No jewels from across the sea, upon her brow to shine; A man in homespun clothes stored A man in homespun clothes stood up and gave the bride away— For all was sweet simplicity on Grandma's wedding day.

them hung.
They stood upon the forest sward—this couple, fair and young:
And when the parson called them one and wished them years of bliss,
The greem received his only gift—a soft, and holy kies.

A cable in the forest stood to welcome And happy birds among the trees made music on the air;
She was the reigning backwoods belle—the bride so fair and gray—
And that is why the birds were glad upon her wedding day.

Thus life began for Grandma, in the forest dim and old.

And where she lived a city stands, with state-linese untold:

She told us how the Indian came the settler brave to dight.

And how she rocked the cradle to the welf's long how at night.

The cradle was an oaken trough, untrimme with costly lace.
But in it nestled, now and then, a bright, cheruble face:
And Grandma was as happy then as though a massion grand
Abore her rose like some we see throughout our lovely land.

I cherish now a lock of hair-'tis not of silver She clipped it in the sunlight fair, though years have passed away:
It is a trees of Grandma's hair, as bright as whon she stood
And blushing took ber bridal yows within the pathless wood.

On yonder hill, this golden morn, she takes her The wrinkled hands, so often kissed, ile crossed upon her breast;
And gently on her fingers, ere we laid her form away.
We placed the simple ring she wore upon her wedding day. -Good Housekeeping.

A TIMELY RESCUE.

Doctor Chester, hurrying along the upper part of New York still only half finished seemingly with years of in-completeness before it, saw, as he picked his way through the mud of an unpaved crossing, a sight that made him furious.

Some eight or nine boys-not the children of the poor, but well-dressed little fellows from the Queen Ann children of the poor, but well-dressed little fellows from the Queen Ann residences and well-appointed apart-ment houses of the neighborhood—stoning a man who sat among the rulbish of a new excavation abandoned for the time by the workmen, and who seemed to be quite innocent of any seemed to be quite innocent of any offense against them.

So far the stones had been physically harmless insults. But even as he looked one flung by the largest boy of the crowd struck the man upon the head and wounded it. The blood gushed forth, and the boys, frightened at last by what they had done, dis-persed in all directions, and were out of sight before the doctor, even with

his long strides, had reached the spot.
"These imps have hurt you," he said, bending over the man, who was trying to staunch the blood with the fragment of an old handkerchief.

cowardly to sit here and stand it, I if he punished boys like that as they deserved. It's a bad world for empty ckets."

'That's true," said the doctor. "See piest day of his life had ended. pockets

plaster in my pocket. I'll fix the cut for you." And taking off his gloves he produced the little case with its plaster and scissors, and skilfully

"I suppose you are out of employ-ment?" he said when he had finished. "I am out of everything," said the man: "work, money, health, friends, and luck and food and shelter just now. I wonder I haven't made a hole in the water. Why men live when there is nothing to live for is one of the mysteries of this life."

"We all have something to live for." said the doctor, "though a hungry man don't think so. You are young and strong. Be temperate and you'll feel well again. Let me help you out for to-day, and after you've eaten and slept come to me. I'll give you some work—rough work—but it will be a start-if you want it, and come to me sober to-morrow.'

Thank you." said the man, rising: "and God bless you. If I don't come sober, I'll not come at all. But I think

He took the dollar that the docto gave him with his card, and bowed in a way that proved that he had not always been in his present position. The doctor obeyed the impulse of the moment, and with a smile, offered the man his hand. He saw that this was no ordinary tramp, for that sort of creature there was no hope and no help. He is so vile that he scarcely deserves mercy, and the doctor knew it well; but to this man a friendly handgrasp was good medicine. It had its effect. A light came into the dull eyes. a smile moved the mouth.

