THE YAKIMA HERALD.

SUPPLEMENT.

THE WORLD WELL LOST.

[Edmund C. Stedman.]

That year! Yes, doubtless I remember still
The [illegible] take count of every wind that blows!
To me [illegible] then said, that Fortune used me ill
The year—the self-same year I met with Rose.

Crops failed; wealth took a flight; house, treasure, land,
Slipped from my hold—thus Plenty comes and goes.
One friend I had, but he too loved his hand
(Or was it I?) the year I met with Rose.

There was a war, methinks; some rumor, too
Of famine, pestilence, fire, deluge, snows:
Things went awry. My rivals, straight in view,
Throve, spite of all; but I—I met with Rose!

That year my white-faced Alma pined and died;
Some trouble vexed her quiet heart—who knows!
Not I, who scarcely missed her from my side,
Or aught else gone, the year I met with Rose.

Was there no more? Yes, that year life began;
All life before a dream, false joys, light woes—
All after life compressed within the span
Of that one year—the year I met with Rose!

A TALK OF GIANTS.

What the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn Said.

[Ivan Tourguenoff.]

A human foot has never yet ascended the Jungfrau nor the Finsteraarhorn.

The summit of the Alps—a perfect chain of steep rocks—the depths of the heart of the mountains.

Above the mountains a pale-green heaven, still and clear. Hard, severe frost, firm glittering snow; from under the snow protrude gloomy, ice-encrusted, weather-beaten twigs.

Two colossal two giants, rise on either side of the valley, the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn. And the Jungfrau asks her neighbor: "What is the news? Thou canst gaze around more easily than I; what is happening there below?"

A thousand years elapse—a minute. And in the Finsteraarhorn thunders in reply: "Impenetrable clouds veil the earth—Wait!"

Another thousand years elapse—a minute.

"What now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Now I can see; there below everything is unchanged, confused and small. Blue water, black forests, masses of gray, piled up, towering stone. And all around those little beetles still swarm—you know them, those with two legs, who, hitherto, have never been able to scale my summit nor thine."

"Mankind."

"Yes, mankind."

A thousand years elapse once more—a minute.

"And what now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"It appears to me as if a few of these beetles had become visible," thunders Finsteraarhorn; "it has grown clearer there below; the waters are diminished, the forests less dense."

And yet another thousand years go by—a minute

"What seest thou now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Around us, close at hand, it seems to grow clearer," replies Finsteraarhorn; "but there, in the distance, there are still specks in the valleys; something still stirs there."

"And now?" asks the Jungfrau, after another thousand years—a minute.

"Now it is good," answers Finsteraarhorn; "it is pure everywhere; perfectly white, wherever one looks. Our snow is everywhere, spotless snow and ice. All is frozen. Now it is good and quiet."

"Yes, now it is good!" assents the Jungfrau. "And now, thou hast chattered sufficiently, old one. Let us now sleep a little."

"Yes, it is time."

So they sleep, those giant mountains; and the clear, green heaven slumbers above the everlastingly silent earth.

Our Numerous Show at Amsterdam.

[Cor. New York Evening Post.]

The international exposition at Amsterdam has been copiously heralded and the newspapers have had a great deal to say about it ever since the opening. One got the notion somehow that it was to be the successor of the Philadelphia and Paris expositions. Amsterdam itself made great preparations.

The United States exhibit was noteworthy only from a humorous point of view. Of course there was an American bar, but that has become so inevitable a feature of European civilization as to have completely lost its exotic character, and it was served by British bar-maids whose knowledge of cocktails must have been most elementary. Besides this there were some curious looking minerals from Montana, surmounted by a label in bad French and an American flag of nine stripes, I think; some parlor organs from Ithaca, N. Y.; some bottled beer; a half-dozen patented school desks, designed to seat two, and so, antiquated, I am told; and (perhaps the only truly characteristic contribution) a glass case whose contents celebrated the skill of a New York dentist, and consisted of several sets of artificial teeth, and also of a scarfpin made of miniature reduction of the same, with a small vulcanite tongue saucily protruding between the ivory rows. It is in the face of such evidence as this that the American in Europe has occasionally to explain that his country is misunderstood abroad, and that, whatever may be observed in pioneer districts, on the Atlantic seaboard, at least, all classes of society are permeated with a sensitive refinement.

