

B. CHANCEY, Publisher, Union, Or.

An Old Trick in a New Dress.

Street fakirs have been reaping a big harvest from the sale of little glass vials like those used to hold homeopathic pellets.

The joke consists in offering a filled and corked bottle to the chosen victim with the question, "Can you tell me what that perfume is in that bottle?"

Turned Up Trousers.

It seems to be raining in London a great deal nowadays. All the young swells, and some who are old enough to know better, go about in Cambridge and Brookline, and even in Boston, with tennis trousers turned up around the bottom.

The turning up is done in an artfully careless way, and one begins to suspect that there is a secret about it that only the born swell knows.

The Lightning Rod Season.

Now is the time for inhabitants of the rural districts to conjure up the annual thunder storm scare and invoke the shade of Ben Franklin by converting houses and barns into the semblance of colossal metallic porcupines.

Tread by Wild Geese.

Irwin W. Bossler, of Blandon, while fishing in the Maiden creek, was attacked by two wild geese. He was standing in the middle of the stream, when one of the geese suddenly flopped upon him, knocked off his hat and sent his rod and line flying into the water.

Sleeping Passengers Saved by a Dream. J. J. Tilford, an employe of the Louisville, St. Louis and Texas railroad at Hawesville, dreamed Friday night that the west end of the switch at that place had been left open for the side track.

A little 3-year-old daughter of James McNamara was the victim of a peculiar accident at Butte, Mon., recently. The child was walking on the sidewalk opposite the old Lexington foundry, when a severe gust of wind blew her bodily into the street, about ten feet below.

A 150 pound turtle was delivered at Thomas Cable's Broadway cafe, New York city, and the chef sharpened his carver and cut it open. A huge nest of golden eggs was brought to view. It took Thomas Jordan, brother of Conrad N., twenty minutes to count the eggs. There were 1,620 eggs.

One dismal, rainy evening in the fall of 1857 a wayfarer entered a country inn in Indiana and secured lodgings for the night. He was a sailor, he said, and was on his way to a town twenty miles distant, where he had relatives.

The proprietor of the inn was a veritable Yankee, including a hawk bill nose and the legendary twang, and his wife was his counterpart. He was known to be sharper than steel in a horse trade, and he never put out a dollar that he did not get a big interest; but no one believed he had rifled the dead man's baggage.

The next scene opened in New Orleans. I was then employed by Blank & Blank, wreckers, as general manager of the business. We had three vessels, steam pumps, divers, and all other necessary apparatus. I was called into the private office one day, and there found Jonas Stebbins, the book-keeper who had sold out his hotel in Indiana.

He had shown us a roughly drawn map of the Bahama Islands, one executed with pen and ink by some sailor. He wanted a schooner to proceed to one of the islands. All the apparatus he wanted was granted, and divers, not over two, it was finally agreed that he should hire by the day.

"What am I to look for?" asked the diver as he donned his dress. "Some boxes about the size of them that axes come in," replied the Yankee. "There order be ten of 'em down there. They are iron bound and pretty hefty, but you look on 'em well as the hauling."

"No, indeed, we can't," added Mrs. Stebbins. "You see, it has taken every dollar we could rake and scrape, and if we don't get that treasure we'll be busted."

"Yes, we might possibly fail, but 'tain't at all likely," he replied. "We ain't the sort of people to put up our last dollar on an uncertainty."

A western clergyman drew a large congregation to hear his preach on "Looking Backward" by announcing his subject in advance, and then delivered a discourse as Lot's wife.—Waterbury American.

fill night and far into the evening. We threaded our way among the various islands to get to the east, and sails were in sight every hour in the day, but this queer couple could hardly be induced to raise their eyes from the game.

In due time we raised Turk's island, coming down from the north, and then we kept off a couple of points until Little Caycos was sighted. It is an island lying much lower than Turk's, almost surrounded with dangerous shoals and reefs, and at the time of which I write the only settlers were traders, wreckers and fishermen.