"I cannot express my obligation for your kindness," he said earnestly. So they parted. The doctor felt touched, and was rather pleased with himself, and a little further on, meet-ing a boy he recognized as one of the poor man's assailants, he took him by the ear and gave him a lecture, threatening to take him to his father and expose his conduct. However, he did not do it, nor did the boy fear that he "I didn't throw the stone that

the fellow," he said. "It was Tibbs."
"How would Tibbs like to be arrested, ask him?" said the doctor. Then he walked on and the incident faded into insignificance! After all, it was unlikely that the man would come

The doctor was a very popular man in the upper part of the city, and his day was well filled. He was, besides. bent on two missions, both important ones. He was about to make an offer of his hand and heart to a lady of whose feelings he had very little doubt, and he intended to deposit in a certain bank a sum of money which he carried about his person. It was a large one the half-yearly salary he had ceived from the managers of an orphan asylum to which he was physician.

such a sum would endanger a man's life if he were known to have it about him as he walked across the newly-cut streets or past blocks of yet untehanted houses. But then who knew? And the doctor was large and muscular. Need one ask whither his steps first took him? Naturally to the feet of his

lady-love. She was young enough to look all the sweeter in the bright light of day, and her pretty morning-dress became her. She had expected the offer, and accepted it without affecta-tion, and the young doctor made all sorts of charming speeches and was permitted more than one kiss.

At last, however, he was obliged to

say adieu, and as he ran down the steps he said to himself that he was the happiest fellow alive. Already out of fear of poverty, engaged to the only girl he ever loved, healthy, and with a clear conscience, what young pro-lessional man wa sever in better case? that he would have to have a new As he passed the spot where he spring in his watch.
had seen he boys stoning the un"Maybe a week; maybe a year or more before him. What a contrast in their positions, he thought to himself!

Well, he had worked for his, and no doubt that poor fellow had worked as hard in another way to bring upon seem as though they had lost the art of tempering watch springs. I sent out a series of two." answered the jeweler.

"But this one has lasted four or five years," said the man, protestingly.

"Yes; but they don't make that kind of spring nowadays. It really does hard in another way to bring upon seem as though they had lost the art of tempering watch springs. I sent out a

"Parents who did their best by me, a happy home, more kindness than I deserve have been mine," he said, "How do I know what that man's childhood was? I hope he will come to me to-morrow. I am giad I helped him a little."

He was yet to be still gladder. How little we know what threads of good or ill we braid into our lives by what seem

ill we braid into our lives by what seem our most unimportant actions.

From house to house the doctor went. Anxious mothers kept him long in talk. There were those who felt that their well-being depended on telling the doctor all about "queer sensation" and that "worried feeling," and banking hours were long over when he emerged from the residence of the last patient upon his list, and, indeed, it was growing quite dark, and like all healthy men, the doctor was growing hungry, and his dinner awaited him.

He stepped forward briskly, but had only gone a few steps when an old woman approached him, wringing her hands and sobbing:

"You're Doctor Chester, aren't you sir?" she cried. "Och, doctor darlin', you're wanted immediate—it's my old man is taken bad, down in our shanty by the railroad. He fell upon the floor, he did, and it's sinsliss he's lyin.' I've the money. Come, doctor, come along.

the money. Come, doctor, come along a minute may mane life. It's near —

"Then why didn't you go to Doctor O'Shane, his office is close by you," says the doctor.
"I did; but he was away," said the

old woman. "An' sure, but that I knowed your face, and you the kindest doctor anywhere. I'd not have stopped you. I've the money to pay."

But it was not the fee the doctor was thinking about. He felt a curious re-luctance to do what the woman asked. Naturally enough, he commented in-

wardly, nature demands rest and re-freshment. Still the case was one that called for immediate action, and in a age on Til come with you," and followed her westward. It was a lonely walk across unlight-ed streets and down some wooden steps to the rails of the Hudson River Road.

Not a soul was in sight, but a light gleamed from the windows of a di-lapidated shanty by the road-side, and the woman hobbled in that direction. She entered the door; he followed her. A man was lying upon the floor. The doctor knelt beside him. As he did so some one from behind pinioned his arms. The supposed patient sprung up and seized him about the waist, and

pocket-book.

'It's a good haul," one of the men said. 'Come, we must lose no time. No one will find that fellow before tomorrow, still we might as well get

"But shoot him before we go-dead

men tell no tales," said the man who had played the part of invalid.

'Throw him on the track," said the third of the group. 'The railroad folks will help us keep our secret."