Great Executives.

[George Alfred Townsend.]

Hardly any great executives have been legislators. Washington never opened his mouth in the constitutional convention over which he presided. Gen. Jackson was wholly a hero of physical life when he went to the presidency, and in the senate he never said anything. Lincoln had been a good deal in the legislature, but only two years in Washington. Cromwell sat long in parliament, but his distinctions were all gained in the open world.

THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE.

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt in Her Retirement—Close of a Wonderful Career.

[London Cor. Washington Post.]

Jenny Lind has left her pleasant house in Moreton gardens, and has come to Malvern for the summer, or, rather, I hear, she has purchased a residence there, and will hereafter make it her home, coming only to London during the season. The air of Malvern is exceedingly pure, and its situation is charming. It is the resort of nervous dowagers in ill health, and I hope it will bring health and repose to this suffering dowager queen of song. For Jenny Lind is a great sufferer from a neuralgic affection, which attacks her throat and head, and which formerly took the shape of agonizing headaches which attacked her after every one of her appearances in opera. The fatigue and excitement of the acting seldom failed to bring on one of these attacks, and it was their frequency and intensity that induced the great prima donna—undoubtedly the greatest one of our generation—to quit the stage while still in the full possession of her unrivaled powers.

Jenny Lind is now over 60 years of age, a delicate-looking old lady with soft gray hair, which she still wears in the single roll at either side of her face that she popularized as the fashionable coiffure of the day over thirty years ago. Her beautiful blue eyes retain their azure and their sparkle, and she has still the trick of resting her clasped hands upon her knees as she talks an attitude rendered familiar by countless portraits of her in bygone days. A large portrait of herself in concert costume adorns the drawing room of her house in Moreton gardens as does also a fine life-sized bust in marble, the latter reproducing the peculiarly graceful poise of her head, which no one who ever saw her in the days of her youth and celebrity will forget. But no likeness of Jennie Lind that I have ever seen gives any idea of the seraphic sweetness and elevation of her countenance; that almost celestial expression which used to transform her somewhat heavy features into a vision of unearthly loveliness.

Mme. Goldschmidt, as I suppose we ought to call our idol of other days, is a great favorite with the royal family of England, the Princess Christian in particular, she being the musician of the family, coming very often to call upon the quiet old lady who was once so gifted and so worshiped. Was there ever such a career as hers? We talk of Patti, and Albani, and Nilsson, and Lucca, but what are their triumphs and their achievements compared to those of the blue-eyed Swede, who drove the civilized world wild by the magic of her genius and the marvelous loveliness of her wonderful voice?

Boulevards in France.

[St. James' Gazette.]

The ministry of public works in Paris has received from its officials a statistical account relating to the plantations now existing along the sides of the routes nationales, or great public roads, which are still almost as well maintained as ever. The total length of these roads themselves is about 22,000 English miles; and of this distance no less than 9,000 miles are planted with lines of trees forming an avenue.

The taste for boulevards has thus spread from the capital and the big towns to the most distant parts of France; and the pedestrian or bicyclist who finds his way on to one of these grand thoroughfares is likely not to be gratified by finding that there is a refreshing shade cast upon it by the avenue through which it runs. In fact, in a short time the chances will be much greater that the main road is a boulevard than that it is not. For it is intended to extend the plantations in the same way to some 4,000 more miles; so that there will remain only 9,000 miles unplanted, where the nature of the soil is supposed to be too unfavorable to plant with any success.

The actual number of the trees already planted is given in the return, and amounts to considerably more than 2,500,000. The principal kinds employed are elms, white poplars, acacias, planes, ashes, sycamores, and limes; but in several of the southern central departments the walnut is commonly seen, and in others the chestnut; in the eastern Pyrenees and the Haute Marne, the mulberry; in another part of the Pyrenees, in the Jura, the Loire, and others, the cherry; in Eure and Marne the pear; and perhaps some others in places specially adapted for them. No favor is found for the oaks, which in Devonshire often make by their shade a sort of magnifice of the lanes.

