

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, OREGON

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

From the Daily Chronicle, Friday

The flag on the Court House is at half mast in respect to the memory of Hon. Jas. G. Blaine.

Miss Gertrude Meyers, arrived on the yesterday noon train from Portland, and will return next Monday.

The contract for the construction of the Columbia Navigation Company's railway has been awarded to Messrs. Glenn & McKeanle.

The entire width of the Columbia river is frozen over today opposite this city, for some distance above the Regulator wharf to a point about opposite the shoe factory.

Mr. A. R. Wilcox has returned to Bake Oven, from his sojourn in his health in Portland, during which time he has nearly regained his former strength.

Secretary Noble has ordered that Mt. Rainier and its adjoining lands on the western slope, be withdrawn from settlement, and Senator Squire expects the Mount Rainier forest reservation to be made by proclamation tomorrow.

San Francisco has a new candidate for public favor in a very handsome publication entitled Town Talk. The copy before us is a gem, both in its matter and make up, while the printing is of the highest style of the "art preservative."

The new machinery ordered for the steamer City of Ellensburg last fall was delayed en route, and is just now being placed in position. She will be the only boat on the river with two boilers and two smokestacks, and will resemble the Mississippi river steamers in this respect.

The telegram says: "The senate is not taking very kindly to Eastern Oregon's wishes. First, Blackman's bill for a bridge over the John Day river was defeated, and now the same fate befalls Raley's portage bill. If that section had a few more senators it would be more fortunate." Not such as Dodson, let it be hoped.

A Washington dispatch to-day states that Senator Dolph yesterday saw the president regarding his bill extending the time for payment on railroad lands, but the president would not act until the secretary of the interior had approved the bill. The latter was then called upon for an immediate report, and the bill will probably be approved to-morrow.

Aluminum horseshoes have been tried in one of the cavalry regiments. A number of horses were shod on one fore foot and hind foot with this metal, ordinary iron shoes being used on the other feet. At the end of six weeks, during which time the animals had been moving on a hard and stony road, it was found that the aluminum shoes had worn much better than those of iron, and not one of the former had gone to pieces.

Portland weather yesterday, beat the Chicago weather of last Sunday where it was so cold that firemen were frozen to the sidewalks at a fire. In the consolidated city yesterday it is said the weather was so cold that conversation couldn't be carried on the telephone wires, the words freezing on the wires and dropping off into the streets, to the imminent danger of passing pedestrians.

Many a business man cuts down his newspaper advertising just at the wrong time. It is not the return from judicious advertising which brings success? It is the cumulative effect. Watch the business of two firms, one a live persistent, aggressive advertiser, the other, negligent. Which becomes the leading merchant in a few years? Buy a space in your paper, make it interesting and don't begrudge the money. Advertising in a live paper pays. The paper can live without your advertisement better than you can live without its effect.

The Demorest medal contest, Wednesday evening at the court house, greeted a full house. The contestants Misses Martha Schoelling, Stella Harvey, Rachel Morgan, Jennie Russell, Ruth Fisher and Daisy Alloway fairly excelled in their work. The medal was awarded by the judges, Messrs. W. H. Wilson, Dr. Schnedaker and Mrs. C. J. Crandall, to Miss Jennie Russell. An enjoyable feature of the evening was the solo by Miss Myrtle Michell, accompanied by Mrs. Patterson. The programme passed very pleasantly and at the close three little boys "got up and laughed" a dismissal to the audience.

The storm of yesterday was a widespread one. It extended all over Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and the Dakotas. In some places assuming the dignity of a blizzard. At Umatilla the wind blew from the northeast at the rate of forty miles an hour, accompanied with a light fall of snow. On the coast, down by the deep sea snow fell and over at Tatoosh Island the wind blew 75 miles an hour. At Tacoma and Olympia the snow was three inches deep, and at Eugene City it was eight inches. At Sissons the snow was the deepest, measuring two feet. Rain or snow fell at nearly every point on the coast from San Francisco to the extreme northern telegraphic range.

From the Daily Chronicle Saturday.

Sinnott & Fish are filling another ice house today.

All The Dalles ice houses will be filled with ice by tonight.

Seufert Bros., are harvesting a big lot of ice at the cannery ice house.

Rev. Father Bronsegeest is quite ill with an attack of pneumonia.

