Sierra County Advocate.

VOL. III. HILLSBOROUGH, SIERRA COUNTY, N. M., JANUARY 9, 1886. NO. 46.

OUT OF THE WAY.

"It's out of my way," says the selfish man,
Unwilling to please another,
Or to put himself out of the daily rut
To comfort a needy brother;
"It's out of my way, and I haven't time!"
How common are these excuses;
And a chance is lost at a trifling cost
Of correcting the world's abuses.

"It's out of my way, and I haven't time!"
Says the flippant, unfeeling beauty,
Who quiets her conscience every day,
Reciting the call of duty;
And she's but one of a mighty host,
A prominent purse proud faction
Who never out of their way will go
To do a generous action.

Out of their way to be kind and true,
To furnish a balm for sorrow;
And they haven't time to do good to day,
And they'll have less time tomorrow.
The cry of the sick and needy ones
They hear, but they do not mind it;
"Trouble comes," they say, "and it doesn't pay
To go out of our way to find it."

But the holiest deeds that are ever done
Take on the form of surprises,
And the heart that is eager for angel tasks
A plan for its work devises;
For the road of scruples is not straight,
And the lines and the lines of pity,
Do not a doubt, are not laid out
Like the streets of a worldly city.

And every day, all along our way,
There are chances to help another,
Kind aid to give and kind words to speak
To a suffering friend and brother;
And he has the sweetest reward of all
In life—as he journeys through it—
Who, seeing the need of a kindly deed,
Goes out of his way to do it.
—*Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.*

A BIG HALL.

The Assembly Chamber of the Lower House of Congress.

How the National Legislators Are Arranged—Convenient Chairs and Unused Waste-Paper Baskets—An Excited "Objector"—Salaries, Etc.

The hall of the House of Representatives is the largest legislative chamber in the world. It covers fully a quarter of an acre of ground and six acrobats, each six feet high, might stand in it, one on the head of the other, and while the feet of the first rested on the floor the hair of the sixth would just graze the ceiling. The room is thirty-six feet high, and the floor inside the railing where the Congressmen's desks are placed, covers as much space as a city lot of sixty-nine feet front and one hundred and fifteen feet deep. The ceiling is of cast iron and glass. There is a checker-board net-work of cast-iron frames, and the panels of the board are filled in with glass which is glazed roughly and painted with the coats of arms of the various States. All of the light which the House gets comes through the ceiling, as there are no windows, except those in the many doors, and these which enter the House through vestibules of ten or twelve feet in thickness give only the radiated light of windows far away. This light is supplied by the sun by day, and by electricity by night.

The floor of this big hall is covered with a carpet of Brussels which was made to order for it. Its color is green mixed with red, and it takes one thousand four hundred yards to cover it. It looks new and fresh now, and there are no tobacco stains upon it. But the average member chews the weed, and though the Government gives him a spittoon beside his desk, he spits as often on the floor as in the spittoon. The desks used by the members are small affairs, much like those used in the common schools. They have a top which can be lifted up and gives room below for the stationery and papers of the member inside. Each member has one desk to himself, and his name is pasted or tacked upon its lid. The chairs of the members are the common swivel attachment, swinging office chairs with wicker backs, and these backs are so high that the Congressman can easily throw his back upon them and by elevating his feet to the top of the desk in front of him put himself in the favorite American attitude for sleeping. This is not an uncommon position in the halls of the House during a session, and the Forty-eighth Congress had members who did more sleeping than working.

Beside each Congressman's desk there stands a waste paper basket, but your average Congressman never uses this. He tears up his paper in bits like a moody lunatic and scatters it on the floor. After a day's session the floor of the House is littered from one end to the other and there is enough paper upon its carpet to buy the country tin ware for a whole Ohio County.

The desks at the right of the hall are those occupied by the Republicans. The Democrats sit on the left side, and Morrison and Randall have seats in about the middle point of the Democratic body. Tom Reed, the Republican leader, sits in the midst of the Republicans, and Congressman Kelley very near him. Kelley's seat will be the same this Congress as last. He has the choice of seats on the ground of being the oldest member in point of service.

