

STEINBERG BROS., Publishers. CALDWELL, IDAHO

Gov. WATERMAN, of California, will not permit paid attorneys to appear before him in the interests of those seeking pardon.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT's income from his capital is said to be in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000 a month, while that of William K. is not far behind it.

SAM SMALL has accepted the editorship of the Southern Star, a prohibition weekly published in Atlanta by Charles D. Barker. The Star is to be the organ of the third party movement.

The Great Northern Railway Company of England insists that its engineers shall take at least nine hours' rest between one day's labor and another as a precaution against accidents.

The city of east St. Louis is troubled over the affirmation by the supreme court of an order to compel the levy and collection of a tax to provide for the payment of bonds issued by the city, with interest and costs, amounting to \$1,000,000.

The National Association of Retail Lumbermen met at Davenport, Iowa, and elected officers as follows: President, J. P. Smith, of Fowler, Ind.; vice president, J. N. Cunningham, of Norcross, Ga.; secretary and treasurer, W. C. Wright, of Chicago.

WILLIAM H. BEARD, the animal painter, is as full of originality, humor, quaintness, fancy and pomp as he was when he went to New York from the west twenty years ago. The visitor at his quarters in the Tenth street studio building is sure to see some striking novelty on his easel or on his walls.

Numerous conger eels, killed by the frost, have been washed up on the southern coast of England. Some of them weighed seventy pounds, being seven feet long and twenty-four inches in circumference—miniature sea-serpents, in fact. No similar occurrence has been known since the Crimean war.

An immense iron pipe is being laid connecting the oil fields of Pennsylvania with the city of Chicago. The pipe will be eight inches in diameter and 210 miles long, and will require sixty-four barrels of oil to fill it. The largest pump ever made has just been completed to force the oil through the pipe.

The specific heat of snow or ice is nearly that of water, hence it requires about the same amount of heat to raise the temperature one degree. The latent heat of fusion is 140, that is, it requires 140 pounds of water, less the one degree in temperature, to change one pound of snow or ice at 32° F. to water of the same temperature. One pound of water at 172° F. added to one pound of snow at 32° F. would barely melt it, producing a total mass of water at 32° F. or just ready to freeze.

REPRESENTATIVE ALLEN, of Massachusetts, is devoting a good deal of his time in Washington to amateur photography. Recently a poor widow in Lowell wrote to saying that her husband, a private in a Massachusetts regiment, lay buried somewhere in the National Cemetery on Arlington Hill. She had long wished to see his grave, but has always been too poor to make the journey to the capital. Mr. Allen thereupon seized his camera, found the grave, and made a clever photograph of the spot.

NITRO-GLYCERINE freezes at a temperature considerably above the freezing point of water, and many accidents have happened from the ridiculous method employed for thawing it. A German heated a poker red-hot and started off to thaw a parcel of nitro-glycerine. Not only the surrounding objects, but the operator were pulverized. A man in New Jersey brought some blasting cartridges to thaw them out by the fire. He accomplished this result by holding them on the flame for a considerable period, and is supposed to have dropped one during the process. For his remains were found in a fragmentary condition sixty feet away.

SKELETONS of two Akkas, the pigmy people discovered by Schweinfurth in 1870, have been acquired by the British Museum, and show that this race is undoubtedly the more diminutive known. The stature of the male skeleton is about an inch below four feet, and that of the female about as much above. The few previous measurements recorded indicate that these heights are rather below the average, though a living adult female of three feet ten inches is known. Prof. Flower finds that the Akkas belong to the black or Negroid branch of the human species, and that they are not allied to the Bushmen or Andaman Islanders, which tribes they most resemble in size.

Most people are aware that a piece of ice roughly hewn into the shape of a double convex lens will, if placed in the direct sunshine, concentrate the rays of the sun to such an extent as to ignite an object placed a certain distance behind it, but the fact is not generally known that it is able to provide materials for supporting the fire thus produced. Ice taken from marshes and other localities where vegetable or animal matter is undergoing decomposition often contains bubbles of olefiant gas. Some of these cavities in the ice are of considerable dimensions, and if pierced the gas escapes with great force and may be lighted, burning for a few seconds with a bluish-white flame.

It is said that during the last Presidential crisis in France a newspaper correspondent at Rennes wrote regularly to his newspaper. Every time the "political police" opened his letters. After a while he tried the plan of registering his letters. "Inclosure of 100 francs" he wrote on the outside of one in order to insure privacy for it, without, of course, putting the money inside. The letter arrived safely; none of the seals were broken, but neatly inclosed lay a postal order for 100 francs. The clerks or officers who had intercepted the letter thought that in opening it they had lost the inclosure and substituted another, hoping thereby to escape unpleasant investigation.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

A Royal Barge that came near terminating in an aerial voyage. Major Ira Throckmorton, who was many years the proprietor of the Galt house, at Louisville, in the golden time away back yonder before the war, was one of the most courtly of a grand coterie of gentlemen to which he belonged. He was the boon companion of gifted Tom Marshall, brilliant Frank and glorious Clay; the Prescotts, Brockbridges and Shelys of the Blue Grass region where his friends, and because of Major Throckmorton's nobility of character, high family rank and social qualities, as well as for the fact that the hotel which he owned was a splendid establishment, the Galt house was in those days the head quarters of the elite of Kentucky, when that element sojourned in the metropolis of the state.

