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BINDERS, MOWERS, AND HAY RAKES

FOR SALE BY

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FAMILY CRESTS.

Strange Symbols Adopted by Families in This Country and Their Significance.

A Philadelphia family of Huguenot descent preserve a curious story of one of their ancestors. During the persecution of the French Huguenots, 12 of the leading citizens of a disaffected town were forced into a small brick house in the suburbs, the openings of which were securely walled up, and the prisoners were left to starve.

After three weeks a body of Huguenot soldiers captured the town, and the walls of this prison were torn down. Inside they found 11 dead bodies and one living man.

When asked how he had survived, he showed a small hole in the foundation of the building, near which he lay. Every day a hen had crept into this hole and there laid an egg. The eggs, and the air thus admitted, had kept him alive. His descendants have taken for a crest a brooding hen.

Another family in the same city have adopted for their symbol the figure of a cat holding a rabbit in its mouth. One of their ancestors, a widow living in a cave on the banks of the Delaware with other early settlers of Philadelphia, was reduced to starvation by a long, hard winter. She knelt and prayed for food for her children, and soon after her cat brought in a rabbit which it had killed.

Another American family have taken the india-rubber tree as their crest, they being the descendants of the man who was eminent among the men who have made its sap one of the most useful servants of mankind. Henry M. Stanley is said to have adopted a map of Africa as his crest.

There can be no objection to the use by any family of a sign, or symbol, which recalls some striking instance of Divine mercy to their ancestors, or some great achievement by one of their ancestors for the benefit of their fellow-men; but for an American family whose progenitors have been simply worthy traders or mechanics, to borrow or steal the crests of old, noble European houses is not only an ethical offense—it is an inexcusable blunder.—Youth's Companion.

Progressive Japan.
Japan, not to be behind European states in civilization, is going to send out an arctic expedition. The reason given is that, if Japan is ever to compete with England on the seas, it must develop in the Japanese the spirit of adventure and discovery which has made the English powerful. The only places left to be discovered are the north and south poles.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
Awarded Gold Medal Midwinter Fair, San Francisco.

Catching Salmon in Scotland.

To form an approximate estimate of the sums disbursed by the renters of salmon fishings is a difficult matter, but, leaving out the money paid for salmon fishing included in a shooting rent, the money paid for salmon fishing, together with the incidental expenses incurred, may be put down at £30,000, not one penny of which would Scotland see if there were no salmon fishing. I have arrived at this sum in a roundabout sort of way, but believe it is under the mark. Thus, when I first began to fish on my own account in the early 60's, I could rent a month on a fairly good stretch of water for £40 to £60, the services of a gillie being usually included in the rent. For that outlay I used to average as nearly as possible a fish for every sovereign; my worst month, which cost £45, was 16 fish; my best 88 for £35, and both of them were on the Dee. About 1867 the rents began to rise and fish were costing me quite five shillings each, which speedily went to five pounds a head, until, from 1870 up to the present, angling rents have increased by leaps and bounds, forcing me to retire—for as anglers became more plentiful good angling became scarcer, and nowadays it may be reckoned that fish cost the catcher quite £10 each.—Chambers' Journal.

She Couldn't Get Him.
Ethel (showing her engagement ring)—Don't you admire his taste?
Maud—Yes, so far as jewelry is concerned.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WILL BUILD WARSHIPS NEXT.
Marvelous Development of Ship-building by the Japanese Government.

Latest reports to the state department tell of a marvelous development of ship building in Japan. United States Consul Harris, at Nagasaki, says that there has just been delivered there the largest steamship ever launched outside of American and European waters. She is the Hitachi Maru, built by the Mitsui Bishi company, at Nagasaki, and her displacement is 11,000 tons. She is classed by Lloyd as a 100 A-1. Her sister ship will be built at once. There was also opened at Nagasaki a new granite dock 371 feet long, and besides a complete and powerful plant the ship building company has laid its yards for vessels up to 500 feet long, which can also be docked there. The company employs 2,000 men.