The Speaker's desk is in the center, and is a very fine piece of work. It is three feet above the floor, and it is made of white marble with a base of Tennessee marble. Carlisle, who fills it, is a tall, lank, black-faced fellow, with a smooth face and with jaws which are always chewing tobacco when they are not talking. He sits generally on his spine, and his body rests on it in the form of a bow. He makes a good Speaker, however, and is generally fair in his rulings.

Just beside the right of the desk, on a pedestal of Vermont marble, stands the mace. This mace is the insignia of the authority of the House. It is always in the House when that body is in session, and the Sergeant-at-Arms must carry it in his hands when he wishes to arrest a member, or to force him to submit to the rulings of the House. The mace is a bundle of lictor's rods, bound together with silver cords and surmounted by a silver globe representing the world, which is crowned by the American eagle.

The House usually begins its sessions at twelve o'clock noon, and continues to sit until about four or five o'clock p. m. during ordinary times. The House clock is the timepiece that rules. It stands just over the entrance door at the back of the hall and opposite the Speaker, facing him. It is a very pretty clock, and is a fine work of art. It is the *bete noir* of long-winded speakers, and cuts off many a blowhard before his time for ending has come.

At the sides of the hall door over which this clock stands there are two cloak rooms, and at the left hand corner of the back there is a barber shop, where the members may be shaved while a stormy or dull debate is going on. At times members are in this barber's chair when some legislation which interests them comes up, and I have seen a statesman rush from the barber's office with half his beard off, the lather over the rest of his face, and a barber's sheet around his neck, and object to a certain ruling. Such speeches are more food for laughter than for good.

Half way up the walls of the House hall the galleries begin, and rise by graded seats almost to the roof. These galleries will seat twenty-five hundred people. The most important is the press gallery to both the speakers and the people, for it is through this that they hear of all the doings below. This is directly back of the Speaker's desk and above it. It is gilded and better arranged than the other galleries and has desks with little ink stands set into them for the use of the press. Each paper of note has a right to one seat here, and about one hundred and twenty-five men constitute the occupants. Just back of this gallery there is a telegraph office and a writing room. A speech is delivered in Congress at two p. m. and the words are in the offices of the newspapers all over the country almost as fast as they fall from the speaker's lips. The gallery opposite the press gallery is the diplomatic gallery, the seats of which are painted blue. It is often filled with foreigners, and none but the diplomatic representatives of foreign countries have the right to enter it.

At the desk in front of the Speaker the Clerk stands with his assistants behind him. He reads generally in a voice which is a cross between the rasping of a buzz saw and the sharpening of a slate pencil. He gets $5,000 a year for doing it. Below him at a shorter desk are the shorthand reporters of the House, who take down the matter of debate for the *Record*. These men each get $5,000 a year.

Running about through the House at all times are the pages, who are paid about two and one-half dollars per day. These are lively little boys, generally of about twelve or fourteen years of age. When a member wants them he claps his hands and they run to his desk. In addition to these, there are scores of other employes about the House of Representatives who do all kinds of work, from the cleaning of the spittoons and carrying in of cards, to the aiding the Speaker and Chairmen of committees in their work. These get from $900 to $2,500 a year. Doorkeepers are paid from $1,200 to $2,000 for merely opening and shutting a door about six hours a day, and when the numerous servants are considered it is no wonder that the expenses of a Congressional session run up so high. The average cost of a session is about $3,000,000, and the Congressmen receive mileage in addition to their salaries of $5,000 each, amounting to a total of $143,521. The newspapers and stationery consumed by a Congress runs as high as $70,000 yearly, and the salaries of the Senators amount to $380,000 and that of the Representatives to $1,665,000 every year. The Speaker of the House and the President pro tem. of the Senate each receives $8,000 a year, and one of the poorest paid men in the Senate is the Chaplain, who gets but $300 a year.—"*Carp*," *in Cleveland Leader.*

THE FOUNDATION.

The Most Important Quality to Be Developed in a Child's Mind.