Upon the occasion of Charles Dickens' visit to this country, during the time when he was gathering the material for his "sassy" "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," in which he so successfully ridiculed the people of this republic, he was hospitably entertained at the Galt house, as elsewhere in the country. During other hours of those same days he was engaged at those works in which, though at times he held unpleasant truths, he advanced far beyond the frontiers of fact at other times, and allowed his imagination and his pen to run away from common decency and the natural gratitude that even beats for twenty evince for disinterested hospitality.

While in Louisville, Dickens was the guest of the Galt house, and during his stay Major Throckmorton brought it about that he should receive distinguished consideration at the hands of some of the brightest lights in literature, statesmanship and social life of the region and the time.

One evening Major Throckmorton basted himself about the preparation of a glorious little dinner which was set in a quiet refectory of the elegant hostelry. It was a triumph of culinary art, and was to be covered with the most sparkling wines and the rarest of liquors. To this, for the purpose of having them meet Mr. Dickens, as his guest, Major Throckmorton had invited George D. Prentiss, Thomas F. Marshall, Dr. Theodore Bell and numerous other luminaries of literature, and the learned professions generally. It was gallant Throckmorton's plan for a little surprise for his friends as well as Mr. Dickens, and everything was working like a charm. The visitors had arrived and were being received in the handsome apartments which had been assigned to Mr. Dickens. Guest after guest arrived who were presented in person by Major Throckmorton, until at last the list was checked off, and the prodigious amount of preparation arrived. Major T. entered for the purpose of preparing Mr. Dickens and the other gentlemen for what they were to expect in this matter of the pretty feast which he had intended as a crowning, though unexpected, turn to the pleasures of the evening.

Dickens had brought with him to this country the English idea of innkeepers, and being more or less a private snob himself, he was disposed to put on airs, and when Major Throckmorton entered, and fell into familiar terms with the gentlemen present, Dickens ill-concealed his displeasure, and at last when Major Throckmorton approached Dickens with his broadly hospitable intent suggested to the novelist the idea of leading the way to the banquet room, this man who presumed to know more about Americans than Americans know of themselves, said something to the effect: "You are getting quite too officious, landlord. When I desire your attentions I shall call for you. For the present you may retire."

The scene which ensued was a remarkable one. The honest, bluff, gallant and hospitable Kentuckian was for a moment simply astounded. And then he became indignant. The idea that such a gentleman as he, because he had condescended to the personal supervision of some extra hospitalities, should be taken for a lackey, or a head lackey, or something of that nature, at first astonished him, and then fired his southern blood. "Why," said he, "you damned coxcomb, I'll throw you out of the window!" and he was proceeding to put the idea into execution, when his friends present, who were but little less indignant, easily persuaded the irate, yet still hospitable host, to desist. Dickens quickly saw his mistake, and offered apologies, which were accepted, but the dinner was not a howling success. There seemed to be a large "chunk of cold shoulder" lying at numerous places about the table. Even the champagne, which followed the barely tasted viands, was not effective in bringing about the cordiality which should reign on such occasions. The dinner was, in fact, exceedingly bad, and yet not very much to the point, and Mr. Dickens was shortly "left alone in his glory."

Though he wrote of many things unpleasant to him, with which he came in contact in this country, he did not write of his escape from an aerial voyage from a Galt house window, nor, in fact, anything in connection with that episode of his visit.

The facts here presented were given me more than twenty years ago by one of the most distinguished of the gentlemen then present, all of whom have gone to a banquet where even snobs cannot make mistakes, if they should happen to get in, and where a fall from one of the windows would land the unfortunate, very much broken up, about where Lucifer struck when he went on a strike.—Will Vissler, in Arkansas Traveler.

The Cigarette Evil. A great many people are disposed to laugh at the cigarette as a weak imitation of a cigar, and on indulgence in cigarette smoking as something too trivial for sober talk. The fact is brought out, however, by the recent discussions in the United States senate, that cigarette smoking is "a very great and a very serious evil," to quote the words of Senator Chase, of Rhode Island, who presented a petition from 287 Washington physicians, praying for the passage of the bill to prohibit the selling or furnishing of cigarettes, or of tobacco in any of its forms, to youth under 16 years of age, in the District of Columbia. Senator

GRANT'S SIMPLICITY AND LUCK.