Wanted.
A thorough, reliable and energetic woman, to fill a permanent position with wholesale house. Address "Wholesale," care of the TIMES, Corvallis, Or.

The conscripts belonging to this year's contingent are now rejoicing their respective regiments, and Paris has lately been afforded the rather picturesque spectacle of the departure of the bleus, as the young soldiers are popularly termed. Squads of young fellows in charge of a corporal or a sergeant were to be met with at every turn and corner. As they marched through the streets they presented anything but a military appearance, for they were all of them still in their civilian clothes, and the infinite varieties of costume made up a very motley picture. Most of them carried a little hand luggage, made up in the main of provisions given them by friends to cheer them on their route. Not a few had screwed up their courage for the ordeal that awaited them by copious libations, as the result of which they exhibited a merriment that was noisy if a little forced. At the railway stations which were specially guarded for the occasion by small detachments of soldiers, the animation was great, since the number of conscripts contributed by Paris was nearly 20,000, and most of them were seen off by their friends.

The total number of conscripts this year showed a reduction of nearly 15,000 on that of last year. This noticeable drop has caused some uneasiness in France, and efforts were being made to account for it in as satisfactory a way as possible. The fundamental cause of the diminution was doubtless due to the stationary state of the population, but it is also a fact that there has been a special cause this year. The medical examination of the conscripts has been far more severe on this occasion than for several years past. In 1894 Gen. Mercier, alarmed at the dwindling of the annual contingent, ordered the military medical boards—the conseils de revision, as they are termed—to pass men who, though they would not be fit to make active soldiers, might yet be utilized for duties that do not involve actual fighting. Their presence in the ranks would thus set free a number of men capable of going to the front, but whose occupation would make them noncombatants in the event of war. There have since been complaints that some of the men passed as the result of Gen. Mercier's instructions suffered in their health in consequence of their incorporation. M. De Freycinet, in response to public opinion, decided to return to the old system, and the military doctors have, therefore, had to show themselves much stricter. The resulting deficit that has to be faced is, however, a serious matter, especially as there is little hope that it will disappear in the future.—Paris Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

HOT WAVE PHILOSOPHY.

When all the sky seems blazing down and sunshine curls the bricks
And General Humidity puts in his biggest ticks
I welcome to my eyrie with a moist and dripping palm
A placid old philosopher who runs a little
Who says imagination helps a deal in keeping cool,
And who to comfort other men makes this his simple rule:
To talk of piping, biting days, and drifting winter storm
Whenever the weather pipes it up and gets too thunderin' warm.
They're better far than fizz or smash or Jules's sure's you're born,
The honest little narratives of Frigid Weather John.
For though the sizzling summer time may boil and steam and hiss,
Who'd ever ever think of it while listening to this?

"I never see'd a winter have a darnder, sharper aidge
Than in the year of sixty-one, the year that I drove stage.
I never had so hard a job attendin' to my biz
For everything 'twas frizzable that year you bet was friz.
At last I done a caper that I hadn't done for years,
I got a little careless and I friz up both my ears.
The roads was awful drifted and I trod ten miles of snow
And all the time that thund'rin' wind did nothin', sah, but blow.
Them ears of mine was froze so hard, stuck out so bloomin' straight
I thought the wind would snap 'em off, it blew at such a rate.
And wien at last I hauled up home, the mistus bust in tears
And holler'd: 'John, oh massy me, you're going to lose your ears.'
But I—why, land o' goodness, I was cooler'n I be now.
I be now.
And I passed his read handanna up across his steamin' brow—
'I jost got out my hatchet, and chopped two cakes of ice
And held 'em on my friz-up ears—'twas Cranky Jones' advice
I didn't dare go in the house, but set there in the shed
A-holdin' them two junks of ice to either side my head.
The chunks weighed fifty pounds apiece—that doctorin' didn't cost,
And so I got 'em big enough to take out all the frost.
My wife at last came out to see what made me keep so still
And there I was, sah, sound asleep and snorin' fit to kill.
She got me in and gave me tea and helped me inter bed
With that ere ice a-frozen tight and solid to my head.
'Twas sort of cur'l's, I confess, but still I slept complete.
A crystal palace on my head and soap-stones on my feet,
It wasn't what you really call a calm and restful night.
But when the ice peeled off next day them ears came out all right."

