HUMOR

STEALING A MARCH.

Penelope Consenteth to Teach a Class in Sunday School.

"I am delighted to see you looking so well," said the Rev. Dr. Whoknows to Pen one afternoon not long ago.

"It is very kind of you to say so," replied Pen, "but then you know I always look rather well."

"True—most true," replied the doctor.

"And how is Mrs. Whoknows?"

"Well—quite well."

"I'm awfully sorry mamma is not in," continued Pen, with an undercurrent of sincerity that was almost unusual.

"Yes—yes—of course," replied the doctor, unwilling to comprehend her. "It may be as well though. She is probably interested in some Christian duty this afternoon. By the way, Penelope, I came around this afternoon to ask you to take a little more interest in church work yourself."

"Did you? Why there is nothing in the world that interests me more. You should know that, although I do not put myself en evidence as much as most of the girls in the church do."

"True—quite true. But I want you to encourage them by your example—to lead the way, as it were. For instance, I would feel greatly pleased if you would take a class in Sunday school."

"Oh, doctor, I fear that I would be more appropriate as a scholar than as a teacher."

"Not at all—not at all, my dear Penelope. You are well fitted for the work. And then you have, I may say, the faculty of handling young people down to a very fine point. I—I have heard my wife and daughters, er—well, speak of it a number of times."

"All right, doctor; if they really want me to interfere a little more in their church work I am sure nothing would suit me better. I suppose I may choose my class."

"Of course, of course, my dear Penelope."

"Well, then, I'll take the young men's Bible class," said Penelope.

"But you know my daughter, my eldest daughter, has that."

"Your promise, doctor—remember your promise that I could have the class I chose."

And the good doctor, as he wiped his spectacles a few moments later before descending the steps of the Peachblow mansion, was compelled to remark to himself, "Bless me, that girl got the better of even me, and I came around to show them all what I could do with her."—Thomas Winthrop Hall in Life.

One Thing or Another.

A certain amount of crying is believed to be necessary, or at any rate beneficial, to small children, and they act generally as if they were not disposed to lose any of the benefit of this exercise.

Little Tommy sat on the floor one day, weeping long and bitterly. All at once he stopped.

"Mamma," said he tremblingly, "wh-what was I crying about?"

His mother smiled. "Because I would not let you take the bronze horse off the mantel to play with, I believe," she said.

"Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo!" Tommy began to cry again harder than ever, but presently he gasped:

"No—'twan't that. I 'member—it was 'cause you wouldn't—let me go out—in the cold—but I'm goin to—to cry about the horse now—boo-hoo-hoo!"—Youth's Companion.

What She Should Do.

Bertie had been forbidden under severe penalties to play in the rain barrel. The other day his mamma and grandmother caught him splashing away in the barrel in high glee. His mamma's face hardened, but the grandmother's kind heart led her to make a plea for mercy for the offender.

Bertie heard the plea, and when his mamma asked him sternly what she should do to a little boy who didn't mind what was told him, he answered promptly:

"I fink you had better mind your muvver."—Indianapolis News.

What It Was About.

Neighbor—What is all that crying about over at your place?

Johnny Peastraw—Willie pulled down a jug of molasses on himself in the pantry this morning and ma is combing his hair.—New York Sun.

Probably.

"Papa, what is patrimony?"

"It is what is inherited from a father, my dear."

"Oh; and then is matrimony something inherited from the mother?"—Brooklyn Life.

Ambiguous.

"Don't you think, Herr Baron, that the artist has flattered me in this picture?"

Baron—Oh, dear madame, what artist would not feel bound to flatter you?—Fliegende Blatter.

No Doubt About It.

Briggs—What did the landlady say this morning about the steam heat in our room?

Griggs—She said it was a cold day when she didn't have any steam turned on.—Life.

CLEAN!

If you would be clean and have your clothes done up in the neatest and dressiest manner, take them to the

SALEM STEAM LAUNDRY

where all work is done by white labor and in the most prompt manner. COLONEL J. OLMSTED.
Liberty Street

CHARIOT RACES WITHOUT HORSES.