If the question were asked by any mother of thought and character: What do you consider the most important quality to be developed in your child's mind? The answer, without doubt, would be: Truth; for the cornerstone of character is truth, and there can be no true success without it. "Electricity can not follow a broken wire, nor success a lying life." Without truth there is no development. And how many ways there are of proving, without speaking, that absolute truth is essential in the first steps a baby takes toward learning! Give him a box of blocks to build a house, and you can show him that unless the first blocks laid on the floor are in line the whole structure will be crooked; that in making the lines on a slate, if the first is not straight, not true, the lines will all follow the first, or the spaces will not be very true; that in copying any work exactness is the very foundation of success, and but another name for truth.

In repeating a conversation, in telling of a scene, to watch carefully that the actual fact is related, is described as a mother's duty.

So often a grave fault is overlooked because it is a child, and it is a pleasant fiction that the child will outgrow it. Any fault that indicates a weakness of character should receive immediate and prayerful care. An exaggeration, however amusing, should be checked at once. Carelessness in giving accounts of its own or its playmates' doings should be checked by questions so put that a child will discover, if it is carelessness, that a mistake has been made, and correct it at once itself; if the trouble is a want of love of truth, the knowledge that falsehood is always recognized as falsehood, whether intended or not, will help to develop a regard for truth and exactness.

Another great requisite for teaching a child to regard truth is for the parents to set an example of perfect truthfulness. In all the intercourse of life; in the home, the social life, the business life, let truth in all purity be ever present, and the children will by instinct and principle follow the example that commands their love and respect.—*Christian Union.*

—Ex-President Hayes' farm in Dakota, which sold the other day for $21,000, was purchased in 1867 for $3,800 worth of Northern Pacific bonds.—*Cleveland Leader.*

PETROLEUM WELLS.

The Selection and First Tapping of Promising Spots.

Prospectors in selecting a promising spot to test new territory are often influenced by a "belt theory", first advanced by a man named Angell. In a general way his idea has been verified by experience. It proceeded upon the hypothesis that oil lies in belts or pools having a northeast and a southwest trend, sometimes called the "forty-five degree line." In districts known to be oil-bearing the wells are frequently located near the boundary of the owner's property. The object is to drain as much of his neighbor's oil as possible, for there are no partitions in the subterranean chambers corresponding to the lines of surface ownership. The driller's motto is "first come, first served," hence there is generally a race to see who shall first tap nature's till.

When the exact spot for the well has been determined upon, a well-hole is dug about fifteen feet in depth, and if solid rock is not reached, a wrought-iron pipe eight to twelve inches in diameter is driven down to it. Above this is erected the "derrick", a pyramidal structure of heavy timbers, generally seventy-two feet in height. At each side is located a fifteen to twenty horse-power engine, which operates a walking-beam to which is attached a heavy cable and the drilling apparatus.

This consists of four parts. The upper one is called the "sinker-bar", about eighteen feet in length; next come the "jars", seven feet in length; then the "auger-stem", about thirty feet long, of three and one-quarter inch cold rolled steel; and finally, at the end of this is a "bit" three feet in length. Thus equipped, steam is turned on, and the ponderous weight of two thousand to three thousand pounds, alternately raised and dropped, as in a pile-driver, drives the bit into the rock at the average rate of sixty to one hundred feet daily. After drilling for some time the tools are hoisted and a fresh bit is inserted. Meanwhile a "sand pump" or "bailer", a cylindrical tube with valves opening inward, is dropped down the hole to remove detritus or water. A "casing" is fitted snugly to the walls of the well to keep out the water; and when it is necessary to pump the oil, the well is tubed. The tube is about two inches in diameter, around which a rubber packer is inserted just above the oil and gas bearing rock. This cuts off the escape of the gas, forcing it up through the tube, and causing the well to flow. The bore of the well varies from eight to six inches, and its depth varies with the geological formation, averaging perhaps twelve hundred to fifteen hundred feet, and sometimes reaching twenty-five hundred.

The cost of a well naturally depends upon its location, depth and character of rock. The owner generally erects the derrick, engine and tank, at an average expense of fifteen hundred dollars, and then contracts with a driller to furnish the tools and sink a well. This charge will probably average sixty cents per foot. It is perhaps safe to say that wells in the larger fields average in cost from twenty-five hundred to three thousand dollars.

