THE NORTHWEST ENTERPRISE.

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

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A Hint on Chimneys.

[Industrial Chronicle.]

It is well known that the round form is the best for chimneys in workshops. It facilitates the escape of the smoke, and gives less hold for the wind, besides requiring less material for construction. Round chimeys are, however, difficult to build, and in some places the want of workmen to make the round kind has compelled the adoption of square or octagonal forms. To obviate this a European firm makes bricks in the shape of wedges and corresponding with the radius which the chimney is to have.

A Joke on Ingersoll.

[Chicago Times.]

An aged colored woman of Washington, while at the colored indignation meeting in that city recently, was so overcome by the Methodist sound of Ingersoll's voice that she began the general routine of gymnastics commonly used in camp-meeting—viz: jumping up and down, droning out a hymn, and keeping time to the tune by the gentle pit-a-pat of her pedal extremities. She had mistaken the genial star-route attorney for a minister of the gospel.

THE BELLS OF LYNN.

[Temple Bar.]

When the eve is growing gray, and the tide
is rolling in,
I sit and look across the bay to the bonny
town of Lynn;
And the fisher folks are near,
But I wish they never hear
The songs the far bells make for me, the bonny
bells of Lynn.

The folks are chatting gay, and I hear their
merry din,
But I look and look across the bay to the
bonny town of Lynn;
He told me to wait here
Upon the old brown pier,
To wait and watch him coming when the tide
was rolling in.

Oh, I see him pulling strong, pulling o'er the
bay to me,
And I hear his jovial song, and his merry
face I see;
And now he's at the pier,
My bonny love and dear!
And he's coming up the sea-washed steps with
hand outstretched to me.

O my love, your cheek is cold, and your hands
are stark and thin!
Oh, hear you not the bells of old, the bonny
bells of Lynn?
Oh, have you naught to say
Upon our wedding day?
Love, hear you not the wedding bells across
the Bay of Lynn?

O my lover, speak to me! and hold me fast,
mine own!
For I fear this rising sea, and these winds and
waves that moan!

But never a word he said!
He is dead, my love is dead!
Ah me! ah me! I did but dream; and I am all
alone—
Alone, and old, and gray; and the tide is
rolling in;
But my heart's away, away, away, in the old
graveyard at Lynn!

SOJOURNER TRUTH'S SAYINGS.

Her Powerful Outburst at a Woman's Rights Convention.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Mrs. Frances D. Gage has recorded one of Sojourner Truth's impressive outbursts on the public platform in the "History of Woman Suffrage." It was at a woman's rights convention at Akron, Ohio, in 1851. During its sessions old Sojourner—for she was 80 years of age then—"sat crouched against the wall on the corner of the pulpit stairs, her sun-bonnet shading her eyes, her elbows on her knees, her chin resting on her broad, hard palms." Few dared to have her speak, many implored Mrs. Gage, who was president of the convention, to prevent her from speaking. They didn't want their cause "mixed with the abolitionists and niggers." But the time came when Sojourner Truth felt it borne in upon her to speak: "She moved slowly to the front, laid her old bonnet at her feet, and turned her great speaking eyes to me." Hisses came from the audience. But she looked the disapproval down. Nearly six feet high, her head was thrown back, and her eyes "pierced the upper air like one in a dream." At her first words there was a profound hush. She spoke in deep tones, though not loud, which reached every ear in the house. Here are some of the words she said, and they will show how powerful and original a character was this full-blooded African woman, and how justified her fame was:

"Dat man ober dar say dat womin need to be helped into carriages and lifted ober ditches, and to hab de bes' place eberywhar. Nobody eber helps me into carriages or ober mud piles, or gibs me any bes' place!" And raising herself to her full height and her voice to a pitch like rolling thunder, she asked, "And a'n't I a woman? Look at my arm!" (and she bared her right arm to the shoulder, showing her tremendous muscular power.) "I have plowed and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me. And a'n't I woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man—when I could get it—and bear the lash as well. And a'n't I a woman? I have borne thirteen chilern, and seen 'em mos' all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief none but Jesus heard me. And a'n't I a woman?

