THE NORTHWEST ENTERPRISE.

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

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9 JOHN McGLINN.

A DEFORMED COLT.—A singularly deformed colt was dropped at the stock farm of George W. Sherwood, located at Sheldon, Io., May 27th, by a mare sired by Hughy Angus, son of Swigert. This colt is by Baymont, by Alden Goldsmith, and has five legs. The deformity commences from the inside of the knee of the left foreleg, the double formation being connected until just above the ankle, where the two become distinct, the only difference between the two being that the inner is a trifle smaller and shorter than the regular limb, so that the foot does not touch the ground when he moves around. The colt is otherwise perfectly formed, large, vigorous and active, and walks and runs without apparently suffering any inconvenience from the extra limb.

ODE TO A CAT.

Nocturnal champion of the star-lit roof!
Arch-melodist and minstrel of the night!
Oft waked by thee from toil's dear-bought repose,
We curse thy tribe till beams the matin bright.

Ah! had we doomed, when by the kitchen fire
Thy helpless youth we nursed with tend'rest care,
How base an ingrate, cat, thou wouldst become,
Then had we brained thee with the nearest chair.

How weak the "meow" in adolescent days,
Oh, most unlike that of thy perfect prime,
When deaf men hear thee squall a mile away!
And poets celebrate thy charms in rhyme.

Midnight marauder! when from yon high fence
Thou wail'st thy dismal ditties to the moon,
What thoughts pervade thy sage and sphinx-like mind?
Speak! speak! we pray, or change thy dreadful tune.

Say! is it love that fills thy furry breast,
That tender madness which lone Petrarch chants;
Or dire revenge for real or fancied slights,
Put on thee by Maria's maiden aunts?

Say! is it these, or deeper, darker still,
Doth wormwood jealousy inflict its sting
Pon thy fond heart? Doth some proud rival "spit"
Upon thy suit, and catlier graces bring?

Farewell! Exhausted is the varied store
Of motley missiles hurled from our redoubt;
King shalt thou reign, till plenitude of time
Fills full Life's cup, and Death shall "knock thee out."

FREE.

Free to love, and free to be loved,
Free as the summer air;
Free to win, and free to be won,
And no one by to care.

Free to plague, and free to please,
With none to say me nay;
Fitful and free as sun and shower
That make up an April day.

Free to wander, and free to stay,
With none to care or leave;
Free to live till I'm free to die,
Then no one left to grieve.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY E. EVERETT HORTON.

Jocund morn came stealing silently on, and night, whose inky mantle had enshrouded the small village of D——, graciously retired to her cavern to recuperate; for which the numberless birds and insects that sang and hummed in the woods were truly thankful. The golden god came up, as a matter of course, and smiled first upon the great church steeple, then upon the trees, then through the windows of brightly colored homesteads, and last upon two young ladies seated in a carriage, to whom we proceed to introduce the reader

The maiden who was driving was not a handsome girl, by any means. Her features were too prominent—the nose and chin especially so—and there was a certain firm expression about the mouth, when it was closed, which at once explained to the physiognomist that she was the possessor of a powerful self will; that there was a vast difference between herself and many of her own sex. Yet there was one redeeming feature about her. To look once into her lustrous black eyes, which at a glance, seemed to search and read one's thoughts in an instant, would cause a thrill to pass through the heart of even the greatest of all misanthropes. This lady's name was Eleanor Lightbourn. She was, to judge from her fresh, sun-browned face, about eighteen years of age, splendidly moulded, and very muscular. She was driving Jip and Spot, two excellent, iron-gray horses, who seemed to be in the very best of spirits.

Greatly did a small white hand, a calm, peaceful face, and great masses of golden hair (which were the chief features of the second lady), differ from the first. The difference was of as great magnitude as that existing between the Arctic and Torrid Zones; for Mamie Raymond was as cold and distant as an iceberg, while Eleanor was warm and impulsive.

However, the horses were feeling extraordinarily well this morning, and the air was invigorating; so Eleanor Lightbourn gathered the reins in one hand, and passed the other around the waist of her companion and cousin, and once again began conversation by asking abruptly,—

"Mamie, dear, is this not your second week at our country home?"

"Yes, Ella, the second week."

"And you have enjoyed yourself?"

