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MINING
JOURNAL.

FROSTBURG, MD., JUNE 4, 1887.

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CASUAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE STRAIGHT OF IT.

"Man wants but little here below,"
According to the song.
But that don't matter much, just so
He gets that little strong.
And since 'tis little he will get,
From grim and selfish fate;
He wants that little very wet,
And also very straight.

***

THE DIVINE SARAH'S PREDICAMENT.

Of all the attitudes she takes
Uncompromising facts disclose,
That Bernhardt still continues thin
And never yet succeeded in
Assuming adipose.

***

CRAB WISE.

Men do not trust to arguments,
Alone, to prove what they would teach,
But must refer to precedent
To justify their briefest speech.

***

We speak of Blase So and So as being "Wicked as the Devil." Why is it wrong? On account of the "Synonym" (sin on him). N. B.—Diagram and monkey-wrench, with directions for working, furnished on application.

***

It is stated that he who brings the most of use into life lives the longest. If length of existence depends upon this fact, it is altogether apropos to inquire how long has Keely (of motor fame) been dead.

***

Mary Mapes Dodge asks "why is it that Pegasus, as soon as he feels a saddle on his back, begins to gallop to the cemetery. Because entering on a literary pursuit is often a "grave" affair.

***

It may be said of the multiplicity of bones in the shad, preventing satisfactory mastication, that this is the fish's revenge for being eaten, and that herein the shad roes to the occasion

***

We learn that the cabbage imported from Germany grows as heavy as a cannon ball. Due doubtless to a morbid apprehension of being naturalized into American crout.

***

In the oil regions they get up a boom in real estate with comparative ease. They accomplish this every time they explode a cartridge in an oil well.

***

"To the admirers of fast horses, life in many cases is little more than a span."—*Merchant Traveler.* Yes; and it "teams" with interest.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

PROUD OF HIS COLLEGE.

Miss Bonton (just introduced)—I hear you are at college, Mr. Fitzmaurice?

Mr. Fitzmaurice—Yes, Miss Bonton, I am in my sophomore year.

"Has your college a comprehensive curriculum?"

"Yes, indeed, and thorough, too. There isn't a better football team in the State than ours, and we can just leave them all behind when it comes to rowing."

AN EFFECT OF REPRESSION.

"The summer is going to be very cool in Russia," remarked Briggs.

"Why?" asked Quimby.

"On account of the Nihilists. All risings are to be severely punished."

"What has that to do with the summer?"

"Well, it will have its effect on the thermometer, for mercury will be afraid to rise, too."

SHE HAS SEVERAL BROTHERS.

She—They call that a whistling buoy, I believe.

He—Yes, that is its name.

She—Well, the word "whistling" is entirely superfluous, for there never was a boy that wouldn't whistle.

QUIPS.

Hard times—Marble clocks.

"Drilling is a "bore" to those members of a militia company who join just for the fun of the thing.

A contemporary is discussing the question "How do barbers learn their trade?" A good many never do.

It is singular that dogs wear pants in the summer when it is warm, and discard them in the winter when it is cold.

"There is very little change in men's trousers this spring," says a fashion oracle. That is very true. The change has been lost in betting on the wrong clubs.

A bell cast by Paul Revere now hangs in the belfry of a church at Plymouth, Mass. It is old enough to be a chestnut bell.

General Lew Wallace says that when he is traveling he writes on the cars. Lew ought to quit the habit, for hardly anything defaces a nice new car like scribbling all over it.

EDWIN BOOTH.

The Distinguished Tragedian's Imitation of Himself.

The following story of Edwin Booth's alleged failure in imitating himself is interesting. Some time during 1862 the brother of the "only Hamlet" was playing in Washington, and at the close of his engagement was tendered a benefit. This was naturally a matinee, for, whatever may have been the general opinion of the acting of John Wilkes Booth, there was very little dissent, especially among the gentler sex, from the fact that he was the handsomest man of the day. Edwin Booth, being in the city at the time, naturally attended, and went behind the scenes to congratulate his brother on his bumper of an audience. As Edwin stood conversing in the wings a then popular character actor, who had been giving imitations of noted actors as his share of the programme, came off the stage and began preparing to respond to a tremendous encore.

