MISSOURI

"THE PAINTED WOODS OF THE MISSOURI SLOPE."

Substantial Reasons Why It Will Have a Rapid and Healthful Growth—The Town and its Advantages Described.

A Trip up the River.

A TRIBUNE representative who found it necessary to make a business trip to Washburn a few days ago was requested to take notes by the way and report his impressions of the country and the prospects of the new town for this paper, as that portion of the Missouri slope is just now creating much talk among intending settlers and people seeking investments. Accordingly one fine morning the scribe, clad in his elegant $100 wolf-skin overcoat, and armed with a gross of Fabers sharpened at both ends, started out across the country on his journey.

WHAT MAKES A SOLID BOOM.

In this land of magnificent farms it has become a generally accepted principle that agriculture must be the backbone and basis of every healthful "boom." In this part of Dakota we have no mines nor forests. Our chief glory is in the unequalled productiveness and vastness of our farming lands. It is that fact which will bring to the Missouri slope this season the grandest army of immigration the country has ever known.

North of Bismarck, beginning about six miles north from the splendid farm of Commissioner John Satterlund, extends the celebrated Painted Woods country—a strip of first rate farming land lying along the river for a distance of sixteen miles. This district is already pretty well settled up by thrifty farmers. Still further north is the Turtle Valley country, than which there are few better tracts of farming lands in all Dakota. This country also is dotted with the "shacks" and farm buildings of the busy tillers of the soil. At the northern extremity of this rich farming district is situated the new

TOWN OF WASHBURN.

The town was named in honor of the late Gov. C. C. Washburn, of Wisconsin. It is situated forty miles north of Bismarck, midway between it and Fort Stevenson, at that point on the Missouri near the conjunction of the county lines of Sheridan, Stevens and Burleigh, where the river bends abruptly to the west. The townsite is located on an elevated shelf which commands a view of the river in each direction for many miles. It is said that passing steamers are kept in sight for two hours. The waters of the Big Muddy wash the sides of this high broken bank, and probably nowhere on its entire course is there so fine a natural landing. Back from the river the land lies level for a considerable distance, and then rises, forming a long, gradual slope.

WOOD, WATER AND BUILDING STONE.

The bottom lands of the Missouri at this point are heavily timbered and will supply the community with cheap fuel for many years to come. This, however, is not their sole reliance; there have been discovered near by indications of coal in immense quantities, and of a quality which it is believed will surpass the Bly's mine product. There is also an abundance of pure water, which may be obtained at a depth of from 50 to 60 feet. Natural springs are numerous, and their waters trickle all summer down the "coulies" which lead to the river.

In the high bank of the river, just where it makes its sharpest turn, and where the current is strongest, there lies an immense bed of stratified rock, which prevents the washing out of the bank. Were this rock located in the vicinity of Bismarck, its owner would have a good-sized bonanza, since for building purposes it cannot be surpassed. It lies close to the surface of the ground and may be easily taken out.

Limestone has also been found in the vicinity of Washburn.

CONTEMPLATED BUILDINGS.

The town of Washburn contains at present but three or four buildings. Last year Messrs. Satterlund and Veeder, the proprietors of the townsite, made no exertion to get people into the village, but directed their efforts entirely to settling up the tributary country, believing that with settlers around it the town would take care of itself. As a result of that policy the country north and east of Washburn is now fairly well populated, and the town is considerably behind its actual support. However, it has a substantial basis for a "boom," and the proprietors propose this season to devote their attention more to the town. A weekly newspaper is now being arranged for, and by the middle of next month at the farthest it will be heralding the advantages of its location to the world. The Rev. Thompson, of this city, has promised to assist the people of Washburn in establishing a Presbyterian church. A livery stable will be established, and a regular daily mail and passenger conveyance put on the road between Washburn and Bismarck. A flouring mill will be put up in time to take care of the next harvest. A well-stocked agricultural warehouse will be established soon. A private school has flourished during the winter, being well attended, notwithstanding the occasional severity of the weather; this summer a school building will be erected. A saloon and restaurant are also among the probabilities. The liberal policy of the town site owners, in offering inducements to business enterprises gives assurance of a lively boom for Washburn in the immediate future, and also of the ultimate complete success of the enterprise.

Another circumstance which has retarded building in Washburn thus far, has been the difficulty of getting lumber, the boat owners asking such exorbitant rates for transporting it that intending builders were "froze out." Arrangements are now under way for cheaper transportation.

