This Space Reserved For

SHELLEY & VANDUYN,

Said to be 180 Years Old.

The oldest man in the world is a citizen of Bogota, in the Republic of San Salvador.

The new Methuselah declares that he is 180 years old, and it would seem he flatters himself, for his neighbors give the assurance that he is older than he says he is.

He is a half-breed, named Michael Solis, whose existence was revealed to Dr. Louis Hernandez by one of the oldest planters in the locality, who as a child knew Solis as a centenarian.

They have found in the year 1712 his signature among those of persons who contributed to the building of a Franciscan convent which exists near San Sebastian.

His skin is like parchment, his long hair, of the whiteness of snow, envelops his head like a turban, and his look is so keen that it made a disagreeable impression on the Doctor.

Interrogated by the Doctor, he answered complaisantly that his great age was due to his regular mode of living, and to his never giving up to any excess of any sort whatever.

"I never eat but once a day," said he, "but I never use any but the strongest and most nourishing foods. My meals last a half hour; for I believe it is impossible to eat more in that time than the body can digest in twenty-four hours. I fast the first and fifteenth day of each month, and on those days I drink as much water as I can bear. I always let my food become cold before I touch it. It is to these things that I attribute my great age." — *Union Liberale of Quebec.*

Lucca's Tender Heart.

The following anecdote is told by the Warsaw papers, demonstrating the good heart of the celebrated singer, Lucca. As is well known, Bismarck was one of the warmest admirers of her talent and often visited her. Once, when walking together along one of the Berlin streets, they noticed the sad spectacle of a photographer's establishment being sold at auction. The business had not prospered and they were selling his property to pay some debts. "Unfortunate people!" said Lucca; "let us help them, Count." "Willingly," replied Bismarck, "but I did not take with me money enough for that." "Ah! how provoking it is," exclaimed Lucca; "neither have I any money about me. . . . But here, let's help them in another way," quickly suggested the singer; "let us go and have our pictures taken together at this photographer's." It was no sooner said than done, and the poor photographer, who realized great sums of money by selling the pictures of Bismarck and Lucca, six months afterward was already opening a luxurious establishment on "Unter den Linden."

Spreckels, the Sugar King.

"Claus Spreckels," said a friend of his, "looks so much like the conventional idea of Santa Claus, the Christmas saint, that no one ought to be surprised at his being named 'Claus.' The old sugar king has a full white beard, rosy cheeks and luxuriant snowy hair. He is even as benevolent in a benevolent way as his Christmas namesake is on a large scale, and his family and employes are devoted to him. Mr. Spreckels knows the sugar business from the cane field to the refined product. When the refinery was being built at the foot of Reed street in Philadelphia, at a cost of more than a million dollars, a quantity of the most expensive machinery in the plant was put in wrong, and when Mr. Spreckels saw it he recognized the error at a glance. As a practical machinist he leaped into the excavation, had the whole mass of iron and steel yanked out and personally superintended its proper erection. Few millionaire operators in any business know its ins and outs so thoroughly as he."

A Famous Indian Chief.

Chief Joseph, the famous chief of the Nez Perces Indians, who defied the United States a few years ago, is fully six feet in his moccasins, and weighs 200 pounds. His features are fine and denote decided character; his forehead is broad and high, slightly sloping from a pair of heavy, beetling eyebrows, above piercing black eyes. His hair, black and straight, is remarkably fine for an Indian's, and is glossy without any bear's grease. His hands and feet are small and well-shaped; of the former he is proud, and spends much time in manicuring them. His skin is of a light copper color, and in the sunlight takes on a beautiful reddish hue.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A Cure for Influenza.

The New York board of health furnishes the following prescription for the Russian influenza: Spray the affected membrane with a 10-per-cent solution of quinine freely and frequently, and take four or five times a day a pill made as follows: Quinine, three grains, camphor, one-half grain; extract of belladonna, one-fourth grain.

South African farmers are greatly annoyed by baboons. The animals kill their sheep, rob their bee-hives, and tear down fruit trees.

Bargaining in Algiers.

You select your goods with slow deliberation, pile them together casually in a little heap, eye them askance with an inquiring glance, and take a contemplative pull or two at the inspiring weed in solemn silence, says a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine.* Mohammed Ali responds with a puff from his cigarette in grave concert. Then you walk once or twice up and down the piazza slowly, and, jerking your head with careless ease in the direction of your selected pile, you inquire, as if for abstract reasons merely, in an offhand tone, your Moslem friend's lowest cash quotation for the lot as it stands.