"What next?" asked Booth.

"I am going to give them you in the 'Soliloquy,'" said the specialist, nervously. "But with the original looking on I know I shall make a mess of it."

"I say, Ned," said John Wilkes, "I have an idea. Go on and imitate yourself."

The proposition struck the tragedian as a comical one. Hastily putting on the mimic's wig and buttoning up his coat he went on and delivered the celebrated speech of the melancholy Dane. The next morning the *National Intelligencer*, the great paper then, said that the imitations ruined the performance, each being worse than the others, "while that of Edwin Booth was simply vile enough to cause that famous actor to shudder in his shoes could he but have seen it."—*Chicago Current.*

Shooting Over Miles of Rapids.

By canoe, the boat being handled by an Indian, two men arrived the other day in Bangor, Me., from a point forty-five miles up the river, and a local paper has this to say of the trip: "It was a rapid passage, the current being so strong that the shore had the same appearance as if seen from a railway train. On the many rapids between Lincoln and Oldtown, a distance of thirty-three miles, they were obliged to make but one 'carry.' The water was so high that they passed directly over dams, where the presence of the latter was shown only by a slight slope in the water. Over the great rapids they made a similar passage, the rocks being far beneath the surface.

THE ANARCHISTS.

MEN WHO PROPOSE TO REFORM SOCIETY BY FIRE AND BLOOD.

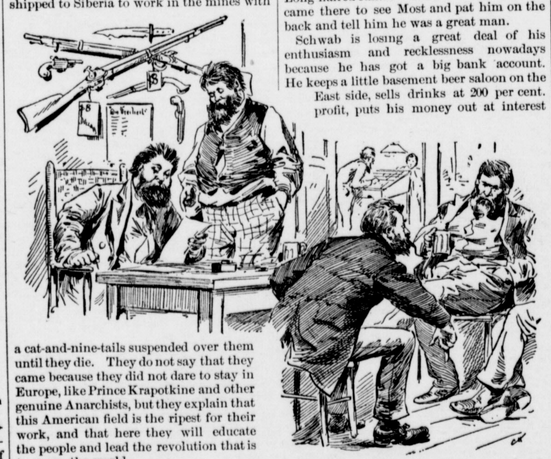
They, However, Devote Themselves for the Present to Wind and Beer—Scenes at Meetings—Sketches of Their Leaders—Dogs With More Bark Than Bite.

The Anarchists in New York city and suburbs are supposed to number about 7,000. They hold frequent meetings, one a week for each "group," and at these meetings they delight in "talking right out," with the utmost cheerful frankness, of their hopes of seeing the skies lighted by the fires of rich men's houses aflame and the streets slippery with the blood of all who wear clean shirts and save a dollar away from the beer saloons. But only the most morbidly-timid folks are afraid of them; indeed, I am only supposing that there are such folks, for I have never yet seen a New Yorker who expressed the slightest uneasiness concerning them. Detectives are members of all their groups and never a meeting is held or a movement made that the police do not know it instantly. The Anarchists have no idea who the police are who are in their secrets and never will know until they attempt some such behavior as that with which Chicago was disgraced last year. New Yorkers think that no such scenes can possibly be witnessed there, for no unruly crowds are allowed to gather in their city. They are instantly clubbed away as fire in a carpet is stamped out—and without unruly crowds there can be no Anarchism, except of the mouth.

Mouth Anarchism New Yorkers do not mind. They let the beer-maniacs hold all the meetings they please, and they never were more displeased with any public servant

than they were with a police captain a year ago for jumping in and clubbing the speakers and others at an Anarchist meeting in the Bowery. New York is quite as fond of free speech as Boston was of old. Let everybody meet and talk, says the spirit of old Diedrich Knickerbocker, New York's patron saint; talk is cheap, and gives relief to unruly spirits and brooding souls.