Torpedoes, which were first introduced about 1865, were received with distrust, but are now in general use, and have become a necessary part of the equipment of a well. They are cylindrical tubes, varying in size, but generally eight inches in length and four in diameter, containing fluid nitroglycerine. These torpedoes are carefully lowered into the wells and exploded by dropping a twenty-pound cast-iron weight upon them from above. The explosion shatters the walls, giving a greater exposure of surface to draw oil from, thus stimulating the wells and increasing their production. Though this treatment hastens the exhaustion of a well it is believed by many that the amount of oil obtained exceeds what otherwise would be procured. At first only five or six quarts of nitroglycerine were introduced, but now it is no unusual thing to employ one hundred and twenty to two hundred quarts of glycerine, equal to 3,240 to 5,400 pounds of gunpowder.—*George R. Gibson, in Harper's Magazine.*

A POSTMASTER'S CONVENTION.

Their Alleged Grievances, and the Remedies They Propose—A Non-Partisan Movement.

The postmasters of the third and fourth class have resolved upon a National Convention, and have issued their call to convene in Chicago on Monday, February 15, 1886. As there are over seventeen hundred of the third grade, and almost fifty thousand of the fourth, it is evident that when they get fully organized they will become a power in the land. Their movement is not of a political nature, but solely for the purpose of inducing Congress to grant them relief in the way of expenses for rent, light, fuel and clerk hire. As their salaries are based entirely upon the value of the stamps canceled, getting a commission upon them, of course their income instantly dropped one-third when letter postage was reduced from three to two cents. Their revenues were cut off while their expenses remained the same, all of which they have to bear themselves. They feel sore that while postmasters of the second class have everything furnished them by the Government, they are compelled to foot all such bills out of their own pockets. A postmaster of the third class may be rated as having an income of one thousand six hundred dollars, which of itself looks very large to those not in office, but after he pays his rent, light and fuel expenses and his clerk hire, these figures will have become dissolved in nothingness, and he will have but a bare living out of his year's work.

The issuing of money orders at three and one-half cents each is also a bitter cause of complaint. They claim that it does not begin to pay for the time and labor involved in transacting the business, and that the old law giving them one-third the fees charged the public should be restored. They also propose to make a move toward having a change made in the method of transmitting their surplus money order funds to their depositing offices, as they feel that the present arrangement is not only troublesome in the extreme, but entirely useless.

The question of box-rents is also a subject of agitation and will receive attention during the convention. They assert that under the present law a postmaster of the fourth class is debarred from receiving a greater compensation than $1,000 a year, while those of the third class are cut off at $2,000. They may invest all the way from $500 to $1,000 in beautiful boxes and other attractive features, yet if, for example, a postmaster of the fourth class is entitled to $950 per annum on his cancelation of stamps, he is debarred from receiving more than $50 from his box rents, even though they may amount to $300, and the entire surplus must be turned over to the Government. Considering the fact that the boxes are the private property of the postmaster, they feel that the United States has no moral or just right to the revenue from them in the way of rents, and they want the law so amended that they will receive whatever income there may be from that source.

There is no question but that the postmasters have just cause for complaint, and it is to be hoped that they will succeed in their undertaking. They have gone about it in a business-like manner, and the indications are that they mean business. We are glad to hear that the move is upon the part of Republicans and Democrats alike, and that they have no political ends in view.—*Cincinnati Times.*

HARD TIMES.

An Honest Sailor's Futile Attempts to Secure Winter Quarters.

Soon after eight o'clock the other morning a man about forty years old rang the office bell at the Workhouse, and to the door-keeper who answered it, he asked: "Can I come in?"

"Why, yes, of course. Whom did you wish to see?"

"Oh, nobody in particular. You may put me down for about ninety days."

It was soon discovered that he was a sailor who wanted to be locked up for the winter, and the door-keeper was obliged to inform him that he couldn't be taken in after that fashion.

"So I've got to be arrested and taken before the police judge, eh?" he enquired.

"Yes, have you any money?"

"About twenty dollars, which I want to save until spring."

"Then you can't be arrested as a vagrant. You will have to commit some offense. You'd better get drunk."

"But I am strictly temperate."

"Well, get up a row with somebody, smash a window, or run off with somebody's horse. It ought to be an easy matter to get arrested."