They're better far than fizz or smash or Jules, sure's you're born,
These honest little narratives from Frigid Weather John.
—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Lottie's Blue Eyes

THE harrowing conviction was forcing itself upon Miss Sophia's mind that her brother, Rev. Harmon Pendleton, at the mature age of 44, had actually fallen in love. This fact was in itself an offense to Miss Sophia, but it was not all, for the minister had committed the supreme folly of losing his heart to a chit of a girl, and a most objectionable young person altogether in Miss Sophia's eyes.

"Now, if he had only fallen in love with Mary," mused Sophia. "She is a most estimable young woman. But that doll-faced, vain, frivolous Lottie—" and Miss Sophia groaned. "A man of his age and a minister of the Gospel to lose his wits over a pink and white complexion and yellow hair! Oh, it is too bad. If I only knew of some way to disenchant him."

Just then two girls and a young man passed along the street. One of the girls was tall, dark-haired and stately; the other was pink-cheeked and yellow-haired. Her hands were full of roses and her laughing eyes were uplifted in the face of the young man by her side.

Miss Sophia snorted with disgust. "Flirting, as usual, the shameless piece!" she ejaculated. "A nice minister's wife she would make! Harmon's an idiot!"

Then Miss Sophia suddenly awoke to the fact that the hired girl had been left much too long at her own devices, and rose hastily to her feet. In so doing she tripped over a stool and gave her ankle a severe wrench.

A little later Rev. Harmon Pendleton returned home and found Miss Sophia with her foot on a stool and her ankle swathed in bandages.

"Why, Sophia, what has happened?" asked the minister.

"I've sprained my ankle," replied Miss Sophia, with grim disgust. "I can't so much as put my foot on the floor."

"Whew, that is indeed bad!" murmured Rev. Harmon.

"And it is not all," added Miss Sophia. "Martha has just had word that her mother is very ill and to come home immediately. What to do I can't imagine."

"Why, get another girl."

"Since when has it become so easy to get help in Westonville at a moment's notice?" ejaculated Miss Sophia, with supreme scorn.

"I met Miss Armiger down the street," said the minister, with sudden inspiration. "She intends stopping on her way home. Perhaps she can think of a way out of the difficulty."

"I don't doubt it; Mary Armiger is a most superior young woman," said Miss Sophia, with emphasis.

"Yes, she is, indeed," readily assented the minister.

"So utterly unlike her sister Lottie," supplemented Miss Sophia.

"Yes, they are quite unlike, certainly," said the minister, quietly.

"Did you meet Lottie, also?" asked Miss Sophia, furtively watching her brother's face. "She passed with Charlie Saunders, making eyes at him as usual. What an audacious flirt that

"Oh, I have not seen Lottie," replied the minister, and then he added: "Here comes Miss Armiger now."

He passed into the hall, returning in a few minutes with Mary Armiger.

"Why, Miss Sophia, I am so sorry to hear of your accident," she said.

She had soft dark eyes and a low, sweet voice.

"I was just telling Sophia that perhaps you may be able to help her in her present awkward predicament," said the minister. "Martha's mother is ill, and she is going home this afternoon."

"Why, that is too bad," said Mary Armiger. "How long will Martha be gone?"

"A week at least," replied Miss Sophia.

"How would it do for me to come and keep house for you?" asked Mary, after a few moments' thought. "Father and mother are going away to-morrow for about two weeks. There's the Widow Mason's daughter, Sarah, who would, I am sure, be glad to come and do the rough work."

"You would be doing me a kindness I should not soon forget," replied Miss Sophia, with surprising eagerness.

In fact she was really delighted with the plan. What an opportunity it would afford to bring Mary Armiger's sterling qualities under the observation of the minister! He was fully cognizant of her usefulness in the church, her good work among the poor and suffering of the parish; her domestic virtues could now be demonstrated to him.