"Den dey talks 'bout dis ting in de head—what dis dey call it? ("Intellect," whispered some one near.) Dat's it, honey. What's dat got to do wid womin's rights or nigger's rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint and yourn holds a quart, wouldn't ye be mean not to let me have my little half measure full? Den dat little man in black, dar—he says womin can't have as much rights as men, because Christ wa'nt a woman! Whar did your Christ come from?" Rolling thunder could not have stilled that crowd as did those deep, wonderful tones, as she stood there with outstretched arms and eyes of fire. Raising her voice still louder, she repeated: "Whar did your Christ come from? From God and woman! Man had nothin' to do wid him!"

Death on a Pale Horse.

[New York Cor. Chicago Journal.]

"Death is on a pale horse, racing right alongside of Eole," said a man at my elbow. We were at the Brighton Beach races.

The speaker was a physician. The visible horse that he referred to, Eole, was the property of Freddie Gebhardt, the Langtry-famous young man, and was winning the race.

"What do you mean about seeing Death as a rider in this run?" I asked.

"Simply that he is contesting with the jockey who is mounted on Eole," was the reply. "That fellow's name is McLaughlin, you say? Well, I was over at the weighing stand when he was preparing to ride. A jockey has to be a light-weight, for horse owners don't care to weigh down their beasts. This is a dreadfully cold day. We're shivering in thick overcoats, with the collars turned up. McLaughlin has nothing on under his thin silk jacket. He hasn't allowed himself an extra pound in flannels. To all intents he is exposed naked, not only to the low temperature, but to the tremendous wind made by the speed of the race. Every time he rides unclothed like that, he takes a big risk of pneumonia. That's why I say that Death is running a pale horse by his side, and is just as likely as not to beat him to-day."

Arkansaw Traveler: Dar's some little truth eben in de bigges' lie, eben ef it is no more den de fack dat it is a lie.

INTO THE UNFORGOTTEN LAND.

["Madge Carrol" in Arthur's Magazine.]

Arthur Okill sat in his deceased friend's office, perusing, in the capacity of executor an epistle directed to Joseph Laux, and signed Ermyntrude Southwayd. Although addressed familiarly "Dear Joe," and overflowing with sentimental reminiscences, it was a business, not a love letter, else he would not have read it. It appeared that the writer's father left Thornton twenty years previous, owing Joe—who had then just entered man's estate—money for house-rent. Having but recently discovered this fact, the lady, being now possessed of considerable property, desired in justice to pay both principal and interest.

Such was the sum and substance of this letter, read in the golden after-glow of one of June's fairest days. There was, however, one line over which Arthur Okill pondered seriously. It ran thus;

"The story so sweetly begun and so sadly broken off under that roof you know well."

Yes, of course, Joe Laux knew. When queenly Ermyntrude Southmayd broke her engagement with Arthur Okill, all the gossips in the village got hold of this racy bit of news and rolled it like some toothsome morsel under their tongues. The elders remembered it to this day, although the discarded lover had at different times honorably wooed and won two of their daughters and had buried them, and children with them, under the red and white clover bloom in Thornton's little green graveyard. Folks seldom forget things of this sort. More's the pity. From his rose-draped window he could see across the way the moss-embroidered eaves under which they parted so sadly and so coldly long ago.

Since that memorable evening he had written all sorts of hard and bitter things against this beautiful, imperious creature, and had closed and sealed the pages time and again, only to open them once more and rewrite, although for nearly twenty years her light step had never crossed his path.

Now at last, as the day died in amber reds along the gentle slopes of Thornton, he fell to reading between these fiery lines penned with his heart's best blood, and to wondering whether if he had but refused to have taken that rash girl at her word she would not have been touched and have melted like wax under love's indomitable flame. Sitting there in the crimson and amber sun-glow, with white and pink rose-leaves floating in at the open window like scented, tinted snowflakes, he wished, vaguely, that this thought had occurred to him then, and that he had acted upon it. As it was, it was too late. Even the ashes of that old love were scattered. He would sooner expect to behold those whom he had kissed and laid away come forth in fleshy habiliments than to find that annihilated passion clothed anew and dwelling in his bosom.