The principal Anarchist society in New York and this country is "The International," as it is called, or, to give it all its title, "The International Working People's Association." It was established in Europe, and is a great deal stronger and more dangerous there than here. There the people have real grievances; in some countries such as almost justify Anarchism—as in Russia, for instance. But the trade of preaching Anarchism is unhealthy over there for curs and cowards and for loafers who have no real belief in their teachings, but want to be notorious and to pose as leaders, and to make the fools support them in idleness. Therefore these have come to New York, where there is a large admixture of ignorance and folly among the peasant immigrants from certain European nations, and where they can pose and talk without danger of death or the worse fate of being shipped to Siberia to work in the mines with



a cat-and-nine-tails suspended over them until they die. They do not say that they came because they did not dare to stay in Europe, like Prince Krapotkine and other genuine Anarchists, but they explain that this American field is the ripest for their work, and that here they will educate the people and lead the revolution that is to sweep the world.

The Internationals have no passwords, grips or secret signs. Each member is provided with a blood-red card, on which is printed a number. That number is his name and title in the organization. All that is asked of any one who desires to be a member is that he shall express a desire to massacre the decent population, divide the wealth that escapes the flames, and form society over again, with the Anarchist orators on top to hold the offices and enrich themselves. No, I am going too fast. That last about the offices is not what they say; it is merely what they mean. For the present it is only necessary that the members should buy beer in certain shops, worship and pay dues to certain mouth-workers (or "jawsmiths," as Dr. McGlynn calls them), and cheer and yell at the end of every sentence in every speech. It costs only ten cents a month to be a member, but this is not exacted. Those who are too poor or economical to pay anything do not need to do so. If they are smart they mount the platforms instead and talk and collect the fees from the others, or they write pamphlets and have them printed in red ink and sell them for a cent or five cents each.

Although it is claimed that there are 7,000 Anarchists in New York, their meetings are almost the slenderest ever held there. From fifty to one hundred and fifty persons is the average attendance at an ordinary general meeting of Anarchists and on grand occasions, such as the celebration of the murder of the good and pure Archbishop of Paris, in the last Commune, or the welcome to John Most on his return from jail, the highest number, about 500, is reached. The meetings are usually held in the Bowery, a place delightful to the soul of Anarchists, because there are five times as many beer saloons and idle foreigners, who neither work, speak English, nor understand our institutions, on the Bowery as on any other street on this hemisphere. On the walls are placards, mostly lettered in strange foreign characters. One, in English, reads like this:

> The Enemies of Society are:
>
> THE CHURCH,
>
> THE LANDLORDS, THE MARRIAGE LAWS,
>
> THE RICH,
>
> THE CAPITALISTIC PRESS,
>
> USURY, CALLED "INTEREST."
>
> KINGS, KAISERS, PRESIDENTS.
>
> DOWN WITH ALL!
>
> UP WITH THE PEOPLE!!

The foreign placards are even more interesting. "Arm! Burn! Kill! Destroy!" says one. "Be ready for the universal revolution," says another. "The only logic is that of force. It has been used against us for centuries; now let us (the people) make use of it." Red flags are hung over the stage, red ribbons are worn in the coat lapels of the men, and as scarfs by the women, and every man and woman present carries a red handkerchief.

You should see one of these meetings. At most of them the doors stand open and all are welcome, because there really are no secrets, and there is no sincerity among the managers, who want every ten cents that may by any chance be contributed by whatever stranger happens in. There are a dozen women in the room—foreign women, in awkward, ungraceful attire that is made to look as masculine as possible. There are a hundred men. They are Russians, Bohemians, Hungarians, Frenchmen, Poles and Germans, the Bohemians and Poles being in the majority. Nearly all are bearded and are dressed like workingmen. They listen intently to the speakers, but have a queer way of talking back to them. One man will rise and interrupt a speaker for five minutes; another will fire in a carpet is stamped out—and without unruly crowds there can be no Anarchism, except of the mouth.

