CALDWELL TRIBUNE.

STEUNENBERG BROS., Publishers.

CALDWELL, : : IDAHO.

There are twelve vacancies in the corps of surgeons in the navy.

There is a dramshop for every forty-five inhabitants of Belgium.

The name of a man under arrest in Philadelphia for murder is Killer.

At Roaring Creek, W. Va., is a family of ten persons that weighs 2,440 pounds.

A fall of red snow is said to have taken place at Allegheny, Pa., a few days ago.

Large quantities of genuine cod have been taken by the Monterey, Cal., fishermen lately.

It is said there are 300,000 people in France who live in apartments that have no windows.

"Paint" signs are picketed at every corner in the senate and house chambers at the capitol.

A British Columbia legislator has resigned his seat in the lower house and joined the Mormons.

Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, is going to do his best this winter to have a navy-yard established on Puget sound.

The English consular reports are now stamped in the upper right-hand corner with the notice, "all rights reserved."

During the twelve months ending with October, 17 vessels and 127 men were lost in the Gloucester, Mass., fishing-grounds.

Oyster juice is what Paris doctors now prescribe for patients whose stomachs are too weak to hold any other kind of food.

The number of negroes who enlisted in the union army during the war of the rebellion, according to recent estimates, was 178,000.

A Nashville undertaker complied with the dying request of a woman who was recently buried in that city by interring her new bonnet with her body.

A centenarian has been found in Monmouth county, New Jersey, who was never twenty miles away from his birthplace, and who never saw a steamboat or a railroad.

Petroleum is being found in increasing quantities all over the islands of the Dutch East Indies, particularly in Sumatra and Java. Rich wells have been discovered in eastern Java.

Electric wires can not be placed underground in New Orleans because the water level is only three feet below the surface. Strong towers 150 feet high are to be erected on which to place them.

A party of scientists are boring in the soil of the Nile delta in search of rock. A depth of 308 feet has been reached, but no rock was found. The overlying soil to a depth of one hundred feet is sand.

The Zulu and Ethiopians of south Africa are to have a taste of Salvation army religion, Gen. Booth having ordered a squad of his soldiers to settle in that country. The army has already invaded Jerusalem.

Beef cattle at Tucson, Arizona, are cheap and in big demand, being bought up by San Francisco dealers. The cattle are in splendid condition. Stockmen are realizing 4 and 5 cents per pound, on foot, at the railroad depot

The government of New South Wales offers a reward of $125,000 to any person who will make known and demonstrate at his own expense any method or process not previously known in the colony for the effectual extermination of rabbits.

Although great quantities of peanuts are yearly shipped to Antwerp, but few are eaten by the Dutch. The nut is submitted to a treatment by which its oil is extracted, and the oil is used for various purposes. The supply is imported from Africa.

Claus Spreckles' evident determination to push the beet-sugar industry is alarming the sugar planters of the Hawaiian islands, and already they are talking about giving up sugar-cane planting and substituting coffee as the staple product of the islands.

Poultry men say that pullets hatched by incubators and raised in brooders lay much sooner than those hen-hatched and raised. A Trenton man has one of these artificial young hens that began laying when ten weeks old, and has laid an egg a day ever since.

A physician says that the benefit to his patients from a public library is enormous. Most of his patients are poor and good books would be beyond their reach but for this system; an interesting book is to them something of what change of air and scene is to the rich.

News has just reached New Bedford that the whaler Abbie Bradford had been frozen in in the northern waters for eleven months. The crew had plenty of venison and other fresh meat; had experienced cold 56½ degrees below zero, and had had a pretty good time generally.

The United States goverment has ordered a new survey made of government lands lying in and near Monterey, Cal. The survey will be made immediately, and will probably add between two and three hundred acres to the military reservation, which is the proposed site for the national soldier's home.

The credit of establishing a national Thanksgiving day, is attributed to Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, late editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*. As far back as 1841 she began to urge upon the governors of the states the propriety of issuing Thanksgiving proclamations, until in 1659 the day was observed in all the states but two.

Recent statistics show that crime is decreasing in India, especially in Bengal and the northwest provinces and in Oudh. Although there were over 350,000 persons confined in the 754 prisons of India last year, the daily average has declined steadily in each of the past five years, falling from 91,000 in 1881 to 74,000 in 1885.

Idaho newspapers are calling attention to the fact that the Lemhi Indians are slaughtering deer by wholesale, just for their hides. They form a circle covering miles of country, and drive the deer toward a common center, generally a deep ravine and do their work so thoroughly that almost every animal started within the outer circle is killed. The authorities are asked to put a stop to this slaughter.

A good story, says *The Springfield Republican*, has just leaked out concerning the pastor of a church not a hundred miles from West Warren, and a neighbor who is not in the habit of attending church regularly. The neighbor had stated as a reason for not going to church the next Sunday that he had a lot of wood to saw. The clergy-man offered to saw the wood himself before Sunday if the man would agree to attend church. A bargain was struck, the wood sawed, and the minister caught his bird.

William Hanson, a lineman at Salem, Mass., to save himself from falling from an electric-light wire pole, caught hold of one of the wires. Instantly the thought flashed through his mind that it was about time for the electric current to be turned on, which he knew would certainly kill him. He was hanging seventy feet from the ground and was about to let go of the wire to drop to the ground when someone, shouting to him hold on for a few minutes, ran to the engine-house and warned the engineer. Hanson was then rescued.

