he plunged into the Cascades. The current caught him and dashed him against the rocks. A whole row of silvery scales came off and glistened in the water like sparks of fire, and a place on his side became black and red, which, for a salmon, is the same as being black and blue for other people. His comrades tried to go up with him; and one lost his eye, one his tail, and one had his lower jaw pushed back into his head like the joint of a telescope. Again he tried to surmount the Cascades, and at last he succeeded, and an Indian on the rocks above was waiting to receive him. But the Indian with his spear was less skillful than he was wont to be and our hero escaped, losing only a part of one of his fins, and with him came one other, and henceforth these two pursued their journey together.

Now a gradual change took place in the looks of our salmon. In the sea he was plump, round and silvery, with delicate teeth and as handsome and symetrical a mouth as any one need wish to kiss. Now his silvery color disappeared, his skin grew slimy and the scales sank into it; his back grew black and his sides turned red—not a healthy red, but a sort of hectic flush. He grew poor, and his back, formerly as straight as needs be, now developed an unpleasant hump at the shoulders. His eyes—like all enthusiasts who forsake eating and sleeping for some loftier aim—became dark and sunken. His symmetrical jaws grew longer and longer, and, meeting each other, as the nose of an old man meets his chin, each had to turn aside to let the other pass. And his beautiful teeth grew longer and longer, and projected from his mouth, giving him a savage and wolfish appearance, quite unlike his real disposition. For all the desires and ambitions of his nature had become centered into one. We do not know what this one was, but we do know that it was a strong one, for it had led him on and on, past the nets and horrors of Astoria, past the dangerous Cascades, past the spears of the Indians, through the terrible flume of The Dalles, where the mighty river is compressed between huge rocks into a channel narrower than a village street; on past the meadows of Umatilla and the wheat-fields of Walla Walla; on to where the great Snake river and the Columbia join; on up the Snake river and its eastern branch, till at last he reached the foot of the Bitter Root mountains in the territory of Idaho, nearly a thousand miles from the ocean, which he had left in April. With him still was the other salmon which had come with him through the Cascades, handsomer and smaller than he, and, like him, growing poor and ragged and tired.

At last, one October afternoon, they came together to a little clear brook, with a bottom of fine gravel, over which the water was but a few inches deep. Our fish painfully worked his way to it, for his tail was all frayed out, his muscles were sore, and his skin covered with unsightly blotches. But his sunken eyes saw a ripple in the stream, and under it a bed of little pebbles and sand. So there in the sand he scooped out with his tail a smooth, round place, and his companion came and filled it with orange-colored eggs. Then our salmon came back again, and, softly covering the eggs, the work of their lives was done, and, in the old salmon fashion, they drifted tail foremost down the stream.

Next morning, a settler in the Bitter Root region, passing by the brook near his house, noticed that a "dog-salmon" had run in there and seemed "mighty nigh tuckered out." So he took a hoe, and, wading into the brook, rapped the fish on the head with it, and carrying it ashore threw it to the hogs. But the hogs had a surfeit of salmon meat and they only ate the soft parts, leaving the head untouched. And a wandering naturalist found it there, and sent it to the United States Fish Commissioner to be identified, and thus it came to me.

Ground Floor Prices.

"How much are strawberries?" she wearily asked of a Woodward avenue grocer.

"Ten cents, ma'am."

"Isn't that high?"

"Well, yes; but they are certain to go higher."

"Do you think so?"

"Why, certainly. If Austria and Russia go to war, as now seems probable, strawberries will jump to 50 cents a quart in no time."

"Yes, I s'pose so, and I s'pose Charles will agree that I ought to buy now. You may give me a pint."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Handicapped Gallantry.

The boozy man in the corner of the crowded car awoke from a nap and discovered a bulky lady hanging to a strap and glaring at the row of unobservant men intent upon their newspapers. The boozy man's gallantry asserted itself. "I'll be one 'venny two gen'l'men in zish car t' get up an' give th' lady seat," he said.—*Kansas City Star.*

"GRIZZLY'S" SOLILOQUIES.

"TOM" MERRY TELLS ABOUT THINGS IN AUSTRALIA.

"The Weird and Grotesque, the Strange Scribblings of Nature Learning How to Write."