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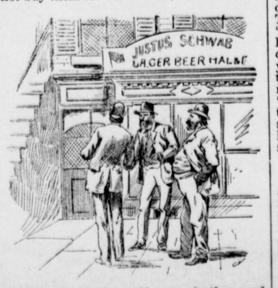
Justus Schwab used to be the leading revolutionist; now it is Johann Most. Most is a ridiculous-looking man with his hair on end and dark beard all over his face. He was sent to jail a year ago for inciting the Anarchists to murder, and he cut such a ridiculous figure when the police pulled him out, all dirt and cobwebs, from under his female friend's bed, that it would be easy for any lazy and glib foreigner who wants to step into his shoes to do so. But before he had his plumes cut his head office in William street was a regular throne-room. It is the office of *The Freiheit*, a weekly revolutionary paper. The printers worked whenever there was no one there to set up the beer; when they had beer they sat around a table and talked like dangerous maniacs. In the room were some two-dollar condemned army muskets that Most used to sell for $8 a piece in accordance with his teaching that every man and woman should arm themselves. There were, and I suppose are yet, some clockwork infernal machines, some cartridges for holding dynamite and some circulars on sale telling how to make and use dynamite, how to talk the approved lunacy of the Anarchists, how to shoot and burn and all the rest. Long-haired lunatics from all over the world came there to see Most and pat him on the back and tell him he was a great man.

Schwab is losing a great deal of his enthusiasm and recklessness nowadays because he has got a big bank account. He keeps a little basement beer saloon on the East side, sells drinks at 200 per cent. profit, puts his money out at interest and confines most of his talking to what he has to do behind the bar. He is a stalwart, big fellow, of the build and cut of a German laborer with a massy head of light hair down to his shoulders and a big, soft, yellow beard. His place is always patronized by long-haired, mad-eyed foreigners, who have imported the echo of the cruelties and tyrannies of Europe to this country in order to revenge themselves here for what people are suffering over there. On the tables are all the papers secretly printed in the cellars and underground haunts of the reformers of Europe. They bear such titles as *The Revolution, The Torch and Sword, The Social Earthquake, Blood and Fire, Revenge, The Earth for Man*, and *The Cause of the People.* The Anarchists who are able to read flock to this saloon to see these papers, for they would not buy them for themselves; that would be



depriving themselves of beer. As they read they order beer and line Schwab's pockets with silver, so that of late he has employed a bartender and often sits by his own table like a gentleman Anarchist watching the till and talking the kind of lunacy that his customers want.

Don't think for a minute that all the Anarchists are insincere and are making a lazy living out of the world, like Schwab and Most. Many are terribly in earnest; that is, terribly diseased in mind. They really think that the thing to do is to destroy all the men and women who wear tidy clothes and lead decent, lawful lives, and they will lay down their own lives and fight like tigers if they ever get the order to do so. The only mercy is that they are few and have not got the sympathy of the honest toilers. When the day shall come, if it ever does, they will endeavor to put their bloody plans into execution like tigers let loose in the streets, but they will be more easy to deal with and to club into submission than the vast army of criminals and vagabonds in New York who will seize such an occasion for looting the stores and attacking the people. In this horde of loafers is New York's greatest danger. It is estimated that they number between 50,000 and 75,000 in that city, and a time of riot would be a grand holiday and carnival season for them.

JULIAN RALPH.

CYCLONES CALMLY CONSIDERED.

A Few Desultory Remarks on These Energetic Beasts.

There is very little repose about cyclones. Men always seem to be in a hurry as though they had a note to meet, or were anxious to get to the baseball grounds before the game began.

They never have time to stop and shake hands with a man; instead of that they shake the whole individual, and everything thing else within reach; not only shake them, but take them along.

Cyclones are no respecters of persons. They would as lief hurry a phenomenal pitcher through the firmanent as a member of Congress; a Vanderbilt as a tramp.

They are among the most energetic and self-assertive productions of this energy-producing country.