College Civilization.

[Chicago Times.]

Various are the methods of initiating Harvard students into the secret societies. All aspiring young men are put through, for two weeks, a series of menial and humiliating drudgery and subjection. One New Yorker is said to have been lately made to sell papers for a week, dressed in stripped bed-ticking. A well-dressed young man obediently dashed through Harvard square, holding out a long-handled tin dipper, and pathetically imploring, "Won't you give me a little something?" at the same time devoutly crossing himself. Others were fantastically dressed and placarded, and sent on ridiculous errands. The penalty of disobedience is a closing of the doors of the societies forever to the candidate. Violence is not resorted to in the initiations, which are curious and ingenious methods for making the candidate ridiculous.

Swiss Salaries and Incomes.

[Exchange.]

Large fortunes are rare in Switzerland, and the salaries of public functionaries are very modest. The president of the confederation receives for his services only $3,000 a year; few judges receive more than $1,250, and there is probably no bank manager in the country with a salary of more than three that amount. A man with an income of $2,500 is considered very well off indeed, and to have $5,000 a year is to be "passing rich."

MR WILLIAMS' SOF' SPEC.

Why the Countenance of Mr. Tooter Williams Wore a Sad and Despondent Air.

[Life.]

There was no game at the Thompson Street poker club on Saturday evening. Rev. Thankful Smith was relating the experience of the previous meeting when, with the saddened air of one who had lost his grip on his reputation, Mr Tooter Williams and the odor of a Bowery cigar entered the lodge.

"What de matter, Tootsy?" inquired Mr. Smith, with the easy familiarity of a man in luck. "You looks 'spondent."

"I done loss dat sixty-fo' dollahs I winned on de hoss race," responded Mr. Williams, gloomily.

The deepest interest having been aroused, Mr. Williams proceeded to enlighten the members as follows:

"I was standin' in a do' on Sixth ave yoo, an' up comes a wite man in a plug hat, an' sezee, 'Why, heel-lo, Mr Robinson, how is yo?'"

"Bunko," remarked Mr. Smith, with the air of one who had had experience.

"Dat's what I thought," said Mr. Williams "but I kept shet. So I sez to him: 'How is yo?'

"'I'se a stranger yar, Mister Robinson,' sezee, 'an' mus' say I never did see so many mokes togit'der as dey is on Sixth avenyoo. Dey's mo' mokes dan wite pussons.' 'Oh, no' says I, 'dey's mo' wite pussons dan mokes.' 'I'll bet yo' two to one dev isn't,' sezee. 'All right,' sez I. So off he goes an' comes back with a fren' who weighed 'bout two hundred an' had a bad eye."

"You had a sof' spec," observed Mr Smith.

"Den," continued Mr. Williams, not noticing the interruption "sezee, 'Now, we'll bofe put up a hundred dollars wif dis genelmen, and stan' yar in de do'. Every wite man passes he'll give yo' two dollahs, an' every moke passes he'll give me a dollah.'"

"Well," said Mr. Smith, who was growing excited.

"Well, fust dey comes along two wite men, an' de man wif de bad eye says da was fo' dollahs to my dollah. Den comes six wite men an' he say dat's twelve dollahs mo' fo' me. Den comes along a buck niggah and den I lose a dollah. Den fo' wite men mo'; den one niggah; den two niggahs; den seven wite men, an' de man wif de bad eye, he say I was folty-two dollahs ahead."

"De soffes' lay I ever heir," said Mr. Smith, whose eyes were glistening over Mr Williams' winnings.

"Den comes along fo' wite men," said Mr. Williams, "an' de man wif a bad eye he say dat was eight dollahs mo', and den—" here Mr Williams paused as if his recollections had overpowered him.

"An' den?" echoed everybody, wildly excited.

"Why, den," said Mr. Williams desperately, "dey comes around de cornah—"

"De cops?" breathlessly asked Mr Smith.

"A niggah funer'l," said Mr. Williams.

Sunday in London.

[Cor. Baltimore American.]