"What in the world are you doing?" exclaimed Mrs. Seth Okill, opening the door of the office from her parlor adjoining. "I thought you were going out."

"No, I'm attending to a little business," replied her brother-in-law, hurriedly seizing some legal documents and making believe to look them over. "Say, Cad," recalling her as she was about retiring, "you remember the Southmayds, don't you?"

"To be sure I do. What was that beautiful daughter's name? Glenwood? Elfenhood? No, that don't sound like it either."

"Try Ermyntrude," suggested Arthur, drily.

"Sure enough! Ermyntrude. I used to name all my prettiest dolls after her. Nice family, but awful poor and proud, weren't they? What about them?"

"She's written to Joe from Jersey City, and is coming to see him on business."

"Poor Joe! And he dead and buried this two weeks!" sighed Cad Okill. "She's pretty old now, isn't she? I'm twenty-eight, and she was grown up when I was a little girl."

"She's thirty-nine," replied Okill, running his shapely fingers through his own thickly powdered hair and beard, wondering the while how "Empress Ermyntrude's" rare auburn braids stood the test of time.

"Thirty-nine and not married!" exclaimed Mrs. Okill, as if compassing the round of human misery. "Is she after our dear old bachelor Joe?"

"Nonsense! You know all about Joe's love affairs. Any way, she always held her head too high for such as he, or, indeed, any one, for that matter. Now that she's rich, she doubtless holds it higher yet."

"Yes, I recollect, she was called the Empress, wasn't she? She was so beautiful and seemed to be so grand, I really thought she ruled a kingdom, and often wished I could slip into the house and see her crown and throne. When is she coming?"

"To-morrow noon."

The morrow's mid-hour found Miss Southmayd alighted at the pretty vine engarlanded station, and rapidly pursuing her way toward the well known intersecting streets, on one corner of which was Joe's office, and upon another the rambling, tree-girdled structure she once called home.

Despite the changes nearly twenty years had wrought, "Empress Ermytrude," although she pulled her gray traveling veil over her face, half determined neither to see nor be seen, recognized a familiar residence and bit of woodland green and emerald sward. She had not come with any intention of remaining even for one day. There were painful memories connected with the place other than those interwoven with "love's young dream." Then, too, there was really no one she cared or dared see, excepting Joe Laux. The remaining member of the only family whose acquaintance she had kept up removed some three months previous, and were now her neighbors in the city where she made her home.

Still, strive as she would, bitter-sweet memories crowded in upon her, and when at length she met Arthur Okill face to face, hers was rapt, dewed like that of a rose in the flush of dawn.

The ripe, red lips still disclosed their seed-pearl roseary; there was no thread of silver among those chestnut braids, no trace of a wrinkle on those rounded cheeks. While far younger women, such as Cad Okill, aged under the matrimonial yoke, and "child-birth pain left its traces on heart and brain," she retained her splendid health, and, although she had earned her bread and met many trials, was even more regally beautiful than in the olden time. In early maidenhood critics had pronounced her "too fat and too red." The tendency of over-ripeness had been checked, that tropical richness of coloring toned down, and criticism on that score was disarmed.

"Arthur!" she cried, not flushing in the least, yet with all the light of her countenance dying out and a strange gloom overshadowing the warm, brown eyes.

"Ermyntrude!" exclaimed he.

One instant these two, who had wrecked each other's hope, clasped hands, and eye met eye in searching, yearning gaze; then the lady said, quietly enough outwardly:

"This is an unexpected meeting. I regret being so pressed for time; I am obliged to seem abrupt. I came to see Joe on a matter of business. Is—"

"I know, I know," replied Arthur Okill interrupting her; "sit down, please; I've something to tell you."

She sat down and he told her about Joe's death and his reading of her letter. He could not reach the necessary papers for a day or two, he said, and in the course of a week would be obliged to visit Jersey City; if agreeable, he would be happy to wait upon her there.