Two hundred francs is the smallest price. Mohammed Ali paid far more than that himself for them. He sells simply for occupation it would seem. Look at the work, monsieur. All graven brass, not mere repousse metal, or real old chain-stitch, alike on both sides—none of your wretched, common-place, modern, machine-made embroidery.

You smile incredulously, and remark with a wise nod that your Moslem friend must surely be in error. A mistake of the press. For 200 francs read 50 francs.

Mohammed Ali assumes an expressive attitude of virtuous indignation and resumes his tobacco. Fifty francs for all that lot! Monsieur jests. He shows himself a very poor judge, indeed, of values.

Half an hour's debate and ten successive abatements reduce the lot at last to a fair average price of 70 francs. Mohammed Ali declares you have robbed him of his profit, and pockets his sash with inarticulate grumblings in the Arab tongue. Next day you see in the Rue Bab-Azzoun that you have paid him at least 30 francs too much for your supposed bargain.

The Men and Women of Brazil.

The Flumenenses, as the people of Rio are called, are in some ways polite and well bred, in others rude and vulgar. The men have a coarse habit of rudely staring at every lady who passes by, and a crowd on a street corner will never give way to let ladies pass through. If two or more Brazilians meet on the sidewalk and stop to talk they coolly obstruct the pavement and expect passers-by to take to the roadway. The tram-cars are not fit for a lady to ride in—the men all smoke, and usually villainous tobacco.

The Brazilian women are not pretty, and in the presence of gentlemen are usually shy. At a reception or soiree the gentlemen gather in knots and talk politics at the top of their voices, and the ladies sit about and talk—I know not what, for if a gentleman comes near they instantly stop short.

The men of native birth, as a rule, are low of stature and slender. But there are Brazilians of girth and commanding presence. The Brazilian women are dark and not comparable to our Northern beauties. They make good mothers, though rather indulgent, but social usages allow them no liberty and their days are monotonous and without excitement. Their daughters are taught French. Music is a natural gift. They can embroider a little, but the world and what goes on it is a sealed book to them. Until they are married they are never alone in a gentleman's company. A young man cannot call often and manifest any particular preference for a young lady without being asked if his intentions are serious. The mother has scarcely more liberty than the daughter. Her place is at home, and, be it said to the Brazilians' credit the husbands, as a rule, are domestic in their habits. Their evenings are spent at home or at places of amusement with their wives and children.—*Rio Janeiro Letter.*

A Noted Tiger.

A tigress in the Nagpur district has a fondness for the employes of the Bengal-Nagpur railway, frequents a tract of country only about nine square miles in area, and is possessed of extraordinary cunning and sagacity. Last year, up to June, she had killed seven people, beside wounding others. She lives in a rocky and precipitous spur, in which there is a heavy bamboo and other jungle. Several springs of water rise at the foot of the scarps, and there is a cave which shows many signs of being used by her and her family. A big stone just outside of the entrance is scored deep and long with many scratches of their claws. In February last in broad daylight she carried off one of a gang of permanent-way men from under the eyes of his companions. She has been shot at many times and her cubs killed but she has got off scathless. Sometimes the man-eater traverses very long distances.—*London Times.*

Iceland.

In Iceland there are no poisons and no officers answering to our policemen. In 1874 it celebrated the 1,000th anniversary of its colonization, and at the same time became independent of Denmark, though subject to the king of Denmark as the head of the Icelandic government. Iceland's new government is thoroughly republican in spirit, all citizens having equal rights and perfect religious liberty.

GENERAL NEWS.

Alaska and Her Vast Mineral Resources.

ENGLAND'S CUSTOMS BEING ADOPTED BY NEW YORKERS.

In Divorce Matters and Beer Drinking Japan Competes With America.

The Ocean's Treasure.

Two hearts and two livers were taken from a chicken killed at Lock Haven, Pa.

Emin Bey has two relatives in this country—his father's sister, Mrs. J. P. Kolsen, of Pittsburg, and a cousin, her son, who has served as Mayor of Terre Haute.