"Tom" Merry, whose writings under the *nom de plume* of "Grizzly" are familiar to all Pacific coast readers, has returned from Australia, and writes as follows about that ancient land:

To take up the story where I laid it down, last week, I speak of Australia as the greatest producer of gold, silver and other precious metals in the entire world. The country embraced between Sandhurst and Ballarat is not over 97x40 miles, and it is producing more gold to-day than all the Pacific States combined. But it is in the province of Queensland that is to be found the greatest gold mine in all the world—the Mount Morgan. It has been worked since 1884, and has no defined ledge. It is simply a mountain of volcanic scoriæ, containing gold so fine that no ordinary process of battery work and amalgamation would take it up. Therefore it is worked in the following way: The ore is first crushed dry in stamp batteries, and then the powder is whirled in concentrators at the rate of 120 revolutions per minute, which throws the heavy stuff to the outside, and allows the lighter detritus to pass out from the center to a bin, whence it is blown clear out of doors by a fan blower driven by steam. The heavy ore is then put into a chlorination furnace and treated just as we have been treating sulphurets in the California mining towns for the past thirty years. The gold comes out of the furnace in a solution about the color of amber sherry wine, and is at once put through a filter of powdered charcoal, about the size of a molasses hogshead. This filter is closely watched, as it is frequently kept in use an entire week. It is then burned, and the gold comes out in the form of bright and ringing metal.

Morgan, the man who owned the farm in which this unparalleled mine is situated, sold it to a "fossicker" (a prospector, in America) for £6,000. The man who bought it did not really know whether he had got gold or platinum, but he knew it was one or the other. If it were gold he was ahead of all the earth; and if it were platinum he could lose nothing. Charley Skerett paid £80,000 for his one-tenth and mortgaged the Royal Hotel property to do so, for which he was soundly rated by his friends. He paid off every shilling of the mortgage before the dawn of January 1, 1887, and has now an income from his dividends just about six times as great as that of the President of the United States. The Mount Morgan mine has paid in dividends over £2,000,000 since it was opened, and the market value of shares was £60 when I left Sydney two months ago. They have some laws in Australia that would be regarded here as destructive to the personal liberty of the private citizen, and yet I believe their mining laws to be the best in the world. They hold that the mineral lands belong to the crown, hence they are leased and not sold. Every second and fourth Saturday night in the month a blackboard is hung out from the front of the District Inspector's office in each district, giving the number of tons quarried, the number of tons crushed and the number of ounces of amalgam cleaned up. This is copied from a statement made by the manager of each mine, under oath. It looks like a blow at civil liberty to compel a man to divulge the secrets of his business, but it certainly has the merit of protecting small shareholders.

Under the Australian mining laws there could have been no Floods, no Sharons, no Mackays nor O'Briens. The money filched from the pockets of barkeepers and servant girls in California by the present system of assessing stock, owned by several hundred people, and letting less than ten of them know what became of the money so levied, could never have obtained ground in the blooming colonies, you know. They wouldn't have it that way, miboy. Several Americans went down there to teach the colonials how to run mines on the Comstock plan; and those of them who are not in Pentridge prison, are either herding sheep at five pounds per month or else have taken time by the forelock and fled the country. I know of mines in Ballarat and Sandhurst that have paid dividends of as low as sixpence per share, twice a year. In Nevada or Idaho, this money would have been stolen by the directors, in voting themselves constructive salaries or letting contracts to their brothers-in-law. All this in Australia pleased me. But there is one feature with which I could not be pleased. I allude to the way in which the extremes of society are represented—the very rich and the very poor. It was the first time I had ever seen such a condition of things in a country having a commercial existence of less than fifty years, more especially in a gold-producing country. In 1873 began the first centralization of capital in California. Prior to that time there were no very poor men, and none very rich, either in that State or our own. If I had not seen children starved like wolves in the streets of Melbourne and Sydney, while their mothers were confined for drunkenness in Pentridge or Darlinghurst, I would not write as I do.

Australia is unquestionably the oldest portion of the world. Humboldt started out in his "Cosmos" to prove that Asia and Africa were older than the Western Continent. He found himself one day on the banks of a lake in Bolivia, where the gateways of a ruined city were made of monoliths, similar to those of Baalbec, showing conclusively that the same race had built both, but had built those of Titicaca before they had learned the use of hieroglyhics. This so upset all of Humboldt's theories that he went back to Germany and died a disappointed, grief-stricken man, with his greatest work incomplete. What would have become of him if he had first visited Australia? He could rapidly have seen that there was where the world began; that there the mountains first rose above the floods, as the Creator rested on the seventh day. The countless ages of Roman epic poetry, led on by a Coriolanus or a Horatius; the dim centuries of chivalry that marked Christianity's hand-to-hand struggles with the yoke of the Saracen; the later heroism of Drake, Van Tromp or Hampden, all these passed unheard of by the half-naked savages, who roamed the vast solitudes known as "the Bush," which has its fauna and flora different from that of any other portion of God's earth. Australia is the land of weird melancholy, such as the pen of Poe alone could have depicted. The birds have no song, spite of all of their gorgeous plumage; and the beasts have not yet learned to walk on all-fours. In no other land is the pen of nature so steeped in inherent bitterness, or her radiant form so wrapped in the mantle of despair.