"I've got it, sure as shooting!" "Hush!" she admonished. "Of course we've got it. We haven't nobody's fool, Jonas Stebbins. Do you suppose I'd have consented to put all our money into this venture if there was a chance to lose it?"

"How long will it take you to get a diver ready to go down?" he asked. "Not over half an hour." "Well, that's all the preparations needed."

"I assured him that it could be done, and we got down the boat, put in the pump and dress, and were shortly ready to pull off. Stebbins and his wife were both to go, making a party of six of us. We pulled almost straight for the reef, ported a little after crossing it, and then, as we anchored in three fathoms of water I looked about and discovered that we were in what might be called a basin, although it was open to the east.

"I almost know it at midnight," added his wife. "What am I to look for?" asked the diver as he donned his dress. "Some boxes about the size of them that axes come in," replied the Yankee.

"No, indeed, we can't," added Mrs. Stebbins. "You see, it has taken every dollar we could rake and scrape, and if we don't get that treasure we'll be busted."

"Yes, we might possibly fail, but 'tain't at all likely," he replied. "We ain't the sort of people to put up our last dollar on an uncertainty."

"No, indeed, we can't," added Mrs. Stebbins. "You see, it has taken every dollar we could rake and scrape, and if we don't get that treasure we'll be busted."

A western clergyman drew a large congregation to hear his preach on "Looking Backward" by announcing his subject in advance, and then delivered a discourse as Lot's wife.—Waterbury American.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH A BRIDE.

His Game Didn't Work, but There is a Time Coming. A bridal couple took our train from Buffalo for Philadelphia, and it was generally remarked that they conducted themselves as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

"When the train starts I'll get into the car behind, and she'll think I was left. Then look out to see her go into it. I'll appear on the scene in time to prevent consequences."

Justice (to student)—You are accused by Mr. Meyer, who lives across the street from your room, of insulting him. Student (surprised)—In what way have I insulted him?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

He Didn't Do It.

They are still telling a political story of the last campaign, and of the experience of a Chicago orator who went out into the country to help a friend, and who spoke in a town where his friend wasn't popular.

"Did you succumb, Bill?" "Suck 'em! Bet your sweet life I didn't suck 'em! I clum out of the back window!" —Merchant Traveler.

Justice (to student)—You are accused by Mr. Meyer, who lives across the street from your room, of insulting him. Student (surprised)—In what way have I insulted him?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

After supper the other night Mr. Bowser went to his overcoat pocket and got out a small book and began reading it, and after waiting long enough to let him understand that I had no curiosity on the subject queried:

"Something new on poultry?" "No." "It isn't Hoyle?" "No." "Well, what is it?" "I can tell you the title of it, but you can't understand. It is a very, very deep work."

Justice (to student)—You are accused by Mr. Meyer, who lives across the street from your room, of insulting him. Student (surprised)—In what way have I insulted him?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer—What is it you want to know?



Boston Girl (who has never seen a turkey before)—You naughty chicken, put down your clothes!—Life.

Tom Dabbs and Mort Spillers, two colored gentlemen, formed a copartnership to do a general plastering business. One morning, the second day after articles of agreement had been drawn up, Dabbs seized an ax handle and knocked Spillers down and beat him unmercifully.

Mamma Jule—Looky heah, Linkum, don't ye nebiah ag'in lem me see yo' shinin' up one ob dem telegram poles—mind dat!

She—When we are married, sparrow mine, do you intend to make a wedding trip to Europe? He (a widower, of course)—No, my caramel, I shall take a trip by that railroad which has the most tunnels, so that—

Mamma Jule—Ha'm, boy! Yo' climb up dar on tek one ob dem whas when hits full ob electricity en yo'll come walkin' home daid—dars whar de ha'm is, my son.—Detroit Free Press.