"Taught by tears and calmed by time," there was little more said on either side. Mrs. Okill was summoned and chattered for about fifteen minutes, after which her brother-in-law attended Miss Southmayd to the little rose-banked station, pressed her hand, and bade her good-bye.

Miss Southmayd's parlor was not gorgeous; it was simply a cozy nook in which to do or to dream great or lovely things. Sitting there, with roseate lights and violet shadows flitting over face and figure, "Empress Ermyntrude's" heart beat true, but she was on her guard against this much-married lover.

Not so he. Seeing her still so rarely beautiful, so like the queen of life's unforgotten May, memory failed to produce a record of the hard and bitter things written and sealed against her; later loves and ties were ignored, and, although self-controlled and apparently cool and at ease, he felt the passion of that earlier, better day blossoming redly in his heart.

They parted as they had met, old acquaintances; that, seemingly, was all. It was, nevertheless, odd what a vast amount of "red tape" Mr. Okill managed to wind about this bit of business. It became necessary he should call again. During this interview, he dashed into the subject nearest his thoughts and heart in a manner which might strike one as abrupt, awkward, but "very human."

"I think I never saw you look so well in anything as you did that evening in the red dress."

She knew to what he alluded. They had quareled over a dress, which, when she displayed it in triumph as the one she was to wear at a coming party, he said would "extinguish" her; it was too much the color of her hair and eyes. One word brought another, finally she flashed out:

"If the way I dress don't suit your lordship, perhaps I don't suit you either, and we may as well break our engagement."

"As you please," he had replied, loftily.

Two days afterward they met at the party and did not speak, so the affair became common property. Following close this heart-tragedy came the Southmayds' removal, and that seemed to be the end of love's young dream.

"You mistake," she replied; "it was not red, it was cinnamon-brown. They would call it terra-cotta now."

There was a moment's silence. Each had opened the page of life's past and was reading their stories with strained, pained hearts and eyes.

They stood near the breeze-haunted bay-window, over which a woodbine strung her scented garlands. Somewhere, a sweet-voiced girl sang "Home, Sweet Home." When the last note died lingeringly on the summer air, Arthur spoke:

"Nor is there in life anything so sweet as the honey of young love. One may roam the world over, drinking at every spring; might even banquet with the gods, and never find, nor hope to find, such nectar as he first drank from love's golden chalice."

Ermyntrude, gathering some fallen white and creamy blossoms, murmured something about flowers that never freshen, and they stood in silence again, looking into the unforgotten land of youth.

The Hairpin Craze.

[Milwaukee Journal.]

"A crank."

"What breed?"

"A very common one just at this time. He's a hairpin crank."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, simply what I said. It's a new craze that has struck all in a heap those peculiarly rattle-pated individuals who have been wont to burn the midnight lamp composing a sonnet to my mistress' eyebrows. As the small boy used to gather postage stamps and the wee girl fill up her button-strong, so do these tender-hearted youths collect hairpins. They watch the ladies as they pass along the streets, at parties, balls, and in stores on shopping excursions, and when a hairpin works loose and falls to the ground or floor it is quickly picked up, the lady's name discovered if possible, and the hairpin, properly labeled, therewith goes to swell the collection. The bolder of the hairpin collectors will succeed in picking a loose one from a lady's back hair without her knowing it. I was invited the other evening to inspect a collection of these relics of beauty gathered together by a Seventh ward young man. He had 300 of them, and they all bore the name of the charming wearers, including all the changes of fore and aft on the name Smith, from Arabella to Zola, and from plain Smith, to Schmith and Smyth. One of the pins, my delectable companion informed me, was from the head of one of the leading society belles of the city, and cost him $5 to secure it, a rival collector having obtained the precious trophy and sold out to him."

"What do they do with them?"

"The same as the boy did with his postage stamps, or the girl with her button-strings—keep them to look at and to admire. The craze has just struck the west. It originated among the dudes of Boston about a year ago, and has just arrived. In all probability it will die out in a single season, as it seems too foolish to endure long."

Makes 'Em Respect a Man.

[Rockland Courier-Gazette.]