The man walked down to the haymarket and looked around for somebody to get up a row with. He selected a farmer who seemed to be a good-hearted man, and walked up to him and said:

'Say! I want a row with you. I want to be arrested."

"Look a-here, young man," replied the farmer, "don't you come fooling around me! I'm cold and mad, and if you give me the least provocation, I'll make dog-meat of you."

The sailor turned away and picked up a rock and walked down to a saloon, determined to hurl it through the window. The old man who keeps the place saw him coming, and he went out and said:

"You keep avhay! If you throw dot shtone in my window I'll shoot you so help me gracious!"

"But I want to do something to be arrested."

"I can't help dot! you keep avhay or I put some bullets into you!"

The man passed on about a square to where a horse was hitched, and he was untying the animal when the owner came out and said:

"Say, you get up and skip or I'll break your back for you!"

He drove off, looking back and uttering threats, and a policeman came along and asked what had happened.

"Why, I want to be arrested, and I was going off with his horse. Will you arrest me if I abuse you?"

"Try it on!"

"Well, you are a bow-backed sheep thief, an infernal liar and the biggest coward on the force! I wouldn't have your face on me for ten thous——!"

The officer seized him and flung him over a yard fence into a lilac bush, and then looked after him and said:

"If you don't leave town before night I'll hunt you down and hammer you until your own mother can't identify the mangled remains!"

"I'll be hanged if I don't! you haven't got enterprise enough to keep the moss off my back, and I'll get out if I have to go on my hands and knees!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sun-Glows in Sweden.

Toward the end of October the remarkable sun-glows were again seen at Stockholm. In the western horizon a yellow cloud-bank, strongly illuminated, appeared behind a number of tiny clouds, grayish in color, the sky above the former, to a height of forty-five degrees, being lurid, entirely coloring the clouds. Later on in the evening the glow imparted to the edges of the clouds the most remarkable reflections of color, varying from ochre to yellow, violet and pink, with shadings of blue. At times the higher-lying clouds formed most remarkable formations. It seemed that the glow was situated between cumulus and cirrus clouds.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Georgie Felt He Was Safe.—They were standing at the front gate. "Won't you come into the parlor and sit a little while, Georgie, dear?" "N-o; I think not," replied George, hesitatingly. "I wish you would," the girl went on; "it's awfully lonesome. Mother has gone out, and father is upstairs groaning with rheumatism in the feet." "Both feet?" asked George. "Yes, both feet." "Then I'll come in."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

ARAB JOCKEYING.

Business Methods That Have Been Preserved for Two Thousand Years.

The formalities of business methods are among the last habits of a people to undergo any change with time or circumstance. They are of native growth, and show much of the character of those who use them. It is said that the business habits of the Arabs living in the desert of Syria are just the same to-day as they were more than two thousand years ago as described by Herodotus.

An Arab who wishes to sell a horse will never consent to be the first to name a price. Some one comes up and says: "Sell, thou wilt gain."

The vender replies: "Buy, thou wilt gain."

"Speak thou first."

"No, speak thou."

"Was he purchased or reared?"

"Reared in my tent, like one of my own children."

"What hast thou been offered for him?"

"I have been offered one hundred *douros*."

"Sell him to me at that price—thou wilt gain. Tell me, then, what thou askest."

"See what is written with Allah."

"Come, let us drive away the previous bidder, and do thou take ten *douros* over and above his offer."

"I accept. Take the horse, and Allah grant thou mayst be successful upon his back as many times as he has hairs upon it."

Should the seller be desirous to avoid all risk of future annoyance on the subject of warranty, he adds, in the presence of witnesses:

"The separation between us is from this very moment. Thou dost not know me, and I have never seen thee."—*Youth's Companion.*

LITERARY BACHELORS.

Men Who Considered the Married State Incomparable With their High Callings.

