THE NORTHWEST ENTERPRISE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WHATCOM AND SAN JUAN COUNTIES AND THE WHOLE NORTHWEST.

VOL. 1. ANACORTES, W. T., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17 1883. NO. 48.

THE NORTHWEST ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT

ANACORTES, WASHINGTON TER

—BY—

ALF. D. BOWEN & CO.

F. M. WALSH. ALF. D. BOWEN.

Entered at the Post Office at Anacortes as second-class matter.

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OLD GRIMES.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more.
He used to wear a long black coat
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings were all true.
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a quene.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned.
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design.
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was acquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind:
In friendship he was true.
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He passed serenely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears Misfortune's frown.
He wore a double-breasted vest;
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert.
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay.
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to Fortune's chances,
He lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran,
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

THE INTREPID MOTHER.

The diligence from Paris to Chalons stopped one evening just before dark, some miles beyond the little town of Rouvray, to put down an English lady and her child at a lonely roadside auberge. Mrs. Martin expected to find a carriage ready to take her to the Chateau de Senart, a distance of some leagues, whither she was repairing on a visit, but was told that it had not arrived. The landlady, a tall, coarse-looking woman, who showed her into the vast hall that served as a sitting room and kitchen, observed that the roads were so muddy and difficult at night that there was little chance of her friend arriving before morning.

"You had better, therefore," she said, "make up your mind to sleep here. We have a good room to offer you; and you will be more comfortable between a pair of clean, warm sheets than knocking about our rough country, especially as your dear child seems sickly."

Mrs. Martin, though much fatigued by her journey, hesitated. A good night's rest was certainly a tempting prospect; but she felt so confident that her friends would not neglect her, that, after a moment, she replied:

"I thank you, madam, I will sit up for an hour or so—it is not late, and the carriage may come, after all. Should it not, I shall be glad of your room—which you may prepare for me at any rate."

The hostess, who seemed anxious that her guest should not remain in the great room, suggested that a fire might be made above, but Mrs. Martin found herself so comfortable where she was—a pile of faggots was blazing on the hearth—that she declined at first to move. Her daughter, about five years of age, soon went to sleep in her lap; and she herself found that whilst her ears were listening anxiously for the roll of carriage wheels, her eyes occasionally closed, and slumber began to make its insidious approaches.

In order to prevent herself from giving way, she endeavored to direct her attention to the objects about her. The apartment was vast, and lighted more by the glare of the fire than by the dirty candle, stuck into a filthy tin candlestick, that stood on one of the long tables. Two or three huge beams stretched across half way up the walls, leaving a space filled with flitting shadows above. From these descended a rusty gun or two, sword, several bags, hanks of onions, cooking utensils, etc. There were very few signs that the house was much visited though a pile of empty wine bottles lay in one corner. The landlady sat at some distance from the fireplace with her two sons, who laid their heads together and talked in whispers.

Mrs. Martin began to feel uneasy. The idea entered her mind that she had fallen into a resort of robbers; and the words "*Cest elle*," (it is she) which was all she heard of the whispered conversation, contributed to alarm her. The door leading to the road was left ajar; and for a moment she felt an inclination to start up and escape on foot. But she was far from any other habitation; and if the people of the house really entertained any evil design, her attempt would only percipitate the catastrophe. So she resolved on patience, but listened attentively for the approach of her friends. All she heard, however, was the whistling of the wind, and the dashing of the rain, which had begun to fall just after her arrival.

About two hours passed in this uncomfortable way. At length the door was thrown open, and a man dripping wet came in. She breathed more freely; for this new comer might frustrate the evil designs of her hosts, if they entertained any. He was a red-haired, jovial-faced looking man, and inspired her with confidence by the frankness and ease of his manners.

"A fine night for walking!" he cried, shaking himself like a dog who has scrambled out of a pond. What have you to give? *Solut messieur et mesdames.* I am wet to the skin Hope I disturb nobody. Give me a bottle of wine"

The hostess, in a surly, sleepy tone, told her eldest son to serve the gentleman; and then addressing Mrs. Martin, said:

"You see your friends will not come, and you are keeping us up to no purpose. You had better go to bed."