E. S. Farris left for Wapinitia this morning with a double team and sleigh.

Mr. Hugh Glenn returned last evening from a flying business trip to Portland.

The choir of the M. E. church will meet promptly at seven o'clock this evening.

Dr. J. C. Taylor, who has been very ill for three weeks past, is reported to be improving.

There will be lots of fun coasting on Union street this evening, so says one of the Y. B. C. C.'s.

No services will be held in St. Peter's church tomorrow, as Rev. Father Bronsegeest is dangerously ill.

Kansas City, St. Paul, Sacramento, and New York City, have representatives in The Dalles today.

The fine dry flakes of snow continued to fall nearly all last night, adding two and one-half inches to the record.

Mr. Thomas Burgess of Bake Oven was in the city yesterday. He says the trip coming in was the worst one he has ever experienced on the road.

J. F. Lucas of Centerville, is in the city. He says Klickitat county is in the height of good feeling over future bright prospects in all lines.

The snow is two feet deep on Dutch Flat this morning. This flat is about 2,500 feet above sea level, and about nine miles southwest of the city.

Seth Morgan, the populist orator is in the city. He is quite enthusiastic over the political situation. Seth's friends believe that he is entitled to any office in the gift of President Cleveland.

That lawless comet has again been seen from the Lick observatory. The heavenly lunatic will get into trouble and lose another of its tails if it doesn't exercise more discretion in its ramblings.

Dr. Sutherland of Portland, is in the city for a few days. It cannot be a professional business, as our city physicians complain of dull times in their line. As one said yesterday, the city is distressingly healthy.

Preaching morning and evening at the Methodist Episcopal church, by the pastor, Sunday, Jan. 29th, to which all are cordially invited. Revival services will be continued next week. Let all arrange to attend.

A few minutes past 12 o'clock today a robin was noticed perched on top of the court house flagstaff, chirping contentedly amid his snowy surroundings, the flag below him flying at half mast in the cold breeze. "Poor robin."

The Mignonette dancing club held its weekly meeting last evening at Fraternity hall. A large number were present, and jollity reigned supreme. The club dances are a very enjoyable feature in the season's pleasures.

Eldon Patten was arrested last evening by Marshal Maloney charged with assaulting his wife with a razor. He was tried before Justice Schurz this morning and found guilty of simple assault for which a ten dollar fine was imposed, not having the wherewithal, he was remanded to the custody of Tom Ward.

Recorder Menefee had J. C. Hansen before him this afternoon charged with breaking into the store of Mays & Crowe. The evidence adduced showed clearly that the prisoner was the guilty party, and the court accordingly held him to appear before the grand jury. His bonds were fixed at \$500, for want of which he was remanded to jail.

The launch of the steamer Regulator and Western Queen did not come off today according to programme, in consequence of the fact that there was no water in sight. The river is completely frozen over and as an ice bridge is such a rarity here it will be kept for exhibition purposes as long as possible. When the ice goes out, the steamers go in.

Dr. Rinehart finished moving into his elegant residence, at the head of Laughlin street yesterday. The doctor deserves congratulations on having one of the most picturesque locations and the handsomest residence in the city. He has, in addition to all the modern improvements, put electric lights in every room, from basement to attic. There are but few cities on the coast of the size of The Dalles that can boast of as many beautiful houses as this can.

Yesterday's CHRONICLE quotes a Portland paper, as saying that, the cold was so severe at that place, as to freeze the words on the telephone wires, and intimating that it surpassed the incident reported from the east, of the engineer who was frozen at the throttle. The Dalles is generally found in the procession, and a case is reported here of a man who was actually "frozen out" during the recent cold snap, while sitting by a red hot stove, trying to enjoy himself in a game of cards. He lost his last nickel.

J. Folco was arrested Thursday evening by Deputy U. S. Marshal Jameson on complaint of a woman named Maggie Plummer, charged with sending obscene matter through the mails. At the pre-

liminary hearing last evening before U. S. Commissioner J. M. Huntington he was held to appear before the U. S. district court at Portland. Folco admitted having written the letter, but denied that it was of an obscene nature. The commissioner, however, saw fit to give the letter an obscene construction, which was contrary to the meaning intended by Mr. Folco, as he endeavored to explain it. Folco gave the required bond for his appearance and was set at liberty.

From the Daily Chronicle, Monday.

Tickets for the Fireman's ball are going off like hot cakes.