As in eons before Thebes hewed her hundred gateways from the rock, or Karnak reared its temples above the yellow floods of the Nile, the great kangaroos go hopping over the coarse grass, for all the animals of the great south continent are either ghostly or grotesque. When the suns sinks out of sight there is no twilight, for in those southern latitudes the darkness comes at once. From the density of vast eucalyptus forests, which hold their leaves and shed their bark at the coming of winter, great flocks of white cockatoos come streaming out into the approaching night, shrieking like spirits lost. From the crest of some dwarfed sheoak, the hoarse croak of the morepork comes to intensify the dread of the wayfarer who wraps his Mosgiel rug about him and lies down to sleep amid vague dread of dangers unseen. No bright or inspiring fancies entwine themselves about the Australian mountains. Their very name—Mount Misery, Mount Despair, and the like—suggest to the traveler the sufferings of hopeless exp'orers, like Burke, Wills and Leichhardt, who have lain down to perish of thirst and its kindred madness. A stern and funereal melancholia surrounds the ghostly rattle of the white bark as it drops from the gum trees, like ashes sprinkled on the grave of the dying year. In the black gorges of these stern and forbidding peaks is stifled the story of a sullen despair, as when the weary traveler sank down to die, with dreams of England's hawthorn hedged lanes in his brain and the dewy incense of Kentish hopfields creeping, for the last time, over the senses of his parting soul.

In other lands the poet has drawn from earth and air, from swelling sea and bourneless sky, the inspiration which soothes the senses and satisfies the soul, but in the desolate mountains and treeless plains, the poet's soul drinks in the thought of ferocious anger or sullen defiance, which wraps itself about the barren majesty of the Australian Alps. More men have perished from thirst in "the Bush" in the past half century than in all America or Europe in five times that period. I can never forget the long dawn of a morning in Melbourne, when it was broad daylight at 3 o'clock, nearly three hours before the sun began to redden the sky above the blue Dandenough hills. My walk, impelled by a friend's sudden illness, led me down Punt Hill in South Yarra, towards St. Kilda. Whether the same feeling ever came over another man at such an hour, I am unable to say. But its oppressiveness has not yet left me. The vast city with its gloomy rows of brick and stone buildings; the silent and sluggish Yarra, flowing as lazily to the far-off sea as it did on the day when Batman and Hoddle first pitched their tents on Spencer hill; the broad and stony streets, stretching over twelve miles of diameter in the suburbs, without a sign of humanity stirring, all these made up a sad picture to the American whose mind recalled the dull gray of morning receding before the encarnadine glow that surrounds the chariot of Phœbus. Oregon is the land of the long twilight, Australia that of the long dawn. Wrapped up forever in the morning's mantle of mist, her history rises out of the ocean of oblivion, her traditions loom up before the student of nature in a grandeur so vague as to be absolutely gigantic; and she seems to say, with her thousand tongues of rock and tree, before your land was I am!

The same weird melancholy that overhangs the marvelous metropolis forces itself on your contemplation as you ride through the somber forests of the world's oldest land. The lonely stockrider, galloping along through the bush, between waning moonlight and coming day, sees vast shadows creepiag noiselessly over the trackless and illimitable plains. He hears weird sounds to which his ears are strangers, in the hoarse croak of the birds that cannot fly, and the beasts that jump but cannot run. And out of this upsetting of nature's handiwork, while beholding all about him a vegetation long since perished from every other fair land of earth, he feels that the sleek and tidy civilization amid which he first saw the light, becomes tame and dumb beside the grandeur and contemptuous loneliness of mountain peak and forest shade that was contemporaneous with an era in which Humboldt had cradled the very founders of his race. The poetry of the Australian bush speaks to the silent worshiper at nature's shrine as no other land can speak. As Marcus Clarke said in one of the chapters of the greatest novel written in the past thirty years, "His Natural Life," that "Europe is the home of knightly song and heroic deeds, while Asia sinks beneath weighty memories of her past magnificence like the Suttee sinks, burdened with her jewels, upon the corpse of dead grandeur, destructive even in its death. America hurries swiftly on her way, glittering and insatiable as her own waterfalls. From the jungles of Africa and the tangled groves of the South Sea islands arise, from the glowing hearts of a thousand varied flowers, the intoxicating odors that dwell in barbaric sensuality. In Australia alone is found the weird and grotesque, the strange scribblings of Nature learning how to write."