"Yes. My happiness would have been complete had—"

At this juncture Eleanor Lightbourn turned her eyes and looked squarely into those of her companion; and somehow the sentence was never completed. Otherwise the name of George Chester would have been mentioned, for both these ladies loved the gentleman, and had been acquainted with him for many years. Eleanor was captivated with his city manners and customs; Mamie loved him because he was such a true gentleman.

Although these two ladies loved each other dearly, neither would admit that *she* thought anything of Mr. Chester. Both claimed that he was a friend, but seldom mentioned his name.

The horses reached the summit of the hill, and moved faster, which caused Eleanor to awake from her revery and exclaim,—

"Mamie dear, did you hear the news? Mr. Chester is coming to spend some weeks with us! Is it not grand?" she cried in glee. "What a splendid time we shall have!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mamie, vacantly wiping an imaginary speck of dust out of her eye. Then after a slight pause, in which she struggled to master her curiosity, "When does he arrive, Eleanor?"

"Why, bless me!" said Eleanor, "it is to-day—this morning! Let us turn toward the station, Mamie; what do you say?"

Mamie agreed very readily. They had been traveling down hill for some minutes, and the words the ladies had uttered were brought out by jerks; for the horses were "skittish," and it took all the strength of this strong country girl "to hold them in." Now, however, she braced her feet firmly, and the animals reared back, snorted and made numerous signs of dissatisfaction. The road at this point was quite narrow; and Miss Lightbourn's skill in driving came to her assistance now. With a very steady hand, Jip, the liveliest of all horses, was given to understand that he must turn, for the driver would not put up with any of his eccentricities this morning; whereat Jip snorted defiance, but thought better, and commenced to turn. A half circle was completed very satisfactorily, and Jip was backing at the command of his mistress, when suddenly a snake, which had been lying in the tall grass, started up and gave a warning rattle, greatly to the surprise of Jip and his companion, who immediately conceived the idea that they were pursued by twenty thousand devils with whips, and that the only means of escape was by flight. Accordingly they made one bound, and were off like a shot up the hill. Nothing could stop them.

And what of that slight, fragile person who sat beside the driver? With a gasp and a prayer to Heaven for safety, Mamie Raymond uttered a wild shriek and fell to the floor of the carriage, clasping the knees of her friend, who was standing and "sawing" with the reins the horses' mouths.

The shriek caused Eleanor to look down for one moment at her companion, and a pitiful smile flitted across her flushed face.

"Mamie!" she hissed through her shut teeth. "There is no hope for us! At the end of this road there is a fence, but it is a low one, and Jip will jump it and throw us into the river. We are doomed!"

The answer came back, bitter in its intensity,—

"Eleanor, I am willing to die!"

The horses madly climbed another hill, and Eleanor's voice was husky with emotion as she dropped the reins, sank down and clasped her friend around the neck:

"Mamie! Mamie!" she said in a thrilling whisper. "Do *you* love George Chester? Hurry—tell me!"

"As God is my judge I do, Ella."

"And I know that that love is reciprocated. Cheer up for one minute, and I will save you!"

"I will save you!" Brave words are these for a woman to say while in the present position! Brave indeed! But was the woman mad? In an instant she was standing erect, and in another she had made a desperate spring and landed squarely upon the back of Jip, and was grasping the check-rein! Jip, thinking he was captured at last by the leader of the band of devils, made a desperate attempt to nearly fly, but the brown arms around his neck still clung with the tenacity of death, and the animal suddenly stopped and reared back.

"Now, Mamie, now!" exclaimed the brave girl, "Jump for your life! Jump!"

It took but a few seconds. Mamie landed upon a grassy embankment, but did not rise. Then Jip's feet crushed the brave girl who was vainly trying to disengage her hand from some of the harness, and bruised her, and the carriage wheels mangled her, and with a snort and a scream they were off again, leaving behind them the lifeless body of the bravest of all women, and also Mamie Raymond lying in a swoon upon the greensward.