Miss Sophia looked at her brother. He was gazing gratefully and appreciatively at Mary Armiger.

"No one in trouble ever appeals to you in vain, Miss Mary," he said. "But this is really something of an imposition."

"Not at all. I shall be very glad indeed to come. Only," with a slight hesitation, "I am afraid I should be obliged to bring Lottie, as there will be no one at home."

Miss Sophia's brow darkened; the minister's face flushed slightly.

"By all means bring Miss Lottie," he said, as Miss Sophia remained silent.

Lifting her eyes, one evening a week later, Miss Sophia saw upon the porch quite distinctly, for the moon was shining brightly, Mary Armiger and Charlie Saunders. She stiffened in her chair. Mary and Charlie being together it followed that Lottie and the minister were bearing each other company. There rose before Miss Sophia's mind's eye a distracting vision of Lottie, lovely in her white gown, with pink roses in her yellow hair. The next moment, however, all thought of Lottie, engaged in luring the minister to return to his former folly, was driven from Miss Sophia's mind, for Charlie Saunders had placed his arm about Mary's waist and kissed her upon the lips.

Miss Sophia gasped in astonishment and horror. Could she have seen aright? Mary Armiger, the model of all that is best in womanhood, permitting an innocent boy to kiss her unrebuked!

As Miss Sophia sat bewildered the couple moved toward her.

"Why, Miss Sophia, you are all in the dark; I'll light the lamp," said Mary, as she stepped through the low window into the room, followed by Charlie.

Miss Sophia sat in grim silence until Mary had lighted the lamp. She fixed her eyes sternly upon Mary. Certainly she had never seen the elder Miss Armiger look quite so pretty before. There was a pink flush in her cheeks and her dark eyes were soft and bright.

"Mary Armiger, did I really see that young man kissing you a few moments ago or did my eyes deceive me?" asked Miss Sophia, with uncompromising abruptness.

Mary blushed, while Charlie, to Miss Sophia's intense indignation, began to laugh.

"I—I am afraid that you did, Miss Sophia," faltered Mary. "You see, I had just promised to marry him."

"What!" gasped Miss Sophia. "That worthless young scamp, who does nothing but flirt with your sister?"

"Now Miss Sophia, that's too bad!" cried Charlie. "Lottie and I never thought of such a thing. She knows that I've been in love with Mary for ever so long."

Before Miss Sophia had time to collect her scattered wits sufficiently to make a reply the minister and Lottie entered the room. Lottie's cheeks were pinker than the roses she wore in her hair, and the minister's eyes were radiant.

For a moment Miss Sophia's eyes lingered first upon the girl and then upon her brother, and she made a quick movement to rise from her chair. The minister came to her assistance.

"I wish to go to my room," she said, laying her hand upon her brother's arm, but keeping her face studiously averted from him and the other occupants of the parlor.

"I suppose you will permit me to remain until you are married to that doll," she said.

"Why, Sophia, surely you are not thinking of deserting me now that I shall need you more than ever?" exclaimed the minister. "You see if I were going to marry a woman like Mary Armiger, now—and a suspicion of a smile crossed his lips, but was quickly suppressed—"I should not require anyone to keep house for me. But it's being Lottie makes it quite a different matter."

For a moment or two Miss Sophia said nothing.

"Humph!" she at length replied. "I'll think about remaining."—Chicago Times-Herald.

To Make an Ice Poultice.
An ice poultice is made by mixing cracked ice with sawdust, putting the mixture into a flannel bag and wrapping this in oiled silk or thin India rubber cloth. It is sometimes used to reduce the temperature in children in cases of fever when the head is hot, but its application requires great care.—Ladies' Home Journal.

GRAVEYARD FOR PETS

Where Aristocratic Dogs and Cats Are to Be Buried.

The New Cemetery to Be Located in Maryland, Across the Line from the District of Columbia.