Gazing at cyclones from a strictly unpartisan standpoint, it seems to me strange that in the United States, where energy is so generally admired, they should be so unpopular.

For that cyclones are unpopular is an admitted fact.

There is not a more friendless thing in the world than a cyclone. Even when weary with a long run across a particularly difficult piece of country, no man would think of inviting a cyclone to step into his house and take a cup of tea to refresh itself. The average citizen would rather have it pass by on the other side; and this average citizen aforesaid never feels slighted if a cyclone on its travels ignores his farm, and traverses instead the fertile fields of his neighbor.

No asylum for worn-out cyclones has yet been established, neither has any philanthropist ever thought of endowing a hospital for their benefit.

Rather then encourage cyclones to prowl in his vicinity, a man will even resort to subterfuge to distract their attention and induce them to vacate the premises.

A man in Kansas did this once.

The subterfuge he resorted to was a plain, unassuming board, but from the account it did its duty nobly.

The Kansan saw the cyclone coming along at a light jog of about 113¼ miles an hour, with the apparent intention of butting against a brand new-barn. As the paint on this building was hardly dry, the man did not want any of it to rub off by colliding with an adult cyclone. So he took the board and held it firmly on the ground, so that the cyclone would strike its edge. This had the effect of splitting the cyclone down the front, and so thoroughly discouraging it that it forgot its business in that part of the country, and left in disorder for Canada. The casualties on the side of the board were immaterial.

This method is a better one than putting salt on the cyclone's tail, which, I understand, has been tried in some places with a conspicuous lack of success. I hope to hear of the universal adoption of the Kansan's method of boarding a cyclone. It is cheaper and more satisfactory in every way than the old method of climbing on and going along.

In some parts of the cyclone belt pits are dug, but I never heard of a full-grown specimen being caught in one. I am inclined to think the cyclone pit a failure as a means of capture.

Some cyclones come to this country from the western portion of British America.

This should not be permitted. Further importations should be stopped by clapping on a prohibitive tariff. The home supply is already in excess of the demand, and we don't want our infant cyclone industry interfered with, to say nothing about its being crippled by having to compete with pauper-produced cyclones.

WM. H. STVITER.

A RAM DIES IN A BONNET.

Two Connecticut Ladies Succeed in Rendering the Animal Harmless.

Miss Agnes Murray, a maiden lady of wealth, has a fine farm and homestead on Greenfield Hill, Conn., and until yesterday a ram sported on her broad acres in company with a flock of sheep. The ram had a great reputation as a butter. Yesterday the animal sought fresh pasture on the lawn of Mrs. Hubbell, a widow who lives on the neighboring farm. Mrs. Hubbell's daughter, Delia, saw the intruder, and with a short stick in hand went to drive the animal back to the Murray lot. The ram showed fight, but Miss Hubbell stood her ground well. At a moment when she was unguarded, however, the ram butted her with such force as to throw her to the ground and dislocate one of her knees. She caught the ram by the horns, holding on firmly and screaming for help. Her young niece heard her cries and ran to her assistance. With the keen wit of a woman, Miss Hubbell proposed to render the animal helpless by covering its head with her sun bonnet, and the two ladies managed to adjust the headgear over the head of the ram, tying it tightly with the long strings. Miss Hubbell was then assisted to her house and Dr. Osborn attended to her. It was believed that the ram would tear off the bonnet, but the cloth was so thick and so well starched that after performing a series of evolutions and contortions, it lay down by the budding daisies and concluded to die. The remains still muffled with the white Marseilles hood, lay stiff and cold in the dew this morning.

Gone After Him.