Talk about the Sunday law and its enforcement in Baltimore. It does not compare to the observance of that day in this great city. One hardly knows London to-day, after the bustle and whirl of yesterday. The stores are closed, the wagons have disappeared, the cabs seem to run more quietly, and the people seem almost afraid to speak aloud. What a contrast after a continental Sabbath! I was hungry this morning, and thought I would go to the Criterion to get a lunch. Imagine my surprise when I arrived at that great restaurant and found it closed, the Gaity and St. James likewise. All down the Strand, up in the west end, and even in "the city" the restaurants were closed tighter than the proverbial clam. Not a place to eat on Sunday save the dining-room of a hotel. The chop-houses, the "grill-rooms," and the "buffets" are all closed until 6 o'clock in the evening, and even the drinking-bars and ale-houses—as far as exteriors are concerned—are dark and uninviting. Unless you know the proprietor, and can enter by the "family" or "wholesale liquor" entrance, there is no use trying to get in before 1 o'clock.

There are plenty of churches to visit, and good sermons are preached, and the people seem to take advantage of this and go to church. At Spurgeon's tabernacle the crowd is always great, and every stranger pays it one visit at least. When you approach the entrance you are met by a verger or official, who gives you an envelope. This envelope requests you to give a contribution—a penny or more—and drop it in the box provided. The far-seeing, as well as the charitable, do this, and to them the side gate or door is open. The sexton places you in a back seat, and requests you to wait until 1:30 o'clock. The rule is, pew-holders must be in their seats by that time or lose their places. When the hour arrives the sexton tells you to go up the aisle and take any seat vacant. When those who have contributed are seated the great doors are opened and the crowd is admitted. Then the services begin.

"Hobson's Choice."

[Atlantic Monthly.]

The explanation of the proverbial saying about "Hobson's choice" is given by Steele in The Spectator, No. 509. Hobson kept a livery stable, his stalls being ranged one behind another, counting from the door: each customer was obliged to take the horse which happened to be in the stall nearest the door, this chance fashion of serving being thought to secure perfect impartiality.

With Patriotic Pride.

It is observed with patriotic pride that the eminent American novelist, Mr William D. Howells, adopt the peculiarly English style of spelling savor, color, labor, humor, and other words of that kind with a u.

David Swing: Man's virtues can all become vices. A power of righteous indignation can become a violent temper, and make a madman or a common scold of a heart that began by longing to correct abuses.

GEN. J. B. MAGRUDER.

The Dashing Confederate Here Was Buried in an Obscure Texas Grave.

[St. Louis Republican.]

He lies buried in an obscure spot in the graveyard at Houston, Texas. A subscription is now being taken up to fence his grave and put something upon it in the shape of a token that he is still remembered by the people among whom he fought and died.

Magruder was a wonderful man. He stood six feet four inches in height, and had a form which the men envied and the women adored. His nerves were all iron. Foreign travel and comprehensive culture had given to his wit a zest that was always crisp and sparkling. He never hesitated. To the sting of the repartee he added the honey of the clover. He could fight all day and dance all night. In the morning a glass of brandy and a good cigar renewed his strength, and caused the cup of his youth to run over with the precious wine of health and high spirits.

He loved magnificent uniforms, magnificent horses, magnificent riders and magnificent women.

Gifted and graceful in conversation, he was a pet in the boudoir and a logician in the barracks. He had studied French in Paris, Italian in Rome, and Spanish in the halls of the Montezumas. His horsemanship was of the English kind, that is to say, not graceful, but impossible to be surpassed for firm riding and endurance. He wrote little love songs that were set to music; one of them, "Imogene," had in it the plaintive repinings of a soldier-love and the sad rhythm of burial bugles.

In the Crimea he astonished the French officers by sleeping at the front with the Chassseurs under fire. In Mexico he sent back to the archbishop a lady's perfumed glove he had found in his palace when the city was won, and in it a note which read: "It is pretty enough to have belonged to a queen. Would she have pardoned me if I had appreciated it?" As the archbishop sent him the next day a basket of delicious wine, it is supposed that the fair owner of the glove must have looked leniently upon the handsome American soldier.