NORTH AND EAST OF WASHBURN.

The excellence of the agricultural district south from Washburn has already been referred to. On the north is a vast expanse of rolling prairie land reaching away for sixty miles to the magnificent cattle ranges of the Mouse river country. This country is regarded by many as the best on the entire Missouri slope. Eastward the country is equally good—an immense extent of rich, black soil capable of producing enormous crops. Just northeast from Washburn is the "Hudson colony," located in town 145. This colony consists of ten families, and makes a considerable settlement in itself. Nine miles northwest of Washburn on the river is the embryo town of Conkling. Conkling already aspires to the dignity of having a post office, and her claims in that direction will doubtless prove successful.

The base of supplies for all these settlers north and west of Washburn for a considerable distance south is Washburn. Yet Washburn has as yet but one store—the general store of Messrs. Veeder and Satterlund. It is thus necessary to state that this is doing a good business.

ON THE WEST SIDE.

Across the Missouri from Washburn the country is broken by buttes, and "coulies." It is a fine grazing district and several parties are engaged in successful stock raising. On a clear day many ranches may be plainly seen from Washburn, and also hundreds of cattle and sheep feeding on the hillsides, and on the "Mandan bottoms," extending along the river for ten miles. Mandan lake, a beautiful sheet of water, is situated on the west side of the river about four miles above Washburn, and just below old Ft. Clark, once a busy Hudson bay trading post.

The narrowness of the river and the solidity of the banks at Washburn, are peculiarly favorable for the building of a ferry, and probably it will not be long before the two sides of the river will be connected by that means.

Most of the government lands within ten miles of Washburn are already filed on, and the railroad lands in its vicinity are nearly all sold.

Deer, antelope, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, snipe, plover, etc., are very plenty, and a few miles north of Washburn there is a lake which affords excellent fishing.

WHY WASHBURN WILL BOOM.

Washburn is certain to become an important point, and that within a few years. It has the only good steamboat landing for many miles in its neighborhood. It has pure water and plenty of fuel. It has around it an intelligent and industrious community of farmers, who came to the country to till the soil and not to speculate. It is far enough from Bismarck to draw around it a strong support of its own. Its fortunes are controlled by men who realize that liberality and energy win in the long run, and who are far seeing enough to make a present sacrifice when necessary for the accomplishment of a future good. From Bismarck north there is a natural grade which will make railroad building easy, and no railroad from Bismarck up the river can miss this point. But better than all else, there is around Washburn one of the richest farming countries on the globe.

Mr. Veeder is living in the new town with his family. He has a comfortable frame dwelling. His children are growing up strong and healthy, and he says he is enjoying life immensely.

Mr. Satterlund has leased his farm and will put up a dwelling house immediately in Washburn, where he will move his family. He proposes to devote his entire attention this season to the interests of the town.

Chamber of Commerce Meeting.

An enthusiastic meeting of the chamber of commerce was held Monday ten directors and numerous members at large being present. The resolution presented by Jos. Hare that the by-laws be amended so as to read that any director absenting himself from attendance at three consecutive regular meetings, shall be dismissed and his place filled by another member, was adopted.

The report of the printing committee showed that the special editions of the TRIBUNE had been printed, circulated and paid for and that there was an urgent demand for more papers.

Mr. Flannery, of the immigration committee, spoke at some length on the importance of doing something to provide for the wants of incoming settlers. He said the hotels, even now, were all full, and it was important that another large house be built. The chamber should try and impress the importance of such an enterprise, and induce capitalists to investigate the matter. The speaker considered it of the greatest importance that the wants of immigrants be looked after. Remarks were made by others, and it was finally decided to purchase 100 14x16 tents, the use of which will be given free to immigrants during the time they are looking for land. A man will be placed in charge of them, and the comforts of settlers looked after. An assessment on the chamber will be made to meet the expenses incurred.

Mr. Von Durein was present, and was called upon to make a few remarks. He said the Germans of Bismarck had organized a society to promote the welfare of their countrymen, and look after German settlers. He asked that the society be endorsed by the chamber of commerce, as it would assist them in their efforts to induce immigration. After due deliberation, the president of the chamber was authorized to assist the organization in any way he thinks proper.

It having been decided that more copies of the chamber of commerce edition of the TRIBUNE were necessary, R. R. Marsh was appointed to canvass the city to-day and see how many copies were wanted by private individuals. The chamber of commerce headed the list with a subscription of $60, and will be followed by Bentley, Marsh & Co., Harmon, Marratt & McLean, Call & Norton, and others to the extent of $30 to $50 each. Every $30 subscribed entitles the subscriber to 1,000 copies of the paper. It is likely that the demand will call for an edition of 10,000 copies.