The deaths of many valuable pets of fashionable men and women of Washington's inner circles have suggested to some enterprising mind the idea of establishing a dog and cat graveyard. It is intended, also, to allow parrots and monkeys to be interred in this cemetery, and, in fact, animals of any kind, if they are pets of fashionable people who have money enough to spend on this new fad.

A petition has been sent to the district commissioners requesting permission to conduct such an enterprise. However, this could not be granted, as the commissioners decided that such a cemetery could not be established in the District of Columbia. This did not daunt the originators of the scheme, however. They at once decided to go just beyond the district line and start the business in Maryland.

The plan is to obtain about a quarter of an acre on the prettiest site possible, and make a beautiful little park out of the place. The grounds will have an attendant, and will be kept in splendid order. Money will not be spared to make the cemetery attractive, and only the dogs of the rich can afford to rest in this exclusive and fashionable little graveyard. The owners of Doggie and Kitty, and Polly and Jacko, as the case may be, will have to put up their money in order to plant their animals in this particular spot of ground, as the space will be limited, and only a few hundred graves will be made. These will be costly. The poor bootblack, however, with a "yaller dog," will have to let the garbage man cart his pet away, or sneak over to a vacant lot on a dark night and "put away" his faithful companion.

When Admiral Dewey's dog Bob died in New York the admiral telegraphed to the hospital where the callie was and ordered that he be given a good burial. The best that the hospital authorities could do, however, was to send the remains of the dog over to New Jersey to be interred in a vacant lot. Mr. Perry Heath's little Cuban poodle shared a like fate last week. Several days ago, when an old cat, one of the pets of the white house, died, one of the servants dug a little grave in the back yard by a rose bush, and "Tommy" was laid to rest. It was all right for "Tommy," for he could not have been in a more aristocratic or beautiful place, but as one lovely woman who loves her dog more than her bonnets, said: "It was right hard on Dewey's dog not to be buried in the white house yard also."

The plan of the dog cemetery is not altogether a new one, but rather an English adoption. There is in London just such an enterprise. It is situated near Hyde Park and is about 150 feet square.

Dr. Cecile French, the well-known canine authority, says that when he was in London last summer he visited the institution for the purpose of ascertaining just what it was. He says: "It is a beautiful spot, with large, old weeping willows and hedges. It is surrounded by a wall composed of boxwood, which is so thick and dense that it is impossible to see what is going on inside. After much difficulty and persuasion, I was permitted to enter and investigate. There are numerous miniature walks, so narrow that only one person can walk in them. There are many little graves about a foot and half long. They are kept in perfect order, and most of them have little headstones and some of the people have gone so far as to erect monuments over their dead pets."

"I have here a few epitaphs which I copied from some of the gravestones," said Dr. French, to a Post reporter, "and if you wish you may copy them."

Here are a few chosen from about a hundred which the doctor had copied in his note book:

To our dear Kibbs,
Born June 11, '93; died February 25, '97.
After life's "niffl" fever," she sleeps well.

"Betty,"

And when at length my own life's work is o'er
I hope to find her waiting as of yore,
Eager, expectant, glad to meet me at the door.

To Rover.
A faithful companion, more loving and trust-worthy, more constant than man.
Sir H. Sebon-Gordon, Bart.

The time will surely come when the Washington dog and cat graveyard will fade away and die in the hope of being interred in such a congenial and beautiful spot.—Washington Post.

Exaltation of the Hohenzollerns.
Germany leaves the direction of her foreign affairs to the emperor and trusts that the sovereign will do the best he can, choose the most able counselors he can find, and that he will be prompt as well as prudent. Since all he does for the nation he does also for himself, for his own greatness and glory, for the splendor of his family, and for the future of his children and posterity, all his interests depend upon and are included in the success of German policy and the welfare of Germany. The house of Hohenzollern never can be separated from the fortunes of the nation. Therefore, the nation may safely confide its fortunes to the house of Hohenzollern; and even now, when public opinion has evidently taken quite a different view of things from that of the emperor, or at least from that which it seems to hold, no public organ would propose, nor would the reichstag itself wish, to alter the German constitution with regard to this particular point.—Prof. Delbruck, in North-American Review.