How a Gigantic Circus Got Out of a Predicament in Australia.

"Did you ever see a chariot race without horses?" The question was asked by L. H. Tudor, who had just returned from an Australian trip. Clerk Cunningham, the presiding genius of the Palmer House, nearly fell off his chair. He slowly turned the rays of his big diamond on his questioner's face and scanned it carefully. "No, I never did," repeated Cunningham, still in doubt as to the man's mental condition. "Well, I have, and it was a funny sight."

"When I landed in Sydney, Australia, I found a circus quartered in the town. All the available space in the place was utilized with flaming posters of the performance which was to take place that night. A prominent feature of the bills was the chariot race scene in 'Ben Hur.' At the hotel I encountered a friend of mine who is with the show. I noticed that he had a doleful look on his face, and after a hearty greeting I asked him how business loomed up.

"'Bad, awful bad,' he replied in tones which plainly told of his distress. 'The fact is,' he continued, 'we are in a pickle. As soon as we landed the authorities here seized nearly all our horses on the pretense that they were afflicted with glanders. As a matter of fact they caught cold on shipboard, but didn't have the glanders. They have shot fifteen of them, among them the trick horses. I don't mind the trick horses, but what are we to do for the chariot race? We have advertised it as a special and novel feature, and have no horses. It will break us up, sure.'

"I suggested in fun that he use the tent hands for horses. Well, I went to the circus that night just to see how they got along. Imagine my surprise when the ringmaster came out and announced the great chariot race. 'It is an undisputed fact,' said he, 'that the chariot races of old were run with men and not horses. The management has secured the services of eight of the fleetest runners of the world, and you will now have the pleasure of witnessing a chariot race as they were run in olden times.'

"The doors opened and Ben Hur and his antagonist dashed into the ring drawn by eight tent hands, who couldn't run 100 yards in 100 seconds. It was the funniest thing I ever saw. The audience appreciated it and laughed until they were hoarse. Instead of ruining their business it proved a perfect bonanza. People flocked to the performances to see the strange sight. The week's stand was lengthened out to three weeks, and the show just coined money. My friend presented me with this diamond ring for my suggestion made in fun, and said he was going to try the thing everywhere they went."—Chicago Letter.

Four Great Musicians.

Palestrina was a revolutionist in his day, but is now virtually obsolete even for the severest classicists. Gluck was as radical an innovator as Wagner, yet it is only occasionally and with difficulty that one of his works can now be briefly resuscitated. Beethoven was a madman even to many of the best musicians as late as 1805, when, as that musical veteran, Professor Haupt, himself told me, the fifth symphony was rehearsed in Berlin for the first time, and the musicians in the leading German orchestra dashed the music from the racks, declaring it was crazy and could never be played. Now this same fifth symphony is considered a model of form, of symmetry and lucidity, and its composer is the cherished idol of conservatives and classicists.—Music.

Solid Fog.

The deleterious influence of fogs may be estimated from some results obtained from examination and analysis at Kew gardens. The director speaks of the leaves as being covered with a substance like brown paint—"tarry hydrocarbon"—which can only be scraped off with a knife. On analysis this shows over 51 per cent. of carbon and hydrocarbon, with 41 per cent. of metallic iron, magnetic oxide of iron and mineral water.

Any one at all acquainted with the physiology of plants and animals can apprehend in a moment how such a mixture must affect both the lungs of men and the leaves—which are the lungs—of plants, as regards respiration. Strangely enough, the deposit appeared to be more marked at Kew than at Chelsea.—Young Man.

Volcanoes and Petroleum.

The origin of the vast supplies of mineral oil that exist in various parts of the world has always been more or less of a mystery to geologists, but Mr. O. C. D. Ross thinks he has demonstrated that this oil has been produced by the action of volcanic gases on limestone.