When you see our ad. top-side-undermost, fetch in your job work.

Mr. D. E. Gilman of Dallas, is in the city as a guest of Messrs. French & Co.

S. F. Wells of Portland, came up last night to complete filings on forfeited railway lands.

If you don't look at the fourth page of THE CHRONICLE daily you are liable to lose something.

Miss Lizzie Richards who has been visiting in Portland for the past three months, returned yesterday.

Attorneys B. S. Huntington, and J. L. Story left for Salem yesterday to attend the supreme court, now in session.

The press of America is almost unanimous in expressions favorable to the annexation of the Sandwich islands.

Mr. F. Frieman of Helena Mont., is visiting his uncle, Mr. J. Frieman, of this city, while on his way to San Francisco.

The lovely snow fell so admirably Saturday evening and this afternoon as to call forth numerous "beautiful" expressions.

Report says two men were drowned on the ice above The Dalles today, but we failed to trace it to any corroborated source.

Mr. J. D. Parish returned yesterday from a business trip to Prineville. He finds stock generally throughout the country in fair condition, and well provided for.

Misses Myra and Adnah Helm of Nansene, who have been visiting their sister in Albany, are in the city where they will spend a few days before returning home.

Mr. Blaine left a will bestowing all his property upon Mrs. Blaine, and making her sole executrix without bonds. The total value of the estate is estimated at \$800,000.

A close friend of the president says that he is not in favor of the acquisition of any territory by the United States that is separated by water. How does Grover feel about it?

Friends of Latimer Booth will be pleased to learn that he is now so rapidly recovering from his serious illness as to admit of the hope of soon again appearing upon the street.

The late proprietor of The Dalles and Prineville stage company, Mr. A. W. Branner, and the present proprietor Mr. J. D. Parish, spent some time together at Nansene last week.

After handling blocks of ice for a week Chief Engineer Jud. S. Fish has decided that there is one singular thing about biting winter days. They're never so cold as they feel. This is why some people doubt their thermometers. It's lucky for thermometers that they have no feelings.

Visitors to the hills surrounding this city yesterday plainly observed the line of the ferry cable in the ice across the river, as distinct in the reflection of the bright sunshine as if it had been chalked out with crayon. The mystery of the mark is hard to account for, as the cable is supposed to be resting on the bottom of the river, clear out of sight.

Mr. Jos. T. Peters' residence narrowly escaped destruction from fire last night by a lamp upsetting. Some of the escaped oil setting fire to the carpet, lounge and curtains made it look for a few minutes as if there would be a serious fire. In putting out the flames Mr. Peters' hands were burned, and until they were dressed by a physician, the pain was very severe.

Hon. Wm. Hughes of Heppner, came up on the last night's train direct from the 3d house at Salem. He stopped over today, to attend to some business at the land office, and proceeded home on the noon train. He says there were no influences at work to defeat the Raley bill other than that of corporations.

Hon. C. L. Phillips late of The Dalles, but now one of Portland's chief market providers, is in the city shaking hands with old time friends and acquaintances. His present environment has not stunted his love of this rock ribbed Queen City of the Inland Empire, and we expect to enumerate him as one of us again, at some future day.

Speaking about taxes in the consolidated city, a Portland paragrapher says: "A city with a tax of four per cent, cannot prosper long. It is only a question of a few brief years when its property will so deteriorate in value that an eight per cent. tax will be necessary to meet its obligations. It won't be long before property will be a burden no man will want to carry. Portland owes debts enough. An increase will discourage investment within its boundaries. Its heretofore healthy progress will be retarded. No free bridges, mountains of debt, and no money will remind us of the profugacity of 1893."

Mr. O. L. Stranahan of Hood River, is in the city today. We acknowledge a call this afternoon.

A Portland contemporary endeavors to look surprised while announcing that the west side cars are often "crowded and cold."

Mr. J. R. Love, an old time citizen of this region died yesterday at his room in the Cosmopolitan. He was a veteran of the Mexican war, 65 years of age. He was a resident of Poplar Grove, Sherman county for many years; of late he has lived in The Dalles and worked at his trade as a carpenter. He has been in poor health for some time, suffering greatly from asthma. He was a member of the A. O. U. W. and the remains were taken in charge by that order, for burial.