Senor Velarde, Bolivian delegate to the Pan-American Congress, favors a common American coin. This would be a great thing for the simplification of the slot machine.

The belle at a recent dog feast on an Indian reservation in Dakota wore a jacket trimmed with teeth from 150 elks, which she herself had slain. She is the granddaughter of the chief of the tribe.

By paying $2 in spot cash, you can get a divorce in four hours in Japan. But there is a great deal of dissatisfaction at the length of time required, as it is generally felt that the business ought to be done in one hour.

The rise of the price of ivory may be described by the statement that the cutlery firm in Sheffield, Rodgers & Sons, used to pay £600 a ton, but they have lately paid £1,280 and in some special cases as high as £2,000.

The proclamation suppressing the Chinese secret societies has been published all through the straits settlements. The property of the societies may be disposed of, though the governments do not desire to confiscate it.

President Carnot of France has learned to waltz in the American fashion. He has always been fond of dancing, and his recent intimacy with the American colony in Paris has led him to adopt our mode of tripping the light fantastic toe.

Beer has become a very popular beverage in Japan. The importations from Germany increased from 880,699 bottles in 1886 to 2,601,228 bottles in 1888, but since then the imports have decreased, owing to the establishment of native breweries.

It is said that the first thing that the new government of Brazil did was to send a telegram to the Rothschilds asking for their continued financial support, and the reply received was favorable and undoubtedly did much toward solidifying the new government.

A Greek paper reports that a number of coffers containing 80,000 gold and silver Spanish pieces of the year 1666 have been hauled out of the sea near the island of Andros. Six bronze cannon were also found, and it is thought the articles came from the wreck of a Spanish war vessel.

Gen. Boulanger, a recent visitor to the Isle of Jersey says, has not aged. On the contrary he has a rested face, a fresher color. His shoulders, however, have weakened and his gait has become slightly heavier. His eye, always bright, clear, and curious, has lost none of its expression, but the smile is uncertain.

Alfred N. Hazzard, seventy-three years old, turned up in New Haven, recently, much to the surprise of his son, Alfred N. Hazzard. Mr. Hazzard deserted his family in western York State forty years ago, and after wandering about in the West has become wealthy and returned to his son. As he put it, he has come home to die.

James S. T. Stranahan of Brooklyn seems likely to enjoy the unique distinction of living to see a statue erected in his honor. His name is intimately identified with numerous important public works, and a movement has begun for the erection of his statue in Prospect Park. Brooklyn's proximity to New York, however, may prove fatal to the project.

G. V. Dupont of the great gunpowder manufactory at Wilmington, Del., declares that the so-called smokeless and noiseless powders so far invented are failures, but he proclaims his belief that in the next five years a new powder for warfare will be invented which will be smokeless, noiseless, uniform, and safe and free from poisonous gases when it is consumed.

Some men are disastrously superstitious, says the Burlington *Free Press.* A Burlington swain came to the determination to propose on a certain evening. Entering the parlor in considerable trepidation, he picked up a book and glanced at the title page. It was a copy of "Don't." He didn't and on the very next afternoon his girl consented to be Mrs. Somebody Else.

Sir Henry Aaron Isaacs, the new Lord Mayor of London, has two daughters who are deaf and dumb, but they have been so admirably educated in the oral system in Holland that they can by lip-reading even understand what goes on at a theater. They have such bright, intelligent faces that no one could possibly imagine them to be deprived of two of the best senses.

Dr. Seth Pancoast, who died recently in Philadelphia, was a descendant of the three Pancoast brothers who came to this country with William Penn. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1852. He became Professor of Anatomy in the Philadelphia Female College in 1853, and in the following year was called to the chair in the Pennsylvania Medical College.

While the sealing industry of Alaska holds a prominent place in public attention, and gold mining in southeastern Alaska and at Unga Island to the westward is inviting capital for gradual and certain development, the coal deposits in the vicinity of Cook's Inlet and at other points west of Sitka are rapidly coming to the front. Experts pronounce the coal of good quality and the beds extensive.

Lizzie, a polar bear in the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens, has lately given birth to twins. The cubs are about the size of full grown rats. It is four weeks before the young of the polar bear species open their eyes and fully six weeks before they venture out of their den. In their native haunts the mother remains with her young until spring, when, emaciated and scarcely able to walk, she crawls out.