The fourth said nothing, but, stooping, lifted the doctor by the shoulders, and the others followed his example.

In vain Doctor Chester strays to an old handkerchief.

"Yes." said the man. "It looks of the said the man it. In vain Doctor Chester strove to break his bonds or to utter a prayer for mercy. They dragged him toward the track and flung him across it. Not content with this, they bound him by other cords to the rails, and the others followed his example.

In vain Doctor Chester strove to break his bonds or to utter a prayer for mercy. They dragged him toward the track and flung him across it. Not content with this, they bound him by other cords to the rails, and left him

> reason for living, he must die, and such a horrible death! He strove to meet his fate like a man, but the thought of his betrothed wife was too much for him. He managed by degrees to thrust the handkerchief from his mouth with his tongue, but as he did so he felt the rails tremble beneath him—the engine was approaching! It was far away yet; but what hope was there that he would be heard before it was upon him? Again he shouted again, still again as he saw the red glare from the head-light of the ap-proaching engine shine out through

His case seemed hopeless, but be spent all his strength in one wild cry Help! On the rails here! Tied to the

rails! help! help!"
"Courage! Here we are!" shouted a voice near by. 'Courage! courage!" Someone knelt beside him, someone "Don't despair, I've got a knife with me."

One of the cords was cut-anotherhe was freed from the rails and, clasped in the arms of his preserver, rolled over into the little gully beside the track, safe out of harm's way, just a: the express train flew by at full speed. And now there were others to help. Stout policemen with clubs and pistols who helped the first arrival to free the doctor from all his bonds, and by the light of their lanterns he looked into the express train flew by at full the face of his preserver, and saw the man to whom he had acted the Good

Samaritan that morning.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"How does it come that I owe my life

You owe it to your own kindness, doctor." said the man. "An hour ago I found a lodging in a low tayern near this spot. I had crept into a bunk without removing my clothes, when four men came into the room. They fancied it empty, for early hours are not the fashion in that place, and talked freely, though in whispers. One of them had some pangs of conscience about having left you tied on the track, about having left you tied on the track, and spoke your name aloud, saying you were kind to the poor. Happily I am quick of hearing and jump at an idea. I crept out of my bunk behind their backs, leaped from a window which was close by, and, only stopping to put on my shoes, I dashed down the track. I had no idea which way I should go, but felt that the spot near the tunnel would be the most likely

the tunnel would be the most likely one. On the way I met a boy and bade him find a policeman and tell him that murder had been done. Happily I was in time. That is all I know about it. Thank God, who led me

"Amen!" said the doctor. gratitude must be expressed in deeds, not in words, and there is one who must thank you also-my promised

Meanwhile the police had returned to the tavern whither the doctor and his friend followed them. They found the desperadoes drinking in the upper room, without suspicion that they had been discovered, while the old woman who had decoyed the doctor to the shanty sat at a table gloating over her share of the plunder. They were arrested before they had an opportunity to make resistance, and the doctor was so unusually lucky as to get his own again after thieves had stolen it. As yet fortune favors him. He i married to the woman he loves, and by his aid and through his friendshi the man who saved his life has become happy, respected, and prosperous, and in their household he is a brother.

"How long will it last?" asked

nundred dottar watch the other day, brand new, just from the factory, and the spring broke within twenty-four hours. The manufacturers have spent thousands of dollars within the past few years experimenting to get back the old quality for the springs, and they have failed. The springs seem to be getting worse, rather than better."— N. F. Sun.

The largest tree in the state of Wash-ington is a hollow pine, thirty feet in diameter at the base.

IN BRITISH GOLUMBIA Glaciers, and Enormous Mountain Peaks.