How the Hero Narrowly escaped selling his note for \$18,000. Leonard Swett told an interesting story the other day illustrative of Gen. Grant's traditional good luck as well as his lack of what is called shrewdness in commercial dealings. When Grant was engaged in writing his memoirs the Century company, which had been publishing some of his war exploits in the Century Magazine, offered him \$10,000 for the manuscript of his book. Webster, the publisher, also had his eye on the alert for the forthcoming work, and one day called on the general to inquire about it. Grant was seated at his desk, about to attach his signature to the Century company's contract which lay before him. It had apparently never occurred to him to ask more for his literary production. Webster intimated that he would like to purchase the manuscript of his book. "If it would not be impertinent," he said, "I would like to inquire how much the Century company agrees to pay you?"

"Ten thousand dollars," Gen. Grant said. "Then I wouldn't sign that contract just yet," said Webster. "Why not?"

"Because I will pay you \$50,000," Gen. Grant opened his eyes in amazement. It had not occurred to him to set so high a value on his work; he had not thought of dickerings beyond the first offer. But he did not sign the contract.

Afterward Mark Twain, Webster's relative and business partner, called and told the general that what the publishers had offered him what his manuscript was worth. "I will give you \$100,000 and royalty," he said. Webster and Co. became Grant's publishers. The firm has grown rich out of Grant's book, and Grant's family has been paid over \$500,000.

"And Grant's book," said Mr. Swett in conclusion, "will become a classic more valuable than Caesar's Commentaries. I consider it the greatest achievement of Gen. Grant's wonderful life to have written such a work with death looking over his shoulders."—Chicago Times.

Diphtheria From Poultry. In the Bulletin Med. et. of January 22, 1888, Dr. Paulin publishes an interesting report of an epidemic of diphtheria, occurring in one of the Grecian isles, which lends considerable weight to the arguments in support of this theory. The epidemic began in the summer of 1884, in Skiatos, a small island having a population of about four thousand souls. For over thirty years no case of diphtheria had been seen on the island, according to the testimony of a Dr. Bird, who had practiced there during that time. In the early part of June Dr. Paulin was called to see a child aged twelve years, suffering from sore throat, and found her tonsils and pharynx covered with false membrane. This child died, and several other cases occurred in the immediate neighborhood, five of them resulting fatally. The epidemic soon spread through the entire community, over one hundred being attacked, and thirty-x dying during five months.

An examination was made to discover, if possible, the source of this disease, and it was found that a flock of turkeys had been received some three weeks before from Salonica. Two of the turkeys were sick on their arrival, and each one of the others was attacked in succession. Dr. Paulin found two of them still sick, and inspection showed patches of pseudo-membrane on the mucous membrane of the vault of the palate and of the pharynx. On detaching strips of the exudation by the forceps, the mucous membrane beneath was seen to bleed slightly. The glands of the neck were swollen, and in one of the fowls the diphtheritic process had extended to the larynx.

It was shown by the hoarseness of the voice, and the dyspnea, that the disease in that way, could not be reached before Friday, and I thought that I could get away before that time. It was at this point in the evening that I was again soothed sense of security and congratulating myself on the wonderful way in which I had escaped, and I was about to go to bed when I was awakened by the president of the club, observing that I had my mouth full of ice which I did not know what to do with, introduced me to the brilliant and successful.

I felt embarrassed and was about to say so, I believe, when Ex-Governor Bunn, who was seated next me, said that he had been thinking of me which did not bear upon the subject, and I was about to say that I was thinking of a bon mot which would give Governor Bunn from the face of the globe, and I was about to say that I was thinking of a bon mot which would give Governor Bunn from the face of the globe, and I was about to say that I was thinking of a bon mot which would give Governor Bunn from the face of the globe.

Politely Put Out. When Sir A. W. Baker was traveling in Central Africa some of the native chiefs paid him a visit, and one of them received a lesson in good manners, which might sometimes be repeated to advantage in more civilized countries. As they were sitting before him, Kaka, lighting a huge pipe and began smoking. This was a great breach of etiquette, as smoking is strictly forbidden in the presence of Kabba Rega.

My old Cairo dragoman, Mohammed, who was now thoroughly installed as one of the expedition, was well up in the customs of the country, and quietly resented the insult of the pipe. He gently approached with a bottle of water which he poured politely into the bowl, as though he were conferring a great favor; at the same time explaining that in my presence every one smoked water instead of tobacco. The hint was immediately taken, and the huge pipe, thus summarily extinguished, was handed to a slave in attendance.

Half and Half. Young Wife—"John, I wish you would rook the baby." Young Husband—"What'll I rook the baby for?" Y. W.—"Because he is not very well." And what's more, half of him belongs to you, and you should not object to rook him." Y. H.—"Well, don't half belong to you?" Y. W.—"Yes." Y. H.—"Well, you can rook your half, and let my half rook."—(New York Topics.)