Charley Nickel, the gentleman from Jackson, in the lower house of the Oregon assembly says: "A jute mill in the penitentiary would furnish cheap wheat sacks for the farmer, and at the same time would not compete with any kind of labor in the state. The biggest industry now within the walls of the state prison is that of stove making, which is a competitive industry that shuts out all other opposition. Give us a cheap sack for our wheat and wool."

In accordance with a message received at the Union iron works yesterday from Washington, a crew of 150 men has been working night and day on the new coast defense vessel Monterey. By tonight the finishing touches will be put on the already completed ship, and she will be turned over to the government and taken to the navy-yard at Mare Island, where she will take on equipments and stores and be prepared to sail, possibly for Hawaii. The Mohican left at 7 o'clock yesterday for Hawaii, and the Ranger is momentarily expected to sail. The Adams is to leave tomorrow morning.

When the bill to appropriate \$10,000 to blast a fishway in the rock at the falls at Oregon city came up for a vote in the assembly, you didn't see a man from the Inland Empire skulking disgracefully, avoiding a manly vote nor gyrating about its only being a benefit to the valley. We are told that even Cogswell and Dodson voted for it. In our estimation this is a very important measure to the people of the valley, and we are glad that it received the hearty support of our members in the legislature. We shall be pleased to hear that Pete Gates and Veatch have been stuffed with fresh salmon by this process, but shouldn't weep if called upon to write a Hayes obituary on "choked to death by a fish bone."

It is reported that Geo. Moore of Bake Oven, has had a bad streak of luck lately. One of his thoroughbred maltese cats was killed accidentally by a quarter of beef falling upon it, and another one was drowned in the well. George directed the man of all work on the place to get the drowned cat out of the well, as he and his wife were going away for a few days. To get the cat the man went into the well himself, contrary to instructions. The well is forty-five feet deep, with seven feet of water. In the evening of the day on which the event happened a neighbor who chanced to be passing stopped at the house, and was attracted to the well by the noise of the man who had gone down the well rope and couldn't get back. He had managed to keep his head out of water, but was nearly perishing when additional help arrived, as the neighbor had to go three miles for assistance to pull the man out. He got the cat out all right enough, but don't think he will take any more such chances.

Good sleighing is such a rarity in The Dalles that a genuine, old-fashioned sleigh ride is accordingly greatly enjoyed. With the night simply perfect, the roads in fine condition, and fifteen of the jolliest boys and girls in town packed into the bed of a sleigh Saturday night, nothing could have added to the enjoyment of the party, unless it was that a certain young man might have left his feet at home, which took up so much room, that, although he tried to keep them "out of sight," the young lady next him was simply crowded into an inch of space. After riding around town until at every window a face might be seen peering out in a vain endeavor to see the "dog show" parade, they were driven up the Mill creek road, where they might sing "Jingle Bells" till their throats ached without disturbing any one. On returning the sleigh was drawn up in front of a cosy-looking home and they were invited in and royally entertained by the host and hostess. Lunch was served, and, according to newspaper parlance the table "fairly groaned;" but in this case it was so quickly relieved that the groaning was from another source. However it soon changed to the voice of song, and the neighborhood fairly resounded. If these young people haven't the chance to enjoy another sleigh ride for some years, this will be a sufficient reminder of the most pleasant way to spend an evening.

PROPHECY.

Invest Your Savings in The Dalles and Come out on Top.

Come get you a home in our city; It's thriving, it's well bred, it's pretty. It's going to grow in a manner not slow; Be wise—let who will be witty.

More actual advance in the values of real estate in The Dalles will be realized in this year of 1893, than has occurred in the past 15 years.

Taste this prophecy in your men.

Things to Be Remembered.

The "jumping jack" is beautifully illustrated in the comments of the Portland Telegram respecting the reconsideration of the Raley bill in the senate for the dalles portage railway. Listen to the following: "A badly disguised attempt to keep up appearance before congress is about all there is in the reconsideration." Butler made the motion, and advocated its passage by a strong and sensible speech. Weatherford followed in the same strain, and Raley spoke with much earnestness of the needs of Eastern Oregon, and how it had willingly borne its share of the taxation for the benefit of other parts of the state. Alley, Cogswell and others, who are against the bill, would not oppose a reconsideration if, as was understood, it was for the purpose of a committee of investigation to report two years hence. With this understanding, and for this purpose, the bill was laid on the table.

