The Oregon Scout

JONES & CHANCEY.....Publishers.

UNION, OREGON.

HOW EPH GOT EVEN.

"Where are you going, Ella?" asked Judge Lawton, and then, without waiting for an answer, he went on in a grumbling tone: "I suppose your're going to take something to that lazy vagabond Eph's wife. Well, go if you want to, but mark me, Ella, you'll be agreeing with me before long, that the more you do for people like that, the more they will impose upon your good nature."

The judge, having made his little speech with all the pomposity of manner which was a part of himself, turned on his heel with much deliberation, and rubbing his fat white hands together, as though to wash them free from all participation in his daughter Ella's deed of charity, marched into his study, and closed the door with a bang.

Mr. Lawton, who was generally called judge by his neighbors, because he was not only the richest but the most dignified man in the little Long Island village of Shoreport, was a widower, with but one child, Ella, whose birth had cost her mother her life, and who was a fair haired, blue eyed child of about 15.

Until she was 10 years old she was known as one of the most thorough tomboys the neighborhood possessed. There was not a horse on the place on whose back she had not tasted the forbidden pleasure of a bare back ride, and there was scarcely a tree in the woods at the rear of the house she had not climbed, to the destruction of frocks and the terror of her old nurse.

Nothing, therefore, could well have been more distressing to a girl of her disposition than to be debarred entirely from exercise. And yet that is what befell her some five years before the time of which I write.

Swinging one day on a lower limb of the old gnarled pear tree which overshadowed the orchard fence, the branch, already decayed, gave way under the vibrations, and Ella fell heavily to the ground.

At first she thought nothing of it, but day by day the aching in her back continued, and grew worse, until at length her father, noticing the pain she evidently suffered, sent for old Dr. Hart.

The doctor made a careful examination, softly whistling to himself as he did so, according to his habit.

"Lassie," he said, "you must lie down and not move for a long, long while if you want to get well." And the long while proved to be months and months.

At first the girl rebelled at the confinement, and many were the peevish exclamations which escaped her. Then a change crept over her, and the irritability by degrees departed, to be succeeded by a sweetness and gentleness which caused her to be still more beloved by the household.

When at length she could sit up, and the good old doctor, holding her wasted little hand in his old wrinkled paw, which still had a touch as tender as a woman's, told her the bitter truth, she received it without a tear or a murmur.

"Ella," said the doctor, "you'll be able to use your arms, and you'll soon feel as strong and well as you ever were, but I fear me, lassie, that you'll never walk again."

And so it was. A cleverly constructed chair was procured for her benefit, and in this she was wheeled about the village by faithful old Isaac, who had been in the judge's employ since he was a lad.

A year or two later her father bought her a little phaeton, with a pair of well matched dainty ponies, and in this she was able to drive herself about without assistance, till there was not a road for miles around that had not echoed under the beat of the ponies' hoofs.

But her pleasures were not all selfish. She delighted in looking after the needs of her poorer neighbors, and had brought sunshine and hope into many a dark and cheerless cottage in Shoreport.

It was a fine spring day when her father imparted to her the valuable portion of his stock of wordly wisdom I have quoted, and Ella was sitting in her wheeled chair in the great square hall of the old fashioned house which for generations had belonged to the Lawton family. On her lap lay a little covered basket, from beneath the lid of which peeped out the white folds of a spotless napkin. As her father spoke, she merely smiled, and turning to old Isaac, said:

"Don't believe papa when he talks like that, Isaac. He doesn't mean a word of it. Now, take me down to Eph's cottage, for I'm afraid that poor wife of his is laid up again, and needs what I have here for her."

There was no doubt but that Eph was a sad rascal, and though, as Ella remarked, her father did not mean all he said, for, with all his pomposity, the judge was generous, there was not a little truth in it so far as Eph was concerned.

Some five or six years before a colored man and his wife had tramped into the village, covered with dust and carrying their worldly possessions in an old tattered valise, and rented an old tumble down cottage. Eph was an idle, good natured, worthless vagabond; and Eph's wife was a hard working, careful and saving woman. Mrs. Eph (if the couple had another name no one ever used it) took in washing, went out to help in housework, and in others ways made enough to support herself and her husband, who passed his time fishing from the rickety old pier, shooting stray quail or duck with a rusty old gun he had picked up, or hugging the stove in the general store of the village. And yet Eph was a favorite, for though he would not stick steady at any employment, he was always ready to do any small odd job, and was perfectly satisfied with a "Thank ye, Eph," for payment.