It was, perhaps, my years of rambling, with rod and gun, in the somber silence of Oregon's forests and California's towering Sierras, that bred in my mind a thirst to see the land where Burke and Wills perished of hunger, and where Leichhardt's bones rest in an unmarked grave, because unknown. That longing was satisfied through the kindness of a worthy chief magistrate, now a private citizen of the republic. I have come home thoroughly satisfied with all I have seen, and more American in spirit than ever, but I roughed it just enough, in the bush, the fantastic land of monstrosities begotten before Moses handed down the tablets of the law, to comprehend the subtle charm of its solitude and drink in the lesson of its vague mystery. The myriad tongues of the wilderness whispered to me their manifold doctrines in the language of the haggard and the supernatural. The ghostly gum trees, distorted with the siroccos of January or pinched with the frosts of July, when the Southern Cross seemed frozen into a nebular ocean of cloudless blue, murmured to me the song of a land that had stood still, like a stony dreamer, while empires rose and fell, while nations grew and decayed. The illusive phantom of Australia's solitudes furnished their own interpretation, and left the wayfarer from across the seas to realize, in the poetry of her desolation, why the patriarch's elder son should sell his birthright and still love his heritage of barren sands better than all the fatted flocks and gorgeous apparel that surrounded his ancestral halls.

A Dog's Love of Soda.

Acquired tastes are found not only among men, but among pet animals. A reporter of the Worcester *Spy* was recently in one of the drug stores of that city, when he noticed the entrance of a small, long-haired dog, who at once went up to the soda fountain.

Here he began to sneeze and go through with sundry movements evidently designed to attract the druggist's attention.

"Ah, here you are again, you rascal!" said the shopkeeper. "You want another drink of soda, do you?"

The dog at once resumed his performances, sneezing, sitting on his haunches, barking, and so on. There was no doubt of it; soda was what he wanted.

"What kind of syrup will you have?" asked the proprictor, as he took up a mug.

The dog sat quiet while the different syrups were being named—lemon, pineapple and the rest, until the man came to vanilla. Then he sat up and sneezed, saying as plainly as possible, "Yes, yes, that's the kind."

He exhibited all his best tricks while the beverage was being prepared, and when the foaming mug was placed before him on the floor, he quickly drained it.

"Does he drink that stuff often?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, yes," said the druggist; "he comes round about three times a day, and he never drops a nickel in the slot."

Baron Nordenskjold has now passed through the press the great work upon which he has been engaged—a fac simile atlas to the oldest history of cartography. It is a folio volume containing reproductions of fifty-one maps printed before 1600, with descriptive letter-press and other illustrations.

LOVED BY ACTRESSES.

THE FLOWERS, THE COLORS AND THE BOOKS THEY ADMIRE.

Clara Morris, Rosina Vokes, Pauline Hall, Margaret Mather and Others Tell About Them.

It was a fashion when our grandmothers were young to have what they called "mental albums." They were the forerunners, perhaps, of autograph and birthday books, only much more terrible, for they were made up of a series of questions which one's intimate friends were kindly requested to answer. "What is your favorite flower? color? perfume?" Such questions as these—and there were a score or more of them—helped to complete the list. People had more leisure in those days than at present, or the mental album never could have existed.

Acting upon this idea, says a writer in the New York *Star*, a certain young person of my acquaintance thought it would be a good plan to get one of these albums made up by contributions from some of the more prominent actresses. She values the collection too highly ever to part with it, although she has kindly allowed me to make some extracts for the benefit of my *Star* readers who may be anxious to know the "favorite" flower, or gem, or poet of her favorite actress.

Some time has been spent in making this collection, as it was not always easy to find the actress willing to respond. Probably the list of questions seemed too appalling, or else it was not always so easy to settle definitely upon the "favorite."

Turning the leaves of this unique book one comes to the page contributed by Clara Morris. Copying it verbatim ad literatim it is as follows:

What is your favorite color? A color like sunlight falling through thick branches.
Flower? A tuft of sweet-smelling violets.
Tree? Palm.
Object in nature? The promise on the fields of coming beauty?
Hour in the day? The hour for "five-oclock tea."
Season of the year? When you can almost see the leaves unfolding.
Perfume? That from a rose jar.
Gems? Diamonds and rubies.
Style of beauty? That in which a beautiful soul dwells.
Names? Those who have lived noble lives.
Painters? Raphael and Dore.
Musicians? Beethoven.
Piece of sculpture? Venus di Milo.
Poets? Tennyson, Scott and Milton.
Favorite poetess? Jean Ingelow.
Prose writers? Thackeray, George Eliot and Mrs. Burnett.
Character in romance? Ivanhoe.
Character in history? St. Louis.
What book do you like to take up for an hour? I hardly ever take up one for more than an hour.
Where would you prefer to live? Wherever I find myself, although I do especially love America.

To the last question, "What is your idea of happiness?" no reply was given. It is not always easy for one to define one's ideas upon this subject, apparently, as it is left hopelessly high and dry without an answer on nearly every page.

To vary the monotony a little, the questions are not precisely the same in every instance. For example, the following, to which Mrs. Eldridge, "Aunt Louisa," as she is more familiarly known, sent replies vary a little from those submitted to Clara Morris:

Favorite flower? Violet.
Color? Blue.
Gem? Diamond.
Style of beauty? Grec