She—When we are married, sparrow mine, do you intend to make a wedding trip to Europe? He (a widower, of course)—No, my caramel, I shall take a trip by that railroad which has the most tunnels, so that—

Mamma Jule—Ha'm, boy! Yo' climb up dar on tek one ob dem whas when hits full ob electricity en yo'll come walkin' home daid—dars whar de ha'm is, my son.—Detroit Free Press.

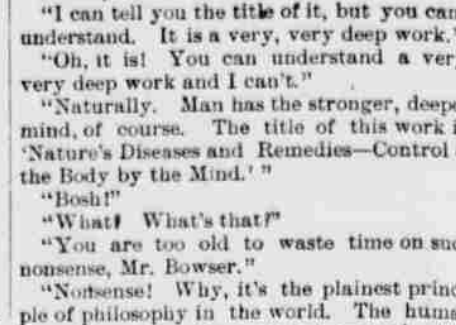
She—When we are married, sparrow mine, do you intend to make a wedding trip to Europe? He (a widower, of course)—No, my caramel, I shall take a trip by that railroad which has the most tunnels, so that—

Mamma Jule—Ha'm, boy! Yo' climb up dar on tek one ob dem whas when hits full ob electricity en yo'll come walkin' home daid—dars whar de ha'm is, my son.—Detroit Free Press.

She—When we are married, sparrow mine, do you intend to make a wedding trip to Europe? He (a widower, of course)—No, my caramel, I shall take a trip by that railroad which has the most tunnels, so that—

Mamma Jule—Ha'm, boy! Yo' climb up dar on tek one ob dem whas when hits full ob electricity en yo'll come walkin' home daid—dars whar de ha'm is, my son.—Detroit Free Press.

She—When we are married, sparrow mine, do you intend to make a wedding trip to Europe? He (a widower, of course)—No, my caramel, I shall take a trip by that railroad which has the most tunnels, so that—



Boston Girl (who has never seen a turkey before)—You naughty chicken, put down your clothes!—Life.

Tom Dabbs and Mort Spillers, two colored gentlemen, formed a copartnership to do a general plastering business. One morning, the second day after articles of agreement had been drawn up, Dabbs seized an ax handle and knocked Spillers down and beat him unmercifully.

Mamma Jule—Looky heah, Linkum, don't ye nebiah ag'in lem me see yo' shinin' up one ob dem telegram poles—mind dat!

She—When we are married, sparrow mine, do you intend to make a wedding trip to Europe? He (a widower, of course)—No, my caramel, I shall take a trip by that railroad which has the most tunnels, so that—

Mamma Jule—Ha'm, boy! Yo' climb up dar on tek one ob dem whas when hits full ob electricity en yo'll come walkin' home daid—dars whar de ha'm is, my son.—Detroit Free Press.

She—When we are married, sparrow mine, do you intend to make a wedding trip to Europe? He (a widower, of course)—No, my caramel, I shall take a trip by that railroad which has the most tunnels, so that—

Mamma Jule—Ha'm, boy! Yo' climb up dar on tek one ob dem whas when hits full ob electricity en yo'll come walkin' home daid—dars whar de ha'm is, my son.—Detroit Free Press.

She—When we are married, sparrow mine, do you intend to make a wedding trip to Europe? He (a widower, of course)—No, my caramel, I shall take a trip by that railroad which has the most tunnels, so that—

Mamma Jule—Ha'm, boy! Yo' climb up dar on tek one ob dem whas when hits full ob electricity en yo'll come walkin' home daid—dars whar de ha'm is, my son.—Detroit Free Press.

She—When we are married, sparrow mine, do you intend to make a wedding trip to Europe? He (a widower, of course)—No, my caramel, I shall take a trip by that railroad which has the most tunnels, so that—

Mamma Jule—Ha'm, boy! Yo' climb up dar on tek one ob dem whas when hits full ob electricity en yo'll come walkin' home daid—dars whar de ha'm is, my son.—Detroit Free Press.

She—When we are married, sparrow mine, do you intend to make a wedding trip to Europe? He (a widower, of course)—No, my caramel, I shall take a trip by that railroad which has the most tunnels, so that—