California has some big orchards, and the largest is in the Suisun valley, and is owned by A. T. Hatch, president of the California Fruit union. Mr. Hutch has 300 acres in pear trees, 130 in peaches, 70 in apricots, 10 in nectarines, 210 in almonds, 40 in cherries, 100 in plums and prunes, besides 40 acres of currants and gooseberries and hundreds of lemon and orange trees. Of these acres 800 bore fruit this season to the amount of 2,000 tons, which brought the owner $10,000. He calculates that when the whole orchard is in full bearing it will produce 8,000 tons of fruit, worth $400,000.

Pastor Hooper, who recently resigned his pulpit at Kingston, N. Y. is not highly spoken of by his former parishoners in California. He was once pastor of a Congregational church at Martinez, and while there he became engaged to Mrs. Eva Bissell, a young widow. He left the Martinez church and become pastor at Stockton, but often visited Mrs. Bissell. Meantime he became acquainted with Miss Carrie Case, the daughter of a well-to-do merchant of Petaluma. He became engaged to her while yet engaged to Mrs. Bissell. He would visit one and while on the way home stop and visit the other. For this he had deposed from the pulpit. He then married Miss Case and went east. He took a post-graduate course at Andover. He was recently separated from his wife.

Concerning the "Beautiful."

Many are the cheap jokes that will be cracked about "Beautiful Snow." In fact, the "beautiful" has gotten to be a by-word, and people hardly pause any more to think that the snow really is beautiful. In the city they can scarcely be blamed for it is only a sloppy, dirty mass that sickens the soul. But in the country it is always the same exquisitively lovely, fleecy covering that makes all the harsh features in the landscape melt into harmonious and dazzling whiteness. And in addition to scoffing at the snow, it is the fashion to scoff at the "beautiful" poem about it, and to count its author as mysterious and unknown as the fellow who, on a memorable occasion hit Billy Patterson. This is absurd Major Sigourney wrote "Beautiful Snow" in 1852, and it is a fair poem Mark the melody in one of its stanzas

Beautiful snow! Beautiful snow!
Childhood's quick glances
See the bright fancies
Decking the window panes softly and slow;
Forest and city,
Figures so pretty
Left by the magical fingers of snow.

Some years later Mr. James W. Watson improved on the original poem taking most of its ideas, but vastly bettering the versification. The meter was entirely changed, as can be seen from this stanza:

Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun
It plays in its glee with every one—
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by—
It lights up the face and it sparks the eye,
And even the dogs with a bark and a bound
Snap at the crystals that ebby around.
The town is alive and its heart in aglow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

This second poem in addition to being descriptive has a moral. Now a moral is a good thing to tack on a sermon, but it often is out of place in a poem though in the present instance the author made no mistake. This is the last stanza:

Helpless and frail as the trampled-on snow,
Sinner, despair not—Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.
Groaning,
Bleeding,
Dying for thee.
The crucified hung on the accursed tree.
His accents of mercy fall soft on my ear;
Is there mercy for me, will he heed my weak prayer!
O, God! In the stream that for sinners doth flow,
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

But it is no sign of a feeble intellect to sing of the snow. All poets have done it, and even the mighty Emerson, he who dwelt so far apart from what was commonplace, wrote of the first snow storm in words that paint a picture never to be forgotten:

All the trumpets of the sky
Announce the coming of the snow.

Whittier, in his "Snow Bound," has idealized a New England blizzard, Lowell moves the reader to tears in his "The First Snow Fall," while the cold Bryant and classical Longfellow have each found something new to say about the snow. Why, then, need the aspiring bard hesitate to put in rhyme his thoughts of the snow? Every precedent is in his favor.—*Cincinnati Weekly Times.*

Christmas in Literature.

St. Luke wrote the first Christmas story—the story from which all subsequent Christmas writers have drawn their inspiration. He was not, in the modern sense, either a fertile or a graphic writer. The decorative instinct was not his, and he seems to have been solicitous rather to spare words than to multiply them.

In his "Sketch Book," genial Washington Irving says: "One of the least pleasing effects of modern refinement is the havoc it has made among the hearty old holiday customs. The traditionary customs of golden-hearted antiquity, its feudal hospitalities, and lordly wassailings, have passed away with the baronial castle and stately manor-houses in which they were celebrated. They comported with the shadowy hall, the great oaken gallery, and the tapestried parlor, but are unfitted to the light, shadowy saloon, and gay drawing-rooms of the modern villa."

Milton in his "Hymn of the Nativity" was the first English poet to recognize Christmas as a fact in the universe. Sir Walter Scott came next. In "Marmion" he gives a very pleasing and careful picture of old Christmas times in England and Scotland; but he did not undertake anything beyond that, nor did any of his contemporaries, or any of his successors, until in due time the man came for whom Christmas had so long been waiting: Charles Dickens.—*St. Louis Magazine.*

The Unborn Man.

"And as for marriage," Blousabella observed thoughtfully, poking the toe of her neat boot with her umbrella and looking abstractedly at the two policemen who were sheltering themselves from the rain in the doorway of the Old South, "I don't see why mamma need bother about me. I mean to marry when the right man comes along—provided he asks me."