There are very curious things about British Columbia rivers. Everybody knows, says the Victoria Times, that they flow in the wrong direction while they are young. For instance, the Peace and Liard persist in going to the Arctic Oceau, in defiance of the Rocky Mountains and the laws of nature, while the Columbia, Fraser and Kootenay only consent to travel seaward after going in the opposite direction some hundreds of miles. But they also have very peculiar ways of make ing ice, quite opposite to that laid down in the text books. In the Skeens I have observed the ice in autumn to form on the river bed among the bowlders in globules, like a mass of fish spawn, this often growing until the reef actually reaches the surface; but more often it breaks away in large pieces and floats off down stream, bear-ing pebbles and even bowlders for many unites. I have seen the river in

There are many natural bridges on our rivers also. In the Kicking Horse, three miles below Field Station, there is a rock bridge, in a state formation which is inclined so as to present shar edges very ampleasant to walk upon Every observant passenger on the Canadian Pacific Railroad has noticed the snow bridge on the Illecillewaet, but there are records of ice bridges also. I think I have heard of one on the Homatheo River, but of the Stickeen a marvelous story is told. is a great glacier descending out of the high snowfield to the north, and this in ancient times flowed right across the valley, meeting a lesser ice stream from the heights opposite. The Stick-een flowed under the ice in a tunnel, and at very low water the passage was too small for it, although the water must have been banked up into a lake

December entirely covered with this ground ice adrift, the globules being

the size of peas and cohering like loos

at the spring freshet. Now, the Sicane Indians of the per valley used to regard this tunnel in the ice as leading to the "sweet by and by." They were, therefore, very anxious to avoid the place. But once the tribe was encamped not far above the glacier, and there was a very old man and his wife with them who were too mean to die because of the expense of giving a funeral feast. They were very rich and of no use and had large appetites, and their relatives at last consented to part with them. They were, therefore, set adrift in a leaky cance and consigned to the current. and all the people, conscious of self-sacrifice, stood on the bank and watched the canoe vanish into the tunwatched the canoe vanish into old peo-nel and felt good. Now, the old peo-nel and felt good frightened and pie were very much frightened and squealed a good deal, but when the bige shadows of the length of the ie shadows of the ice closed over them they thought they were dead In-dians, and behaved accordingly. Pres-ently the old lady thought it was get-ting light, and became curious and looked about her. Then she kicked

ries, and they both determined to get home for the banquet, since they had assisted at the funeral. Well, by dint

If you have any beer of coffee dregs. assisted at the funeral. Well, by dint of making the old lady work while he steered and gave good advice, they succeeded in making their way up through the tunnel and home and were in ample time for the feast. In fact they lived happily ever afterward. But how shall we condole with the relatives, whose sweetest and most pious traditious had been shattered about the sweet by and by?

Not least among the natural wonders of the coast is McKenzie Passage, a listle to the westward of Kingcome ed and broken peak 5,665, feet high. The walls are very close together, vertical and snow-crowned. The sun never shines in this awful gorge; the vapor from its waters hangs dark and bitter cold, unmoved by any wind, and | girls. no living being enters its solitude. I find but two records of this place hav-

sweet by and by?

ing been visited by white men. Scarcely less wonderful is an inlet tributary to Dean's Canal, and the scene of one of the most important events in Canadian history. It is thus described by Vanconver: "The width of the channel did not anywhere exceed three-quarters of a mile; its shores were bounded by precipices much more perpendicular than any we had yet seen during this excursion; and from the summits of the mountains that overlooked it, particularly on its northeastern shore, there fell several large cascades. These were extremely grand and by much the largest and most tremendous of any we had ever be-held." In conclusion of a long de-scription he named the place Cascade

Two months afterward arrived here the greatest of Canadian explorers, having been the first man to cross North America. Much threatened by a large body of Indians, he fortified himself on a rock for the night, and the next day mixed some vermillion and grease and painted on the enormous mountain wall the following words:
"Alexander McKenzie, from Canada, y land, the twenty-second of July.one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three." And in his record the explorer says that as he stood on the rocks n native spoke to him of Vancouver.
"At some distance from the land s channel opened to us, at southwest by west, and, pointing that way, he made me understand that Macubah came

La Perouse, the great French ex-plorer, entered Lituya Bay under the shadow of the St. Elias Alps, and said La Perouse, the great French explorer, entered Lituya Bay under the shadow of the St. Elias Alps, and said "I suppose that this is the most wonderful place in all the world." This bay, entered by a very narrow aperture, was shaped like the letter T, the head of which was a fathomless abyss, surrounded by mountains of from two to three miles of vertical height (diaciers broke off the summits of its walls, forming an ley cornice from of spending a sum so far beyond his been successfully treated by a French process. One particularly to the groom's expenses. One particularly drossed in pure white, and three wore formase at the wedding would cost him. The sum total, by this fletitious liquiring, was \$180.