Before adjourning a resolution was passed that the assistant secretary be authorized to canvass the city and collect all dues from delinquents and the names of all members refusing to pay such dues will be dropped from the list.

The following gentlemen were voted upon and admitted as members: Messrs. Whitley, Smith, Hosier, Allan, Barnes, Hersey, McCune, Fox, Bowen and Webster.

A Manifestation of Grief.

[Stanley Huntley, in Brooklyn Eagle.]

"Yes," sniffed Mr. Winterbotham, as Mr. Wotherspoon poured out his consolation in a torrent, "Yes, it's a great bereavement. Were you at the funeral?" "Certainly, my poor boy," replied the sympathetic Wotherspoon. "She looked natural," sighed Mr. Winterbotham, wiping his eyes. "She was a good wife and I sincerely mourn her loss. Did you notice how I took on at the funeral? Wasn't I all broke up?" "You were indeed, a sented Mr. Wotherspoon, "I never felt so sorry for a man in my life!" and Mr. Wotherspoon wrung his friend's hand. "Did you go to the cemetery?" inquired Mr. Winterbotham, after a pause. "No, dear boy. I had another engagement. Wanted to go, but couldn't." "I'm sorry," retorted Mr. Winterbotham, with a sigh of disappointment. "You ought to have gone to the cemetery. I raised h—l at the grave."

A Gentle Denial.

[Benton Record.]

A rumor having been current upon the streets that before his departure the Rev. Blackiston invaded our sanctum and castigated us with a raw-hide, it may not be inappropriate for us to state that if we have been cowhided we don't know it, and if the clerical gentleman referred to had a cowhide or any other weapon with him when he made the visit referred to, he took care to keep it carefully concealed. Without doubt the muscular curate is big enough to fill the circumambient atmosphere with us, but we didn't do it, and it is our fixed belief that we can whip the offspring of a female canine who says he did.

ENGLAND'S UNREST.

London Has Been the Greatest Civilizing Force on the Earth,

But the End Cometh Surely---The Handwriting is on the Wall.

E. V. Tousley in Minneapolis Tribune.

London will satisfy anybody's conception of a big city. No matter whence you came, there is a sense of vastness experienced which bewilders and oppresses. You meet an acquaintance on its thoroughfares always with surprise, and you part with no expectation of ever crossing paths again. Take up this name of six letters and look through it as through a lens. In the foreground are surely five millions of human beings; a net-work of infinite activities and the profoundest social problems pushing towards solution. There are the great centers from which everything radiates—government, jurisprudence, industry, religion, literature, education and art. These are the busy looms out of which is woven that mysterious product which we denominate the social fabric—here London life.

Beyond is antiquity which stretches back and back, until it melts away in the twilight of fable. By all odds London has been the greatest civilizing force on the earth since the invention of printing, and to day it is the very axle of the commercial world. Within twenty years it has increased in population 47 per cent., and if the Irish trouble doesn't prove deeper than agitation, it bids fair to keep on improving.

In conversation with intelligent Englishmen no one will fail to discover a certain unrest over the present political situation; an apprehension that something is working at the bottom, which sooner or latter will show a very angry appearance on the surface, if it does not upset altogether the existing order of things.

And why not? Starting with the fundamental truth that nothing is safe which is not just, let us see how the matter stands. After a few hundred years of robbery, nicknamed policy, it has come about that 12,000 people possess the land of England. But what of the 50,000,000 people who inhabit these islands? How has this transfer affected them? It's a long story of wrong and conflict, but the pith of it can be told in a few words. Subtracting the capitalists, the toiling millions are either wage-earners on the farm, or, driven into the cities, they are, under the increasing power of steam, mere wage-earners to the factory lords and shop keepers, the sole owners of the means of production. Through colonization and her ability to hold unchallenged the markets of the world, England has managed to keep down or turn aside the awful pressure, which has threatened her very life within the century just passed, and has held on to the old regime.