"I will wait a little longer," was the reply; which elicited a shrug of contempt.

The red-haired man finished his bottle of wine, and then said:

"Show me a room, good woman—I shall sleep here to-night."

Mrs. Martin thought that as he pronounced these words he cast a protecting glance toward her; and she felt less repugnance to the idea of passing the night in that house. When, therefore, the red haired man, after a polite bow, went up stairs, she said, that, as her friend had not arrived, they might as well show her to her room.

"I thought it would come to that at last," said the landlady. "Here, Pierre, take the lady's trunk upstairs."

In a few minutes, Mrs. Martin found herself alone in a spacious room, with a large fire burning on the hearth. Her first care, after putting the child to bed, was to examine the door. It closed only by a latch. There was no bolt inside. She looked round for something to barricade it with, and perceived a heavy chest of drawers. Fear gave her strength. She half lifted, half pushed it against the door. Not content with this, she seized a table, to increase the strength of her defense. The leg was broken, and when she touched it it fell with a crash to the floor. A long echo went sounding through the house, and her heart sank within her. But the echo died away, and no one came; so she piled the fragments of the table upon the chest of drawers. Satisfied in this direction, she proceeded to examine the windows. They were well protected with iron bars. The walls were papered, and after careful examination, appeared to contain no sign of a secret door.

As her excitement diminished, the fatigue—which had been forgotten—began again to make itself felt, and she resolved to undress and go to bed.

Her heart leaped into her throat. For a moment she seemed perfectly paralyzed. She had undressed and put out the candle, when she accidentally dropped her watch. Stooping to pick it up, her eyes involuntarily glanced toward the bed. A great mass of red hair, a hand, and a gleaming knife, were revealed by the fire. After the first moment of terrible alarm, her presence of mind returned. She felt that she had herself cut off all means of escape by the door, and was left entirely to her own resources. Without uttering a cry but trembling in every limb, the poor woman got into bed beside her child. An idea—a plan—had suggested itself. It had flashed through her brain like lightning. It was the only chance left.

Her bed was so disposed that the robber could only get from beneath it by a narrow aperture at the head without making a noise; and it was probable that he would choose, from prudence, this means of exit. There were no curtains in the way, so Mrs. Martin, with terrible decision and noiseless energy, made a running knot in her silk scarf, and held it poised over the aperture by which her enemy was to make his appearance. She had resolved to strangle him in defense of her own life, and that of her child.

The position was an awful one; and probably, had she been able to direct her attention to the surrounding circumstances, she might have given way to her fears, and endeavored to raise the house by screams. The fire on the hearth—unattended to—had fallen abroad, and now gave only a dull, sullen light, with an occasional bright gleam. Every object in the vast apartment showed dimly and uncertainly, and seemed to be endowed with a restless motion. Now and then a mouse advanced stealthily along the floor, but startled by some movement under the bed, went scouring back in terror to its hole. The child breathed steadily in its unconscious repose; the mother also endeavored to imitate sleep, but the man under the bed, uneasy in his position, could not avoid occasionally making a slight noise.

Mrs. Martin was occupied with only two ideas. First, she reflected on the extraordinary delusion by which she had been led to see enemies in the people of the house and a friend in the red-haired man; and, secondly, it struck her that, as he could fear no resistance from a woman, he might push aside the chairs that were in the way, regardless of the noise, and thus avoid the snare that was laid for him. Once even she thought that, whilst her attention was strongly directed to one spot, he had made his exit, and was leaning over her; but she was deceived by a flickering shadow on the opposite wall. In reality there was no danger that he would compromise the success of his sanguinary enterprise; the shrieks of a victim, put on its guard, might alarm the household.

Have you ever stood, hour after hour, with your fishing-rod in hand, waiting with the ferocious patience of an angler for a nibble! If you have, you have some faint idea of the state of mind in which Mrs. Martin—with far other interests at stake—passed the time, until an old clock on the chimney-piece told one hour after midnight. Another source of anxiety now presented itself—the fire had nearly burnt out. Her dizzy eyes could scarcely see the floor, as she bent with fearful attention over the head of the bed—the terrible noose hanging like the sword of Damocles above the gloomy aperture.