Now to a young man on a small fever by cable from Paris while lying in her sleeping chamber in her New was no joke. Being, as I have said of York residence. Miss Gracle Wilson, walls, forming an ley cornice from of spending a sum so far beyond his been successfully treated by a French

Some of these tide sluices are very dangerous and many lives have been dangerous and many lives have been lost in them. A great puzzle they were to early travelers, who found cataracts of sea water pouring into many of the inlets. They are explained by the existence behind them of large basins filled by the flood tide, the outlets being too small for its ready escape at the ebb. Some of these sait water cataracts are as much as twelve feet high.

And this is strictly true. The joke was carried much too far.

An artesian well on Charles Smith's farm, near Anaheim, Cal., is constantly throwing out small fish. Smith has built a number of ponds that he will stock with the fish supplied from nature's laboratory.

MISSING LINKS.

On the Yukon River the upper waters are rendered quite clear by the deposit of all their silt in a chain of lakes, but lower down a stream called White River enters from the south so charged with glacter mud that the Yukon theuce to the sea is too dirty for even the bottom of a cupful to be disinguished. Graylings rise rapidly to the fly above; no fishing without nets is possible below. Moreover, where the great river crosses the arctic circle the tributaries from the tundra lands are like rivers of tea, so deep is the strain of vegetable matter from the moss swamps of the far north.

A Spartansburg, Pa., man cats his meals in Eric County and sleeps in Crawford County, all the same house.

Oil on the Troubled Waters leeland fishermen now earry regularly as a means of smoothing the waves and enabling them to continue at work in weather in which heretofore their boats could not have lived-THE LANDLUBBERS' GUIDE.

There is a miniature example of the

Suggestions How to Make Yourself Favorite on Board a Yacht.

It is not necessary to purchase a yachting suit nor wear old clothes. Don the best that you own, not forgetting a tall hat and cane, for they look well on board and are never in the

Purchase a few cigars, say six for quarter, which you can deal out to the aptain at regular intervals. There is

nothing that pleases a yachtsman more than a fragant weed.

When you reach the float stage you will, in all probability, find the yacht's tender awaiting yon. Be sure you do not step squarely in the middle of the boat, but rather place your foot on the throw the man who is going to row you off into the water, or you may

spread-eagle yourself.

It is always a good plan to ensconce yourself in the bow of the tender, as by o doing the man at the oars will sure to remember your thoughtfulness—for a boat pulls so easy when "down

When you come alongside the yacht be prepared to call out "Ship ahoy! Where are you bound?" Let go your lee mainsheet anchor," or some such expression as that. This will lead the company to suppose that you are well

up in nautical parlance.

Never offer to assist in hoisting the sail, for the strength of a pen-pusher or counter-jumper would be apt to part the halyards, or split the "shives" in

ue of the blocks.

It will be much better for you er mfortably seat yourself in the coil of per wants to fill away quickly before the wind you will have a chance to arise in a hurry and thus show your

agility.

If you should happen to get one leg jammed in a turn you mustn't find fault or swear, for it is something that is liable to happen to any one.

Another good place to find a seat is

on the centreboard box. To be sure, the Captian might push you off rather unceremoniously as he jumps to lower the board and bring his craft up to the wind. You must not mind this, it is only in fun.
There is one thing that a skipper

always delighted to have his guests do. That is to have one offer to take the tiller from his hand before he gets clear of the fleet of yachts anchored near by. When well down in the channel, and

the old man and asked if he didn't within reach without making a grab

lady set her heart on grease and ber- and a piece of wood; then take it to the

sauce as possible to the army of servant girls who are out on the beach for an

Talk londly about 'our yacht' and "what kind of a run we made coming Inlet. It is a chasm about six miles in down." "A good boat, but hardly length, leading to the base of an isolat- large enough." "Talking with Burgess (or some other designer' for model of a 40-footer.