A writer on this subject says: I can not but admit that many men of genius have, from some cause, repudiated matrimony altogether. When Michael Angelo was asked why he did not marry, he replied, "I have espoused my art;" and when a young painter told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he had just taken a wife, and was preparing to pursue his studies in Italy, the great painter exclaimed: "Married! then you are ruined as an artist!" It was an axiom with Fuseli, that the marriage state is incombatable with a high cultivation of the fine arts, and such appears to have been the feeling of many distinguished painters and sculptors. The great metaphysicians, Hobbes, Locke, Tentham and Butler are as solitary as Spinosa and Kant, and the celibate philosopher Hume conducts us to the other bachelor historians, Gibbon and Macaulay. The bachelor Bishop Butler brings us to Barrow, Chillingworth, Hammond and Leighton—princes of English divinity. The poets, Ariosto, Akenside, Beranger, Collins, Cowper, Gay, Goldsmith, Gray, Herrick, Lamb, Petrarch, Pope, Swift, Shenstone, Tasso, Thompson and Voltaire. Among our countrymen, Washington Irving, Henry Thoreau, Fitz Greene Halleck, and many lesser literary lights never married.—*Exchange.*

COMPLETELY CURED.

Why Tailor Schmitt Is Down on Newspaper Men.

"I don't vant nodings to do vid dem noosbaper vellers. Dey ish too schmart, all der vile."

"How's that, Schmitt?"

"Vell, de oder day von noosbaper man gums my blase in undt he zays: 'How ish der vall vashions, Schmittie?' Und I says: 'Bretty moch ter zame. Vant a suit?'

"'Vy,' he zays, 'goats ish vorn longer dish month as dey vash last month, ain't it?'

"And I zays: 'No, ain't I a dailer? Don't I know my drade?'

"Un't he zays: 'I pets you unt offer-goat.' Unt I zay: 'Aller right.'"

"Did he prove it?"

"Vell, he gots undt allamach undt shows how Septomber haf dirty tays undt Ochtober dirty von. So der goats vos vorn von tay longher dish month So I hafe to makes him und seexty-fife toller offergoat, gost me veefteen toller. I hafe no yose vor dem noosbaper vellers."—*The Wasp.*

Over-Garments.

Although hip basques are very much worn there are many ladies who prefer their overdresses made after the princess polonaise style. Only very good figures can wear with grace the present fashion of dress basque—a model cut off so very short at the hips that unless the form is slender there is a two bunchy effect near the waist to look well. One of the prettiest modes for a polonaise is the "Corinne." The waist part in front fits close and the vest is very pointed. Over this are two plaits that extend below the waist line and terminate in a long, flowing overskirt opened in front. The sides are draped high and the folds are gracefully extended at the back in a neat tournure, where are rich ribbon bows; on either side the long flowing ends run down in a careless manner over the folds of the skirt drapery. The "Lidona" skirt can be worn with the "Maple" overdress with excellent effect. The latter garment has a round front, carried low over the hips and buttoned close; this model has been called the "boxing in" style it so admirably gives to a large figure a small look. The back of the basque has three long box plaits turned under and faced with some sort of bright contrasting goods.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Within the limits of Washington Territory are 23,000,000 acres of land yet unsurveyed, of which at least 16,000,000 acres are excellent agricultural lands, well timbered. The Territory has a population of about 150,000, and a valuation of over $50,000,000.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

EVOLUTION.

Mr. Nye Decides to Jerk the Rising Generation into the Dazzling Effulgence of Fermenting Brains.

The following paper was read by me in a clear, resonant tone of voice, before the Academy of Science and Pugilism at Erin Prairie, last month, and as I have been so continually and so earnestly importuned to print it that life was no longer desirable, I submit it to you for that purpose, hoping that you will print my name in large caps, with astonishers at the end of the article, and also in good display type at the close:

SOME FEATURES OF EVOLUTION.

No one could possibly, in a brief paper, do the subject of evolution full justice. It is a matter of great importance to our lost and undone race. It lies near to every human heart, and exercises a wonderful influence over our impulses and our ultimate success or failure. When we pause to consider of the opaque and fathomless ignorance of the great masses of our fellow-man on the subject of evolution, it is not surprising that crime is rather on the increase, and that thousands of our race are annually filling drunkards' graves, with no other visible means of support, while multitudes of enlightened human beings are at the same time earning a livelihood by meeting with felons' dooms.