"What," she thought, "if he delay his appearance until the light has completely died away. Will it then be possible for me to adjust the scarf—to do the deed—to kill the assassin—to save myself and my child? Oh, God! deliver him into my hands, I beseech thee!"

A cautious movement below—the dragging of hands and feet along the floor—a heavy, suppressed breathing—announced that the supreme moment was near at hand. Her white arms were bared to the shoulder; her hair fell wildly around her face, like the mane of a lioness about to leap down upon its prey; the distended orbits of her eyes glared down on the spot where the question of life and death was soon to be decided. Time seemed immeasurably lengthened out—every second assumed the proportions of an hour. But at last—just as all lines and forms began to float before her sight through a medium of blended light and darkness, a black mass interposed between her eyes and the floor. Suspense being over, the time of action having arrived, everything seemed to pass with magical rapidity. The robber thrust his head cautiously forward. Mrs. Martin bent down. There was a half-choked cry—the sound of a knife falling on the floor—a convulsive struggle. Pull! pull! Mrs. Martin heard nothing—saw nothing but the scarf passing over the head of the bed between her two naked feet. She had half thrown herself back, and holding her scarf with both her hands, pulled with desperate energy for her life. The conflict had begun; and one or the other must perish. The robber was a powerful man, and made furious efforts to get loose; but in vain. Not a sound escaped from his lips—not a sound from hers. The dreadful tragedy was enacted in silence.

"Well, Mother Guerard," cried a young man, leaping out of a carriage that stopped before the door of the *auberge* the next morning, "what news have you for me? Has my mother arrived?"

"Is it your mother," replied the landlady, who seemed quite good-humored after her night's rest. "There's a lady up-stairs waiting for some friends; but she does not speak French easily, and seemed unwilling to talk. We could scarcely persuade her to go to bed.

"Show me the room!" cried Arthur, running into the house.

They soon arrived before the door.

"Mother! mother!" cried he, but received no answer.

"The door is only latched, for we have no robbers in this part of the country," said the landlady.

The first object that presented itself was the face of the robber, upturned from under the bed, and with protruding tongue and eyeballs; the next was Mrs. Martin in the position we left her. She was in a deep swoon, her hands still grasping the scarf. The child was crying and trying to arouse her mother. The intrepid woman was brought back to consciousness, but weeks elapsed before she regained her usual health, strength, and consciousness.

A CURIOUS LETTER.

One of the curious letters which General Garfield received during the Presidential campaign was as follows:

"Dear Brother Garfield: "We are building a new church over by the old well; we'll have it done by the third Lord's day in August. We want you to send us a new Bible for the pulpit. We don't want no extra fine Bible, but a good plain Bible, with leather covers and printed on the back in yaller letters: 'Presented to the church at the old well by Jas. A. Garfield.' Now, Brother Garfield, I wouldn't have you to not send this Bible for the price of fifty Bibles, for I'm a dimicrat and have always been a dimicrat, and the male members of our church are dimicrats unanimously, but when a godly man is put up for a big office, we're going to go fur him. Therefore a hopin' you'll send on the Bible, I remain your affectionate dimicratic brother in Christ." "P. S.—I manufacture chawing tobacker. If you chaw I would like to send you a box." General Garfield sent down to Cleveland for a $15 Bible, had it marked with "yaller" letters and sent as requested.

PUT THIS INTO YOUR PIPE.—An English workingman just past the middle age found that his pipe, which for many years had been a great comfort to him, was beginning to seriously affect his nerves. Before giving it up, however, he determined to find out if there was no way by which he might continue to smoke without feeling its effects to an injurious extent. He accordingly wrote to a medical journal and was recommended to fill the bowl of his pipe one-third full of table salt and press the tobacco hard down upon it, as in ordinary smoking. The result was very satisfactory. During the process of smoking the salt solidifies, while remaining porous, and when the hardened lump is removed at the end of a day's smoking it is found to have absorbed so much of the oil of the tobacco as to be deeply colored. The salt should be renewed daily.

AN HISTORIC BIRD.