"What's this Dead Scott decision about?" queried Mrs. Wigglesworth, looking up from the paper. "Dread Scott—not Dead Scott," corrected Mr. Wigglesworth, with a man's patronizing smile of superiority. "Well, Dread Scott, then. What is it?" Mr. Wigglesworth was stuck, but he looked wise. "Something to do with the Mexican war," he explained. "Gen. Scott, you know, was a terrible fighter, and the Greasers got to referring to him as the Dread Scott. Some decision or other he made about a battle is what the papers mean." Mrs. Wigglesworth, with a satisfied air, folded the paper back and turned to see if any new people had been born, while Mr. Wigglesworth winked to himself at his having got out of it so smoothly. "All a woman needs," he mentally remarked, "is to have a thing explained one way or another. Don't matter what you tell 'em, so long as it's something. It's a mighty sight easier than having to answer a hundred questions. Makes 'em respect a man, too"

California Cotton Raising.

[Chicago Herald.]

Cotton raising in southern California has not proved as profitable as was expected, and the chief trouble seems to be inefficient labor and its high price. Most of the planters engaged Chinese to do the work for them, but one season's experience has proved that, while the Chinaman demands almost as much for his work as the white man, he cannot pick one-third the amount of cotton. A number of negroes are to be engaged to take the place of the Celestials.

Among the 50,000 postmasters in the United States, $8,000 a year is the highest salary, and 5 cents the lowest. There are forty-seven who receive $1 a year salary.

RURAL ENGLAND.

Hearty Old Fashioned Politeness and Fresh Unaffected Country Girls.

[London Letter in New York Sun.]

Almost the first thing you are told when you take up your temporary residence in Blankshire, is that your comments must be guarded and your conversation diplomatic, as all the families within a visiting radius of twenty miles are related to each other. And so they are, for a death puts all the country-side in mourning, while a wedding calls out universal sympathy. Along the route of the bridal cortege, every cottage or farm house hangs out its little decoration, and in the town every tradesman has his flag, his bunch of flowers, or his bit of bunting, for has he not catered for the wants of the young couple from their christening upward?

Visitors and invitations promptly flow in upon the new comer with a hearty old-fashioned politeness. Dinner parties are not popular. In the summer other gatherings are preferred; and in winter or autumn the male portion of the community, the men who have been shooting and hunting for seven or eight hours, refuse to don the tail coat and white tie and drive ten miles for a ceremonious meal. Moreover, coachmen and grooms, hard worked by their attendance on the exacting hunter (meaning the quadruped), turn crusty at being kept out till the small hours for social duties, although they are ever ready to turn out at 1 a. m. when it is necessary to ride eighteen miles to be at a meet for club hunting at 5 in the morning.

The girls—the strong, fresh, healthy, unaffected girls of Blankshire—seem to exist on lawn tennis, with an occasional trial at cricket, in which manly sport they are no mean adepts. But tennis is the inevitable, the universal, the all-engrossing game. In front of the low, broad, many-windowed, creeper-grown houses of the gentry, spread the well-kept lawns, smooth as carpets, soft and springy as moss, and across their green expanse are stretched as many nets as the accurate measurement of the courts will allow. There from morning till sunset the balls fly, sent over by strong, supple wrists, while the air echoes to reiterations of the tennis slang. The men of all ages and denominations are clad in their flannels, and, like the girls, wear the flat India rubber soled shoe, for on no account must the admirably kept turf be cut up. While the game progresses the strangers and the non-players are plied with tea and the thinnest of bread and butter.

At no hour between 3 and 6 can you pay a visit in the country without the neat silver service being brought in, and the rites of 5 o'clock tea complied with. Then you are shown over the house by the kind hostess, and gladden her soul by genuine admiration of the rare bits of china, the quaint-carved balusters of oaken staircases, odd recesses, curious old engravings, older and more curious books in gigantic bindings and colossal type. Among these, in strange dissonance, and yet unmistakably the index to the keynote of courtly minds, shines the red binding of all the peerages and volumes dedicated by Burke, Debret and others to the nobility and gentry. Some are in three volumes, others fat and voluminous like a commercial directory, others only pocket editions of the same. Each family knows its own lineage and descent of every other. What the New Testament was to the old Covenanters, the printed record of his ancestors is to the British landowner—his vade mecum, his guide, his fundamental dogma. Sometimes of two brothers one only figures in the "Landed Gentry." The other has lost his claims to appear in the "Livre d'Or," for he has embraced trade and become a broker or brewer.