At last one winter his wife fell sick, and a hacking cough, the result of exposure, threatened to turn into consumption. Eph tended her as carefully as a trained nurse, but the slender stock of savings soon went, and the couple would have been hard put to it, had it not been for the kindness of the judge's little daughter.

Summer came, and the sick woman seemed to revive, and in spite of the doctor's orders, insisted on taking up her work again, while Eph, who during her illness had actually earned some money, relapsed into his old shiftless ways. He was passing the judge's house in the dusk of a summer evening, on his return from a day's fishing, and he paused, meditating whether or not he could slip up to the kitchen and leave a string of fish with his "best respect fo' Miss Ella," when he found himself violently run into by the judge himself.

"What are you doing around here, you skulking vagabond?" roared the judge, whose temper was none of the best, and whose pet corn Eph had unwittingly trodden on in his effort to recover his disturbed balance. "Looking round for what you can steal, eh?"

"I begs yer pardon, jedge," said Eph, with not a little dignity. "But I ain't a skulkin', and I ain't never stole nuffin' in my life. No, sah. I may be brack, but I'se hones', I is." And he strode indignantly off, leaving the judge still more enraged from the consciousness that he had been in the wrong. But the judge was obstinate, and when he had once committed himself to a statement, he never changed his mind.

"I'll be bound that was just what he was after," he muttered to himself, as he entered the house.

That night the judge's house was broken into and articles of value, including some trinkets of Ella's, were taken. When one of the scared servants brought the news to the judge, the old gentleman said not a word, but with a grim smile, as much as to say, "I knew it, I told you so," he dressed, put on his hat, and stumped down the village street to Eph's cottage. Early as it was, he found Mrs. Eph already bending over the wash tub.

"Mornin'," said the judge, abruptly.

"Fo' grashus sake, ef it ain't Jedge Lawton," stammered the astonished Mrs. Eph.

"Was your husband home all last night?" continued the judge.

"Lemme see," pondered Mrs. Eph. "W'y, no, jedge, not orl night. He jes' slipped out to look a'ter some of dem ar' fishin' lines o' his'n. Dat's wheer he's gone jes' now, jedge."

"Thank you, my good woman; that's all I wanted to know," said the judge, his smile of satisfaction deepening, and he was striding up the street again, leaving Mrs. Eph staring open mouthed after him.

When Eph came home to his dinner he found Mat Raikes, the constable, sitting in his cottage, staring compassionately at the weeping Mrs. Eph, and before the unfortunate Eph knew where he was, he was arrested by Mat on a warrant sworn out by Judge Lawton, and an hour later was on his way to the jail of the county town, vainly protesting his innocence.

For two months Eph lay there awaiting trial, and it is not unlikely that he would have been sent to prison, so set in his conviction was the judge that he had in Eph secured the burglar.

Luckily for Eph, the discovery of some of Ella's jewelry in a New York pawnbroker's shop led to the arrest and subsequent confession of two tramps, who had found the judge's parlor window conveniently open, and had hurriedly helped themselves to all of value they could carry off without attracting notice.

Eph was released, of course, but he came out of jail a changed man. Not only did his unjust arrest, and the consequent degradation of being led through the street of Shoreport handcuffed, weigh upon him, but his wife had died while he was in prison, and nothing could convince him that his misfortune was not the cause of her death.

His former light hearted recklessness was succeeded by a moody brooding over his real and fancied wrongs. Even when the gentle Ella came to visit him, he turned on her like an enraged lion.

"Your fadder say I done stole his old tings, we'en I ain't ben nowhar nigh your house, Miss Ella. He shet me up in jail, an' killed my ole woman. He's rich, and I'se po'. He's w'ite an' I'se brack, but sho's you bawn, Mis' Ella, I'se got to get eben wif him. I'se got to git eben, suah!" And he turned his head away, and refused to speak another word.

This was all the more mortifying to poor Ella, as she had pleaded Eph's cause again and again to her father.

"I'm sure it was not Eph, papa," she said. "For one thing, I'm sure Eph would never have taken my favorite silver bracelet, even if he had been wicked enough to steal the other things."

