

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

[Jane Andrews in Wake.]
Our heads were full of plans, Charlotte's and mine. We sat together in the low boughs of the old apple-tree or we walked for miles over the hills in those lovely autumn days, and all our talk was of the future. We had been thrilled by the grand excitement which the news had awakened, and had seen many of our friends set out for the El Dorado.
Charlotte's uncle had gone overland with the "Forty Niners." We had read the story of Jason and his Argonauts of old seeking the Golden Fleece, and we had ourselves given to this band of go-d-seekers the name of the "Argonauts," which was afterward very widely applied to them.
My own cousin, Sam, had sailed in the brig Ark, fitted up in a neighboring town for a voyage round the Horn to the Golden Gate, and now, in the fall of 1859, my uncle David, captain of the bark Pactolus, was about to take a cargo of necessities and luxuries to San Francisco, where it was rumored almost any price might be obtained for boots or clothing, and manufactured goods of any sort.
Some of the farmers in the neighborhood, when they found the apple tree was going to take the lactolus round to San Francisco, decided to send by him some little venture, a box of boots, a package of ready-made clothing; almost anything would yield them at least 100 per cent, it was said.
Charlotte and I were in our favorite seat in an old apple tree in the orchard; her father's orchard adjoined ours, and she had come over the fence. We were both reading. Suddenly she looked up and said: "Jane Robertson, why don't you send a venture by Uncle David? That is commerce, the beginning of a mercantile career; that is something real."
"We will," I answered solemnly. And then came a long pause; for what should we send? At last—
"It's apples, Charlotte," said I.
"Apples?" queried Charlotte; "we can't send apples so far."
"Yes, we can; I've thought it all out," I answered. And I went on to say that since oranges came from the Mediterranean safely, and since apples would keep all winter at home, much longer than oranges would, and since Uncle David was to take a cargo of goods to San Francisco, and would undoubtedly be willing to take our apples stored in or near it, I really, seriously believed it could be done.
"There is nothing in the world we have that is our very own but the two Baldwin apples; these that our fathers gave us on our last birthday, I think there must be at least two barrels of apples on each of them."
"We will ask Uncle David about it tonight," said Charlotte; "and we did. We walked two miles down the road after school to meet him, and taking possession of him, each on one side, we told our plan, knowing that however he might begin by laughing at us, he would surely end by helping us."
"Now, girls," he said, as we neared the house, "I want you to make this a sure thing. I don't want to be mixed up with any failure. Get the best of barrels, wipe each apple dry and wrap it in paper, as they do oranges, pack them carefully yourselves, so that nobody else will be responsible, and I will see to the rest. I don't promise to bring you home a fortune, but I may bring you a nest-egg."
How happy we felt that evening, when we laid our plan before our fathers, Uncle David being present to confirm us. Grave doubts were expressed about the probable condition in which the apples would reach San Francisco; but "nothing venture, nothing have," said my father, "and the apples are certainly your own to do with whatsoever you like. I will give you a couple of good four-barrel barrels, and I guess James will do as much for Lottie."
"That I will," said Uncle James. But we embryonic merchants would take nothing for nothing, and insisted upon paying the market price, 20 cents apiece for our barrels, though it took all our pocket money, excepting just enough to buy a quantity of brown paper, which we spent the next evening in cutting into suitable pieces for our apples.
"Nobody must help us," Heaven helps those who help themselves," was our motto.
The barrels stood in the barn, and we carried the apples from the orchard in baskets ourselves, polished each one, wrapped it in paper, and laid it carefully in place. Then we insisted upon heading up the barrels ourselves; but father stood by and gave one or two good blows with the hammer to make us sure. Then they were marked with our names and sent on board the bark. For this last service we had to run in debt—a debt which we discharged with our next month's allowance of pocket money—and with a sturdy independence mended our old gloves and went with empty pockets another month.
Uncle David made a note of the whole matter, and gave us a receipt for the apples, as follows:
Received of Jane and Charlotte Robert on four barrels of Baldwin apples, in good condition; the same to be carried to San Francisco, and there sold to the best advantage.
DAVID WESTON.