These I would ask in all seriousness and in a tone of voice that would melt the stoniest heart: "Why in creation do you do it?" The time is rapidly approaching when there will be two or three felons for each doom. I am sure that within the next fifty years, and perhaps sooner even than that, instead of handing out these dooms to Tom, Dick and Harry as formerly, every applicant for a felon's doom will have to pass through a competitive examination, as he should do.

It will be the same with those who desire to fill drunkards' graves. The time is almost here when all positions of profit and of trust will be carefully and judiciously handed out, and those who do not fit themselves for those positions will be left in the lurch, whatever that may be.

It is with this fact glaring me in the face that I have consented to appear before you to-day and lay bare the whole hypothesis, history, rise and fall, modifications, anatomy, physiology and geology of evolution. It is for this that I have poured over such works as those of Huxley, Herbert Spenser, Moses in the Bulrushes, Anaxagoras, Lucretius and Hoyle. It is for the purpose of advancing the cause of common humanity and to jerk the rising generation out of barbarism into the dazzling effulgence of clashing intellects and fermenting brains that I have sought the works of Pythagoras, Democritus and Epharbus. Wherever I could find any book that bore upon the subject of evolution, and could borrow it, I have done so while others slept.

That is a matter which rarely enters into the minds of those who go easily and carelessly through life. Even the General Superintendent of the Academy of Science and Pugilism here in Erin Prairie does not stop to think of the midnight and other kinds of oil that I have consumed in order to fill myself full of information and to soak my porous mind with thought. Even the O'Reilly College of this place, with its strong mental faculty, has not informed itself fully relative to the great effort necessary before a lecturer may speak clearly, accurately and exhaustingly of evolution.

And yet here in this place, where education is rampant, and the idea is patted on the back, as I may say, here in Erin Prairie, where progress and some other sentiments are written on everything here, where I am addressing you to-night for two dollars and feed for my horse, I met a little child with a bright and cheerful smile, who did not know that evolution consisted in a progress from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous.

So you see that you never know where ignorance lurks. The hydra-headed upas tree and bete noire of self-acting progress, is such ignorance as that, lurking in the very shadow of magnificent educational institutions and hard words of great cast. Nothing can be more disagreeable to the scientist than the bete noire. Nothing gives him greater satisfaction than to chase it up a tree or mash it between two shingles.

For this reason, as I said, it gives me great pleasure to address you on the subject of evolution, and to go into details in speaking of it. I could go on for hours as I have been doing, delighting you with the intricacies and peculiarities of evolution, but I must desist. It would please me to do so, and you would no doubt remain patiently and listen, but your business might suffer while you are away, and so I will close, but I hope that any one now within the sound of my voice, and in whose breast a sudden hunger for more light on this great subject may have sprung up, will feel perfectly free to call on me and ask me about it or immerse himself in the numerous tomes that I have collected from friends, and which relate to this matter.

In closing I wish to say that I have made no statements in this paper relative to evolution which I am not prepared to prove; and, if anything, I have been over conservative. For that reason I say now, that the person who doubts a single fact as I have given it to-night, bearing upon the great subject of evolution, will have to do so over my dumb remains.

And a man who will do that is no gentleman. I presume that many of these statements will be snapped up and sharply criticised by other theologians and many of our foremost thinkers, but they will do well to pause before they draw me into a controversy, for I have other facts in relation to evolution, and some personal reminiscences and family history, which I am prepared to introduce, if necessary, together with ideas that I have thought up myself. So I say to those who may hope to attract notice and obtain notoriety by drawing me into a controversy, beware. It will be to your interest to beware!—*Bill Nye, in Boston Globe.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne never used an italicized word in any of his works, his style furnishing all the needed emphasis.

—Mrs. Dahlgren, the novelist, is a Zanesville (O.) girl. She is wealthy, and she owns several houses in Washington.

—Lotta, Mary Anderson, Emma Nevada and Marie Wilton are all communicants of the Roman Catholic Church.

—The tallest man in Washington Territory is John Hutchinson. He stands seven feet four inches in his stockings.

—Robert H. Newell, the "Orpheus C. Kerr" of popular remembrance, enjoys a serene old age at a cosy home nest in Jersey City.