"Ah, you're only a girl, my dear," was the only answer she got; but after all the girl was right, and the judge was wrong.

The winter was about over, and Eph, who had had a hard time to get along, and who had been sinking lower and lower, being even suspected of helping himself on more than one occasion to other people's chickens, was walking along the high road on his way to Farmer Bellows'.

The farmer had promised him a sack of potatoes in return for various small services rendered, and Eph was going to get them. He was slouching moodily along, as was his custom nowadays, when the sound of wheels behind him made him draw aside to let the vehicle have the middle of the road. As it passed, he looked up and saw that it was Ella, her pale cheeks aglow in the frosty air, securely bundled up in furs in her little phaeton, and speeding her ponies to their utmost. She waved her whip, and nodded to Eph as she passed, but he, his whole nature turned to gall, took no notice of the friendly salutation. He gazed after her, though, with an ugly look on his once good humored face, and muttered to himself:

"What's dat de pahson done tole me wunst. 'Pride goes befo' a fall!' Ya-as, Mis' Ella, pride he goes befo' a fall," and he plodded on.

A couple of hours later Eph was returning along the same road, his sack of potatoes slung over his shoulder. He seemed in somewhat better spirits, though the chance encounter with his enemy was still uppermost in his thoughts. He hummed the air of an old plaintive plantation song as he slouched along, but he had set words of his own to the tune, and they ran something like this:

'Possum climb up a mighty tall tree,
En larf w'en he hear de niggah call;
But he shets his mouf w'en de tree's cut down.
Hit's de pride dat goes befo' his fall.

He was still humming the last line for about the twentieth time as he drew near a turn in the road, on the other side of which a branch of the local railroad line ran across the road and made a surface crossing. The shrill whistle of an approaching locomotive drowned the last words of his song, when it was succeeded by a piercing scream and a cry for help, several times repeated. Eph threw down his bag of potatoes, and hurriedly shambled forward.

For a moment the rays of the rapidly declining sun dazzled his eyes, and he only saw a black mass standing across the railroad track. Another instant, and he was abreast of it, and in a flash the situation was clear to even his dull intellect. One of the wheels of Ella's phaeton had in some way got wedged fast between the ends of two rails which, contracted by the extreme cold, left an open space, which had acted as a trap for the narrow tire. She could neither advance nor recede, and her crippled condition rendered her helpless and unable to stir. She gave an imploring glance at Eph, who remained, however, motionless. The memory of his wrongs, his wife's death, his lingering months in jail, his wrecked reputation, the sneers of his neighbors at the "jail bird," surged in his brain. Another whistle from the locomotive, and again Ella looked at him imploringly. They could see the engine like a huge, hungry Minotaur rushing forward as if eager to seize his prey, the engineer with one arm across his eyes as though to shut out the tragedy he knew was coming, the other bearing hard on the reversing lever. And in a fraction of a second Eph's thoughts changed. He remembered the girl's kindness to his wife, her gentleness to himself, the kindly advice she used to give him, her merry laugh when he told some quaint negro legend about "Brer Rabbit" and his companions, and he hesitated no longer, though already, for his own sake, he had waited too long. A leap, a roar, and a whir from the passing train—no one ever knew how it was done, but as the rattling cars sped by, Ella was lying shaken but unhurt on one side of the track, the ponies were kicking and plunging in the ditch, while across the road lay a huddled, motionless heap of shattered humanity.

The train had slowed up, and careful hands raised Ella, and a kindly stranger was bathing her forehead. As she looked round vaguely, she saw a circle of train hands and curious passengers round the prostrate figure on the other side of the road, and heard the whispered remark on the still, frosty air:

"He's alive, but dying fast."

"Take me there," she gasped; and when they remonstrated, an imperious wave of the hand secured the fulfillment of her request. As they laid the crippled girl on the hard road by the dying Eph, he seemed to feel her presence, and slowly opened his eyes, while a faint smile parted his gray lips.

"I'se done ax your pardon, Miss Ella," he feebly murmured.

"Oh, Eph, ask my pardon? Why, you saved my life, dear Eph."

"Yes'm. But I wuz proud, and done take no notice w'en you said 'good arfternoon,' Miss Ella. I'se been proud, but"—and the voice grew fainter and fainter—"I'se had my fall." The big eyes closed, and in his fall he had risen. So Eph got even after all.—Horace Townsend in Once a Week.