"And the right man?" the editor repeated interrogatively.

"Oh, the right man would have to be one to suit me. Of course he must be good looking and clever and refined and manly and well off and good natured and of good family. Every girl insists on these things."

"Good heavens!" murmured the editor. "How do ordinary men ever get wives if all girls insist on these things?"

"But there are three other qualifications," Blousabella continued serenely, "that I insist upon. He must be an Episcopalian and a homœpathist and love lap dogs. An just for this mamma says I am difficult to suit."

"Oh, not at all," the editor assured her "Not difficult, only characteristically and beautifully feminine. Did you ever advertise, my dear?"—*Boston Courier.*

We Don't Do as the Romans Did.

Among the Romans, if a man kissed his betrothed, she gained thereby half of his effects in the event of his dying before the celebration of their marriage. If the lady herself died under the same circumstances her heirs or nearest kin took the half due to her. A kiss was regarded very seriously by the ancient Romans.

The Time to Strike.

One of the parental blunders of the present day is to spare the rod when a lad comes home with the odor of the cigarette about his cloths.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

FARM TALKS.

COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

The season has come for the annual meetings of the county and local agricultural societies. The results of the Fall shows are examined, books balanced, and the societies reorganized and plans made for another year. It is useless to deny the fact that many societies of this class make a very poor showing at the end of the year. "They are staggering under debts and struggling for existence. Some are almost smothered with "life members." On this point I will enlarge at another time. Is not this a good time for members to be active whether members for the year only or for life, to really deliberate on the subject, and then do what is possible towards setting things right? It is not a suitable time to raise the question whether, on the whole, it "pays" to make balloon ascensions, bicycle races, "Wild West" performances, side shows and games of chance the prominent features of the animal show, or so large a share of time and money devoted to "trials of speed"? The only plea I have ever heard as an excuse for such perversion of the true purpose of the agricultural show was that "attractions" are necessary to bring out the crowds; and these, with the sale of abominable "privileges," secure the money which the society must have or die. In most cases, I say, better let it die! But I don't believe it is necessary to resort to such questionable methods to sustain, well, at least one good, clean agricultural show in almost every county. Crowds may be brought out thereby, but if so, they are pretty sure to be of the wrong kind. It is a notable fact, and one much to be regretted, that in many cases we no longer see at the county show, as in years past, such numbers of farmers with their wives and children, and the best people of the villages, whole families together. Neither do we see such numbers of domestic animals, farm products and specimens of household industry and mechanical skill as of old. There are encouraging exceptions, it is true, but they are not numerous enough. When these bright examples are looked into it will generally be found that the societies are fortunate in having farmers who are truly active members in the majority, and controlling the policy and management.

WINTER CARE OF TOOLS.

Did anyone ever see a farm with too much shed room? Vehicles, tools and implements accumulate on every farm homestead, and storage-room has to be continually increased, or else something must be left out in the weather. Shed-room is too valuable to be filled up with trash, and this is a good time to do a little sorting. If an implement is worth keeping at all, it is worthy of shelter; if not worth a place under cover, it should be divided between the wood-pile and the box or heap of old iron.

As Winter approaches it is true economy to overhaul the farm machinery, clean it up and see that all is properly housed. Running a wagon, a mower or a harrow out into the sun, on some fine morning in November or December, let a dry cleaning be first in order. This can be done very well with the stump of an old broom, although there will be corners and cracks from which the mud or dust must be scraped with a sharp stick or old case-knife. This done, it will often appear that a thorough washing will better clean both wood and metal; if so, wash by all means, and give time to fully dry. Every implement thus prepared by cleaning should be well coated with oil before final storage for the Winter. When oiled the parts should be quite dry, and a sunny day is preferable. The cheapest and most satisfactory oil for this purpose is heavy, crude petroleum. With a pot of this oil and an old paint brush, coat every portion of both wood and metal. All rust is arrested, and the oil is almost equal to a coat of paint for the wood-work of farm tools. In this and numerous other ways I find crude petroleum very useful on the farm, and always like to have it on hand. Bought by the barrel, it can be got for seven to ten cents a gallon, freight included, plus the barrel, which can be used, when empty, in so many ways that it is well worth what it costs.

GUESS WORK ON THE FARM.

In these days of sharp competition, narrow margins of profit, close calculation and the application of mathematical accuracy to the conduct of almost all human occupation, it is astonishing that the business of farming is still often carried on in such a loose way. In many cases it is very largely guess work.

Every merchant and manufacturer knows that to escape bankruptcy he must clearly observe business principles, and must at least keep accounts, simple perhaps, but complete and accurate. On the contrary, a good many farmers don't even keep a cash account; they know how much money there is in the wallet, but beyond this their financial affairs are very misty, and the income and outgo judged only by guessing, more or less shrewd. Yet farming is a business; indeed, it is the business of the country, upon the general success of which all others depend. The farmer is a manufacturer, and a merchant, and much more, and of all persons he is the one who should conduct his affairs on the strictest business principles. The very fact that farming so often utterly disregards fundamental business maxims and methods, without utter ruin, is in itself the strongest evidence that it is a business offering unusual security and a wide margin of profit, when properly managed.