Snails for the Table.

[Paris Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

Another "delicacy" in this country is the escargots, or snails. For my part, I don't like them, and after having once screwed my courage to the tasting point I have ever since been wondering where was the pleasure of chewing at a little piece of gristle that bore a close resemblance to boiled sole-leather. However, the French consider the snail as an edible mollusk, and the nasty, slimy, crawling creatures are sold on the street corners just the same as oysters and at about the same prices. They are served up in their shells, into which is stuffed a compound of butter, parsley, and sometimes garlic, and you are supplied with a sort of picker, with which to extract them. The finest come from Burgundy, but of late years a number of departments have turned their attention to the breeding and fattening of snails for the Paris market; now it is the department of Ander that ships the greatest quantity. Toward the end of summer the escargots are collected into little inclosures, arranged in the corners of the fields and gardens, the spot selected being cold, damp and shady. In this corner all sorts of aromatic plants are cultivated, and it is frequently visited to see that the snails do not stray too far away. Toward the end of autumn dry moss and leaves are scattered in the inclosure, and when the snails have built up the opening of their shells and gone to sleep for the winter they are gathered into boxes and shipped to market.

The Habit of Hurry.

[London Daily News.]

The whole of modern life, whether in the centres of pleasure or the centres of business, is dominated by the desire to do too much, and the consequent necessity of doing it with precipitation. It is a horrible habit—a detrimental habit; we had almost said a vulgar habit. The whole world is in a conspiracy to double, to treble the pace. And what is gained by it? Loss of temper, deterioration of manners, injury to digestion, increase of nervous diseases—these are the natural and inevitable results of that high pressure to which we nearly all expose ourselves and subject each other. Who is made better by it, who wiser, who even richer? Everything is relative in this world; and if everybody gallops nobody is better off than if everybody walked. But who will consent to alter it? It would require a universal consensus; and this is not attainable.

After the Porpoises.

[Exchange.]

A company has been organized by persons living in Philadelphia and Cape May to catch porpoises, by means of a net invented for that special purpose, and convert them into oil, leather, and fertilizers. Those products of the sportive porpoise are said to be particularly valuable, but hitherto the difficulty has been to catch the porpoise. The new net with which the company is to make war is capable of accommodating 150 of them at a time.

Some Additional Signs.

[Courier-Journal.]

Lord Bacon's signs of short life are quick growth, fair, soft skin, soft fine hair, early corpulence, large head, short neck, small mouth, fat ear, brittle, separated teeth. The other signs are: Going into a saloon at twelve intervals a day, sitting on a railroad crossing, and writing original poetry.

A whaling company with $1,000,000 capital has been started in San Francisco.

COMMUNISM IN RUSSIA.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE "MIR"—WHY THE NIHILISTS HAVE LEFT THE PEASANTRY.

Translation from Paris Figaro.

Every commune, every mir is governed just the way it wants to be. The Russian mir is the perfect realization of the perfect commune dreamed of by certain occidental Socialists. The property of the commune is indivisible, and as each has always more land than it is possible to cultivate, a regular conference is held every year and a decision made as to what part of the soil shall be planted, and what products shall be cultivated. Every soul in the village is employed in the work, and after harvest the profits are equally divided. The "mir" has the privilege of banishing lazy or worthless characters. If a crime be committed all the inhabitants are held responsible until the guilty party is found. In the same way every member of the community is held responsible for the payment of taxes. But in practice things do not run so smoothly by any means, as the theory of the system might lead one to suppose. There are plenty of lazy folk, turbulent and dangerous characters, ambitious men; and over all these tower the employes of the central government who rule tyrannically and make the peasantry pay them heavily for overlooking certain things or pretending to ignore deficiencies.