The Creaking of Brazilian Carts.

The Brazilians are not of those who have no music in their souls, if we are to judge from a description by a traveler of their ox wagons—or rather carts—for they have but two wheels, although ten and twelve oxen are needed to drag them across country.

These carts make a loud creaking noise, which is called chiado, as they go—something like that of the Persian wheel in India, but while the creaking of the Persian wheel serves to tell the men when the bullock stops, here in Brazil the chiado tells merely of so much friction between the wheel and axle, and so much more work for the poor beasts to do.

But the drivers consider that in some way it helps the cart along, and far from thinking of putting a little grease, as I suggested, on the creaking wheels, they are in the habit of putting powdered charcoal on whenever the axle runs a little smoothly "to make it sing better."

Let Us Give Thanks.

Thanksgiving day ought to be observed with more genuine thankfulness this season than usual. The election is over, the baseball season is ended, and John L. Sullivan has left the country. It is feared, however, that the papers will be more full of Sullivan's doings than ever.—Norristown Herald.

Well, Hardly.

They are not particular about small things in China. Recently the census takers forgot to enumerate the population of a little province containing 60,000,000 of souls. Such a thing would never have happened in St. Paul or Minneapolis.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Next!

Husband (consumed with laughter over one of his own jokes)—Ha, ha, ha, n-not bad, eh?

Wife—No; but, John, you ought to take it to the barber's and have its gray whiskers trimmed.—The Epoch.

The Ins and Outs of Life.

Caller (to servant at the door)—Is Mrs. Hobson at home?

Servant—No, mum; it's her afternoon out.—The Epoch.

DEACON BURDETTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE YOUNG WHITE HEAD.

You probe my story when you ask me how
In my life's morning all my hair is white
As Alpine snowdrifts on some mountain's brow,
That lifts above the peaks its lofty height.
My hair was blacker than the raven's wing,
And kindly matrons, aye, and laughing girls,
Smiled not unkindly on me—foolish thing,
And praised the ebon shading of my curls.
But in one summer night, so short and still,
It changed to ghastly white from raven hue;
You cannot help it, in a flouring mill,
It comes off easy with a wet shampoo.

BLOOD WILL TELL.

Be a gentleman, my son; be refined and gentlemanly in your home deportment. Don't be rough and vulgar toward those whom you love and respect. Be a nobleman. When a London costermonger's wife displeases him he kicks her with his heavy boots, but when the Duke of Snarlboro's wife offends him he only slaps her mouth. We cannot all be born of gentle blood, my son, as is the duke, but we can nobly aspire to something better than the coster.

DISTANCED.

Oh, I am the man who got left—
Of office and place I'm bereft;
When they counted the votes, as the tally denotes,
The other chap collared the heft.
There was fraud and corruption and theft,
For the other man's heelers were deft;
But without hesitation, I've this consolation,
I'd rather be right than be left.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Only a Portion of His Family.

A short man convoying eleven children stood at Broadway and Cortlandt street yesterday afternoon. He wore a shiny Prince Albert coat, a decalcomanie on his necktie for a scarfpin, and there was a look of settled melancholy on his smooth shaven face.

The children ranged from about 15 years down. The eldest carried a sachel and the rest had umbrellas or bundles suited to their carrying capacity.

They were waiting for a Broadway car, and the small man grouped his charges carefully on the curb, uttering frequent admonitions the while. "Thomas," he said, reprovingly to a small boy, "if you drop that basket with the eggs in it there'll be trouble for you, sir, to-night. Isabella, put down that umbrella. You are poking everybody in the ribs."

Just then a car came along, and the perilous work of embarking the children began, bringing two drays and a cab to a standstill in Broadway.

"Hurry up, old man," called the cabman, "and hustle your picnic into the car."

"You want ter keep them orfuns outer Broadway," said a drayman, "or else dress 'em up alike with the name of the asylum on their collars."

The short man did not reply. He hoisted the smallest infant into the car, and as it started he turned his mournful face to the cabman and said: "This is not a picnic, it is a portion of my family. Perhaps, young man," he added with deepening sadness, "when you have had fourteen children life will not seem to you to be all a merry jest."—New York Tribune.

Peculiarities of American Eyes.