But the end cometh surely; the handwriting is on the wall in plain type. Not only he who runs may read, but he who reads may run. Queerly enough a rival has appeared who is disputing with her the empire of trade. The United States is producing one-fourth of the world's crop, one-fourth of its iron and one-fifth of its steel. Recent figures, summing up the year, furnish some striking contrasts, as follows:

	United States.	Great Britain.
Manufactures....	4,290,000,000	3,790,000,000
Mining.....	360,000,000	325,000,000
Agriculture.....	3,000,000,000	1,200,000,000
Carrying trade...	830,000,000	845,000,000

What is the lesson? Simply this: Our cheap meat and bread render English farming unprofitable; yea, ruinous at the present land rental; and though the landlords have scored heavy reductions in rent, the figure has not yet been reached which insures successful competition with American tillage. Our manufacturers are spreading with surprising rapidity, commending themselves alike by cheapness and quality. These are pregnant facts; food enough for the English gentleman (a term applied in England to the possessor of land) and for everybody who has a dollar in an English mill. Unless some counteracting agency shows itself which cannot now be guessed, great distress will be experienced in Great Britain, and out of this, revolution, peaceable or otherwise; and this at no distant day. Some instrument will be raised up or pushed up as the mountains are by internal heat; and as the mountains lift the valleys, so will this instrument, crystallizing the thought of the hour, raise humanity to a higher level of justice.

Now I firmly believe this: Every honest man or woman, who desires to make an honest living, ought to have a place somewhere to make it; has a right to it—that is, in this sense the world owes him a living, and capital has no right to wrest from him the means of subsistence. The government that permits it is eve lastingly in jeopardy. There are several corollaries which come from this that might be expounded. Let me leave them for another occasion. I remarked that America was a rival of England. This is putting the thing too mildly and too narrowly.

America is a spectre of awful portent to the ruling power of this whole continent. Truly the Mayflower took over with her the seed-wheat of the centuries. Truly that little pilgrim ship was the speck no bigger than a man's hand, was the leaven which the woman hid, the stone which the builder rejected.

Journalistic Perpetual Motion.

Detroit Free Press.

"Oh, I don't think that perpetual motion is an impossibility at all," said a well-known London publisher the other day. "In fact I knew a case of it. Brentwood's Lady's Magazine was at one time a very good property in London. It sold for half a crown and it had a good clientage of advertisers who stuck to it year in and year out. At last it came into the hands of a rich grocer who used to puff his own business to such an extent that subscribers got disgusted and the magazine ran down to less than 200. Still the grocer-editor had a good old fogy advertising patronage, the class that held on and did not patronize anything new, so the journal would have been profitable had it not been for one thing which the grocer always had looked on as an unnecessary expense—namely, the payment of authors. So he hit on a happy scheme. He began with the January number and printed the number for the January twenty years before. He argued that very few that had seen the magazine then would remember it now and he resolved to pay for no more articles but reprint the magazine like the two acts of Rip Van Winkle with a twenty years interval between the old and the new number. Unfortunately the grocer died and shortly after the magazine did the same, otherwise we would have had a sort of journalistic perpetual motion."

Light From a Congressman.

Congressional Record.

Mr. Horr—"Do you go abroad for your authors as well as for your facts?"

Mr. Cox, of New York—"I go wherever there is sunlight; wherever I can find a tallow dip or ray, in Michigan or anywhere, I will go there or elsewhere. I go anywhere for my light. If I could get my friend from Michigan (Mr. Horr) in some sort of a condition where I could put a wick into him I would illuminate this great country from Maine to the gulf. [Great laughter and applause.]

Actors as Church-Goers.

New York Letter.

As a rule actors are not church-goers, and, considering how some preachers talk about them, their neglect of church-going can hardly be wondered at. I do not mean that all actors stay away from church, but a large number, if not the majority, certainly do. It is rarely that a man or woman of prominence on the stage is seen in a place of worship. Even the Little Church Around the Corner, which the profession regards with more favor than any other, for reasons very well known, has very few theatrical people in its congregation. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Houghton, has a friendly feeling toward actors in general, yet they do not go to his church except on some special occasion, such as a wedding or a funeral. From what I have observed, I should say that the Catholics in the profession attend church more regularly than any others, and next those who nominally belong to the Episcopal church. But the attendance all told is small, and though the number of people in the profession is continually increasing, the proportion of church goers does not increase. It does not follow, however, that people of the stage show any marked contrast to their neighbors in respect of morals and so on. Those who come in contact with them off the stage find them very much like other people in general character. They conduct themselves as decently, live as respectably, and show themselves entitled to as much regard every way as people of the same means in other callings. This may seem unnecessary to say, but having spoken of actors as non-church goers it is proper to present the other side to prevent a wrong impression as to motive.