* * * * * * *

The golden god rose again, and shone upon steeple, trees, houses, and a newly-married couple, and also upon a white tombstone underneath a knotted and gnarled oak, with a stream of silvery water at its base; and the sunshine peeped through the leaves and kissed the grave. Birds warbled their sweetest, but to me their voices were dull; nothing was happy there but the brook, which was tossing, rippling and laughing. But the sun went down, and the voice of the brook was extremely sad as it wandered along. To-night it seemed to say these words—"The bravest of all women," and repeated it several times. I could do nothing but kiss the woman whom Eleanor saved, as a privilege granted to the husband, and fill the grave with flowers.

An attempt to photograph Jumbo's successor in the London Zoological Gardens was made the other day. The instrument was all ready, the photographer covered his head with sackcloth, waved his hand idiotically and said: "Keep your eye on that picture nail! Steady! Just a minute! Now!" But before he could take out his watch, that incensed Jumbo II. went for him, upset his camera, smashed the apparatus with a blow of his trunk, and was about to do the same with the operator when one of the attendants rushed out and saved the unfortunate man. There are so many who know how that elephant felt, that they will be charmed with the elephant's sagacity.

Two of fay kind—A pair of fairies. A farce-seeing eye—The theater goer's.

BOOKS.

Books and Newspapers—The Tendency of the Time is in the Direction of Condensed Works.

We cannot believe the newspaper is killing the book, but that the general tendency to the study of facts is certain to leave a vast number of important literary ventures high and dry upon the shoals of oblivion. And with the immense developments of the age, it will soon become impossible to read as our fathers were want to do. We shall not have the time. We shall be obliged—with the aid of some yet to-be-developed mental instinct—to sift the facts of each volume from the theories, the conceits, the ornamentation, the literary flavoring in which they are buried like fruits in a frosted cake. Magliabecchi, the man of marvelous memory, who used to eat spiders, possessed this sense highly perfected. When a new book was brought to this prince of librarians, he would simply glance at the title page and the heads of chapters, and he knew all that was in it. The future reader will have to learn to do as Magliabecchi could do—he will have to read a book in a space of time so short that it would seem ludicrous to mention it. He will be a systematic "skipper." Already book-makers more than suspet this tendency. No work of science or history or valuable memoirs is now published without an elaborate and complete index—so that reference can be made in an instant so any subject therein contained; and in time we may hope to see even works of fiction indexed. A man who now forms a library would do well to exclude from it all volumes (except fiction) not thus systematically indexed; and if he studies romance or poetry in their artistic connection with the growth and evolution of language, he will be obliged in any event to make an index of his own. Another sign of the times is visible in the work of such scientists as the late Charles Darwin and that admirable popularizer of rare knowledge, Thomas Huxley. Darwin invariably told his readers that it would not be necessary for them to pursue his book through, but certain chapters only; and occasionally he summed up the facts of the entire volume in one supplementary chapter for popular use. Huxley condenses and simplifies, declaring that a work upon science, even although written for specialists, should be worded so as to be understood by any educated person. He has compressed into thin text books the entire scope of learning in certain sciences; and these text-books are written with a lucid power and entertaining force which charm as all true literary art does. In course of time we may expect to see more than this—skeleton-books; volumes containing only the bony framework of hard facts ranged in proper order, which the student will clothe with flesh and animate with fancy, if he has time.—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

TWO LETTERS.

A prominent young man who had been sentenced to be hanged, wrote on the day of execution the following letter to the governor:

"When I awoke this morning, the first recollection of my past life that entered my mind, was that I had committed a great crime and had been condemned to die. I believe in an enforcement of the law. I believe that every man should so conduct himself that the law may get no hold on him. When I arose and stirred around awhile, I discovered that I was not well and that a sharp pain darted through my head. This indisposition is the cause of this letter. I don't feel well enough to be hung to-day. I know that you expect every man to do his duty, and I wouldn't shirk, let me tell you, if I were really able to discharge my duty. I don't even like to set out tobacco plants when I am not feeling well, and being hung is a little worse—very little worse—than setting out tobacco plants. Being hung involves more physical exertion than setting out tobacco, but it isn't half so hard on the back. Now, governor, in consideration of the fact that I am not feeling well, let my hanging be postponed until I feel able to stand the fatigue. I have a very strong constitution, which, together with the fact that viddults, as Ward would say, is powerful attractive to me, will soon restore me to that robustness of health and activity of motion, so essential on state occasions. My father was hung during bad health, and I have many reasons for believing that the old gentleman has never fully recovered. An excellent breakfast has been brought me, but my stomach is in such an unhealthful condition that I know that I couldn't digest it. Put yourself in my place for a moment. How would you like to be hung with an ill-digested breakfast? I can conceive of nothing so uncomfortable. Indigestion is gradually sapping the vitality from our American institutions, and we must take care lest the structure of our government fall to the ground, a ghastly pile of ruins. The sheriff and several newspapers reporters have arrived, which leads me to believe that preparations are being carried to completion."