Mrs. Youngbride—"How does your breakfast suit you this morning, darling?" Mr. Youngbride—"Just right! I tell you, Annie, it may be plebeian, but I am awfully fond of calf's liver." Mrs. Youngbride—"So am I. Don't you think, George, it would be real nice and economical to keep a calf, then we can have calf's liver for breakfast every morning?"—*America.*

Belinda—"I see that Clara has taken to sending liberal donations to the hospitals and asylums." Annabel—"Yes, you see she has everything she could possibly want, she has not a wish ungratified, so she is going in for self-denial and giving to the poor."—*America.*

A sportsman entered an inn in England, his gun on a table outside. During his absence a man named Speakman picked it up, cocked it, sighted it, and then laid it down again. The owner took it up afterward without noticing that it had been cocked, and he and two others, including the man who had examined it, walked on. While they were getting over a fence the gun went off killing the man who had cocked it.

The *Catholic Review* doesn't appear to be satisfied with Catholic literature in this country. "We sigh," it says, "for a glimpse of a novel, a biography, a history—anything written by a Catholic American with literary skill, taste and modesty. But we sigh in vain. French translations, German translations, English poppy press, sermons dull and meditations awful continue to pour from the Catholic presses in long drawn-out agony."

At the Indian cemetery on Indian Hill, near Portland, Conn., the other day, John R. Lewis dug up a redman whose grave was liberally provided with culinary utensils. There were several bottles, an iron kettle with a copper ladle, a brass kettle and two Dutch mugs. The human remains, which were a skull and a dozen very fine teeth, were evidently those of a great chief; but what business the Dutch mugs had in the grave is a mystery to every one.

The custom of putting housemaids into livery, which is common enough in England, is beginning to be adopted in New York. The costume, or uniform, consists of a skirt of dark livery cloth, blue, green or brown, with plain front and broad pleats at the back; a waistcoat of the same cloth, with fine crosswise lines of red braid and a coat cut away in front and covering the hips. Metal livery buttons are used on the coat and waistcoat. A small white cap, stiff white collar and cuffs and a white cravat complete the attire.

Why Women Are Fascinating.

The power of fascination inherent in women may, moreover, be divided into two kinds. We all, says the Brooklyn *Eagle,* have seen the old lady, generally white haired, with kindly, pleasant features, on which time has set no unfriendly mark, who still retains all her attractiveness. Note how the boys and girls adore her; they will go to her and confide their sorrows, their hopes, their ambitions, and when they would not breathe a word to their mothers. The kindly, loving interest evinced in a lad's affairs by such a one has time and again first implanted the impulses in the heart which eventually led him on to an honorable career.

Quickly, almost by stealth, the good is done by such, and the good seed sown which will ripen in after time into a rich and abundant crop. On the other hand, we have most of us seen, perhaps in real life, certainly on the stage, the fascinating adventuress who, by her enthralling beaute de diable, enslaves men's souls and leads them (on the stage) to dare all for her sake. Such is directly opposed to the sweet old lady in her old-fashioned chair, and these two form the opposite poles between which the women who fascinate vary.

Types differ, and any one you may select has some position between these two opposites. Take, for instance, a pretty and may be witty woman who, hardly of her own free will, makes every man fall in love with her to a greater or less degree. She may be innocent of any evil intention, but her position on the scale is not vastly removed from that of the melodramatic sorceress. Or, again, take the instance of the pretty young matron who, while devoted to home, husband, and children, yet has several intimate friends of the male persuasion. But her influence is all for good. Her fascination is exerted in a worthy cause, and she has found out a great truth—that there is no friendship so lasting, so true, and so pleasant as one between persons of opposite sexes, where a true feeling of bonne camaraderie exists and there is no pretense to love-making. Such a woman, if she lives long enough, bids fair to develop into a snowy-haired old lady on whose friendship the children will rely.

Dressmakers' Terms.