A stranger was riding in Fall River county, D. T., when he met a small boy returning from school in the forenoon. "What are you going home for at this time of day?" he asked. "No school to-day." "Why not?" "Teacher went 'way on bus'ness." "What kind of business?" "Oh, he's gone with the other boys." "What after?" "Ye know Doc Thompson?" "No." "Alec Fiddler?" "Never heard of him." "Well, they was hoss-thieves and the boys lynched 'em on a cottonwood tree at the Cheyenne crossing, ye know." "Ah, yes, I see; and now your teacher has gone with the rest of the committee to get the balance of the gang." "Naw, they're after the man what cut down the tree. The pop'lar feelin' in this country, stranger, is agin choppin' down trees what have had the distinction of holdin' up a citizen by the neck."—*Dakota Bell.*

Uncalled-for Interruption.

"I am going to buy a light coat to match these pantaloons," he remarked to his wife the other day, "and a light pair of gloves to match the coat and a light soft hat to match —" "Your head, I suppose," interlarded the spouse gently, and the household knew harmony no longer that day.—*Elmira Gazette.*

In a Fix.

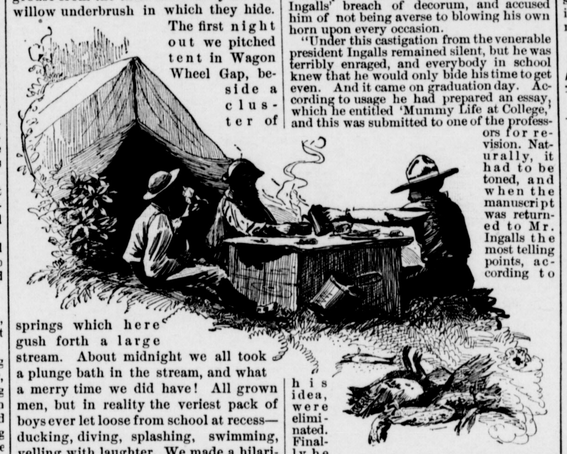
Boy—Teacher, I wish you would make that girl quit winking at me. Teacher—Why don't you look at something else? Because if I do she'll wink at some other boy.—*Texas Siftings.*

GROUSE-SHOOTING.

FINE SPORT ON THE WEST FORK OF THE RIO GRANDE.

A Difficult Pursuit of Game in a Dense Willow Cover—Rousting a Mountain Lion Out of His Lair—Pulling up Trout Right to the Hands of the Cook.

DURING the early fall or late part of the summer grouse-shooting is great sport in Colorado. These birds at that time come down from their lofty abodes in the mountains to the gulches, where they have a supply of clear running water and plenty of feed in the way of willow leaves, sarvis and other berries. They are then very fat and tender, and there are few, if any, birds more tempting to the appetite—their round, plump bodies and delicate white meat affording a delicious dish for an epicure—and all hunters are epicures. Hearing that they were unusually plentiful up the West Fork of the Rio Grande (a stream that empties into the main river about fifty miles above Del Norte), I succeeded in getting up a party to go after them. We took with us our rods as well as guns, for the fishing was bound to be good. An important member of our party was Gay, the cleverest little black-and-tan terrier in the world, fearless as a bulldog and ready to tackle anything, from a mouse to a bear. We took him to stir up the grouse from the thick and closely matted willow underbrush in which they hide.



The first night out we pitched tent in Wagon Wheel Gap, beside a cluster of springs which here gush forth a large stream. About midnight we all took a plunge bath in the stream, and what a merry time we did have! All grown men, but in reality the veriest pack of boys ever let loose from school at recess—ducking, diving, splashing, swimming, yelling with laughter. We made a hilarious racket until, tired of play, we clambered out, and scudded back to the tent and bed. So sound was our sleep that I hardly think one turned over until daylight, when by chance opening my eyes, I saw the dim light of morning uplifted from the mountain tops, and yelled at my nearest chum: "Miles! Miles! get up."

"What do you want?" in a growl.

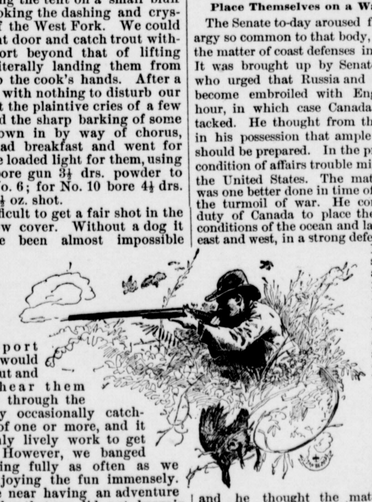
"Get up and catch some fish for breakfast."