Cyclone in The Dalles.

This morning about 9 o'clock the residents of The Dalles were startled by a low rumbling noise which increased very rapidly, and everybody was inquiring what it meant. Some Kansas people volunteered the information that it was a genuine eastern cyclone. But upon investigation it proved to be Herrin at his photo gallery at work upon his famous Paris Panel, the most beautiful of all photos. Gallery over the post office.

Advertised Letters.

Following is the list of letters remaining in the postoffice at The Dalles un-called for, Friday, Jan. 27th, 1893. Persons calling for same will give date on which they were advertised: Bramlet A Brown Mrs Elizaie Bette Mrs A Bryan Chas W Byrne Peter Chapman G D Craig Rev Crider J Danson Mrs Cyrena Kellogg C M Henderson J A Morton Eddie Mackenlay S S Schofield Mr McCain J L Smith S L Smith D H and A Scott Thos Smith Boss William Taylor Miss Alice Taylor Mrs Ann (2) White Lawyer Ward Mrs Mollie Woods Mrs S F Wisley Mr James Florence Mrs C M. T. NOLAN, P. M.

Self Conceit versus Self Confidence.

While conceit may produce a negatively agreeable effect it cannot be called a positive charm. We do not think a person more charming because of his conceit, and we do not encourage it in those who are dear to us. A parent represses rather than stimulates it in his child, and a person who should plainly and laboriously cultivate it would not be in peril of canonization. It is doubtful if conceit ever accompanies real greatness. A great man, indeed, may have the self confidence that springs from the consciousness of power; but consciousness of power is very different from conceit of it. The one is a fact; the other a fancy.—George William Curtis in Harper's.

A Youngster's Wish.

The African explorer Paul B. du Chailla was explaining to a very small boy the various inconveniences of life in the equatorial forest. "It's dreadful, Dickie," said he, "to think there are be-ighted tribes who do not know what soap is, and who do not wash from one year's end to the other." Dickie was pensive for a moment; then, "I wish," said he, "I was a 'nighted tribe'."

Chaperons Must Go.

Mr. De Style—How does it happen that our daughters are going around without a chaperon?

Mrs. De Style—I've dropped the silly custom. It doesn't work well on this side of the water.

"Why not?" "The young men seem rather afraid of chaperons."—New York Weekly

A Rubber Insole.

Persons with tender feet will be interested in an insole for boots and shoes. It is made of hollow india rubber, inflated with air or gas under pressure, the external protective covering being canvas, silk or other similar material. Inserted in the shoe it relieves the pressure of the leather against the tender parts of the foot.—Shoe and Leather Facts.

Maggie Among the Greeks.

With the ancient Greeks the magpie was supposed to possess the soul of a gossiping woman, and we all know how unlucky it is to meet an odd number of the species in Ireland.—Irish Times.

In Belgium no person is allowed to vote unless he is a taxpayer to the amount of forty francs a year. This law makes the voters only twenty-two out of every thousand of population.

The Kentish plover, like the stone curlew or thickknee, is being rapidly exterminated in the county from which it derives its name by collectors and so called "naturalists."

After the juice is squeezed from lemons the peels are useful to rub brass with. Dip in common salt, then brush with dry bath brick.

In some countries the leaves of trees are still used for books. In Ceylon the leaves of the tall pot tree are used.

Surveyors at work on the Gila river in New Mexico claim that they have discovered a mountain of pure alum a mile square at the base and 3,000 feet high.

The importance of the nitrate beds of Chili is shown from the fact that the output last year was valued at \$30,000,000.

NOTICE.

All Dalles City warrants registered prior to May 1, 1891, will be paid if presented at my office. Interest ceases from and after this date.

Dated, Jan. 31, 1893.

L. RORDEN, Treas. Dalles City.

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST.

Who would not haste to do some mighty thing, if safe occasion gave it to his hand. Knowing that as its close his name would ring, Coupled with praise, through a grateful land? Who would not hear with joy some great command?

Bidding him dare to earn a glorious name? The task is easy that secures its fame.

But, ah! how seldom comes the trumpet call That stirs the pulse and fills the veins with flame.

When victory asks fierce effort, once for all, And smiling fortune points a way to fame, Along some path of honor free from blame. To one, the call to do great deeds speaks loud, To one, amid a vast unnumbered crowd.