Every farmer's boy knows all the tables of weight and measures "by heart," but how little these are used on the farm. Even the size of the farm itself is a matter of uncertainty, dependent upon an old and unverified deed or the books of the assessor. There is no accurate knowledge of the various fields, or their actual produce; it is all guess work. The farmer guesses which cow eats the most, and guesses which is losing weight, and which gaining, and guesses which gives the most milk in a year, and guesses which milk is the richest, and so guesses at the merit and profit of all his stock, with very little actual knowledge as to any, and making frequent serious mistakes which are never known. And in the house they guess that the cream is just warm enough to churn, and guess it won't pay to become patrons of the creamery. It is a wonder that clocks and watches are ever used in such places, instead of depending upon the sun, and guessing at the time of day in cloudy weather.

Dry measures are in common use, it is true, but they are seldom needed, and only for matters of minor importance, like the sale of a few bushels of apples, potatoes or grain. Weighing is the simplest method of measuring all standard products, and now almost universally used when quantities are involved. A wagon load of wheat or onions, instead of being measured by the bushel, is weighed like a load of hay. The best way to keep the record of a cow's milk product is by weight. All butter and cheese factories handle milk by weight, and it won't be long before eggs are sold by the pound. No grocer would think of doing business for a day without scales of all sorts, but appliances for weighing, at least in any variety, are unusual on farms.

A tape line, or a surveyor's chain in foot links, is an inexpensive article, and every farm should have one and use it, that the size of every field may be accurately measured and recorded, and the exact acerage of every crop known, not guessed at. And to apply ordinary prudence and system to one's business affairs the farm equipment should include scales of such capacity and variety as to enable a complete record of everything going into the barn or storehouse, and of everything consumed or sold. In place of estimates and rough guesses there should be a correct record of almost every occurrence on the farm which involves time or quantity, product, purchase or sale.

Some time and some money are needed to start such a system and to maintain it. But experience proves that the time necessary to substitute absolute knowledge for the usual guess-work in farming is far less than one would suppose, and that it soon proves to be time so used as to be true economy. In like manner the cost of scales and measures is soon saved by their use in place of guessing, as in the case of other useful farm tools. In short, it don't pay to depend upon guess-work on the farm, when it is so easy to have instead that systematic management, mathematical accuracy and proper record which lie at the foundation of success in every business.—*Major Henry E. Alvord, in American Cultivator.*

German and English Soldiers.

The position of the German peasant soldier may bring with it certain inconveniences to which his friends in civil life are not exposed, but for these compensation is made by the respect in which he is everywhere held and the privileges which his uniform commands for him. Now look to what occurs under similar circumstances in England. Whatever may be the immediate motive of his enlistment, whether a momentary caprice or some less creditable cause, the act itself is looked upon in his own circle as a degradation. We are not, indeed, quite so unreasoning in this matter as our fathers were. The boy's parents still, it is believed, regard their soldier son as a lost creature, and for awhile, at least, are ashamed of him when he comes home on furlough, even if the breast of his tunic be adorned with a medal. But they get no encouragement in their delusion now, as was formerly the case, from those who ought to have known better, and learn by degrees first to submit to the inevitable, and by and by perhaps be proud rather than otherwise of their young hero. Whether the queen's uniform insures for its wearer creditable associations in his native place, we cannot pretend to say; but this we do know, that elsewhere it operates in a decidedly opposite direction. It is not very long ago since a noncommissioned officer in the Household cavalry, who presumed to enter the coffee-room of a Windser hotel wearing the uniform of his regiment, was ordered by his innkeeper to withdraw, his presence being distasteful to the traveling bagman by whom the house was chiefly frequented. And simultaneously a private in the Foot Guards was told at the door of the National Gallery that admission to such places as that "was not for the likes of he." We hope and believe that a change for the better is beginning to manifest itself among the lower order of our middle classes. We read in local newspapers of friendly intercourse carried on between the families of tradesmen in country towns and those of the non-commissioned officers quartered among them, and without doubt the more generous spirit in which discipline is maintained in the ranks will in time break down the prejudice which has too long cut off the private from seeking his companions in civil society elsewhere than among the most degraded of its members. But how long will it be before the voluntarily enlisted man shall hold his head as high as the conscript, who, whether he hail from the cottage or the shop, or the mansion of a Von, is treated, wherever he goes as one of the *elete* of Prussia's sons?—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Taken at His Word.

A tramp called at our back door the other day, and thought to break the cook's heart with his pitiful appearance, and thus get something to eat. If he had asked like a man for something to eat, he would undoubtedly have got it, but instead, he shuffled up to the door, took on a hungry expression, and said: "Miss, so help me, I 'avent 'ad er bite ter eat fur two days. Ain't yer got some odd bite o' soap layin' 'round that I kin stay me stomach wid?" Now, this naturally struck the domestic, as being a queer dish for a hungry man but not being of an inquisitive turn of mind, and thinking that the tramp knew best what he desired, replied: "Why, certainly, which do you prefer, toilet or laundry soap?" The tramp saw that the girl had taken him at his word, and with a shudder he slowly ambled off.—*Peck's Sun.*

Blood Will Tell.

Miss Breezy (of Chicago)—Oh, yes, young Mr. Wabash is immensely wealthy, by inheritance. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, you know.