Later, and he was riding with Gen. Scott down the long street of Iturbide. Gen. Garnett joined them, and Magruder drew a little back, for his superiors to consult. A white puff of smoke curled out from an open window, a sudden report followed speedily and Garnett and horse went down together. An ounce ball, intended for Scott, had broken Garnett's thigh, and killed the charger. Fearing another fire, Magruder galloped to the side of his chief and covered his body with his own. The old man's eyes never dropped nor his voice changed an intonation.

"How long will it take you to batter down that house?"

He spoke curtly to Lieut. Magruder, pointing with a sweep of his finger to the nearest, and from which the bullet came.

"An hour by the watch, general."

"Then open fire at point blank range, and leave not one stone upon another."

It was done, and well done; and those who saw Magruder soonest afterward noticed that he had another bar on his epaulettes and had been made a captain. War was his element, the bivouac his delight, and the battle-field his perfect inspiration.

An Artistic View of a Prize Fight.

[New York News.]

Why don't somebody paint a picture of a prize fight? There is novelty and interest in the subject, and its picturesqueness would atone for its brutality. Besides if the painter was at all scrupulous, he might regard his work as a great moral lesson. I have taken in a few of these "sporting events" during my rounds, and a couple of them, at least, will live in my memory while I have a memory at all. One of them had all the material for a striking picture in it. It came off in the gray of a November dawn, over on Long Island. Over a low rise of ground, crowned by a wretched farm house and barn, so old and tottering that it had to be propped up with timber. The day was breaking through a wet and sombre sky. The light was very faint, and all the earth was dark, with inky shadows in the wet breaks and declivities of the ground. A chill wind made us shiver under our wraps and overcoats, but the men faced each other in the ring, naked to the waist and all aglow with health and excitement.

It was a strange gathering. The swell, in his white driving coat and his sleek silk hat, jostled the miserable hanger-on of the groggery, whose ill-fed nakedness was shuddering under his canty rags. The law-breaker and the law maker looked on with a common interest, and the good English of the club and the slang of the dive mingled in the chorus which encouraged the combatants. The fight began as soon as it was light enough for the men to see one another, but its picturesque charm vanished with the shadows which glossed over the coarseness of the scene and lent it the fascination of a dream picture full of suggestions rather than facts. It seems to me that such a scene as this is capable of pictorial representation in a way which would be neither revolting nor demoralizing. At any rate, as long as the bull-fight is tolerated as an artistic fact the prize fight, which is infinitely less scandalous in its brutality, should not be tabooed.

Forgot Which Church.

[Oil City Blizard.]

An Oil citizen last evening found a young man on a corner swearing to himself.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"Matter!" was the reply; "matter enough!" and then followed another string of scriptural and unscriptural words sadly mixed together.

"I'll tell you what's the matter. I took my girl to church and left her at the door and now I'll be diddledy-dadfanged if I can remember which church it was."

And then the citizen passed on leaving the young man in a cloud of gloom as big as a barn.

PLANTATIONS OF THE MAGUEY

Long Lines of Century Plants—Pulque Making—Other Productions.

[Cor. Boston Journal.]

On the descending slope going to Vera Cruz, which passes in a few hours the gradations it took days to climb on the other side, you are brought into close contact with those immense plantations of the maguey, which form the largest industry of the country at the present. Here for hundreds of miles the plains and hillsides are covered with long, close lines of century plants in every stage, from the strong, large, generous beauty of the full grown plant to the small, tender green of the newly-transplanted shoots. If one can conceive the symmetry of these regular forms, the spiked, fleshy leaves eight or ten feet long falling in a whirl around the central blossom stalk with the regularity of sculpture, and conceive also the effect of seeing them spread over such vast tracts of country, he will have before him one of the most novel pictures in this land of novelty. The plant is to the native what the cocoa palm is to the South sea islander; it combines within itself a dozen different materials for comfort and use. Growing on an absolutely dry soil, with no help from irrigation, it has a property of condensing moisture and coolness about its roots which makes it yield at full growth an incredible amount of liquid.