GAMBETTA'S MOTHER.

How She Made the Money to Give Him a Lawyer's Education.

An old acquaintance of Gambetta contributes a paper to The Century, containing the following account of a ruse by which Gambetta's mother got the means to send her son to the law school in Paris:

As the "Bazar Genois" was in the market-place its business lay in a great degree with rustics. Leon got sick of dealing with haggling rustics, and prayed to be removed from behind the counter to the desk. As he was a quick accountant, and wrote in a neat, legible, and flowing hand, this was granted. He did his best to give his mind to the business, but failed, and his health sank under the tedium of uncongenial pursuits. No device to which the watchful and tender mother resorted could get the better of his splenetic state. He had a fixed ambition which, as it appeared to him a chimerical one, made him restless, discontented and miserable; it was to study law, and become a teacher to a legal faculty in a provincial city. One day his mother called him to her. She said she had been unhappy in witnessing his growing depression, and she handed him a bag of money which she had saved unknown to anybody—enough to defray the cost of his journey to Paris and enable him to study law there for some time. A trunk full of clothing had been prepared, and was at the office of the stage-coach, where a place was booked for him to the nearest railway. Madame Gambetta instructed him to slip quietly away, in order to avoid a painful scene with his father, who was determined that his son should succeed him in the business. This communication was so unexpected and delightful that for the rest of the day Leon was was in a state of bewilderment. He rose betimes next morning, and stole off as instructed. Before Madame Gambetta had instructed her son to follow his vocation she had taken steps to keep him out of misery when the hoard placed in his hands should be exhausted. In 1856, the year in which Gambetta left Cahors, M. Emile Menier went there on a business tour. He had just opened the chocolate factory at Noisiel, and traded in medicated biscuits and sweet stuffs. Calling at the "Bazar Genois," he was received by Madame Gambetta. In answer to his proposal to sell his goods on commission, she, with tears in her eyes, met it with another. It was in the nature of the one enunciated by the unjust steward. "I have a son of great promise," she said, "whom I want to send to Paris, against his father's will, to study law. He is a good lad and no fool. But my husband, who wants him to continue his business here will, I know try to starve him into submission. What I am about to propose is that if I buy your chocolate at the rate you offer it, and buy it outright instead of taking it to sell on commission, you will say nothing if I enter it at a higher price, and you will pay the difference to my son?" M. Menier, from whose lips I had this anecdote, agreed, and for some years carried out the arrangement.

How Macklin, the Memorizer, was Stumped.

"Gaskell's Compendium" relates that Macklin used to lecture on "Aids to Memory," claiming that with his system he could repeat any paragraph of moderate length after once reading. Foote, the comedian, who was present at one of the lectures, wrote a nonsensical paragraph, which he challenged Macklin to repeat after one or more perusals. The paragraph ran as follows: "So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie, and at the same time a great she bear, coming up the street, popped its head into the shop, cried: 'What! no soap?' So he died, and she married the barber, and there were present the epicalilies, the Joblilies, the Gayrulies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing a game of catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots." Macklin declined the challenge.

IN THE CATACOMBS.

[H. H. Ballard.]

Never lived a Yankee yet,
But was ready to bet
On the U. S. A.
If you speak of Italy's sunny clime,
"Maine kin beat it every time!"
If you tell of Ætna's fount of fire,
You rouse his ire.
In an injured way
He'll probably say,
"I don't think much of a smokin' hill,
We've got a moderate little rill
Kin make your old volcaner still;
Pour old Niagery down the crater,
'N' I guess 'twill cool her fiery nater."

You have doubtless heard of those ancient lies,
Manufactured for a prize;
The reputation of each rose higher,
As he proved himself the biggest liar.

Said an Englishman—"Only t'other day,
Sailing from Dover to Calais,
I saw a man without float or oar
Swimming across from the English shore,
Manfuly breasting the angry sea—"
"Friend," said the Yankee, "that was me!"

Mindful of all these thrice-told tales,
Whenever a Yankee to Europe sails,
The boys try every sort of plan
To rouse his astonishment if they can.

Sam Brown was a fellow from way down east,
Who never was staggered in the least.
No tale of marvelous beast or bird,
Could match the stories he had heard.
No curious place or wondrous view
Was ekil to Podunk, I tell yu."
They showed him a room where the queen had slept;
'Twant "up to the tavern daddy kept."
They showed him Lucerne. But he had drunk
From the beautiful Mollichunkamunk.
They took him at last to ancient Rome,
And inveigled him into a catacomb.