Yet, after all, what better condition of affairs could the revolutionary party promise to the peasant? In reality, none. But the revolutionaries did find one vulnerable spot through which the peasant brain might be reached and excited to dissatisfaction. Alexander II. had given a part of the seignorial lands of the peasantry. The Nihilists have persuaded the peasants that the gift was given only as the first installment of a larger one; that all the lands really belong to them, and are due them; that the lords have succeeded in devising means to keep the emperor from giving the peasant all the landed estates. They have thus taught the peasant to believe that the nobility are their natural enemies. Thus have the seeds of social war been sown by the Nihilists. But the Nihilists have not thus been able to win the poor people to the cause of political reform.

Consequently the Nihilists have ceased their propagandism among the peasantry. They at first made it a duty "to go among the people," as they called it; and they really did mingle with them, lived with them, identified themselves with the masses. But they were soon disillusioned. It is now chiefly among the educated classes, the intelligent classes, that they seek for converts; and they make a great many. It must be confessed that their journal, Land and Liberty, is still published in spite of all efforts to suppress it—published irregularly, it is true, but still published in the teeth of all opposition.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

Bill Nye in Detroit Free Press.

I remember an incident which occurred last summer in my office while I was writing something scathing. A large man with an air of profound perspiration about him and a plaid flannel shirt stepped into the middle of the room and breathed in all the air I was not using. He said he would give me four minutes in which to retract, and pulled out a watch by which to ascertain the exact time. I asked him if he would not allow me a minute or two to go over to the telegraph office and to wire my parents of my awful death. He said that I could walk out that door when I walked over his dead body. Then I waited a long time, till he told me my time was up, and asked me what I was waiting for. I told him I was waiting for him to die so that I could walk over his dead body. How could I walk over a corpse until life was extinct?

He stood and looked at me, at first in astonishment, afterward in pity. Finally tears welled up in his eyes and ploughed their way down his brown and grimy face. Then he said that I need not fear him.

"You are safe," said he. "A youth who is so patient and cheerful as you are, one who would wait for a healthy man to die so that you could meander over his pulseless remnants, ought not to die a violent death. A soft eyed seraph like you who is no more conversant with the ways of this world than that, ought to be put in a glass vial of alcohol and preserved. I came up here to kill you and throw you into the rain water barrel, but now that I know what a patient disposition you have, I shudder when I think of the crime I was about to commit."

PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF COLOR.

John W. Root in Inter-Ocean.

Certain effects of color on domestic animals (ruminants, fowls, etc.) are well known. It is only within a very few years that anything like systematic investigation has been made of color effects on men, but, as far as they have been made, it appears that they can be recognized and rudely predetermined.

In the case of certain lunatics, and other persons of deficient mental control, red and yellow was obviously excitant, blue and green soothing—as with those of us who are not lunatics; while all savage tribes manifest for red and yellow, and for all brilliant and glittering things, a marked and passionate fondness.

A COSTLY RESIDENCE.

Millionaire Flood, of San Francisco, is about to begin the erection of what he says will be the handsomest and most costly private residence in the United States. It will be of brown stone brought from eastern quarries, and the cost when completed is estimated at $3,500,000, not including the value of the ground.

A GORGEOUS SCREEN.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

All the best needle-workers in New York are engaged on a gorgeous screen for the Vanderbilt mansion. It is being made at Mr. John La Farge's studio, under the supervision of Mrs. Tillinghast. The gold thread alone used in this embroidery cost $30,000. Such a screen as that should cover a multitude of sins.

THE PRISONER'S TASK.

[Swinton's Story-Teller.]

He passed the first ten years of his imprisonment without doing anything; just time to turn himself round, settle down and get into the ways of the place.

Then, as he still had twenty years to serve out, he said to himself one fine morning that it was shameful to lead so lazy a life, and that he must find some occupation worthy—not of a free man, for he was a prisoner—but simply of a man.

He devoted a year to reflecting, to weighing the different ideas which passed through his head, and examining what should be the definitive object of his life.

To train a spider? That was very old, well known! Copy Pellison, peugh! flat plagiary!