You must for the time imagine yourself an Astor or a Vanderbilt, otherwise you thi stand no how with the

the soften transen and stretch your-self out for a night's repose. If, however, the drowsy god fails to come at your bidding, sit up and sing for the edification of the others. They will be sure to enjoy it, no matter how sleepy

they may be.
Should the foregoing suggestions be closely followed the young man will be sure to receive many pressing invita-tions—to stand upon the beach and watch the yachts sail out and the yachts sail in .- Boston Globe.

Being Best Man

It is no small undertaking to be best

man at a wedding writes Hepburn Johns in the Pittsburg Dispatch. The awful responsibilities of the groom usually fill the minds of the spectators. and the best man's trials are rathe lost sight of. Still important as the chief male assistant's duties are, they are not really so formidable as they seemed to an Alleghany man who re-cently was called upon to fulfill them. This young man was asked by an old friend to stand up with him when he entered the solemn estate of matrimony. He consented willingly. He is of a nervous temperament, and a number of his friends, for a joke, resolved to give him a fright. So they went to him one by one and impressed upon him that being best man carried with

it no small obligations. He would have to wear a new dress suit, they told him, and a new hat, new shoes, a new tie and so on. Besides, he would have to give the bride an expensive present, and contribute liberally to the

Glaciers broke off the summits of its walls, forming an icy cornice from which ponderous masses fell at time into the sea with a crash that resounded more heavily than the loudest thunder. The tides surging out of this cause an overfall, and a party of officers being out mainly on pleasure one of the boats was caught in this and overwhelmed, with the loss of all hands.

An enerous temperament, the obligation of spending a sum so far beyond his means affected him powerfully. He could not think of backing out yet how to scrape together the money to do typhoid fever, and when Mrs. Goelet's sister, while in Paris had been successfully treated by a French physician who had never lost a case of typhoid fever, and when Mrs. Goelet's sister, while in Paris had does not successfully treated by a French physician who had never lost a case of typhoid fever, and when Mrs. Goelet's sister, while in Paris had been successfully treated by a French physician who had never lost a case of typhoid fever, and when Mrs. Goelet's sister, while in Paris had been successfully treated by a French physician who had never lost a case of typhoid fever, and when Mrs. Goelet's sister, while in Paris had been successfully treated by a French physician who had never lost a case of typhoid fever, and when Mrs. Goelet's sister, while in Paris had been successfully treated by a French physician who had never lost a case of typhoid fever, and when Mrs. Goelet's sister, while in Paris had been successfully treated by a French physician who had never lost a case of typhoid fever, and when Mrs. Goelet's sister, while in Paris had been successfully treated by a French physician who had never lost a case of typhoid fever, and when Mrs. Goelet's sister, while in Paris had been successfully treated by a French physician who had never lost a case of typhoid fever, and when Mrs. Goelet's sister, while in Paris had been successfully treated by a French physician who had never lost a case of typhoid fever, and when Mrs. Goelet's sister, while in paris had t man lay seriously ill in bed in a hos-pital.

And this is strictly true. The joke

gorge near this city.
Ou the Yukon River the upper wat-It is a fact of interest that Strauss, the great composer of waltzes, does not waltz himself.

St. Louis will add ninety-two miles of electric street car service before the present year has expired.

A Gainesville boy, seventeen years old, ate forty-eight bananas in an hour on a wager, and then wanted more.

The largest beer barrel in this country is an attraction in a St. Louis sa-loon. It is 23 feet high, 22 feet wide, and has a capacity of 34,400 gallous.

There are about a thousand cik killed in Oregon and Washington every year, the antiers from most of which are shipped to England for ornaments.

Postmaster General Wanamahare and Palmers and Palmers between us. Thereupon and Palmers between us.

and accident insurance now amounts to \$1,300,000, the largest insurance carried by any individual in the world. Prince de Chimay, recently married to Miss Ward, of Detroit, is the head of the Belgian noble house of his name, and is reputed as a skillful diplomatist and violin player.

Our new American Minister, Charles Emory Smith, and his accomplished wife, have made a most favorable im-pression in court and social circles at the Russian Capital.