The cock is an important bird. He is historical. A cock assured Themistocles of his victory over Xerxes. Aristophanes tells us that he reigned supreme over Persia before the time of Darius and Megabazus. Numa Pompilius was inspired by a cock, and Romulus was influenced by the same bird in his decision as to the size of Rome. He was sacred to Mars, Apollo, Mercury, and Æsculapius. Mohammed found a cock in the first heaven, so huge a bird that his crest touched the second heaven. The Moslem doctors say that Allah lends a willing ear to him who reads the Koran, to him who prays for pardon, and to the cock, whose chant is divine melody. When this cock ceases to crow the day of judgment will be at hand. The cock on church spires is to remind men not to deny their Lord, as Peter did. Peter le Neve says that the cock was the warlike ensign of the Goths, as it is to the present day of the Malays, and that, therefore, it was put in Gothic churches for ornament. When placed on hotels, as is customary in some parts of Switzerland and France, especially Normandy, and as is the case in one notable instance in New York, it is the emblem signifying "Good cheer within." The crowing of the cock has always exercised an indefinable influence on mankind. It covered the shuffling Peter with shame; it has furnished innumerable poets with stocks of phrases; it has even become a means for the expression of parliamentary opinion. In some places, it is true, the cock is regarded with not altogether unmalevolent sentiments. An African tribe complains bitterly that it was all through the cock that they remained black, and different from the rest of mankind. The creating Spirit, it is said, set himself during the daytime to model the human race. By sundown he had fashioned about 50 different figures out of clay; but they were all more or less brown, and some of them were quite black. He set them up in a row and inspected them before it got quite dark, and then it appeared that they would look better if they were white. So he mixed a pot of whitewash and set about daubing them by the light of the moon. But it was troublesome work, and he did not get on very fast. At last, when he had a score or more to whiten, day dawned, and the cock crew, and he came to the conclusion that the rest must remain as they were. And so it has come to pass that some of the races of mankind are red and brown, while the poor Negro has remained quite black—and all through a troublesome cock, who would crow when he was not wanted.

WHAT MRS. LANTTRY SAYS.

This is what Mrs. Langtry professes to think of the nincompoop who is at present following her from city to city. "Who is Gebhardt?—a mere boy, only 23 you know. Is he so important an individual that my recognition of him must set all the tongues of the city to wagging? Isn't he a gentleman, or is he so lacking in gentlemanly associations that my acquaintance with him is in itself a scandal? I am somewhat surprised at the avidity with which your American society seizes the flimsiest pretext for gossiping about strangers who come to your country. I am not angry, now understand but I confess to some disappointment at the manner in which my name has been bandied and tossed about by the gossip-mongers since I came to Philadelphia. My relations with my husband, which the newspapers have been unkind enough to carry into their talk, are not matters for public discussion. They are purely personal to my husband and myself. I can say to you, however, that they have been wantonly misrepresented and misunderstood. Captain Langtry's failure to accompany me to America is altogether creditable to him. He is deeply involved in debt, and could not leave England without violating his voluntary pledges to the courts. This, and this only, is why he did not come to America with me. No mail has gone back to England since my arrival in New York which has not carried one or more letters to him from me. He is fully advised by mail and cable of my movements, plans, and associations, and cordially approves them When Mrs. Labouchere left me so abruptly, without offering a word of explanation, I immediately telegraphed to my husband and asked him to send his sister to join me. She has sailed and will meet me next week in Brooklyn, and is to remain with me until my return to England."

Kansas City is the most rapidly growing place in the United States. She has seventeen miles of railroad, eighty passsenger trains arrive and depart daily, 5000 passengers leave the Union depot every day, her bank clearings amount to $195,000,000, and her westward trade to $232,000,000. During 1882 the real estate transactions in Kansas City amounted to $8,000,000.

The Indians number, according to the returns of 1881, 361,382, of whom but 471 are in schools; but all, excepting 15,000, are under some agency; 600 acres per head have been set apart for every Indian—man, woman and child, black, red, white and mixed.

The police of Rome have lately discovered an establishment wherein sausages are manufactured from all the various forms of flesh except pork.

A FEARFUL CONFLAGRATION.