Here they plied him with draughts of wine,
(Though he vowed old cider was twice as fine),
Till the fumes of Falernian filled his head,
And he slept as sound as the silent dead.
They removed a mummy to make him room,
And laid him at length in the rocky tomb.

They piled old skeletons round the stone,
Set a "dip" in a candlestick of bone,
And left him to slumber there alone,
Then watched from a distance the taper's gleam,
Waiting to jeer at his frightened scream,
When he should awake from his drunken dream.

After a time the Yankee awoke,
But instantly saw through the flimsy joke;
So never a shout or a cry he uttered;
But solemnly rose and slowly muttered:
"I see how it is. It's the judgment day,
We've all been dead and slowed away;
All these stone furriners sleepin' yet,
An' I'm the first one up, you bet!
Can't none of you Romans start, I wonder?
United States is ahead, by thunder!"

THAT BAD BOY.

He Permits His Pa to Kill Him,

That He May Work His Progenitor's Reformation.

Peck's Sun.

"Naw," said the grocery man, as he charged the cheese to the boy's father, and picked up his cigar stub, which he had left on the counter, and which the boy had rubbed on the kerosene barrel. "No, sir, that whistle would scare any dog that heard it. Say, what was your pa running after the doctor in his shirt sleeves for last Sunday morning? He looked scared. Was your ma sick again?"

"O, no, ma is healthy enough now she has got a new fur-lined cloak. She played consumption on pa, and coughed so she liked to raised her lights and liver, and made pa believe she couldn't live, and got the doctor to prescribe a fur-lined circular, and pa went and got one, and ma improved awfully. Her cough has all gone, and she can walk ten miles. I was the one that was sick. You see, I wanted to get pa in the church again, and get him to stop drinking, so I got a boy to write a letter to him, in a female hand, and sign the name of a choir singer pa was mashed on, and tell him she was yearning for him to come back to the church, and that the church seemed a blank without his smiling face and benevolent heart, and to please come back for her sake.

"Pa got the letter Saturday night, and he seemed tickled, but I guess he dreamed about it all night, and Sunday morning he was mad and took me by the ear and said I couldn't come no 'Daisy' business on him a second time. He said he knew I wrote the letter, and for me to go up in the store-room and prepare for the almightiest licking a boy ever had, and he went down-stairs and broke up an apple barrel and got a stave to whip me with. Well, I had to think mighty quick, but I was enough for him. I got a dried bladder in my room, one that me and my chum got to a slotter-house, and I blowed it partly up, so it would be sort of flat like, and I put it down inside the back part of my pants, right about where pa hits when he punishes me. I knowed when the barrel stave hit the bladder it would explode. Well, pa he came up and found me crying.

"I can cry just as easy as you can turn on the water at a faucet, and pa took off his coat and looked sorry. I was afraid he would give up whipping me when he see me cry, and I wanted to go on with the bladder experiment, so I looked kind of hard, as if I was defying him to do his worst, and then he took me by the neck and laid me across a trunk. I didn't dare struggle much for fear the bladder would lose itself, and pa said, 'Now, Hennery, I am going to break you of this dimfoolishness, or I will break your back,' and he spit on his hands and brought the barrel stave down on my best pants. Well, you'd a died if you had heard the explosion. It almost knocked me off the trunk. It sounded like firing a firecracker away down cellar in a barrel, and pa looked scared. I rolled off the trunk on the floor, and put some flour on my face to make me look pale, and then I kind of kicked my legs like a fellow who is dying on the stage, after being stabbed with a piece of lath, and groaned and said: 'Pa, you have killed me, but I forgive you;' and then I rolled around and frothed at the mouth to make foam. Well, pa was all broke up. He said: 'Great God, what have I done? I have broke his spinal column. O my poor boy, do not die!' I kept chewing the soap and foaming at the mouth, and I drew my legs up and kicked them out, and clutched my hair, and rolled my eyes, then kicked pa in the stummick as he bent over me, and knocked his breath out of him, and then my limbs began to get rigid, and I said, 'Too late, pa. I die at the hand of an assassin. Go for a doctor.' Pa throwed his coat over me, and started down stairs on a run, saying, 'I have murdered my brave boy,' and he told ma to go up stairs and stay with me, cause I had fallen off a trunk and ruptured a blood-vessel, and he went after the doctor.