It was October when we reached home again. We were so glad to see him that for half a minute we forgot our venture, and then a sudden fear and sinking of heart made us hesitate to ask. But he understood how we felt, and, sitting down, called us to him, took from his pocket a little canvas bag, from which he counted out to us \$80 in gold!
"There, girls," said he, "take hold of that and hold it fast, while I render my account." Diving into another pocket, he brought up a memorandum, from which he read:
5 barrels, at \$15.00 \$75.00
150 apples, at .25 40.00
Freight charges 5.00
Balance \$80.00
"But what does this mean?" we cried, "150 apples at 25 cents apiece?"
"Yes, that is the best part of it," he answered. "I will tell you: As soon as it was known that I had apples, some Chinamen came and bought them at \$15 per barrel. I thought it a good price, and I had sold three barrels, when Capt. Price of the Argonaut came aboard to see me. Weston," said he, "here we had our talk out about home and all the neighbors, Weston, those Chinamen are making a monstrous profit out of your apples they are selling them in the streets at from 10 to 25 cents apiece. It's a pity you can't get somebody to retail them for you."
Then I told him that the apples were Jane and Lottie Robertson's venture.
"What, those little lassies," said he, "that I left playing with their dolls a year or two ago? Well, they deserve all they can get for them."
"At this minute, Will Manning, who had overheard our conversation, stepped forward and offered to take a handcart and sell the last barrel of apples himself for you. 'It is a pity they shouldn't have all the profit they can, sir, and I should like the fun.' So I consented. He picked

over the apples, found 160 in prime order, and, as they were the last in the market, readily sold them for 25 cents apiece. The rest of the barrel, partly decayed, paid for the use of the hand cart and for a little help he had from one of the crew. So here, girls, is the beginning of your fortune. And now, to make it all ship-shape, give me back my receipt."
We could hardly believe it—\$80 cleared by two girls in a speculation.
Venezuela's Three Climates.
[Caracas Cor. Inter Ocean.]
There are three zones, three climates, within the limits of Venezuela, from cold too intense to be endured by man to the greatest degree of heat known to the earth's surface. The alpine zone lies to the west among the snow-clad summits of the Andes, where are plains, sandy deserts called paraisos, swept by blasts which chill the blood; but there is good grass and plenty of shelter, and the ranges for cattle are said to equal those of Montana.
The next zone is from 5,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea, covered with forests of noble timber and some of the most nutritious grasses that grow. This zone will produce wheat and corn like the plains of Kansas, and President Guzman blanco is trying to encourage the cultivation of cereals by placing an enormous duty on flour and prohibiting the importation of wheat or corn. The consequence is that corn meal is one of the greatest luxuries the people have and it costs the average housekeeper as much for bread as for meat.
The third zone is the tropical, where sugar, coffee, spices, and fruits of all sorts are produced in the greatest abundance. The Venezuelans claim that theirs is the only land where coffee and corn, sugar and apples, bananas and wheat grow in the same soil. From the Andes mountains flow innumerable streams, those on the western slope forming the river and lake of Aracabo, and those of the eastern slope the mighty Orinoco, one of the greatest rivers in the world, which drains a country as large as the United States and pours a volume of 249,000 cubic inches of water every second into the sea. It runs down the valley like the Nile, the difference between high water in the rainy season and low water in the dry being forty feet. This inundated region is said to be very rich and prolific, but naturally given to fevers of all sorts.
Medical Advice as a Legacy.
[New York Herald.]
The will of Dr. John M. Howe, one of the wealthiest residents of Passaic, N. J., was yesterday filed in the surrogate's office in a will. The testator, after providing that his extensive property shall be divided between his children, and leaving \$2,000 to the first Methodist Episcopal church in Passaic, on condition that \$2,500 more shall be raised for the purpose of paying off the mortgage on the church edifice goes into a dissertation on the treatment of pulmonary consumption. He stated that he was cured in 1838 of that disease by the inhalation of common air, and that consumption is due to improper breathing, and can be cured if the patient will adopt some method by which the full lung surface will be exposed to the action of the air. He recommends an air-inhaling tube as the proper thing to use. He acknowledges himself greatly indebted to God and mankind for his cure, and advises people troubled with pulmonary difficulties to read certain books not circulated in this country, but of which the testator gives a list. He denounces the present method of treating consumption as improper.