At 4 A. M. of the morning of January 9, the Newhall House of Milwaukee, Wis., was burned, and with it more than seventy men, women and children. The following graphic description of the scene is given by T. B. Anderson, who was one of the fortunate ones:

"I sat on the window-sill of my room and I saw the flames take my bed and my clothes and the floor sink in a mass of flames before I escaped by sliding down the rain-spout which ran along my window. It was nearly 1 o'clock in the morning when I went to bed. I walked up stairs to my room, as the elevator had stopped running at 12:20. On the way up I met the only watchman in the house, and I asked him how I could escape in case of fire. He said it was easy enough, that there were two ways—one by the stairway, another by going through a labyrinth of halls to the front. I went to bed after that, and was awakened by the horrible shrieks of burning women and the groans of dying men. The flames were crackling all around, and as I opened the door a great mass of smoke and flame rushed in and I became stifled. I was unable again to shut it and the smoke almost killed me. I had nothing on but a gauze undershirt. I felt my strength leaving me. I was choking. I sank to the floor. I thought I was gone, but my senses had not altogether left me. I gathered myself up as best I could, and made my way toward the window. By a desperate effort I succeeded in getting there. I sank again to the floor, but raillied and attempted to raise the window. It was so well balanced that it yielded at once to my puny effort and went up. I leaned out and the fresh air revived me. I was strengthened and consciousness returned. I looked down below and saw the firemen and police holding a mattress. They shouted for me to jump on to the telegraph wires, but I refused. I saw the ladders against the building, I sat down on the window-sill, and saw everything go down, my clothing, valise—everything—unable to save a thing. I shouted, I begged, I implored for those below to save me. I saw my friend come from his room and attempt to come to me through the mass of flame, but saw him go into the vortex of flame to his death. Oh, such a sight! It was too horrible to imagine! I saw the tin spout. It was partly covered with ice. Three women and one man had tried to descend it, but they lost their hold and fell to the street below. It was the only means of escape left. I seized it with a frantic effort of despair. Everything inside of my room was gone. I caught the spout in a vice-like grip and commenced to slide down. Sometimes I slid six to twelve feet and at others a few inches, but I kept going down, using the ice as a foothold and catch for my hands, which, you see, are terribly blistered. I went clean down to the cellar, fifteen feet below the street, but I was alive.

"On my way down, I saw two little girls standing in a a window of the third story, and they asked me to save them, but I was powerless to give them aid. I had to see those innocents, not over six years old, swallowed up by the heartless flames I saw Kelsey, Tom Thumb's colored servant, go down with the walls. He was clinging to a window-sill in the fifth story. I walked out to the front and went upstairs into the office, where I found a woman tearing her hair. I could not see her face and did not know who she was. I spoke to her but she took no notice of me. I seized her by the ankles and dragged her down bodily, thus saving her life. I went across to the express office where I saw Antisdel, who was leaning over Mrs. Johnson. He said: 'I am crazy. Rub this woman. I want to go and save my children.' I was in a position to be rubbed myself, being almost naked and chilly. I said to the fireman standing by: 'I have lost everything.' He said: 'You are alive,' and pointing to a man who was clinging from a fifth-story window, 'How would you like to change places with him?' Somebody gave me a coat, and I walked in my bare feet four blocks to the Plankinton House. I was beside myself. I met a woman who threw a shawl over me, and said: 'Here, poor boy, take that."

IT CAME FROM MISSPELLING.—A misspelled word may lead a whole generation off the right track. "Nine tailors make a man," is an odd saying, and a good illustration of our statement. To look down on the worthy profession of the cloth cutter because of such a proverb shows a want of proper instruction. In the olden times, when a person died, the church bell toiled once for every year the departed had lived. But from the tolling of the bell no one could tell whether the deceased was a man or woman. To satisfy public curiosity, perhaps, on that subject, the sexton, after tolling the age, gave eight quick strokes of the bell if the deceased was a woman, and nine if it was a man, and these quick strokes at the end of the tolling were called "tailers," because they were at the tail end of the whole business. Hence the proverb, "Nine tailers make a man."

QUEEN CAROLINE, with a diamond, wrote on the window of her palace

Lord, make others great, keep me innocent."

Of the Land League funds $500,000 are not accounted for.

There are 1200 insane in the Stockton asylum.

HAYNE AND WEBSTER.