This process, he believes, is still going on wherever solfataras and fumaroles, or mud and steam vents, exist, so that the supply of petroleum, although it may become exhausted in some places, is being kept up by fresh formation elsewhere.—Youth's Companion.

Sunlight Removes Scorches.

To take out scorch lay the article that has been scorched in the bright sunshine.—New York Journal.

Across the Ocean in a Balloon.

To make a voyage across the ocean to Europe in a balloon is an enterprise projected by Professor Samuel A. King, the aeronaut, and several financial backers, to take place from Philadelphia some time during next summer. The project is not yet definitely assured, although Professor King has been promised the funds necessary for a complete preparation for the transatlantic journey. The expense that would be attached to such an enterprise is estimated to be about $20,000 or $25,000.

Should Professor King accomplish the voyage across the ocean in a balloon it would be the first feat of the kind in history. There have been several attempts made to cross the Atlantic through the air, but they resulted in signal failures. Professor Wise tried it about forty years ago, but he was not able to get a start. Subsequently Professor Lowe also made an attempt, the starting point being at Point Breeze, but the balloon was not properly made. Professor Donaldson did not have much better success in his effort many years ago.

It is Professor King's opinion that the balloon necessary to make a transatlantic voyage should be a hydrogen one, and its capacity should be from 400,000 to 500,000 cubic feet. He believes that a trip through a high altitude, say 8½ miles high, as has been suggested by some aeronauts, is not advisable. His idea is that the balloon should carry a drag rope 1,000 or 2,000 feet long, with the end trailing in the water. In this way the balloon could strike a current of air and travel with it across the ocean.

There would be two cars attached to the balloon. The upper one would carry the passengers and the food. The lower one would be used as a cuisine, and could be descended into by means of a rope ladder. The idea is to have the cuisine removed from the upper car about the space of twenty feet, so that there would be no danger from the coal oil stove. Professor King has made over 300 balloon ascensions in his career.—Philadelphia Press.

The Neglige Shirt and the Sash to Go.

The neglige shirt of last summer, no matter how costly, will not be brought forth to adorn his manly bosom during the coming season.

But his interest will rather center in the percale shirt in quiet effects, with white collars and cuffs stitched on.

The bosom will have a narrow single stitched edge, likewise the collars and cuffs, and will close with three large mother of pearl buttons sewed on.

In neck dressing, both for these and for white plain bosom shirts the four in hand scarf of 2½ inches in width will receive most favors in his eyes.

Altogether, furnishings in the way of neck dressings seem for the nonce to be in harmony with the season's colorings in woolens, and this being an exception is worthy of special note.

Now when the spring and summer young man dons his silver gray suit he will find at hand a scarf of the same coloring, likewise the same in tan.

It seems highly probable that presently the flannel shirt of the finest weave in twills will again come in favor for neglige costumes at the seashore and in the mountains; but for town wear never.

But the sash, what of that? Well, this is a question not easily answered. It also has been "done to death," and such being the case it cannot be seriously considered in this summary.

Certainly not for dress, and writing of dress a word in that respect is in order.

Plain shirt fronts, with narrow single stitched edges and plain "everything," in fact, including the lawn tie, will be correct, and collars will be of moderate height with moderately hand turned or ironed over points.—Sartorial Art Journal.

It Was Fun for the Dog.

The other day a novel scene was witnessed on upper Broadway, where the theaters are thickest. There was a sharp atmosphere abroad and the drivers were slapping their hands and stamping their feet in their efforts to keep from freezing. In one such effort one driver dropped his whip. As his assistant climbed over the wheel to get it a bow-legged, crop eared dog dodged from under a carriage, and seizing the whip in his mouth frisked lightly away with it. The drivers laughed and shouted and the young man ran after the dog and called and whistled, but the more they laughed and yelled and whistled the funnier it seemed to the dog.