"Oh, just lie still awhile and give the fish time to get up, can't you?"

And over he rolled for another nap. However, Charley N. had heard me call, and he jumped up and took his rod, while I built the fire and started breakfast. In a short while he returned with a nice "string," and while they were frying in good style we roused the others by the magic word BREAKFAST! It was astonishing to see the result. Each man sprang out of his blankets as if touched by a charge of electricity and was ready for breakfast before we could spread the table (an old box).

We reached the hunting grounds at dusk the next day and made a beautiful camp, erecting the tent on a small bluff bank overlooking the dashing and crystal stream of the West Fork. We could sit in the tent door and catch trout without any effort beyond that of lifting them out, literally landing them from the water to the cook's hands. After a quiet night, with nothing to disturb our slumbers but the plaintive cries of a few wild cats and the sharp barking of some coyotes thrown in by way of chorus, we arose, had breakfast and went for grouse. We loaded light for them, using for No. 12 bore gun 3½ drs. powder to 1 oz. shot, No. 6; for No. 10 bore 4½ drs. powder to 1¼ oz. shot.

It was difficult to get a fair shot in the heavy willow cover. Without a dog it would have been almost impossible to get the birds up. Gay, however, was active and indefatigable, and soon the sport began. He would rush them out and we could hear them whirring through the bushes, only occasionally catching a sight of one or more, and it was certainly lively work to get in a shot. However, we banged away, missing fully as often as we hit, but enjoying the fun immensely.



We came near having an adventure during the day that we did not bargain for. Approaching a very deep thicket I remarked to a comrade that if he would take the open on the side hill near the edge, I would struggle through with Gay and give him a good shot. He agreed and I plunged in. The thicket was so dense and matted with sedgy grass that it was with difficulty I could force my way, and it was impossible for me to see anything ten feet off. I had penetrated to about the center when I heard a rush and a growl near me. Whatever it was Gay was after it and it was going toward my friend. I could see nothing, but yelled to him and fought my way as rapidly as possible after Gay, who was evidently making good time running

something, giving an eager bark at every jump. I at last reached the open. Gay was just coming back from up the mountain side and my friend was calling him. 'Come back! you fool, you!"

"What was it, Miles?" I asked.

"Nothing less than a mountain lion, and I tell you he looked as big as an elephant."

"Why didn't you shoot? He must have passed near you."

"Oh, I was loaded with No. 6 shot, and their skins are not good anyhow at this season of the year."

"Ah-h-h! yes, I see."

Well, we continued our shooting, capturing three or four dusky grouse as large as a barn-yard chicken. This was quite a feat, for they are scarce and even more delicious than the others. They are of a dark bluish slate color when the feathers are in their places, but ruffle them up and the feathers are soon white underneath.

Taking everything together we had a delightful day's sport, and one of the party had caught a big mess of trout, so we feasted royally. After one more day of such sport we returned to Del Norte.

PANG.

INGALLS' DIPLOMA.

He Got it By the Skin of His Teeth, and Now Williams Delights to Honor Him.

"Vice President Ingalls had a narrow escape about getting a diploma from his alma mater," remarked a St. Paul gentleman who was a former classmate at Williams College, where he was one year ahead of the late President Garfield, "and the circumstances which led to it may prove of interest. Near Williams College, in the town of Pittsfield, Mass., there was a young lady's seminary known as Maplewood Institute, and one of the practices of the good preceptress at the head was to give her charges an airing among the Berkshire hills in a large omnibus. By a combination of circumstances, one day a 'bus load of attractive femininity pulled into the staid old college grounds, and fate led them past West College, in one of the rooms of which was located sophomore John J. Ingalls. He had provided himself with a large tin horn, and as the fair school girls passed his quarters he gave them an outburst of melody with his horn that stirred the whole college. Nothing was said at the time, but a few days later, when the class of which Mr. Ingalls was a member assembled for the customary rhetorical exercises, President Mark Hopkins entered and took a chair on the rostrum. Tapping the thumb of his left hand with his eyeglasses—a favorite habit, by the way, when he wanted to scold a delinquent—he called attention to Student Ingalls' breach of decorum, and accused him of not being averse to blowing his own horn upon every occasion.