In the great South Carolina debate which took place in the Senate Chamber upon the tariff question of 1828, I was in the gallery. The nullification fever had risen almost frenzy high. Members of all parties had deserted the lower House to witness the splintering of lances between Robert Y. Hayne of South Carolina and Daniel Webster. When I entered the hall General Hayne was speaking; he was a man of general youthful appearance, with his shirt collar turned over his cravat and his hair smoothly brushed across his forehead. He was of the middle stature and well made. He was speaking energetically; his eyes were peculiarly brilliant and his face extremely pale; he moved up and down the aisle formed between the desks with a rapid and energetic step; his gestures were vehement, and he appeared to be under a high state of excitement. I was peculiarly struck with his whole appearance and the tone of feeling evident in the chamber. Mr. Calhoun (then Vice President) was in the chair, with his large, steady and vigilant eyes witnessing the first great battle of his doctrine; he seemed the very spirit of embodied interest; not a word, not a gesture of General Hayne escaped his lion look. The Senate was deeply interested, as a matter of course. The lauguage of General Hayne was rich and vigorous, and his powerful portrayal of the effect of the impost law on the South, the description he gave of her people, his own bold and hazardous elocution and impetuous bearing were evidently making a strong impression on the body. From time to time attention would be directed from him to the gentleman who was expected to answer him, and whom the General attacked under cover of a terrible and galling fire.

Cold, serene, dark and melancholy, that man thus assailed, sat apart, black and frowning as a mountain rock. He evidently felt the gigantic influences that were at work around him, but his profound mind was strengthening itself for the contest. And how deeply solemn was that hour, that moment! How grand that scene! And what were the meditations and spirit allying of that great, dark man? His countenance was the same during the whole of that tremendous speech. Assault upon assault was made upon him; but yet he never turned to the right nor the left, but calmly and gallantly, like the soldier awaiting the signal, he bided his hour. That time of retaliation came swift as the thoughts of vengeance to Daniel Webster. Who will forget the exordium of that remarkable effort, the lashing sarcasm, the withering tones of that voice, and the temper of his language? General Hayne changed color, and appeared much disconcerted. But who that heard him will permit the perorations to be forgotten—those closing passages of grandeur, that majestic allusion to the flag of freedom and his country? Looking with his dark and lustrous eye through the dome of the Senate Chamber, over which he could see that banner floating, he delivered an apostrophe that has never been surpassed and seldom equaled. It composed a figure of the most thrilling interest, a burst of solemn and pathetic feeling, and, coming from such a source (a man generally estimated phlegmatic), it was electric. It was like the beam of sunset or the gleam of summer lightning radiating the brow of cliff and mountain.

CIGARS.

Chamber's Journal contains the following: The tobacco trade, possibly, has more mysteries than any other in this age of commercial immorality. It is almost as difficult to purchase a good cigar promiscuously in Havana as it is in London; unless you know the right shop to go to, you are as likely to buy Whitechapel and Bremen abominations, exported from Europe for the purpose and put up in the most orthodox "Habana" boxes. In Vera Cruz you may buy cigars for five shillings a hundred, which the venders, for a few cents extra, will pack and label with the name of some famous brand. So they will in Porto Plata or San Domingo. So they used to in Brazil; but Bahian and other Brazilian cigars have now made their own name and have established an honorable claim to be considered among the best cheap cigars in the world. It is impossible to get an expensive good cigar in Cuba itself; the best brands are never exported, for few people here would care to give half-a-crown or three shillings apiece for their "smokes" which the wealthy Cuban—who consumes them soft and green, wrapping them in oiled silk to preserve the flavor—pays on the spot. There is much in a name. Thousands of really excellent weeds are made in England and Germany from good raw tobacco imported for the purpose; but it would never do to offer them for sale as British or German produce. What a charm lies in the words "Vuelta Abajo," to be read on your cigar boxes! Vuelta Abajo is a small district between Havana and Santiago, consisting of a few acres of land only, now in possession of two or three of the richest planters in the island; and probably not an atom of the tobacco—noted for its richness—which is grown there finds its way beyond their own air-tight bladder cigar-pouches, or those of their intimate friends.

There is a Demoratic majority of five in the Wisconsin House of Representatives, and a Republican majority of two in the Senate; joint majority for the Democrats, three.