The efforts of the war department to secure a field glass for the service of greater power than the one they now use has discovered the fact that the eyes of the average American are closer together than those of men in foreign countries. The double glass, known as the field glass, now used is weaker than that used in the armies of Europe. It is of only from five to six powers—entirely too weak for the purpose. The only glass they can get of sufficient power is a single spy glass, which is defective in that it does not take in a broad enough field. This is a very serious defect in the equipment of the American army, but there seems to be no immediate prospect of its correction, because our eyes are too close together. Some of the colored troops may be able to use a different glass, but the white Yankee soldier cannot overcome the national peculiarity. The best military field glass in use is that with which the German army is supplied. An attempt was made to adopt them by the war department, but it was found that the eyes of the glasses were so far apart that they could not be used by Americans. The department is studying how to overcome this difficulty.—Washington Letter.

Wasn't Ready to Die.

Edward Stirling's estimate of William Alexander, proprietor for many years of the Glasgow theatre, makes him out a remarkable character. His principal passion seems to have been (to put it mildly) a thrifty regard for the coin of the realm. After many years' toil and penurious living he managed to buy the ground and build his Glasgow theatre, a fine structure of stone, graced with statues of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Scott and—William Alexander. Declining years brought comfortable retirement to the canny Scot. While on a visit to London he was taken ill, and after a deal of pressing he consented to employ a physician, who, the moment he saw him, bade him prepare for the inevitable end. Poor Alexander, starting wildly up in bed, exclaimed:

"Ye dinna mean to say that I'm to die, doctor?"

"I fear, my friend," was the doctor's sad reply, "that you have no chance of recovery."

"What! what! After all me workin' an' strivin' for forty year, not to live—not to live to enjoy it? (with a deep groan) then it's a cursed shame!"—Detroit Free Press.

Something About the Strawberry.

Over 400 years ago "Strawberries!" was a cry of the London streets, and the garden of the bishop of Ely at Holborn was famous for its fine growth of the luscious berry. Its name is an Anglo-Saxon one, supposed to be derived from its straw like stem, but quite as possibly it is derived from the circumstance of its growing amid what was called straw, or from the custom of stringing and braiding the long stemmed berries into a bunch of straws, as some of the country folk do today. Beside our own numberless varieties of the same wild berry, cultivated out of all acquaintance with its parent stock, there is an East Indian variety with showy yellow flowers, valuable only for ornament, as the fruit is worthless, and a charming Chilian species with thick, dark leaves, and a berry sometimes of a pale rose color and sometimes of a rich creamy tint, and often as large as a hen's egg.—The Argonaut.

No oily substance, poultice or liniment should be put into the ear, because great injury is liable to be done. Warm water is the best possible, and about the only safe, "wash." Do not scratch the ears with any metal; pin heads, hairpins or ear picks should be tabooed. Do not scream if an insect enters the ear; warm water will drown it, and wash out the "remains." The ear is not nearly so liable to injury from the intruder as from frantic efforts to dislodge it.—Hall's Journal.

A Commercial Detective's Work.

Commercial detectives occupy a field that is rarely invaded by the police or criminal detectives, and, unlike the latter, they never desire advertising in the papers. As soon as the commercial sleuth becomes known he depreciates in value rapidly until he is finally discharged, or sent into another city where he has no acquaintances to spot him and give him away when he is out on a night's prowl. There are several agencies in the western cities, and while you rarely hear of their operations, they must do an enormous business to pay for the large suites of offices which are supported by their patrons.

The commercial detective goes about as a man of leisure with allowance for expenses to entertain those with whom he desires to associate, and his work is one of observation. His agency reports, either by letter or directly once a week, or more frequently on the habits of clerks, salesmen, bookkeepers and others in confidential positions. These reports are not always in the interest of the employer, as they do better service in the hands of life, guarantee and accident insurance companies, where applications for policies specify a line of conduct that would entitle the holder to a gilt edge classification. Whenever young men begin "bowling up" too freely or dissipating to an extent that their salary will not justify the shadowed man receives a hint of the fact together with a notice that his policy will be canceled unless there is an improvement in his behavior.—Globe-Democrat.

Why the Quietest Dog Won.