Some of the phrases used in dressmaking are perfect Greek to the unknowing, says the *Ladies' Home Journal.* An apron is any sort of a draped skirt front; a tablier is a flat undraped skirt front; a full back means a straight back to the skirt gathered in two or more rows at the top; a panel is a straight piece for the front or sides, set in between a trimming of some kind to convey the idea of an inlay; a Spanish flounce is one reaching from the knees down and gathered to form an erect raffle. Knife-pleats are very narrow side-pleats, and accordion-pleats are still narrower and pressed in shape by machinery; kilt-pleats are those turned one way, and box pleats have a fold to the right side and one to the left; double and triple box pleats have two or three folds on either side; a "kilt" means a skirt entirely of kilt pleats. A "drop" skirt is one of the dress material made up independent of the lining and then hung or dropped over it from the same belt. A border is any trimming put on the edge or just above it. Armure silk has a bird's-eye or diaper weave; faille Francaise has a soft cord, moire has water waves over its surface, tricotine is sometimes called armure surah from its lines of bird's-eye weaving; surrah has almost invisible cords and is very soft.

Substitute for Coffee.

A new substitute for coffee may turn up in a berry known as "gaertnera." The British consul at Reunion says that at one time he has received many letters from merchants in England asking for information respecting a shrub then called "mussacanda," the discovery of which, it has been said in some commercial journals, would deal a severe blow to the coffee and chicory trade. About two years ago a rumor was spread that the berry of this shrub could be advantageously employed as a substitute for coffee and chicory. It grows to about ten feet high, has very few leaves, and its branches are wide apart. The berries do not grow all along the branches, as is the case with coffee, but in bunches at their extremeties. At present it is only met with in the mountains, where it grows wild. It might be produced on an extensive scale; but with its inferiority in fragrance and color it could hardly compete with coffee.

A New Battery-Cell.

Edison has invented a new battery-cell for the use of telegraph companies. It is described as a simple cylinder of zinc in which is placed a thick stick of caustic soda, and the cell is then filled with water. It is said to possess marvelous potential energy, with a minimum of internal resistance, and a battery will work as well in wet weather as in dry. There is no polarization and the zincs never require cleaning.

Enough to Puzzle Anybody.

We heard a darky say recently that he owned a pig, and one day gave it a bucket of mush. Said the darky: "He eats de whole bucketful of mush, and den I put de darn little cuss in de bucket and he didn't fill it up half full." The question for philosophers to settle is, what became of the mush?—*Madisonian.*

MARKET REPORT.

Ruling Prices of Poultry, Eggs and Diary Produce.

FEED, FLOUR, GRAIN AND LUMBER

Wool, Grass Seeds, Clover Seeds, Miscellaneous Seeds, Etc., Etc.