He dived under the wagons and played hide and seek around the horse cars, now and then tossing the whip up in the air in sheer exuberance of animal spirits, all the while keeping a weather eye on his immediate pursuer, the whole Broadway world looking laughingly on. Finally, in the course of a block or two, after a horse had stepped on the butt and nearly jerked the bowlegged dog's teeth out and a street car had run over the lash and jerked them in again, he dropped the thing in the roadway and capered after his disappearing master leaving the truckman's assistant in possession, thoroughly warmed up with the chase.—New York Herald.

The Nun Used a Six Shooter.

There was great excitement at the Catholic convent about 3 o'clock this morning, when three pistol shots, fired in quick succession within its walls brought the police to the scene. Investigation disclosed that one of the nuns had discovered a man scaling the high wall surrounding the convent, and by the time the intruder had reached the sacred building the sister opened fire upon him with a big six shooter at close range. The intruder beat a hasty retreat.—Laredo Cor. San Antonio Express.

A White Lobster.

The white lobster, twelve inches in length, captured at Welchpool, Campobello, has been sent to Washington for exhibition in the National museum. But one other white lobster has ever been known.—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

The Collapse of a Rotten Tenement,

With crumbling foundation and shaky, bulging walls, is not more certain to be looked for than the sudden giving way of a constitution sapped by overwork, unremitting anxiety or exposure to hardship and malign climatic influences. Against the disastrous effects of each and all of these, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an effectual safeguard. It fortifies the system against them by infusing into it fresh vigor begotten of renewed and complete digestion and assimilation of the food, and its consequent reparative action upon the exhausted tissues and impoverished circulation. No preparative for the undergoing without injury, of an unusual amount of bodily or mental work, no means of averting malarial infection, or disorders born of bad diet and impure water equals this superlative fine defensive vigorator. Take it for dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, rheumatism, kidney trouble, la grippe.

TREED BY A BEAR.

A Tenderfoot and a Silver Tip That Held a Remarkable Conference.

"I have heard and read many thrilling tales of adventure in the west," said an old timer the other day, "but I have never heard or read one that equaled an experience of my own way back in the sixties. I was a tenderfoot or the thing would never have happened; at least not just in the way it did.

"It was in the summer of 1863, and myself and two other fellows, well known all over the state today, were prospecting and were camped in the hills near the head of one of the tributaries of Alder Gulch. Grub was mighty dear in those days, and we depended to a great extent on the game we killed for our meat. I was the best shot in the outfit and did most of the hunting.

"One day I was out looking for deer when I saw a whopping big silver tip way up on the side of a mountain that was sparsely covered with timber. It was the first bear I had ever seen, and I at once determined to kill him. So I crept cautiously up the mountain, keeping out of sight of the bear as much as possible. I got within 100 yards of him, and taking careful aim just back of the shoulder, I let drive. The bear fell at the crack of the gun, but he was on his feet again in an instant, and without stopping to take any aim at all he came tearing down the mountain in a bee line for where I stood. My rifle was a muzzle loader, and I had no time to reload it. In fact, I don't believe I would have had time to reload a Winchester just then. I was not half so anxious to kill the bear as I was to save my own bacon.

"A tree stood below me, and without stopping to measure its size or to consider its adaptability as a place of refuge I sprang to it and went like a coon chased by a pack of hounds. I had reached the lower branches, about ten feet from the ground, and had not yet thought of looking down, when I heard the bear scratching at the foot of the tree and imagined he was coming up after me.

"Well, he didn't come, and when I had climbed about as high as I could get I straddled a limb to await developments. Bruin stood on his hind legs and scratched about a peck of bark off the tree, growling and snarling all the time. Then he got down on all fours, and after walking two or three times around the tree he finally lay down, resting his head on his paws like a big dog.

"I began to feel easy now and congratulated myself on my fortunate escape. I thought the bear would soon get tired of keeping watch and would get up and go away. He did nothing of the kind, however, and hour after hour I sat there in that tree, watching the bear. I imagined I could see him move occasionally, and each time I thought, 'Now he is going to get up.' But he lay still, and finally I began to break branches and throw them down on him, and yelled at him until I was hoarse. It was all in vain. There he lay, and he seemed determined to remain there until he starved me out. My situation began to grow desperate. Night was approaching, and already I was so stiff from my cramped position that I could scarcely move. Something must be done, and it must be done quickly. There was but one thing to do, and that was to get out of that tree.