Mrs. Shawsgarden (of St. Louis)—Was he, indeed? I should imagine from the way he eats that he was born with a knife in his mouth.—*The Epoch.*

STATESMEN AND THE WEED.

Nearly All of Them Use Tobacco in Some Form.

President Cleveland's After-Dinner Cigar—Senator Sherman's Best Havanas and Gen. Rosecrans's Virginia Stogas—Men Who Eat Tobacco—Old-Time Smokers, and Chewers in Senate and House.

A Washington correspondent of *The New York World* writes: President Cleveland smokes cigars, Senator Edmunds chews fine-cut, Senator George snuffs, and Senator Eustis puffs cigarettes. Our leading statesmen as a rule use tobacco more or less, and there are few who do not regularly take their post-prandial cigar. Secretary Fairchild does not smoke until he is through with his work for the day. President Cleveland's daily cigar is taken after dinner, and he usually smokes it sitting at his desk in his office. He leans back in his chair and puffs out the smoke in great volumes. Senator Blackburn always has a cigar in his mouth. His dealer at the Capitol tells me that he uses the strongest tobacco, buys three cigars for a quarter and will not take one that is of a ginger-bread yellow. Senator Sherman keeps a box of cigars in his committee-room, and he smokes the best Havanas. Gen. Rosecrans says there is nothing like the Virginia stogy, and his face is a poem of pleasure as he blows its smoke into the air. Gen. Sheridan smokes a great deal, Gen. Anson G. McCook likes a strong black weed, and Gen. Tecumseh Sherman often takes what is called a dry smoke. He keeps his cigars in his mouth for some time before he lights them and chews them to pieces as he draws their fragrant aroma into his lungs.

One of the most inveterate smokers of the past was Judge William D. Kelley, the pig-iron Protectionist. He smoked steadily for nearly two generations and chewed at the same time. He would go to bed with a quid of tobacco in his mouth and sleep with it lying next to his cheek. When he arose in the morning he would take a fresh chew, and the result was that his system became saturated with nicotine. A few years ago the side of the cheek in which the tobacco lay at night became poisoned, and a cancerous growth was the result. He consulted the doctors and they told him that this would have to be cut out and that he would have to stop the use of tobacco. He consented to the operation and by his indomitable will succeeded in giving up smoking and chewing. He tells me, however, that he must still avoid places where he must breathe tobacco smoke, and that the craving for nicotine sometimes grows so strong upon him that he will bite off the end of a cigar and chew it. He has felt, however, like a new man since he stopped smoking, and he bids fair to live until he is a hundred.

Gen. Grant's cancer was undoubtedly caused by excessive smoking, and Dr. Bliss, Garfield's physician, nearly ruined his health by the use of strong cigars. Bliss's smoking cost him hundreds of dollars a year. He never used anything but the most costly imported cigars, and he thought nothing of paying fifty cents or a dollar for a smoke. He swore off, I am told, about a year ago and is now a healthier man. Chauncey Depew used to smoke twenty cigars a day, but found himself growing dyspeptic and low-spirited. He thought it might be the tobacco. He tried to reduce his number of cigars and failed. He then decided to stop smoking altogether and succeeded.

Tom Bowen of Colorado smokes incessantly, and chews when he takes a cigar out of his mouth. Congressman McAdoo smokes eight cigars for a dollar, and Bob Ingersoll is fond of Reina Victorias. Senator Van Wyck does not smoke at all, and he once told me his first experience in the use of tobacco. He said:

"It was when I was a boy. I had a great ambition to be a smoker and thought it manly. I took a few pennies I had saved and bought a cheap cigar. I began to smoke it and in a few minutes I was suffering the tortures of the damned. With pale face I crept homeward, crawled into my bedroom and my mother bathed my head. I don't know whether I gave any reason for my sudden attack, but I was sure I was going to die. This experience was, however, enough for me, and I have never attempted to smoke since then."

Gen. Grant says in his memoirs that he found it very hard to learn to smoke. He failed utterly at West Point in his attempt to acquire the habit of using tobacco, and it was not until many years afterward that he succeeded.

Horace Greeley used to say that when a man began to smoke he immediately became a hog, and if this is so we have had noted hogs among our public men. Henry A. Wise could chew a plug of tobacco at a sitting. Every one will remember Jackson's corn-cob pipes, and John Adams and John Quincy Adams were both smokers. Daniel Webster liked a good cigar and Henry Clay chewed, smoked and snuffed. Clay would not carry a snuff-box himself for fear that he might indulge too freely in the habit and thus injure his melodious voice. He borrowed his pinches of snuff from his friends, and there is a story told in which he stopped in the middle of an argument at the Supreme Court and asked Chief-Justice Marshall for a pinch of Maccoby.

Snuffing, however, is on the decline, though big bottles of it are still kept in the Senate lobby and two little boxes always stand in a recess of the Senate Chamber. Senator Wilson, of Maryland, is an inveterate snuffer; Beck, of Kentucky, likes a pinch of snuff after a Senatorial discussion, and Senator Edmunds now and then makes his nostrils quiver with the titillating powder. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, likes to make his own snuff, and he does it by getting a good cigar and pulverizing it in his hands. He can take a strong snuff without sneezing, and his face smiles with a generous joy when his nose is undergoing the pleasure. Capt. Basset, the doorkeeper, who has been in the Senate for the past fifty years, tells me that a snuff-box used to be kept on the desk of the President of the Senate, and the pages of the past were required to keep this full, and they often had to carry pinches of snuff from it to the various Senators.