DAIRY PRODUCE.	
Butter.	
Oregon—	
Fancy creamery	27½
Choice dairy	22
Common	15@17½
Pickled (Cal.)	18@20
Eastern creamery fancy	
Cal. fresh roll	22
Cheese.	
New California	9½@10
Oregon Skims and cream	11½@12½
Swiss Cheese, domestic	15 to 16
Young America Or.	14
Eggs.	
Oregon ₽ doz	20½
Eastern	
FLOUR.	
Portland Pat. Roller, p. bbl.	$ 75
Salem do do	3 75
Dayton do do	$ 65
Cascadia do do	3 65
Country Brands	3 50
McMinnville	3 75
Superfine	2 50
White Lily	3 75
Graham	3 25
Rye Flour	4 50
FEED.	
Bran per ton	$15@17 00
Hay " " baled	$19@20 00
Gr'd Barley, per ton	32 50
Mill Chop per ton	25 00
Oil Cake Meal per ton	$27 50@30 00
Shorts per ton	$17@$19 00
FRESH FRUITS.	
Apples	75@1 25
Bananas, p. bunch	3 75@6 00
Lemons, Cal. p. bx.	4 50
do Sicily, p. bx. new	7 50@8 00
Limes per hun	1 50
Pears per box	1 25@2 00
Peaches per box	75@1 25
Plums per bx	75
Prunes per box	75
Watermelons ₽ doz.	2 50@4 50
GRAIN.	
Barley, whole, p. ctl	90@90
Corn, per 100 lbs	1 50
Oats, good, p. bu.	52@54
Rye, p. 100 lb nominal	1 20@1 22½
Wheat, Valley, p. 100 lbs	1 22½@1 23
do Eastern Ore.	1 20
POULTRY.	
Chickens, large young ₽ dz.	3 00@4 00
do broilers	4 50@5 00
do old	5 00@5 50
Ducks ₽ doz	4 50@5 00
Geese, young ₽ dz.	8 00@9 00
Turkeys, young, ₽ lb	18@20
LUMBER—ROUGH AND DRESSED.	
Rough	Per M $10 00
Edged	12 00
T. & G. Sheathing	13 00
No. 2 flooring	18 00
No. 2 ceiling	18 00
No. 2 rustic	18 00
Clear rough	20 00
Clear P. 48	22 50
No. 1 flooring	22 50
No. 1 ceiling	22 50
No. 2 rustic	22 50
Stepping	25 00
Over 12 inches wide (extra)	1 00
Lengths 40 to 50 "	2 00
Lengths 05 "	4 00
1¼ Lath	2 25
1½ Lath	2 50
Shingles, cedar, per 1000	2 25
" red cedar, ₽ 1000	45 00@50 00
WOOL.	
Eastern Oregon.	
According to shrinkage	10@16
Valley.	
Spring clip	17@19
Umpqua	18@20
" Lambs and fall	10@14
VEGETABLES (Fresh.)	
Spinach	
Turnips per sk	1 50
Tomatoes per box	90@1 00
Asperagus	10
Beans ₽ lb	3@5
Beets ₽ lb	
Cabbage ₽ lb	2½@3
Cauliflower, per doz	1 40@1 50
Carrots per sk	1 00
do young ₽ doz	15
Celery per doz	90@1 00
Cucumbers ₽ doz	25
Green Peas ₽ lb	3
Lettuce ₽ doz	15
Onions ₽ lb	2½
Potatoes ₽ 100 lbs	1 00@1 25
Radishes ₽ doz	15
Rhubarb	
Prunes.	
Oregon French Petite	7@8
DRIED FRUITS.	
Apples sun dried qrs.	7½@8
do factory sliced Cal.	9@10
do evap. 50 lb boxes	11 to 12
do unbles.	6 to 7
Apricots	13 to 14
Blackberries 50 lb boxes	11½@13
Cherries pitted	40
Peaches halves, unp'l'd new	10@12
do evaporated	12@15
Pears mach dried	9@9½
Plums pitted Oreg.	3@4
" factory	5@6
Citron, Currants, &c.	
Currants, in bxs or bbls.	7½@8½
Dates in boxes	10@11
SEEDS.	
Grass Seeds.	lb ₽
Timothy	6½@ ¾
Orchard Grass	11@12
Red Top	6½@8½
Blue Grass	12@14
English Rye Grass	7½@
Italian do	9½@11
Australian do	7½@9
Mesquite	7@10
Millet	5@6
Hungarian do	5@6
Mixed Lawn Grass	12@15
Clover Seeds	
Red Clover	10½@11½
White Clover	15@17
Alyske Clover	15@17
Alfalfa	10@11
Miscellaneous.	
Canary	4½@5
Flax	4½@5
Hemp	5@5½
Rape	3½@4½

"Poor Richard."

Ben Franklin is to blame for the sordid and very partial view of success that prevails in this country. Franklin, though himself not a parsimonious man, dinned maxims of parsimony into the ears of the American people so persistently, and did it in such a wonderfully forcible way, that he succeeded in ingraining the thought of the American people with an eminently material philosophy. The moral of it all is—save, save, save for a rainy day. By dint of everlasting repetition of the vision of the rainy day that has got to be laid up for, Ben Franklin has succeeded in taking all the sunshine out of the days that are not rainy for hundreds of thousands of people.—*Boston Transcript.*

Marie—"I am willing to marry you, Charles, even if you are poor, but do you think you can take care of me, anyway?" Charles—"O, darling, by this strong right arm raised to heaven I swear that I will support you always, even if I have to take in washing for you to do." And they were married.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The girl who has the strongest will is the girl who says the strongest won't.—*Somerville Journal.*

It takes more than a well-starched shirt-front to make a polished gentleman.—*Kearney Enterprise.*

We sometimes hear of the spirit of hope, but hope is no spirit; it's only an ex-specter.—*Binghamton Leader.*

On the question of the introduction of the European influenza into this country the eyes and nose will have it. *Lowell Courier.*

Billings—"I understand you are an agnostic, Thompkins." Thompkins (politician)—"Only before the grand jury, my boy."—*Terre Haute Express.*

He is a poor excuse of a man who cannot convince his wife that he is a genius, before marriage. Afterwards—but we'll let that pass.—*Philadelphia Press.*

It is said that "men are the architects of their own fortunes." This explains why so many of them fail, for but few get beyond the nave.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Mrs. H—"Maggie, where do you suppose you will go to if you tell such falsehoods as this?" Maggie—"Sure, ma'am, I don't care; I have frinds in syther place."