To count on his fingers the wrinkles on the wall? What! that was a ridiculous and useless amusement; nothing worth while.

He said to himself: "I must find something which would be at once curious, profitable and gratifying to my desire for vengeance. I must invent a task which will make the time pass, which will produce some benefit and which will have the value of a protest."

A fresh year was spent on this discovery, and finally success rewarded so much perseverance.

The prisoner lived in a veritable dungeon, where the sun entered only for half an hour a day, and then only by a thin line like a single hair of light. The wretched pallet on which the unfortunate man rested his cramped limbs was literally nothing but a heap of damp straw.

"Now, then," he cried with energy, "I shall bother my jailers and bluff the law. I will dry my straw!"

He first of all counted the stalks which formed his bundle. There were 1,307. A poor bundle.

He next made an experiment to find out how much time it needed to dry one of the straws. It needed three-quarters of an hour.

This made then, altegether, for the 1,307 straws, a sum of 980 hours and fifteen minutes; or—taking it at half an hour sunlight a day—1,961 days.

Assuming that the sun shone on an average, one day in three, he arrived at a total of sixteen years, one month, one week and six days.

At the end of six months this was what remained for him to do.

He set to work then.

Every time that the sun shone the prisoner held one of the straws in the ray and thus utilized all his sunlight. The rest of the time he kept warm beneath his clothes what he had been able to dry.

Ten years passed away. The prisoner had now only a third of his damp bundle to sleep on, and had his chest stuffed with the two other thirds which had gradually been dried.

Fifteen years passed. Oh! joy, only 136 stalks of damp straw left! Four hundred and eight days more and the prisoner would be finally able to stand erect, proud of his work, victor over society, and cry with the vengeful voice and satanic laughter of insurgents:

"Ha! ha! You condemned me to damp straw in your dungeon! Then weep with rage! I lie on dry straw!"

Alas! cruel fate was waiting in ambush for its prey!

One night when the prisoner was dreaming of his future happiness, in his ecstasy he made furious gestures, knocked over his pitcher, and the water fell on his chest.

All the straw was wetted.

What was to be done now? Begin again the Sisyphus task? Pass another fifteen years in getting bits of sun into bits of straw.

And his discouragement! You, the lucky ones of the world, who give up a pleasure if you have to take twenty-five steps to get it, dare you throw the first stone at him?

But, you will say, he had only a year and a half to wait!

And do you reckon for nothing his wounded pride, his abortive hopes? What, this man shall have worked fifteen years in order to sleep on a bundle of dry straw, and then consent to leave his prison with bits of damp straw on his hair! Never! There is nothing between self-respect and lying down in the gutter.

Eight days and eight nights he debated in anguish, struggling with despair, trying to find a footing again in the annihilation which overwhelmed him.

He ended by surrendering and confessing himself vanquished. He had lost the battle.

One evening he fell on his knees, crushed, despairing.

"My God!" he said with tears, "I ask Thy forgiveness for being without courage to-day. I have suffered for thirty years, I have felt my limbs decay, my skin wither, my eyes wear away, my blood become pale, my hair and teeth fall out. I have fought against hunger, cold, solitude. I had one desire which sustained my efforts, I had one object in my life. Now my desire cannot possibly be satisfied. Now my object has fled forever. Now I am dishonored. Pardon me for deserting my post, for leaving the battle, for running away like a coward. I can no more."

Then in a fit of indignation he resumes:

"No," he cried, "no, a thousand times no! It shall not be said that I have lost my life for nothing. No; I am not conquered! No; I shall not desert! No; I am not a coward! No; I will not lie a minute longer on the damp straw of the dungeons! No; society shall not get the better of me!"

And the prisoner died during the night, vanquished like Brutus, grand as Cato.

He had died of an heroic indigestion. He had eaten all his straw.

Two Questions and All Was Over.

[San Francisco Post.]

"Have you got quail on toast?" asked a seedy looking party as he entered a Market street restaurant the other day.

"Have you got an eagle on silver?" asked the proprietor.

And the conference adjourned sine die.

There is one lawyer for every 700 people in the United States.