The wealthiest man in Alabams i probably Josiah Morris, of Moutgom-ery. He has a fortune of \$3,000,000 that was made for the most part from operating in real estate. Mrs. Jane Kirkwood, of Eaton, Ind.,

is eighty-eight years old, the mother of fourteen children, grandmother of fifty-eight children and great-grand-mother of thirty-three children. An Ovid man got mad at his hor

fourteen years ago and has kept it in-side a dark stall ever since, refusing to let anybody see the animal or to permit it to get a sniff of fresh air. The monotony of life in a Saccarap-pa (Me.) undertaker's rooms was va-ried, when a man walked in and want-

ed to make arrangements for his own funeral, saying that he contemplated The Egyptian government has paid to Captain Carsati, in behalf of Emin Pasha, more than £5,000 as Emin's salary for seven years' services as gov-

ernor of the equatorial province Mrs. Martha Lumpkin, of Upsor County, Ga., is in her 98th year and enjoys good health. When 95 years of age she knit sixty-five pairs of socka during the year. She has 400 children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

An Australian musician has invent ed a tromboue that is played by steam. Its God Save the Queen can be heard a distance of four miles. He had hard luck with it. however, for the people of his own town drove him out as

Count Charles Dillon, who died in Paris recently. whom he was page of honor during the last four years of his reign. The count had lived in England, and spoke English fluently. eighteen ducks found when the mess Pierre Lorillard, whose brief career

has been most remarkable, is in the prime of life, with a strong and robust igure and a ruddy complexion. The annual expenses of his stable have some-times reached the sum of a quarter of million dollars. The chief chemist of the London Gas

Company has succeeded in making from the refuse of gas retort a perfect emerald. The cost of making the gem, however, was many times great-er than that for which a natural stone could be purchased at a jeweler's. A curious trap at the patent office i to a curious trap at the patent once is a minitation rat that has a piece of toasted cheese stuck on the end of a little father saw an old horseshoe lying the spear that projects from his nose; short distance. When a real rat comes up to nibble at the cheese the spear.

The lad looked at the shoe carelessly

jumps out about six inches and impaler the unfortunate. In his last will the late Franz Schnitz ler, of the town of Oak Creek, said: "I will that my wife schal own and controle the real and personal property as long as she lives—after herr death herr children from her second husband schal own and control the real and

personal property." Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, the well-knows novelist, lives a hermit sort of life on the summit of the Storm King Mountain on the Hudson. She goes to Eu-rope to gather material for a new novel which will deal with the subject of Calvinism. Mrs. Barr writes all her novels with a typewriter.

A strange phenomenon in the heavens was noticed by many in Lexington, Ga., lately. It was hazy, cloudy, and encircling the sun was a complete rainbow with at least half the hues. Some of the superstitious looked upon it is a signs of some calamity to come and have not rested easily since.

Several years ago a Richmond, Me., man refused to allow the Maine Central Railroad to put a foot on what he supposed was his land. A survey showed that not only the land in dispute, but several rolds more, belonged to the rold and when the lies of the rold and the roll and the to the road, and when the line fence was built it took off a slice of the citizen's doorstep.

Mr. Parnell usually wears a loosely fitting cutaway coat. But on state oc casions he always dresses in a frock coat, and like Mr. Gladstone's, it is garment so well worn that it is often disagreeable shiny. It was observa-able, however, that after winning his case for damages against the Times he appeared in a magnificent new suit. An observant bachelor who stood on

the corner of Main and Madison streets, Memphis, for an hour, with nothing better to do, says he counted 218 wo men in that time, and only twenty-four of them were blondes. Thirty-two were dressed in pure white, and three wore

and were carried out in the sick-room in New York.

The people who are making such a fuss over the youthful escapades and alleged extravagance of M. Georges Hugo have, says Galignani, evidentity not read every incident in the life of the great poet. Who has not heard of Mme. Blouette and Mile. Drouet, the greatrice of "Lucrezia Borgia?" The strangest of all Victor Hugo's advant-

cres was a little love epinode in which, by the especial request of the lady, the great poet of France came to the tendezvous in his majestic state. A leadous husband, who thought that the poet was paying court to his wife, purmed him. But Victor Hugo, robes and all, went over the tiles to the adjoining house.