When Van Buren was Vice-President, it was his custom to give Bassett 50 cents a week to keep this snuff-box full for the use of the Senate. The last 50 cents so expended was taken out of Bassett's pocket and he prides himself on the fact that the Van Buren estate still owes him this amount. Bassett learned to snuff himself by smelling his fingers after carrying snuff to Henry Clay, and when he had reached his fifty years of service as a Senate employee the Senators gave him a solid silver snuff-box, lined with gold, on the lid of which was a testimonial to his fidelity.

Jim Belford, of Colorado, is fond of plug tobacco, and Holman, of Indiana, likes the best of fine cut. Holman is an inveterate chewer and Hendricks used to say that he carried a cheap grade of "pig-tail twist" about him to give to his farmer constituents, but this is probably a slander. Hendricks liked Detroit fine cut and he was very fond of a cigar.

Gov. Curtin is another cigar smoker and he usually gets away with about six a day. He says it spoils a cigar to cut its end and that it should be bitten into with the teeth, as is done in Cuba.

Representative Denster, of Michigan, smokes cigarettes, and Mr. Glasscock, of California, during his Congressional days was the great cigarette smoker of the House. Speaker Carlisle's favorite chew is of the tobacco known as Peach Blossom, and Senator Harris, of Tennessee, bites off his chews from a plug. Senator Ingalls smokes occasionally, and he always has a cigar for his friends, and a recent estimate showed that out of the seventy-six Senators, fifty-eight used tobacco in one form or other, and fourteen were fond of chewing.

Senator Cockrell is said to smoke a pipe at his home, and I have never seen a cigar in his mouth. One of the best ways to compliment a public man is to refer to the good quality of his tobacco, and this reminds me of an office-seeking story which is told of Gen. Jackson. The office-seeker called at the White House, and after chatting with "Old Hickory" about the delight of smoking and the sweetness of good tobacco, he said, upon leaving:

"Mr. President, I want to ask a favor of you."

"And what place is that," said Jackson, with a slight frown of disgust at what he had thought to be a friendly call turned into an office-seeking visit.

"Ah!" replied the cringing office-seeker, "I am not an applicant for a position. At least, not now, but my father is as fond of tobacco as you are, and he told me it would be the proudest day of his life if he could have a present from you of one of your pipes." Jackson at this time was smoking an old clay pipe, and he ordered his messenger to bring a fresh one. As this was offered to the office-seeker, he replied: "No, Mr. President, I would like to have the one you are using. Give it to me just as it is, with the ashes smoking with in it, and you will receive the everlasting thanks of my dear father."

Jackson handed him the pipe.

"Oh! Thank you, thank you," he said, as he wrapped it carefully up in a silk hankerchief and bowed himself out. The result was that Jackson was delighted, and when the mans name really came up for office some days later he gave an important place in the Treasury.

Jackson was an inveterate smoker, and it will be a surprise to many to know how many cigars our public men smoke daily. Grant smoked fifteen a day. Leopold Morse, of Boston, always has a cigar in his mouth and Vice-President Colfax smoked daily his fifteen cigars. David Davis smoked all his life. Senator Kenna is a great smoker, ex-Senator Conger smokes three cigars daily, and Allison is by no means averse to a good cigar.

The Prince of Wales smokes cigars and it is said that Gladstone smokes a pipe. Edwin Booth is a pipe smoker, and Tennyson, Thackeray and Bulwer were always fond of the weed. Charles Lamb is said to have used very poor tobacco, and Isaac Newton lost his sweetheart through his absentmindedness in using her fingers as a tobacco stopper.

Thomas Carlyle liked his pipe. Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke and Congreve were addicted to snuff and Frederick the Great had a snuff pocket made in his vest to satisfy his cravings. Gibbon, the historian, was a confirmed snuff taker, and Byron sang the praises of tobacco. Milton, Locke, Raleigh, Izaak Walton, Addison, Steele, Robert Burns and walter Scott all used tobacco, and Prescott was very fond of smoking. It injured his health, however, and when his physician limited him to one cigar a day he ran all over Paris to buy the bigeest one he could find.

Senator Vest used to be a great smoker, but he found it was injuring his health and he swore off. Vice President Colfax stopped using the weed for the same reason and there are a number of public men who think tobacco is filthy and will not allow it to touch their lips. Hoar, of Massachusetts, though he once smoked, does not now. Senator Blair is as much of a tetotaller in tobacco as in liquors, and Morgan and Pike are not users of the tobacco. Washington, Franklin and Jefferson neither smoked nor chewed, and Heine, Balzac and Goethe detested tobacco. William Penn would not use it in any form and Oliver Cromwell had his soldiers tramp down tobacco crops.

In 1630 the Sultan forbade the use of tobacco in Turkey, and those who broke the law had their pipes thrust through their noses and, seated on asses with their faces toward the tails, they were thus driven through the streets. Still now the Turks are the most inveterate users of tobacco and every Pasha has his hookah. One of the Popes excommunicated all those who took tobacco in church, and one of the Czars of the past prohibited its use in Russia.