Rapidity of Thought.
[Physiological Journal.]
Professor Donders, of Utrecht, recently made some interesting experiments in regard to the rapidity of thought. By means of two instruments, which he calls the neomatchograph and the neomachometer, he promises some interesting and important results. For the present, he writes that a single idea requires the brain to take .067 of a second for its elaboration. Doubtless the time required is not the same for all brains, and that by means of these instruments we may obtain definite indications relative to the mental caliber of our friends. What invaluable instruments they would be for nominating caucuses for officers, for trustees of colleges, for manufacturers needing machinists and expert assistants in short, for all having appointments of any kind to make.
For the eye to receive an impression requires .027 of a second, and for the ear to appreciate a sound, .149 of a second are necessary. The eye, therefore, acts with nearly double the rapidity of the ear.
A Statesque City.
[New Orleans Cor. Chicago Journal.]
New Orleans is a statesque city, in that it possesses numerous public statues as monuments to dead favorites. These statues mark a remarkable discrepancy in sentiment, there being statues to the sterling patriotism and liberty-loving proclivities of a Jackson and a Clay, as well as to the careers of such local favorites as Robert E. Lee and Governor Allen. In the military cemeteries there rise, almost side by side, the monuments of Union and Confederate soldiers.
In every open square of the city are statues of notable heroes and philanthropists, and in many dooryards are to be seen marble statuary of the usual mythological subjects. The Clay statue, which has stood over forty years, is inscribed with his notable declaration against slavery, beginning with "If I could be instrumental in eradicating from my country the deep stain of slavery," etc. The monument to Lee bears no name or word of inscription—a heroic statue of the officer simply surmounting the tall shaft.
An Ex-Congressman's Life.
[Gath's Washington Letter.]
Turning over an assortment of steel engraving of former members of congress, whose pictures were taken by some jobber in biography, the bookseller remarked: "That congressman you are looking at comes in here now and sells me a book, one at a time, to get the price of his morning dram. He goes up to a place where a free lunch is set, and he pays for his liquor, but not for his food. He gets three fried oysters and two crackers, with a glass of ale for 9 cents. That is about the way he lives; but he is as full of reminiscences as an old egg is of meat."
A Stupid Fetich.
[Trenton (N. J.) Gazette.]
Outdoor ceremonies of any sort in severe weather, either summer or winter, that necessitate dangerous exposure ought to be frowned down. It is a foolish and irrational custom. It seems to be assumed that the importance or solemnity of the occasion will serve to protect those participating from the ordinary consequences of such exposure. This is a fetich, and proved to be a fatal superstition by constant cases of sickness and death all about us.
"Acknowledge" is the way a Stonington man, writing to The New London Day, spells "acknowledged."

The Norwegian Skoe.
[Detroit Free Press.]
It is very singular that the ingenious race that devised the toboggan did not cut it in quarters lengthwise and make skoes from it, and still more singular that the fun-loving Canadians have not seen the possibility that lie in a long, narrow, wooden runner, for straightaway work in the open.
The fact is, however, that in America the skoe is in common use as yet only in the California mountains, where it was introduced in the days of '49, and where it is still used by snow-bound miners and mountaineers for purposes of business and pleasure. These skoes are as broad as the foot, but six or eight feet long and pointed before. They are covered with sealskin, so that the smooth grain turns backward toward the heels. In construction the skoe varies considerably in different localities. For ordinary use six or seven feet in length, and not exceeding seven inches in width, is a fair average, but they are sometimes made ten or twelve feet long and two and a half inches wide. Individual preferences differ regarding skoes as regards everything else. The skoes sold cited above is useful only in going up hill, and tends rather to check speed on a level. The thickness is from one to one and a half inches at the foot and is tapered to a half inch at the ends. The fore end is turned up about four inches from the ground, and usually its extreme end is pointed. With these skoes the Norwegian ride about on the snow as easily as a horse can go, and it seems to be well established that fifty or sixty miles a day on a tolerably clear track is not extraordinary speed, while important messages have sometimes been carried as much as 150 miles in a day from the interior toward the coast, where, of course, the prevailing slope was favorable.