BILL NYE IN CLOVER.

His Bill Apprehensive (about a National Philadelphia Club) gave the Bill-Clover Club the Star Out of all of the most eminent men of America and Europe have made; features at those annual dinners.

They have in the possession of the club a silver girdle costing over \$200. I believe, and a loving-cup which passes from one to another each night of the evening; and at the lower end of a man's face disappears in this cup, and while he is standing up, his face is held. True to the introduction to the members and the Bill-Clover Club.

Many of the greatest and wisest of our people have quenched their thirst in this beverage. It is an excellent place for the formation of pleasant friendships and the acquisition of knowledge. It is also the only place I know of in America where kindergartens, armies with a keen appreciation of themselves and a stentorian voice, obtain a main and unregarded estimate of their abilities.

There can be no more comfortable sensation, I fancy, than to be a guest at one of those annual dinners, with the personal recognition of the president in your pocket, and a silver girdle around your waist, for a speech and certifying that you have performed a fair and impartial trial on the charge that you were a good after-dinner speaker and that you were a good after-dinner speaker.

WASHINGTON LETTER. The Supreme Court of the United States—(Special Correspondence.) Mr. Lamar's seat on the Supreme bench is at the extreme right, or, so to speak, on the ladies' side of the Court chamber. Whenever a vacancy occurs in the Supreme Court, either from death or retirement, the younger judges change their seats.

For instance, before Judge Wood's death the seat that he occupied was held by Chief Justice Waite in the center of the bench; on his right hand Mr. Justice Miller; on his left Mr. Justice Field; on the right of Justice Field, Mr. Justice Matthews; on the left of Justice Matthews, Mr. Justice Gray; on the left of Justice Gray, Mr. Justice Blatchford; and the death of Justice Woods every judge

holding commission later than he moved up one seat in this order. This left the Chief Justice sitting as before in the center of the bench, with Justice Blatchford on his right hand and Justice Miller on his left. Justice Gray, who had sat on the extreme north side of the bench, went over to the south side, and will have Judge Lamar for his neighbor on the left. Justice Blatchford has the Judge Gray's old seat at the end of the bench, and Judge Lamar has Judge Blatchford's old seat.

Lamar in point of looks is fully as interesting as any man on the bench. His strong dignified face with the heavy mass of hair falling about his shoulders, compares well with the large handsome features of Judge Gray, Judge Estlin or Judge Miller. He is not only a man of a most acceptable appearance, but he is a man of a most acceptable appearance.

When Lamar was called to the bench, he was confirmed by the Senate. From what has been learned in a round-about private way, his colleagues of the bench received Mr. Lamar with great cordiality. They had known him personally for many years during his life in Washington, and had come to respect his ability as a lawyer. Besides all this, the social life of the bench Mr. Lamar promises to be a most acceptable acquisition.

To see them on the bench, these sodas, however, ponderous-looking men, one would hardly suppose they could form a little social club of their own, and in the privacy of their robing room, instead of the public eye, they are seen to be telling, punning, gazing, and with every sort of wit and humor. It is one of the traditions of the court that the little boys of the bench take their toddy made from this old toddy. No outsider is ever admitted into the robing room except the janitor, a stolidly serious man who keeps it in order and waits upon the judges. His mouth is as a seal book, and how on earth the outside world can ever learn the doings of the judges within, is something of a mystery, unless the judges themselves tell the story.

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REED, OF MAINE.

When good things were said about him and was just in the net of arising to respond to the subject, with the diversion of the Supreme Justice Clark the same endearing terms and courtly style, while Mr. McKay returned to his seat.

Mr. McKay began to think over his piece, while Thomas B. Reed was seated next him, and he was about to say that I was thinking of a bon mot which would give Governor Bunn from the face of the globe, and I was about to say that I was thinking of a bon mot which would give Governor Bunn from the face of the globe.

When Lamar was called to the bench, he was confirmed by the Senate. From what has been learned in a round-about private way, his colleagues of the bench received Mr. Lamar with great cordiality. They had known him personally for many years during his life in Washington, and had come to respect his ability as a lawyer. Besides all this, the social life of the bench Mr. Lamar promises to be a most acceptable acquisition.

To see them on the bench, these sodas, however, ponderous-looking men, one would hardly suppose they could form a little social club of their own, and in the privacy of their robing room, instead of the public eye, they are seen to be telling, punning, gazing, and with every sort of wit and humor. It is one of the traditions of the court that the little boys of the bench take their toddy made from this old toddy. No outsider is ever admitted into the robing room except the janitor, a stolidly serious man who keeps it in order and waits upon the judges. His mouth is as a seal book, and how on earth the outside world can ever learn the doings of the judges within, is something of a mystery, unless the judges themselves tell the story.

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