Some time ago there was a dog show held in San Francisco, and, among the various prizes offered, was one for the quietest dog. Upon the opening day a stranger entered the building carrying a locked dog box, which he carefully deposited among the setter class. It contained a queer looking specimen of a setter and the chief characteristic of the animal seemed to be that it never changed its position but sat up boldly and regarded the spectators with a sort of stony glare that was apt to terrify the more nervous portion of them. During the judging of the dogs the owner of this strange animal objected to its being taken out of the box for competition. It was there, he said, to try for the prize as the quietest dog, and in justice to himself, it would be wrong to expose the pup to the excitement of being judged with the rest of the class in the ring. This demand was acceded to by the judges, and sure enough during the whole three days of the show this one dog was never known even to bark. Of course it obtained the special prize and the show broke up.

Afterward many dog fanciers came to the successful exhibitor to ask by what means he had got his animal so completely under control. Under promises of secrecy he divulged his plan. "The pup," said he, "is always quiet, cos why, he died two years ago and is stuffed." San Francisco dog fanciers are unanimous in their opinion to bar that exhibitor out of all subsequent meetings of their association.—Philadelphia Times.

The Effects of Beef Tea.

Just what the meat extractives do in helping to nourish the body has long been a physiological puzzle. At times they appear to aid digestion. It is certain that they have some effect upon the nervous system. When one is weakened by illness or exhausted by hard work they are wonderfully invigorating. They were formerly supposed to furnish actual nutriment, but the tendency of opinion in later years has been to make them simply stimulants, and the experiments within a short time past have indicated very clearly that they neither form tissue nor yield energy that, indeed, they practically pass through the body unchanged and are not food at all in the sense in which we use the word.

In other words, when a convalescent invalid drinks his beef tea, or a tired brain worker takes meat extract with his food, though he is greatly refreshed thereby and really benefited, the extractives neither repair his tissues nor furnish him warmth or strength. But in some unexplained way they help him to utilize the other materials of his body and of his food to an extent which without them he could not do. Beef tea and meat extract are strengthening not by what they themselves supply but by helping the body to get and to use strength from other materials which it has. Such is the interpretation of the latest experimental research.—Prof. W. O. Atwater in The Century.

A Trial of "Child Catchers."

A Birmingham contemporary reports a "trial of child catchers." This is a startling title, but it refers neither to kidnaping nor to any other form of crime, and the trial was not a judicial proceeding. It was an experiment with new appliances which had been fitted to a steam tramway engine to prevent if possible any dangerous consequences to children straying on the rails. This humane purpose seems to have occupied the attention of quite a number of inventors, but the result of the experiments with their various inventions is not entirely satisfactory. Whether the appliance consists of arms to seize child and lift it off the track, of a mouth to suck the child in to a place of safety in a hollow at the back of the engine, of an india rubber shovel sheeting to catch and hold the child, or of "a spring cushioned triangular projection" to push the child aside, or of brushes to sweep it away confidence in the gentleness of the steam motor's use of its benevolent machinery when in full working trim has not been established. The india rubber dummy child, of course, made no objection to its treatment, but a mother could not yet see her child in front of the tramway engine without apprehension. The inventors will doubtless try again, and we hope with more success.—London News.

Machine Guns for Cavalry.

So far all efforts, and they have been many and untiring, to supply the British cavalry with machine guns have failed, the "circumlocution office," of which Gen. Wolseley complained so bitterly recently, being, no doubt, at the bottom of the trouble, though there is reason to believe that rivalry between the companies making the various types of machine guns has had something to do with the procrastinating policy that would seem to have been adopted at the war office.

From time to time excellent military authorities have pictured the potency of cavalry supported by machine guns, declaring that infantry, if not similarly armed, could not oppose such a force, the machine gun having a range of 3,500 yards, nearly three times that of the effective even of the improved rifle. Unless they occupied a fortified camp, they would have to run for it, which, with horsemen in pursuit, would not better their chances of safety, but, on the contrary, place them at the mercy of the troopers.—Scientific American.

Two Secrets of Stage Make Up.

There are two great secrets to be remembered by the user of make up—the dark shades of color depress and light ones bring out in relief. A person with snub nose darkens the end and puts a strong white where the bridge should be and straightway there appears a very good imitation of a Grecian nose. If an aquiline nose is to be transformed into the tip tilted variety, the above process is exactly reversed. In rounding or flattening the appearance of the cheeks the same rule holds good. White on the edge of the face will give the appearance of plumpness, while dark shades may be applied till the semblance of emaciation is obtained. In putting on rouge the age of the person represented has to be considered. The younger he or she may be the higher on the cheek the color has to be placed. In old age if there is color at all left in the face, it generally settles in the hollow below the cheek bones, and is of a deeper shade than that seen in youth.