"Look here," said the farmer to the tramp. "Let me jist give you a pinter—" "But I don't want a pinter," replied the tourist. "I want a quarter."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Women and Wine are often classed together by the poets, but we have never yet heard of a poet who claimed that both of them improved with age.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Alone with God and her lead pencil" is the only opportunity a woman has to sharpen it without being told she doesn't know how and never will.—*Hutchinson (Kas.) News.*

There is a great difference in poker players. There's the man who can play poker and there's the man who thinks he can. The latter is the one who has to write a check.—*The Epoch.*

A good many people publicly thank the Lord for their prosperity who would be mad if somebody should suggest that they were not mainly responsible for it themselves.—*Somerville Journal.*

Perhaps the advice of a certain dear old lady applies to etiquette as well as to other affairs of life. "Speak the truth always," she was wont to say, "but speak it gently."—*Youth's Companion.*

"What makes the tea so weak, Mrs. McKerrel?" asked Funnywit, the wag of our boarding-house. "It's been listening to your jokes about the hash, I reckon," replied Mrs. McKerrel.—*Burdette.*

Kind Lady (to drunken wayfarer)—"Dear sir, the Good Book tells us not to look upon the wine when it is red." Drunkard—"Don't see how I can; blind (hic) drunk now."—*Kearney Enterprise.*

Poet—"Have you read my latest effusion?" Candid Friend—"No, I have not. We are friends, and I don't want to do anything that is likely to lower my opinion of you."—*Binghamton Herald.*

Griggs—"Do you mean to tell me there is no money in literature? Look at Dawson; he's worth his millions." Penman—"Dawson? What did he ever write?" Griggs—"Nothing; he's a publisher."—*Boston Post.*

Florence (looking at some bonnets in the milliner's window)—"O, Jen'l aren't they lovely!" Jennie (looking across the street)—"Yes, indeed! Especially the one with the side whiskers."—*Lawrence American.*

Adorer (after a rebuke by the old lady)—"I didn't kiss you. I only pretended I was going to. Why did you call to your mother?" Sweet Girl (repentantly)—"I—I didn't know she was in the house."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"How will you have it bound?" asked the binder of a man who had brought in a dictionary to have new covers put on. "I think it would be appropriate to have it spellbound," was the reply.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Mabel—"Let's play house; I'll be the mother." George—"Yes, and I'll be the father." Clara—"And I'll be the cook." Mabel and George (indignantly)—"Yes, that's just you! You always want to be boss of everything."—*Life.*

In Court—"Prisoner, have you anything to say in your defense?" "Your Honor, I beg you to consider, before pronouncing the sentence, that the only reason I steal is so as not to be loafing about the streets all day."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Wickars—"If you don't let up on your drinking, Vickars, one of these days you will be having snakes." Vickars—"No, I won't. I drink nothing but imported Irish whisky, and there can't be any snakes in that, you know."—*Terre Haute Express.*

In Boston, a while ago, a barber, while innocently looking on at a street fight, received a pistol shot in his mouth. It was undoubtedly fired by some one to whom he had been in the habit of suggesting a hair cut every time he shaved him.—*Lowell Citizen.*

First Philadelphian (yawning)—"I've watched the girl across the way washing those doorsteps until I'm sick of it. I guess I'll go down to the prayer-meeting and have a little excitement. Will you come?" Second Philadelphian—"Thanks, no. I've got some New York friends in town and I've promised to show them the sights. Guess I'll take them down to the morgue."—*Lawrence American.*

Von Boreall—"Did you not understand me, Miss Lucy? I go South tomorrow. Have you nothing to say?" Miss Lucy (coolly)—"Yes, I can say earnestly and from my heart that——" Von B. (aside)—"Sweet girl, I knew she'd be sorry." Miss Lucy—"That my sympathies are entirely with the South."—*Pitt's Bulletin.*

Old Lady (reading paper)—"Shocking! yes, just horribly shocking! It does beat all how these nobility creeters do carry on." Birds—"How's that, grandma?" Old Lady—"Why, I just read that an English Duke got a 'queen full' at a card party, the other night."—*Kearney Enterprise.*

Heavy Boss (to budding genius who never reaches the office on time)—"Young man, I owe all my success in life to the fact that I was never late. I always got to business early." B. G.—"Well, that's where we differ. What success I've had I owe to my head, not to my feet."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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IN PURSUIT OF SNAKES.