—Hon. Galusha A. Grow and Hon. A. Gilmore are the only surviving members of the Thirty-second Congress.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Mme. Sophie Menter, the famous pianist, is now enjoying the possession of a fortune of three million dollars, left her by a Russian admirer.

—A Calcutta paper says that a native woman has become the editor of a Christian periodical, which she conducts with remarkable ability and success.

—Catherine Gregory, who died in New York the other day, was a school teacher for twenty-two years, and never missed a day during that period until she was taken sick.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The Mexican Congress proposes to change the press laws to the end that offenses charged against newspaper writers shall be tried before a special jury, and not as is now done, under the criminal code.

—Lord Hotchkiss, one of the swell cowboys of Montana, recently won a heavy wager by walking from his ranch to Miles City, a distance of twenty-two miles, in four hours and four minutes.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Senor Quesada, the new representative of the Argentine Republic at Washington, is a journalist and author. He is distinguished as a writer on international law, has filled several prominent posts in the civil service, and for the last four years has been Minister to Brazil.

—Ex-Governor Bishop, of Ohio, is sixty-three years old, but is still very active. Last summer he went to his son's home in Clifton, and, passing through a high gate, was attacked by a savage dog who did not recognize him. The Governor took a running jump and cleared the high gate at one bound like an athlete.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—A queer old lady, the Baroness Rolle, has just died in England at the age of ninety years. She was married at twenty-eight to a gentleman who was seventy-four year old, and if he were living now he would be one hundred and thirty-five years of age. At his death he settled an income of $50,000 per year upon her, and she has devoted more than fifty years of her long life in charity.

HUMOROUS.

—Why is the barber's trade easy for men to learn? Because every man was once "a little shaver."

—"Is the man honest?" asked old Hyson. "Honest as the day is long." "Ye-es," said old Hyson; "but then he won't do at all. I want him for a night watchman."—*Boston Bulletin.*

—Boston Æstheticism.—

What to me are heavenly pleasures,
That from earth my fancy woans?
What care I for worldly treasures?
Waiter, please, more pork and beans.
—*Chicago Telegram.*

—Our Countrymen Abroad—(In the Champs Elysees).—English Gentleman (inquiring way)—"Pardonnez moi, Monsieur." French Gentleman (very politely)—"Certainment, Monsieur." Together: "Good gracious! Smith, Jones, is that you?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

—"Do you allow drunken people on the train?" asked an old gentleman at the City Hall elevated station. "Sometimes, but not when they are too drunk," replied the brakeman. "Just take a seat near the middle of the car and keep quiet, and you'll be all right."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—He—"My dear, we can't possibly take this flat. Why, when our furniture is in there won't be room for me to walk around in it." She—"Nonsense; you are not expected to walk around in a modern flat. When you want to walk what is the matter with outdoors?"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A four-year-old, who has a drum and is not so slow to beat it, heard a hand-organ the other day, and was particularly struck with the fact that the organ-grinder took up a collection. After the "musician" had departed the little fellow remarked: "I don't drum any more only for money."

—We are told that more than eight courses at a dinner is vulgar. Snibbs says he is in the height of the fashion, for he has only six, as follows: Soup aqua pura, beans a la oven door, pork de scored top, brown bread a la steamer, oleomargarine in a butter-dish and toothpicks ad libitum.—*Boston Budget.*

—A few days ago two men were in Smith's barber-shop. One had red hair and the other was baldheaded. Red hair to baldhead—"You were not around when they were giving out hair?" Baldhead—"Yes, I was there; but they only had a little red hair left, and I wouldn't take it."—*Boonville (Ga.) Union.*

—"Now, John," said the keeper of the cigar store at closing up time to his boy, "take the Indian figure from the door and lay it down behind the counter." "Hadn't we better let it stand behind the counter?" said John. "Why so?" asked the employer. "Because figures never lie, you know."—*Boston Courier.*

—Brown to Smith, who has been an invalid for years—"Hullos, Smith! How are you now-a-days? Has Dr. Dubbledose helped you any?" Smith—"A little, perhaps, but not nearly so much as I have helped him. You should see the new house he has just built! Nothing like it in town—elegant, perfectly elegant!"—*Boston Transcript.*