"When he went out of the front door, I sat up and lit a cigarette, and ma came up and I told her all about how I fooled pa, and if she would take on and cry, when pa got back I would get him to go to church again and swear off drinking, and she laughed and said she would. So when pa and the doc got back, ma was sitting on a velocipede I used to ride, which was in the storeroom, and she had her apron over her face, and she more than bellowed. Pa he was pale and he told the doc that he was just a playing with me with a little piece of board, and he heard something crack, and he guessed my spine got broke rolling off the trunk. The doctor wanted to feel where my spine was broke, but I opened my eyes and had a vacant sort of stare, like a woman who leads a dog by a string, and I told the doctor there was no use setting my spine, as it was broke in several places, and I wouldn't let him feel of the dried bladder.

"I told pa that I was going to die, and I wanted him to promise me two things on my dying bed. He cried and said he would, and I told him to promise he would quit drinking and attend church regular, and he said he would never drink another drop and would go to church every Sunday. I made him get down on his knees beside me and swear it, and the doctor witnessed it and ma said she was so glad, and ma called the doctor out into the hall and told him the joke, and the doc came in the room and told pa that he was afraid pa's presence would excite the patient, and for pa to put on his coat and go out and walk around a block or go to church, and ma and he would remove me to another room, and do all that was possible to make my last hours pleasant. Pa he cried, and said he would put on his plug hat and go to church, and he kissed me, and got flour on his nose, and I came near laughing right out to see the white flour on his red nose, when I thought how the people in church would laugh at pa. But he went out feeling mighty bad and then I got out and pulled the busted bladder out of my pants, and ma and the doc they laughed awful. When pa got back from church and asked for me, ma said that I had gone down town. She said the doctor found my spine was only uncoupled and he coupled it together, and I was all right. Pa said it was 'almightly strange 'cause I heard the spine break when I hit him with the barrel stave.' Pa was nervous all the afternoon, and ma think he suspects we played it on him. Say, you don't think there is any harm in playing it on an old man a little, do you, for a good cause, do you?"

He Accidentally Looked Into It.

A patriot returns to his native land more profoundly convinced than ever of its immeasurable superiority to every other country in the world.

"The language of those other countries," he says, with a fine scorn, "is particularly idiotic. Why, they call things this, that and the other, without the slighest regard for their nature or use. Now, you know, it is different with us. We call a brush a brush, because you use it to brush with; or a glass a glass, because it is made of glass; or a hat a hat, because——"

"Well, because—why?"

"Oh, I guess that must be derived from one of those same foreign languages, now that I come to look into it!"

A Judicial Decision on a Point in Etiquette.

New York Tribune.

A point in etiquette recently decided a law suit in a queer way. A traveler on a German railroad train attempted to eat a lunch while on the journey. While putting a piece of Bologna sausage in his mouth the train stopped suddenly, causing his cheek to be badly cut on the edge of the knife, which he was using. The man sued the company for damages, but his claim was not sustained, on the ground that it is a breach of etiquette to eat with a knife.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

[Sarah D. Hobart in St. Paul Pioneer-Press.]

You were harsh with Jennie to-day, Joe,
And you filled her eyes with tears,
You struck a blow at her heart strings
That will leave its mark for years.
Yes, men are thoughtless and cruel,
Though strong to lead and control,
And the hands should be tender that fetter
A woman's sensitive soul.

I had passed the romance of youth, Joe,
When I won my fair, young bride,
And my wisdom had quite forgotten
The dreams of life's sweet spring-tide,
I was wrapped in plans for the future,
Winning riches, houses and lands,
And I chilled the joyous creature
Whose fate lay in my hands.

How could I know that her young heart
Was building its castles, too?
That the spell of her girlish fancy
Its glamour o'er me threw?
And each word of rebuke I uttered
Struck keen on her wifely pride,
Till the hopes of life's radiant morning
Faded and withered and died.

For I had a man's one model—
She must learn my mother's ways;
And all my life I had heard, Joe,
There was naught so harmful as praise;
That the lying breath of flattery,
Spoke in its subtle thrill;
And father and mother looked on, Joe,
While I taught my wife their will.

So a year went by unheeded
And Katie was growing old;
There were tiny lines on her forehead,
That a tale of suff'ring told.
Little I dreamed I had carved them
With my ceaseless words of blame;
That her burden of cheerless labor
Was crushing her slender frame.

One morning, how well I remember,
Something was left undone,
Mother was hurt and offended,
Father was sullen and glum.
I said there was never more quiet
Nor comfort for my life,
And the saddest day in my hist'ry
Was that which made her my wife.