The governor sent the following reply:

"My young friend, I am sorry to hear of your ill health, and I hope a change of scene and atmosphere will improve your condition and restore to your muscles that elasticity for which they were once noted. It is no doubt disagreeable to be hanged when the system is out of order, consequently I have instructed a physician to attend you, and see that you are hung according to the strictest therapeutic rule. I also have employed a reserve medical force, to be called upon in case the hangman's work is not complete; but I find it impossible to relieve you of the duty which the law says you must discharge. I have, however, decided upon a compromise, having instructed the sheriff to wait until one o'clock, by which time I hope you will feel an improvement."—[Ark. Traveler.

INFORMATION WANTED.

A City Hall official was about to depart for home and dinner the other day, when a stranger entered and introduced himself as John Linden, and added:

"I presume you are a smart man, or you wouldn't be holding this position. I want to ask you a question or two. You own a horse?"

"No, sir."

"Don't, eh? If you did own one, and he had symptoms of poll evil, what would you do?"

"I can't tell, sir. I am just going to dinner."

"Yes, I know, but I've another question or two. Was Cleopatra a married woman?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Don't you? That's bad, for I've a bet of three to one that you knew all about it. Well, we'll let that pass. Do you think that Shakespeare lived happily with his wife, and is there any truth in the rumor I heard up on Michigan avenue half an hour ago that he hated cats?"

"What do I know about these things?" exclaimed the official. "I am in a hurry, sir!"

"So am I, but wait a minute more. Let's see. Oh, yes, I wanted to ask you if it would be of any use to try to revive a person who had been drowned three days?"

"No, sir!" shouted the official.

"Wouldn't, eh? Sorry for that, for I have a bet of ten to five that it would be. Sit down a minute while I ask you another question. Do you believe that maternal instincts descends to fish worms?"

"I believe you are a crank, sir, and——!"

"You do, eh? Then I win a bet of twenty to five, and will never cease to be grateful. History tells us of the youth ——"

"I am going home!"

"Certainly, and I'll walk up street with you. History tells us of the youth who fired the Ephesian dome."

"I don't care—I don't care a cent, sir!"

"Yes, but what was his name, and was the dome insured? Did the fire department come out, and was the youth arrested on a charge of incendiarism? I want your decision?"

"Go way—go off—I don't want you!" shouted the official as he tried to out-walk the other.

"You know, don't you?"

"No, sir—no, sir—go 'way from me!"

"You don't? Then I lose a double-barreled shotgun on a bet that you did. One more question."

The citizen rushed for a car and entered it, but the man walked along beside it and locked through the window and said:

"What is meant by the term 'spontaneous outburst?' I have frequently seen it in print, and I thought I would ask you to explain."

A silver half dollar changed hands in the car, and a broad-shouldered laborer jumped out and ran the information-seeker into a hardware store, where he had no sooner recovered his breath than he said to the clerk who came forward:

"I've always thought if I ever got time to call in here I'd ask you if it was true that Henry VIII. invented Saratoga fried potatoes?"

ENTERTAINING A BURGLAR.

"A burglar can be a gentleman in manner as well as any one else, and the majority of them are men of refinement. I was at Saratoga a couple of years ago, and strolling into the dining room of a prominent hotel one day I espied one of the most notorious 'knucks' in the business seated by the side of a wealthy banker. I was curious to see how the fellow would behave himself, and sitting close by observed him. It wasn't long before his engaging manner completely won the old banker, and I laughed to myself when I saw the latter introduce him to a member of his family. I kept my eye on him, and later on actually heard the fellow invite him to a drive. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses. When the party returned I took the 'crook' to one side and asked what lay he was on. 'For Heaven's sake,' said he, 'don't give me away. I'm indulging in a little respectability, and the atmosphere is improving my health.' Cracksman though he was, I had never known him to tell a lie, and when he pledged me his word never to take advantage of the old man's hospitality I was willing to believe him."