Far otherwise the common lot of man, Our hourly toil but seeks the means to live; Our dull monotony later knows no plan, Save that which stern necessity doth give. Our earnings fill an ever-leaking sieve; Our task fulfilled, another still succeeds, And brief neglect brings overgrowth of weeds.

What wonder, then, if suffering men repine, And hopelessness gives way to mad despair? Some murmur at, yea, curse, the scheme divine That placed them there where the saws of fretting care.

Across their brows a deepening channel wears, For them no springtime speaks of hope renewed, But changeless wintry skies above them brood.

Oh, fools and blind! This world is not the goal, But shapes us for a larger world unknown; The vilest slave that keeps a patient soul Shall yet rank higher than the sensual drone Who seeks to please his worthless self alone. If humblest toil be hardest, yet be sure, He most shall merit who can most endure.

—Walter W. Skeat in London Academy.

Rainmaking by Faith.

Some forty years ago, on a cloudless Sabbath morning, the president of Oberlin college, Professor Phinney, walked briskly to the chapel—there had been a distressing drought—and began the service with an extremely fervent prayer for rain. The prayer was long, and before it was finished the skies began to darken, and almost before the congregation was dismissed a copious rain began to fall. The suggestive fact in this relation is that President Phinney had been observed during the morning to give very watchful attention to the barometer.—H. Chandler in Science.

Rain Without Clouds.

We have it on the authority of Sir J. C. Ross that in the south Atlantic it rained on one occasion for over an hour when the sky was entirely free from clouds. In the Mauritius and other parts of the southern hemisphere this is not a rare occurrence; but in Europe it is, and the greatest known length of its duration was ten minutes at Constantinople.—All the Year Round.

Origin of Two Weller Stories.

Many of Dickens' stories referred to events much spoken of at the time. The story of the marbles was doubtless founded on a tale then current, and the tragedy of the man who killed himself after eating muffins was an elaboration of the account of the suicide of the Hon. Mr. Damer, who destroyed himself after a surfeit of crumpets.—Notes and Queries.

There are a good many things in the animal kingdom which we do not yet know, or which we have only just discovered.

A good liniment for inflammation, rheumatism, swellings, etc., is olive oil well saturated with camphor.

The New Club Member.

I read conscientiously Sunday afternoon at the club the weekly rules and regulations laid down in the newspapers concerning the details of life, that I might regulate my behavior thereby; and I notice that "initials are not considered good form on note paper, not even monograms." This did not particularly interest me, as I have for years used a firm, plain and unruffled paper—though I do not delight in two sided letter writing, and the only notes I am punctilious in answering are dinner invitations and the good wishes of Miss Porphyry sent to me at the beginning of each year's year and mine own.

But looking up and across the hall I saw young Spriggles busily engaged in the consumption of club paper and envelopes. Letters stood in high stacks upon the table. And I formulated this maxim: The newness of club membership is in direct proportion to the amount of daily correspondence. The clubbing parades the club stamp as the newly married man his wife. And I should regret this thrusting of such dangerous weapons as pen, ink and paper into the hands of the wise and the foolish, were it not that club paper had occasionally its uses; as when Thackeray wrote that delightful Roundabout in defense of Lord Clyde.—Boston Post.

The Kiss in History.

What a fleeting, intangible, evanescent and altogether delicious thing a kiss is! No savant can analyze it. The genius that fathoms star spaces cannot measure it; the science that weighs the fraction of an atom cannot determine its specific gravity. And yet what an important part it has played in history as well as in romance. It has been the reward of genius—for was not Voltaire publicly kissed in the stage box by the beautiful Duchess de Villars in compliance with the demands of an enthusiastic fit to thus reward the author of "Merope?"

It has been the bribe of politics, for when Fox was contesting the hard won seat at Westminster the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire offered to kiss all who would vote for the great statesman. And the inspiration of patriotism, for did not the fair Lady Gordon turn recruiting sergeant when the ranks of the Scottish regiments had been depleted by Salamanca, and tempted the gallant lads by placing the recruiting shilling between her lips for all who would take it with their own?—New York Sun.

Equine Aristocracy.

"That fellow is awfully stuck up," remarked the cob to the polo company, as he wagged his ears in the direction of the new tandem horse. "He refused to recognize me today in the park. He may be a society 'leader' now, but I remember when his mother used to be driven by the grocer's son."—Harper's