Then up to the field I hastened,
But the day was dismal and chill,
And the lonesome wind of the autumn
Swept keen o'er the crest of the hill.
My heart was filled with anger
As I turned the sodden loam;
"I will be obeyed," I muttered,
"And master of my home!"

But still as I trod the furrow
I thought of her winsome way,
And the wealth of love she lavished
On me, so old and gray;
Of the heavy weight of labor
That lay on her shoulders frail,
How her eyes were sad and hopeless
And her cheek was thin and pale.

The blackbirds chanted above me
A requiem in the trees,
And a breath of dim foreboding
Came shivering on the breeze,
And at last my heart relented;
Yielding to love's fond way
I left my plow in the furrow
And homeward went my way.

"Katie!" I called in the kitchen,
And "Katie!" I called in the hall;
But a cricket chirped in answer,
Slowly, and that was all—
Only the pipe of a blackbird
And the solemn caw of a crow
And the scream of a locomotive
In the village down below.

Across the field I hastened
With echoing anxious cry,
When, caught on a flaunting brier,
A fragment smote my eye;
Only a dainty ribbon
Which had bound a golden tress—
A bit of snow-white ribbon
And a scrap of crimson dress.

Then a presence stood beside me
And chilled my very breath,
Numbing my throbbing pulses,
For the presence it was Death!
Blindly its lead I followed,
In my heart one fierce mad prayer,
As a puff of pearly vapor
Rose up in the murky air.

She stood where the rocks loomed thickest
Over the track below,
Her clasped hands raised to Heaven,
Her blue eyes wild with woe,
Trembling, sinking, swaying,
I heard her frenzied cry,
And I caught her to my bosom
As the train went thundering by.

Oh, wondrous love of woman,
Undimmed by sorrow or pain,
Ready to ope death's portals
To free me from my chain!
Clasped in my arms I bore her
Back to our home forlorn,
And there, in the hush of twilight,
Our little child was born.

God reigns! In this far, dim future
Perhaps there is peace for me;
Her face all tender, forgiving,
In Heaven, at last, I may see.
Through years of lonely waiting
I reap what I have sown—
Yes, Joe: 'tis your mother's story,
Whose life paid for your own.

Novel Fraud in Diamonds.

S. A. Lattimore in The Continent.

An intense excitement was recently experienced among the diamond merchants of Paris. A magnificent stone, sold at an enormous price because of its fine quality, suddenly lost five-sixths of its value in consequence of a simple washing in soapy water. Purchased as a Brazilian gem, it was thus discovered to be only a Cape diamond, of honey-yellow color. Legal proceedings are likely to follow this revelation of a novel species of fraud, which we may regard, however, with composure, since the means of its detection are so simple. If the unhappy purchaser has lost his money, science has gained an interesting observation. The process of making a yellow diamond colorless consists in plunging the stone for a few moments into an aqueous solution of aniline violet. After drying, every trace of color has vanished, while the diamond lustre remains unobscured. This singular result is due to the mixture of two colors—that of the diamond and that of the violet—which are complementaries. This fact constitutes a most striking confirmation of Chevreul's doctrines of chromatic contrast.

From a Child Up.

James C——, a genial son of Erin, is fond of shooting, and the best manufacturer of mid-range hyperbole that I ever saw. He will tell a story elaborately frescoed with improbabilities, and every corner decorated with impossibilities, with an air of persuasive sincerity that would cause a man to hate himself for presuming to doubt it. He says "the first sugar hogshead he ever saw reminded him so much of his mother's churn that he shed tears." One day a hawk alighted near the house and his son took the gun, crawled within gunshot, fired and missed.

"Why didn't ye kill the howck?" queried the father.

"The gun's no good," answered the junior James.

"Ye'r a liar, Jamesie, it's yew that's no good. Ye can't tell me anything about that gun. Sure, I've known her since she was a pishtol."

A Furious Tricyclist.

A fellow of the Royal college of surgeons was lately fined $10 and costs for "furiously riding a tricycle." He was traveling so rapidly that a constable on horseback had great difficulty in catching him, though it was shown in court that the surgeon had already traveled sixty miles that day on his machine.

Voltaire: If as much care were taken to perpetuate a race of fine men as is done to prevent the mixture of ignoble blood in horses and dogs, the genealogy of every one would be written on his face and displayed in his manners.

IMPERFECT PAGE