"Has any harm come of the thing since?"

"On the contrary, good has come of it, for when an attempt was to be made, about six months ago, to break into the banker's residence, this man gave notice to the department, and the thieves were thwarted. So you see there is something in the old saying after all, 'it's better to have the good will of a dog.'"—[N. Y. Journal.

BORROWED WIT.

The latest wrinkle in cuffs is caused by the heat.

A no-table event is a picnic where one must sit on the ground to eat.

"I fill this cup to one made up—" as the man remarked when he toasted the ancient belle.

Never propose to a girl in writing. It is "present company" that is "always accepted."

Is a circus canvas a show-case? Up with the lark—its feathers.

"Strawberry shot cake" is what the man with the dyspepsia calls it.

The bootblack shines while he works, but the lazy man whines while he shirks.

Coleridge—"My eyes makes pictures when they are shut." They cannot be sea-views.

The poultry farmer and the carriage maker know how to make a coop pay.

An Ohio farmer has named one of his hogs Maud, because she comes into the garden so much.

What should a man be called who takes the place of another in a brass band? A substitoot.

What costume ought to remind a lady of her washerwoman? Why, her lawn dress, to be sure.

He who dreamed that he dwelt in marble "hauls" must have gone to sleep in a quarry.

If you are naturally a vealy young man, all the colleges in the world can't make more than calf a man of you.

"The boy stood on the burning deck." He had probably been sent on an errand and told to hurry back.

Strange, that after the many great strains of music, it never suffers from soreness.

How can so many butchers be small men, despite the fact that everybody knows a butcher's stall?

"They most enjoy the world who least admire." This does not refer to the young lady who looks in the glass.

The boys who go in swimming after Sunday-school probably do so under the impression that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

"All flesh is grass," and perhaps this is the reason why the mowing machine occasionally chews up the harvest hand.

It is an old saying that the watched spot never has a boil. That is the reason why a man cannot see the back part of his neck.

The chap who left his landlady in the lurch being asked why he changed his boarding place said it was on account of the strong "owed her."

When little Edith cried because the superfluous kittens had been drowned, her unfeeling papa jocosely remarked that that was only a drop in the bucket.

Female pugilists should wear "poke" bonnets.—[N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. Yes; and female poker players should wear chip hats, we suppose.

A Western style of scarf pin is in the form of a tree with a rope dangling from a big branch.—[Ex. This is undoubtedly another form of the lynch pin.—[Pittsburgh Telegraph.

"My wife's sister, out in Injanna, is dead, and she's wearing mournin', and she thought it'd be more appropriate like to use black tea for awhile now."—[Marathon Independent.

The poet who wrote "the child is father of the man," was somewhat disconcerted when a practical friend asked him how the case would be in the event of the child being a girl.

Several cases of burglary have recently occurred at seaside resorts, and the sojourners for the summer now have the satisfaction of looking out for breakers by night as well as for day.

"Is your vessel your home?" asked a lady addressing a man-of-war's-man. "It is, ma'am," replied the seaman, "in times of peace, but when we're in close action we're only boarders."

A New York darkey who furnished blood for transfusion and so saved the life of one Okenberg, who was at death's door, now sues for $250 damages. A nice little bill to pay for being re pulsed.

There are a great many nameless constituents going into the composition of oleomargarine, but one thing, at least, may be said to its honor: it is no coward; it won't run even in the hottest of weather.

Longfellow said, "In this world a man must be either anvil or hammer." Longfellow was wrong, however. Lots of men are neither active hammer nor the sturdy anvil. They are nothing but bellows.

The Ocean Steamer—The wrong man: "Will you be kind enough, sir, to inform me, sir, the location of No. 418?" "Take two turns and a half hitch, let go the weather main brace, clew up yer t' gallant stay-sail, port yer helm, and ask the man at the wheel." "Thanks."

"You see that house with the dust on the steps and the blinds closed," said a New York policeman to a World reporter the other day. "Well, I hate to give them away but they take their groceries in at night. You see, there's a widow with three daughters lives there, and it would hurt her genteel standing if it was thought she was in the city during the hot weather. I've seen the young women looking through the blinds, and I know you couldn't get men to go through with that sort of thing."