The difficulty of finding certain information regarding anything here, where the usual answer to inquiry is a shrug and a "Quien sabe," has kept us from finding definitely the facts regarding pulque-making up to the present time. The plant, after from six to eight years' growth, develops in the center a large circular cone, which, if allowed to increase, would become a thick stalk, bearing the blossom atop. The cone being removed at this early stage, leaves a deep, bowl like hollow, into which the juice pours at the rate of four to six quarts daily for two or three months. The slightly acrid fluid is drawn off by means of rude syphons and left from ten to fourteen days in enormous vats, covered inside with hides—the hairy side out for some unknown reason. A slight froth rises during the process of fermentation, which is skimmed off, and the pulque is drawn into casks or pigskins ready for transportation.

What attraction to taste, sight or smell this thin, sticky sour, pale beverage can have, is one of the mysteries a stranger can never hope to elucidate. Still, as nearly every luxury in every land is an acquired taste, from the decayed fish and bird's nest of the Chinese to the roquefort cheese and olive of western civilization, we ought not to quarrel with this manifestation. Throughout the length and breadth of this country the almy, yeasty, sorrowful stuff has an enthusiastic success.

Besides this drink, which is to the Mexican what beer is to the German, the maguey furnishes two others not unlike our brandy and whisky, very intoxicating but, thank goodness, very little used. We saw but two drunken men during our entire journey. It supplies, besides, a primitive needle and thread, by tearing off one of the sharp spikes with a long thread of fiber it gives a species of hempen cloth from the coarser tissue, and paper from the fine inner pulp it provides a good thatch for houses and the dried, dried, makes fuel in regions where wood is scarce so that it fills every want, like a general utility man in a small theatre company, and brings its owner a good income besides.

Wives of Peruvian Soldiers.

[Cor. Inter Ocean.]

At Payta we took on a battalion of Peruvian soldiers with one brass-mounted officer to every seven men. The wives and families of the Peruvian army always travel with them like the squaws and papooses of the North American Indian. In camp the women do the cooking, on the march they carry on their backs and heads a great part of the camp equipage, and in battle they nurse the wounded and rob the dead. They are poor, miserable, degraded creatures just one degree above the dogs which follow at their heels. Their powers of endurance are extraordinary. Often it is the case that they will march twenty or thirty miles a day over dusty roads, carrying a child on their backs, without water or food.

The poor children have the hardest time, for they are always without rest or shelter and often without food. But it is the experience they are born into, and they know nothing of a better life. The officers tell me that the children often die on the march, when their mothers strip the clothing from them and throw the bodies into the sand or woods, without even a burial or a tear. On the contrary, the women seem to be glad to be relieved by death of an incumbrance.

Old John Brown's Rebuke.

[Chambersburg.]

Brown was greatly opposed to the use of profane language, and sternly forbade it among his men. At one time he captured a border ruffian in Kansas, and he could shame a slanders regiment with his horrible oaths. Brown listened to him for some time, partook of his supper in silence, lighted his pipe from coals in the ashes, then said to the border heathen: "I very much dislike to hear you use such language." Greatly surprised at the declaration, he asked Brown to state his objections. "I'll tell you, sir," he replied. "If there is no God it is exceedingly foolish and if there is it is desperately wicked." And Mr. Gill remarked that Old Brown said it in such a fatherly way that the fellow desisted, and never afterward swore in his presence."

Anything but Monotony.

[Exchange.]

A Bostonian who has just returned from a three month's tour in California was speaking of the exceedingly favorable climate of southern California for invalids, with its almost unvarying sunshine, but remarked that the invalid could prolong his life only by staying there he must not return to the east. "Then you would prefer to live in California rather than die here!" was observed. "Oh, no, I'd rather die in Boston," came quickly in reply. Anything but monotonous fine weather for a true New Englander. He wants a dash of thunder and lightning, frosty mornings, or easterly storms occasionally to suit his spirits.

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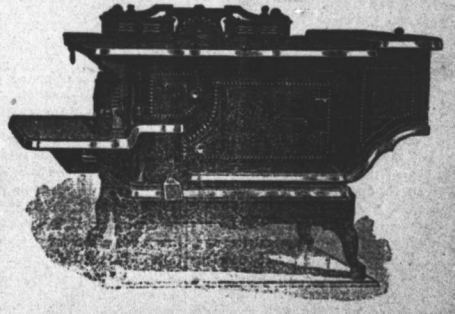

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