Jack Tar's New Tozgeroy.
[Brooklyn Eagle.]
All the pictures with sailors in them, by the way, will soon be obsolete. The American sailor is to be radically altered in appearance, so far as his service in the United States navy is concerned, that he will hardly be recognizable. All of the pictures of him now extant will suddenly become obsolete. The navy clothing board has been for a month in daily session in this city for the purpose of re-fashioning the naval uniforms, which have for a long time been considered ridiculously antiquated. A great number of exhibit suits have been made and pondered, and a decision has been practically reached. The blue will remain as the dominant color, but the shades are to be thoroughly reformed. The familiar expansion of the trousers from a tight knee to a petticoat bottom, will give place to a cut of legs more nearly in conformity to civilian fashion.
The other sweeping innovation decided on is a hat, in place of the traditional sug-banded visor, a cap, which has a wonderful capacity for catching the wind and none at all for shading the eyes from the sunlight. The hat which the board has adopted is exactly like one worn generally about ten years ago. It is made of cloth, not pressed felt, and has a rather low, round top, with a moderately wide brim, which at usual times turns up evenly all round, but can be turned down, when protection of the face is desired. The new hats and trousers will take from the sailors about all the distinctiveness which their dress has heretofore given to them, but it is calculated that there will be a gain in utility.
Coyotes and the Echo.
[Minneapolis Tribune.]
The coyote's voice has one peculiarity in which it gets ahead of the Indian; it does not echo. It used to echo, but the coyotes would not stand it. They hated to have it rung in their teeth that a mere soulless atmospheric phenomenon could keep even with them, so one day they got up early and set themselves to beat the echo. Daybreak was just breaking as the first coyote commenced the overture, and when he left at dusk a second coyote took up the burden and sang till dawn. But the echo was still on time. Twenty-three coyotes used themselves up, and still the echo came up smiling. Every note was taken up as it fell due, and all crafts were cashed on sight. When the eighty-seventh coyote succumbed the echo was perceptibly behind with the response.
That exhausted the visible supply of coyotes, so the first one went to bat again. This was too much for the echo. It broke its spirit. When the second coyote re-joined guard it was two bars, 25 cents behind. By dawn he was only at the top of the last page but one. Another week increased the coyote's lead to one hour and four furlongs. Then the animals doubled up, and by the middle of July the echo was mauling beyond recognition. On the 28th round the echo went down without being touched, and the coyotes claimed foul. Since then the echo never touches a coyote, he uses he never knows how many more there are back of it.
Going Out in a Blaze of Glory.
[London Letter.]
The death of the earl of Aylesford has made society talk once more of the manner in which he "broke the bank." It was only in 1871 that he came into his patrimony, and in 1878 he was the pace he had gone had seriously impoverished him. He determined to make one grand coup, and in a sporting sense, he "went for the gloves," and financially expired in a fizzle of glory. He invited the heir apparent to Packington hall, his ancestral domain in Shropshire county, and grand and gay were the doings there, recalling all the pageantry of Scotland. Money was spent with a profligacy scarcely ever known, and no one who witnessed the proceedings could have dreamed that the future king of England was being royally entertained by a bankrupt. When it was all over, when the price was gone, the lights out and the garlands dead, the brokers came down in swarms—bill-discounters, tradespeople and others inundated the place, and the earl had to retire from active society life for a time. Society will not forgive the affair in a hurry, nor will the prince of Wales.
London School Children.
[The Current.]
The children of the London public schools are surely coming into a happier estate. The philanthropists who believe them to be suffering from over-pressure on the part of the teachers are quarreling with the philanthropists who believe them to be suffering from under-feeding on the part of their parents. The result is likely to be that they will obtain more food at home and be given less to do at school.
His Right to the Title.
[New York Times.]
An old darkey in Kentucky signs himself Col. Henry Clay Jones.
When asked why he should prefix that title to his name, as he had no right to it, he replied:
"Yes, I has, sah."
"But you are not a colonel."
"Dat don't mean colonel, boss; dat means colored."

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