A Collector's Hunt After a Rather Ugly-Looking Reptile.

There is a popular prejudice against even the most harmless snakes, and few people would carry the collector's rage so far as to attempt the capture of an ugly-looking reptile with the bare hands. But the born naturalist, like the born sportsman, does not mind any slight risk when his blood is up. In Sherman F. Denton's "Incidents of a Collector's Rambles" is the following account of an incident belonging to his stay in Australia:

Snakes were rather numerous, and one day, while walking in the thick scrub, I came across a large, light brown one, coiled upon the ground. He was by far the largest specimen I had ever seen at large, and was probably ten or twelve feet long, and as thick as a man's leg at the knee.

I thought at first I would shoot him in the head with a light charge of shot, and carry home his skin. Then I considered that, if taken alive, he would be worth five times as much.

Feeling about in my pocket and game bag, I at last found a leather strap with a buckle. I drew the strap through the buckle, making a noose, and thus armed, started cautiously toward his snakeship, intending to put the noose over his head.

As soon as I came near, he partly uncoiled, opened his mouth very wide, thereby disclosing his sharp teeth, and, hissing spitefully, struck at me. I dodged behind a small tree, and, leaning out as far as I dared, tried several times to noose him. He was very savage, and looked powerful enough to crush me in his folds. At this juncture my courage was at rather a low ebb.

After I had teased him for some time, he suddenly decided to leave my company, and started off at full speed. I caught up my gun and went after him, and, by hard running through the scrub, managed to head him off. He stopped, coiled up again, and again I tried the noose. He was equal to the occasion, putting his head under his coils in a very sulky manner; but as soon as I reached out, and caught him by the tail he pulled away with great force and started off once more.

This time he took refuge under a fallen tree; and before I could head him off, he was gliding down the hole of some wild beast, which was partly concealed by the dead branches. I reached the spot just as the last two or three feet were going down, and seizing his tail with both hands, I hung on desperately.

With my feet braced against a limb of a tree, I pulled till the tail cracked and snapped, as if it would break asunder. Sometimes he pulled me within a few inches of the hole, and then I would brace up on the limb, and drag him half way out.

At last I grew so tired that I had to let go my hold, and, with many regrets, I saw the last few inches of the tail disappear beneath the ground.

Likes and Dislikes.

Affinities and repulsions are queer things. Sometimes they allow analysis or explanation, but just as often they don't. Our likes and dislikes do not appear to be under our control, any more than that very powerful emotional impulse toward a particular one which is called love. It may be said generally that where there is esteem there can't be any strong dislike, though there may be no attraction. Yet, curiously enough, there may be love without esteem. Women have been known to love the most worthless characters, for whom they could not possibly have any esteem. It is an enigma after all.

The loss of faith in one might seem to shatter affection in one but it doesn't. Affection survives confidence. People are drawn together, whose tastes and pursuits widely differ, by some one strong trait which they hold in common, and persons of wonderful identity of taste and psychological resemblances never contrive heartily to like each other by a collision revolving around some point of radical moral difference which makes all the joint and kindred qualities go for nothing. And so the queerest marriages and the queerest friendships are contracted on the one hand and the apparently strongest antagonisms kindled on the other hand. No Balzac has ever sounded this depth with his plummet. There are instinctive forces which allure and repel, despite reason, philosophy, and circumstance. It still remains true, however, that there are a few magnetic people whom all love. It seems as natural for them to be sovereigns of hearts as for Cæsar or Napoleon to command the enthusiasm of legions. No one inquires into the secret of their witchery, and all acknowledge it, young and old, men and women alike.

This is perhaps as great a puzzle as all the rest.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Three-Story Wagon.

A three-story wagon was captured at Martinsville, Md., a few days since. The first story under the running gear was a coop of live chickens; the second, sandwiched between the first and third and hidden from view, was devoted to "moonshine spirits; the third was laden with tobacco and fodder.