Such an Ear Would.

Farmer Bascomb (to his nephew)—Do you play anything?

De Smith—I play the violin a little—by ear.

Farmer—Thunderation! Let's see you do it. I thought it was considerable of a knack to play by hand. But by ear! Goodness, it must lap over every thing.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Where He has the Advantage.

The near-sighted man has one great advantage over the rest of mankind. He can cut his creditors on the street with an aspect of perfect serenity.—*Burlington Free Press.*

ANCIENT TRAMPS.

Treatment of the Sad and Jolly Beggars in Old England.

"The poor ye have always with you," and are likely to have so long as women earn 3 farthings an hour when they can get work, so long as the regulation price (before the "sweater" has taken tithe of it) is for army leggings 2s a dozen, for prisoners' flannel drawers 1s 3d, for frilled lawn tennis aprons 5½d.

Of course, besides the hardworkers, there are the idlers, either through laziness or want of work, and there are the wanderers, the "jolly beggars" of Burns, tramps, who never did a stroke of work save on compulsion, and never mean to. These have always been in the land, often in numbers relatively far larger than now. They have been treated with alternate petting and coercion; in one town poor people borrowing a half-penny to give to a beggar; in the next, the constable clapping them in the stocks, and giving them a good whipping before letting them go. The strangest thing is that this whipping was generally followed by a dole. In many parish books, about 300 years ago, we find such entries as these:

"Payd for wippin tow pore folk, ijd."

"Payd and given to a pore man and his wiff that was wipped, iiijd."

This was double the usual tariff, which is represented by, "Gave the tow when they went, ijd."

In Saxton times the beggar, unless he found refuge in one of them thinly scattered monasteries, was an evil case. He belonged to the dangerous tribe of "masterless" men, people for whom no one was answerable; and those who sheltered him were fain to do it by stealth, for if a man staid with you more than a couple of days, you were accountable not only for anything he might then do, but also for his antecedents. Mr. Ribton Turner thinks race has a good deal to do with beggary. When you take away a man's means of life, he must either starve or rob or beg. The old natives of Great Britian were short, dark people—Basques, say some, Esquimaux say others; the tall light-haired Gael beat them out from almost everywhere except South Wales. Then the Cymrt, another Celtic people came across from the Cimbric Chersonese (Denmark), landed in Aberdeen, spread over Scotland as Picts, and, coming southward, were met by the tide of Saxon, or (as the new lights prefer to call it) "English" invasion, and turned aside into Wales. What the round-skulled Gael has done to the short, long-skulled people who preceded him, the Saxon did to the Gael. He took his tilled land from him—in those days it was not much, nine-tenths of the island being forest and marsh—and he gave him no chance of settling near him, and bringing in some of the wild country. That was not done till later, when the monasteries (true agricultural colonies) set the example of making the desert smile. The conquered had nothing to do for it but to submit to slavery or to "move on." If he moved on with a lot of friends, he might settle down somewhere in Wales, or on the Cornish moors, or in the wild district called Cumbria (Cymri's Land), from Chester to the Solway. But there would generally be somebody to turn out; so, if he was alone or with a few, begging or robbing (the two were interchangeable) was his only resource.

Then the numbers of the wanderers would always be recruited from those who consented to remain in slavery. To be a slave under the best of masters must have been a trying chance; and few masters were good, or mistresses either, in days when a lady thought nothing of having a girl flogged to death for dressing her hair badly. Many, therefore, would run away; become "flymas," that is, tramps, through whom the tramp nature has been perpetuated. Whether or not "race" was the cause, tramps were very numerous in Saxon times; else, why the stringent laws against them? Then, as now, they had a coaxing way with them. To wheedle is from "waedlian," to beg. In summer the woods gave them shelter and food; in winter they often starved, despite of benevolence, like that which Bede records of King Oswald, who feasting his Bishop at Easter, heard that a crowd of poor were sitting round the door. A silver dish had just been brought in, full of rare meats. "Take it," said Oswald, "give the food to the poor, and break up also the dish into little bits so that each may have one."

In King Edgar's Canons (drawn up by Dunstan), the true rule for fasting is laid down: "When one fasts let the dishes that would have been eaten be all distributed to God's poor." The tithe, as yet only a voluntary charge, was divided into three parts—one for the church fabric, another for the poor and for strangers (of whom many were wandering monks), another for the priest.

Another cause which swelled the army of tramps was that when, on his death-bed, a master freed his slaves, they became the "men" (erfs) of his heir, instead of being able to go where and live under whom they pleased. Of course, if the heir were a hard man, there would be a stampede of his serfs, whose position, little above that of bondsmen, made the personal character of their master all-important. Alfred in his will, not only enfranchised all his servants, but took care to secure to them the liberty of choice:

"I, in the name of the living God, bid that no man hinder them, either by demand of fee or claim of debt, from choosing whomsoever they will."

In contrast with this is Oput's sister, Goodwin's wife, who used to get hold of all the pretty girls she could and sell them as slaves into Denmark. She was outdone—if Will, of Malmesbury, is to be believed—by the Thanes in general, who had anticipated the custom of the Kentucky slave breeders. —*Chambers' Journal.*

She Took It.

The grocer had put up her tea, sugar and starch, and to his query of "Anything else to-day?" she replied:

"Yes. I want a pumpkin."