"Under this castigation from the venerable president Ingalls remained silent, but he was terribly enraged, and everybody in school knew that he would only bide his time to get even. And it came on graduation day. According to usage he had prepared an essay, which he entitled 'Mummy Life at College,' and this was submitted to one of the professors for revision. Naturally, it had to be toned, and when the manuscript was returned to Mr. Ingalls the most telling points, according to his idea, were eliminated. Finally he was called upon to deliver his essay before the assembled multitude on commencement day, and to the horror of president and faculty he announced as his subject 'College Mummies.' In a keen, sarcastic manner, for which he has since become foremost in the United States, he paid his respects to his tutors, and persisted in finishing his remarks, although repeatedly told to stop.

"Then he sat down and awaited developments. After a short pause a diploma was handed him, but to his amazement and chagrin it was a mere blank so far as any testimonial of merit was concerned. But Ingalls again outwitted the faculty, for previous to delivering his speech he had visited the college treasurer, paid his bill and obtained a receipt which included a certificate of graduation as a Bachelor of Arts. To this he called the attention of the faculty, adding that if they persisted in refusing him what was his by rights he would at once institute a suit against the college. A few days later he was made happy by receiving a properly signed and authenticated document showing him to be a graduate of Williams in good standing. This took place in 1855, and twenty-five years later he had a greater revenge when his alma mater not only chose him to deliver the annual oration, but at its close conferred upon him without solicitation the degree of Doctor of Laws."—*St. Paul Globe.*

CANADIAN COAST DEFENSES.

Our Northern Neighbors Taking Steps to Place Themselves on a War Footing.

The Senate to-day aroused from the lethargy so common to that body, and discussed the matter of coast defenses in case of war. It was brought up by Senator McDonald, who urged that Russia and France might become embroiled with England at any hour, in which case Canada would be attacked. He thought from the information in his possession that ample coast defenses should be prepared. In the present strained condition of affairs trouble might come with the United States. The matter of defense was one better done in time of peace than in the turmoil of war. He considered it the duty of Canada to place the most exposed conditions of the ocean and lake coast, both east and west, in a strong defensive position. No one could say just when an emergency might arise. Hon. Senator Dickey said that he did not think the government should be asked to say what they intended to do. True, they had a restless and vigilant foe, who were anxious to get all information possible regarding these matters, and he thought the matter should be considered as a very delicate, private communication. For himself, he knew the people of the Atlantic coast were about to erect fortifications and place their guns in position, and, more than that, the people of that district intended to stand by those guns.

It may be stated as a matter of fact that the government have decided to expend $60,000 more than last year in the way of coast defenses, and will as well arrange at an early day for a large supply of the rifle and three-pound Nordenfelt guns, which will be placed in position along the Atlantic and Pacific, as well as at different points on the coast. Only a few days since the English government forwarded three heavy cannons to British Columbia to be stationed at Port Moody, and several others are to be placed at different points along the Pacific coast.—*Ottawa (Ont.) Special.*

All Things Come to Him Who Waits.

Charley—My lunch to-day only cost me seventy-five cents.

His Wife—That was cheap, dear; what did you have?

Charley—Bread and milk.

His Wife—Isn't seventy-five cents a good deal for bread and milk?

Charley—Oh, no. Twenty-five cents for the bread and milk and fifty cents for the waiter.—*Life.*

Department clerks at Washington, it is said, have not gone into ecstacies over the recent changes in the civil service rules.

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