ERICSSON.

An Interesting Sketch of the Inventor—His Early Career in Sweden—A Life Devoted to Invention.

NEW YORK, July 21.—Captain John Ericsson, the inventor of the torpedo boat Destroyer, is one of the most interesting men of his time. He was born in Sweden in 1803, and spent his early days in that country. His father, Olof Ericsson, was a miner, and his son was brought up among the Iron Mountains of Wermland. At the age of eleven years young Ericsson made a saw-mill and planned a pumping-engine resigned to clear the mines of water. The frame of the model of the saw-mill was of wood, the saw blade was made from a watch-spring, and the crank which cast it was made from a broken tin spoon. A borrowed file, a gimlet, and a jack-knife were his only tools in making this model. Before beginning to work on a model he made very elaborate plans on paper. His only implements in this mechanical drawing were a quill and a pencil, his compasses were bits of birchwood twigs with needles inserted in the ends, and a few tufts of hair from his mother's fur cloak served him for a paint-brush. When 12 years old he was appointed a cadet in the Swedish Corps of Mechanical Engineers, and at the age of 13 he was put in charge of a section of the Gotha ship canal, on which his father was employed. Six hundred of the royal troops worked under his orders yet he was such a little fellow that a servant had to carry around a stool for him to stand on when leveling his instruments.

THE TORPEDO BOAT.

Ericsson's career in Sweden was very brief. From there he went to England in 1826 with no other introduction beyond his remarkable brain and energy. He built a locomotive which competed with Stephenson's in 1825, and though Stephenson's took the prize, the speed of Ericsson's was greater than that of any of the others. It made what was then considered the lightning rate of thirty miles an hour. But to chronicle all the inventions of Ericsson would take up a good many issues of this paper. It took a volumne of 600 pages quarto in 1879 to describe what he had done up to that time. The Monitor, which was used for such good service during the late civil war, made Captain Ericsson's name known to all the world. Since that time he has been busily at work on an even more terrible torpedo boat, the Destroyer, which is now anchored off Sandy Hook. The Destroyer was virtually completed in 1879 at a cost to the inventor of about $70,000. Both ends of this boat are alike, so that the moment it fires the fatal missile it can make a hasty retreat by simply reversing the engines. In appearance it is entirely unlike his other torpedo boats. Instead of the old-fashioned cheese-box it looks more like a coffin or shell. The projectile that is thrown from the Destroyer explodes the minute it touches any surface harder than water. One man manages the whole machine, and spends his time in a little iron-clad cabin or box under the water.

DEVOTED TO INVENTIONS.

Captain Ericsson's whole time is devoted to his inventions. He lives in a big, old-fashioned house on Beach street, which is also his workshop, and he never goes out except for exercise or on some necessary business. As for society, he never goes near it. He neither gives nor accepts invitations, and his only visitors are those who come to see him on business. His time is divided according to rigid rule. That he is a man of remarkable constitution is shown by the fact that he devotes twelve hours per day to sedentary work, and has done this every day, Sundays included, for certainly over thirty years. Since he was 40 years of age Captain Ericsson has followed the most exacting rules of temperance, both in eating and drinking. According to Colonel William C. Church, who is an intimate friend of his, one day with him is like another so far as his routine is concerned, and this is the routine according to the same authority: He is called twenty minutes before seven, summer and winter, and rises punctually at seven. On rising he rubs his skin thoroughly with dry towels, previous to a vigorous scouring with cold water, crushed ice being added to the water in summer. Gymnastic exercises follow before dressing. At 9 o'clock a frugal breakfast is taken, consisting of eggs, tea and coarse brown bread. At half past four he dines, the dinner never varying from chops and steak, a few vegetables, brown bread and tea again. With the exception of tea his only beverage is ice water, and this is partaken of without stint. Tobacco is never touched in any form. The hours from dinner time till 10 at night are usually devoted to work, and from 10 to 12 Captain Ericsson seeks exercise in the open air. During working hours his time is divided irregularly between the drawing table and the writing desk. The day's labors conclude with a record of events in his diary, which has one page devoted to each day, never more or never less. The diary is written chiefly in Swedish, and has by this time reached about sixty volumes, covering a period of some forty years, and not a day has been omitted ex-