"Right this way, ma'am. Here is a very nice one."

"Is it ripe?"

"Certainly."

"I want to be sure about that. Please plug it."

"Oh, certainly. See there?"

"It's not a red core."

"No, madam; it's a yellow core. All my pumpkins have been that way this fall and every one has given satisfaction."—*Detroit Free Press.*

MORSE AND HIS TELEGRAPH.

The Little Instument that Made His Fortune Preserved at the National Museum.

The National Museum at Washington has one of the first locomotives in the country, and I think it has the one upon which Peter Cooper acted as engineer. Here is the original Morse telegraph instrument, and it was on this instrument that the first telegraphic message in the world was sent. This line ran from Washington to Baltimore, and the first words were: "What hath God wrought?" Shortly after the line was completed there was a political conversation held at Baltimore, which nominated a President and Vice-President. The vice-presidential candidate was at Washington, and he was Silas Wright, then United States senator. He telegraphed a declination of the nomination, but the convention would not trust the telegraph on such an important matter, and they came by cars to Washington to persuade him to accept the second place on the ticket with Polk. He refused, however, and Dallas was nominated.

Morse eventually made a fortune out of the telegraph, and in 1859 some of the foreign powers made him a present of $80,000. The King of Prussia gave him a gold snuffbox, and he received a present from the Sultan of Turkey of a decoration belonging to the court in diamonds. Still, while his bill was before Congress, he said one day, that he had enough money to pay his board and get out of Washington if the bill did not pass. It was passed the last day of the Congress of 1843, and it gave him $30,000 to build an experimental line between Washington and Balaimore. He first tried to put the wire in a lead pipe in the ground, but finally adopted the pole system which is now in use.

To show how little the people then knew of the telegraph, no less a man than the Secretary of the Treasury asked Morse how large a bundle could be sent over the wires, and he wanted to know whether it might not be possible for the United States mail to be carried by them. A congressman brought a bundle of dirty shirts to the telegraph office in the Capitol and wanted them sent to Baltimore for washing. Dolly Madison sent a message to a friend of hers in Baltimore and the telegraph was the great excitement of the hour. Morse at this time offered his whole right in the patent to the Government for $100,000, and was, fortunately for him, laughed at and refused.

It was upon the Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph company, during the time it was fighting the Western Union, based its claim to be the oldest telegraph company in the world in that it held this line betwe en Washington and Baltimore upon which messages were first sent. Now the United States has 164,954 miles of telegraph wire instead of 40, and it surpasses the other countries of the world in its telegraph business. The whole world has more than 600,000 miles of telegraph lines, or enough to put a wire 24 times around the whole world and have some thousands of miles to spare. China has only 944 miles of wire, and when you consider that its population is six times the United States you can see what immense opportunity is open to such a scheme as that of Wharton Barker and Mitkiewicz. China has just 22-100 of a mile of wire to every 1,000 square miles of territory, or in round numbers, hardly more than a foot of wire to every square mile of her territory. Belgium, on the other hand, which has perhaps the most telegraph wire in proportion to its territory, has one-half mile of wire to each square mile of territory, and France has one-third of a mile of wire to each square mile of area. In all Europe there is not much more than twice the amount of telegraph lines that there are in the United States, and we send about 70,000,000 messages a year to half that number by Great Britian. Japan is rapidly increasing as a telegraphic nation, and it sends more than 3,000,000 messages a year. It is its activity in this regard that has stired up China, and I am told by travelers that the enterprise of the Japanese is having great influence upon their Chinese neighbors.

Rough on Neighbors.

That very widely advertised mixture known as "Rough on rats" should be changed to Rough on Neighbors. The makers of the poison advertise that the rodents do not die on the premises, and they are probably correct, for immediately upon swallowing the stuff they try to get as far away from it as possible, and the consequence is that they die on the premises of somebody else. A friend told me the other day that he could tell very soon when his neighbors had been using rat poison. He says that the moment a rat has the stomach-ache it uses its remaining strength to crawl into his cellar, and there it quietly passes away, only to be discovered a few days later, by the robust ordor that hovers over it. Since November first he has found sixteen defunct rodents, in different parts of his house, and while he is willing to accommodate his neighbors to any reasonably extent, he feels that this is too much of a good thing and that it is asking too much of him to use his residence as a haven of rest for other people's dying rats.—*Peck's Sun.*

An Australian Mining Queen.

The sensation of the hour in the city is the doings and sayings of the Lady of the Nugget, Miss Alice Cornwell. In a few weeks she has achieved wonders. She has softened the heart of the Secretary of the Stock Exchange. She has shown her latest finds to admiring Architbishops at the Mansion House. She has convinced Mr. Bryant that gold-searching is more profitable than watch-making. She has held her own with speculators and financiers, and she has successfully floated a company which rejoices in the familiar name of Midas. Miss Cornwell is generally supposed in Victoria to have a heaven-born genius for mining. The miners of Ballarat have given her the name of Lucky Foot and unanimously named her their representative in England. In Australia she has generally contrived to find ore where everybody else failed. In London the charming and astute lady-miner bids fair to attract a large share of interest hitherto bestowed on lady doctors, lady astronomers and lady bonnetmakers.—*London World.*