"My rifle lay on the upper side, and the bear was below the tree. I climbed down to the lower branches, and breaking off a few of the smaller limbs I threw them down at the bear. He did not move. He must be asleep, I thought, and now was my time. Carefully and noiselessly I shinned it down the tree until I was within six feet of the ground, when I sprang off on the upper side, grabbed my gun and ran like a scared wolf to some rocks fifty yards away. When safely behind the rocks I peeped out. The bear had not moved. Then I loaded my gun, and drawing a careful bead with a dead rest over a rock, I shot the brute square between the eyes. Still he did not move. Again I loaded my rifle, cocked it and walked cautiously toward the bear. When close enough I picked up a stone and struck him with it. He did not seem to mind it any.

"Then I mustered up courage to approach close enough to poke him with my gun. He was as stiff as a poker and had been dead for hours. I had been in the tree all day, treed by a dead bear! As I said before, I was a tenderfoot then."—New York Sun.

Oils for Anointing the Body.

Butter is noticed by Pliny as used by the negro and lower classes of Arabs for anointing the bodies. The natives of India prefer strong perfumes for this purpose, and use oil of santal and oil of patchouli. Savages also grease their bodies, but probably with the idea of being enabled to escape more easily from the grip of an enemy.—Knowledge.

Mr. Harris' Buckles.

Mr. Warren Harris, of Buchanan, Mo., formerly of Madison county, is reported to be the possessor of the silver knee buckles that once belonged to Daniel Boone. Now let some fellow hop up and say Daniel never wore silver knee buckles while he was slipping around through the blue grass and dodging the red man.—Richmond (Ky.) Register.

STATE TREASURER'S SECOND NOTICE.

State of Oregon, Treasury Department.

SALEM, April 18, 1892.

Notice is hereby given that there are funds on hand sufficient to pay all outstanding state warrants endorsed "presented, and not paid for want of funds" prior to, and including, January 8, 1892, and that all such warrants will be paid on presentation at this office. Interest on these warrants will not be allowed after the date of this notice.

PHIL. METSCHAN,
4-18-2w State Treasurer.

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"I have been afflicted with biliousness and constipation for fifteen years; first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried but to no purpose. At last a friend recommended August Flower. I took it according to directions and its effects were wonderful, relieving me of those disagreeable stomach pains which I had been troubled with so long. Words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold your August Flower—it has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Such a medicine is a benefaction to humanity, and its good qualities and wonderful merits should be known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia or biliousness

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5:50 p. m.	Ar.	Roseburg	Lv.	7:00 a. m.

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5:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	10:30 a. m.
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THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD

And Oregon Development company's steamship line, 225 miles shorter, 20 hours less time than by any other route. First class through passenger and freight line from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

TIME SCHEDULE, (Except Sundays).

Leave Albany	1:00 P. M.
Leave Corvallis	1:40 P. M.
Arrive Yaquina	5:30 P. M.
Leave Yaquina	6:45 A. M.
Leave Corvallis	10:55 A. M.
Arrive Albany	11:10 A. M.

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.

The above trains connect at YAQUINA with the Oregon Development Co's Line of Steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette Valley points can make close connection with the trains of the YAQUINA ROUTE at Albany or Corvallis and if destined to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.

Passenger and Freight Rates Always the Lowest. For information apply to Messrs HULMAN & Co., Freight and Ticket Agents 200 and 202 Front st., Portland, Or.

C. C. HOGUE Act Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. R. Co., Corvallis, Or
C. H. HASWELL, Jr. Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt. Oregon Development Co., 304 Montgomery st.

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(No change of cars.)

Composed of dining cars unsurpassed, Pullman drawing room sleepers Of latest equipment

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