Most actresses err in making up their eyes too heavily. This is done by running blue, black or brown marks immediately under and above the eyelashes. A thin line gives brilliancy and expression to the eye, but a heavy one makes it look like "a burnt hole in a blanket." The eye that is most effective on the stage is not necessarily the largest, but generally the one in which a good deal of white is to be seen round the pupil. To put a heavy mark outside this is to destroy the expression gained by the movement of the pupil over the white field. In "wrinkling" the face grease paint pencils are used, and the safest guide for the application is the natural lines that may be made to appear in the face when the desired expression is assumed. Rouge is applied to the eyes in very small quantities, as the natural color is too dark behind the glare of so many lights. Eyebrows, as a rule, need penciling, and blondes require dark eyebrows to make the eyes seem brilliant.—New York Tribune.

Land Tenure in Siberia.

Almost the first peculiarity of a west Siberian landscape which strikes a traveler from America is the complete absence of fences and farm houses. The cultivated land of the peasants is regularly laid out into fields, but the fields are not inclosed, and one may ride for two or three hours at a time through a fertile and highly cultivated region without seeing a single fence, farm house, or detached building. The absence of fences is due to the Siberian practice of inclosing the cattle in the common pasture which surrounds the village, instead of fencing the fields which lie outside. The absence of farm houses is to be explained by the fact that the Siberian peasant does not own the land which he cultivates, and therefore has no inducement to build upon it.

With a very few exceptions, all of the land in Siberia belongs to the crown. The village communes enjoy the usufruct of it, but they have no legal title, and can not dispose of it nor reduce any part of it to individual ownership. All that they have power to do is to divide it up among their members by periodical allotments and to give to each head of a family a sort of tenancy at will. Every time there is a new allotment, the several tracts of arable land held under the crown by the commune may change tenants, so that if an individual should build a house or a barn upon the tract of which he was the temporary occupant, he might, and probably would be forced, sooner or later, to abandon it. The result of this system of land tenure and this organization of society is to segregate the whole population in villages, and to leave all of the intervening land unsettled. In the United States such a farming region as that between the Urals and Tiumen would be dotted with houses, granaries and barns, and it seemed very strange to ride, as we rode, for more than eighty miles, through a country which was everywhere more or less cultivated, without seeing a single building of any kind outside of the villages.—George Kennan in The Century.

A Chestnut, but Still Toothsome.

The late Justice Patrick Grattan was one of the most popular citizens of West Troy, where his memory will ever be green, and reminiscences of his witticisms continue to bring smiles to the countenances of his surviving friends, as passing events recall the name of the genial "Pat." It was but seldom that his quick wit would not pierce through any practical joke that was intended to be played on him, and he used to relate that the most completely that he was ever taken in was by a rollicking son of Erin, who stood arraigned and convicted before him for public intoxication. The fellow pleaded for mercy, saying that he had a large family dependent on him for support. "How many children have you?" asked the kind hearted Grattan. "Oi hev siven byes and a sister for ivery wan o' 'em," was the reply. He was let off with the payment of a light fine, and it was not till several minutes had elapsed that the court comprehended that one girl could be a sister to seven boys, just as easily as seven girls, as he at first thought.—Albany Argus.

The Cockles of the Heart.

Husband—Well, my dear, have you enjoyed the Christmas holidays?

Wife—Oh, so much, John, and I feel so grateful to the many dear friends who so thoughtfully remembered me. Ah, John, it is earth's winter time, but the glorious summer of the heart!

Husband—Has you been out to-day?

Wife—For a little while. I went down town to dispose of some of my duplicate Christmas gifts.—New York Sun.

DR. WOOD'S
LIVER REGULATOR
A
VEGETABLE PANACEA
PREPARED FROM
ROOTS & HERBS,
FOR THE CURE OF
DYSPEPSIA JAUNDICE
CHILLS & FEVER
DISORDERED DIGESTION
SICK HEADACHE
GENERAL DEBILITY
AND ALL OTHER DISEASES
ARISING FROM A
DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH
OR AN
INACTIVE LIVER.
FOR SALE BY ALL
DRUGGISTS & GENERAL DEALERS.