A Story by Dumas the Elder. Domas the elder often laughed a English stiffness and reserve. One of

meals in Eric County and sleeps in Crawford County, all the same house. Herbert Gladstone, son of the "Grand Old Man," whom Mr. Gladstone refers to as "my boy Herbert," is nearly forty years of age.

Sir James Miller, owner of Sainfoin, the winner of the Derby, is but 26 years of age. He paid 7,500 guineas for his fleet-footed horse.

The largest hear barral in the quently, been no opportunity to in-troduce us before dinner. After din-The Ceylon pearl fishery, it appears, was a failure last year, the number of pearl oysters collected not more than covering the cost of obtaining them.

"I hastened to do as he wished. We moved away from each other, and placed a chair between us. Thereupon Lord Paimerston entered, holding the hand of his wife, led her up to us and invited her to sit down on the empty chair—all this without saying a word.
"My lady." he said to his wife,

"My lady." he said to his wife, "what time have you?"
"She looked at her watch and answered:
"Thirty-five past 12."
"Well, then, said the great minister, remember well that this day at thirty-five minutes past 12 you were sitting between Alexander Dumas and Victor Hugo—an honor which you will probably never enjoy again in your lifetime." Then he offered his arm again to

"Then he offered his arm again to his wife, and took her back to her seat without saying a word to us, because we had not been presented."

They Were All Ducks.

The many thefts of poultry and produce from farmers in the small North duce from farmers in the small North Atlantic seaport towns by the crew of the man-of-war Powhatan some years ago had at last caused the officers to take action toward punishing the of-fenders. The men were all no-tified that dire punishment would be inflicted upon them if they continued in their nefarious practice, and for a while a chicken could stroll along the beach with the utmost impunity while beach with the utmost impunity while the vessel-was in port. This did not last long, however, and one day while the ship was anchored in a small sea-port some of the men asked to be al-lowed to go ashore. When the officer of the deck was importuned for per-

mission he replied:

"Yes, you may, but if I hear of you robbing a hen roost I will put you in double irons for twenty days."

"Pat" Harvey, an Irishman who act-

ed as spokesman promised that no hen roosts would be robbed, and the men left the ship.

Early next forning an irate farmer came on board and swore that the men had entered his barn and carried off several hundred pounds of poultry.
All who went ashore were called up and the officer of the deck, who hap-

pened to be the same that let the men off, pounced upon Harvey.

"Didn't you," he cried, "promise not to rob a hen house if I let you go re Oi did. sir." r "We didn't take a hen, sur: they're all ducks." Harvey was right.

chest was searched, but there was not a single chicken among them.—N. Y. Herald. Death From a Cat-Bite.

A few days ago David Stokes, colored, of Rockingham county. North Carolina, struck at a cat, when the enraged animal flew at him and fastened its teeth in his wrist. The cat held on so tenscious that its head had to be severed before its grip relaxed. Stokes became ill at once and soon died.

Nothing Saved. A little boy was walking with his

and replied that it was not worth carrying, whereupon the father said nothing more, but quietly picked it up him-self. He pretty soon sold the old iron for a penny at a roadside smithy, and

invested the coin in cherries.

The day was hot, and presently the man noticed that his son was beginning to cast longing eyes upon the box of cherries, but did not offer any to his son. He made pretense of eating them, and dropped one to the ground as if by accident.

The boy picked it up quickly and ate it with relish.

A little further on another dropped.

and this, too, the lad lost no time in securing. So one by one all the cherries were dropped and picked up.
"Well," remarked the father, when the last one had been eaten, "it did not pay to pick up that horseshoe, per-haps; but if you had stooped once for that you wouldn't have needed to bend

The moral of the story is an old one, but more generally known than heed-ed: Lazy folks take the most pains." Little Tim.

twenty times for the cherries.'

Warm hearts are sometimes found under ragged jackets, says the N. Y.
Mail and Express, as shown by the following incident:
A kit is a box of tools of whatever
outlit is needed in any particular
branch of business.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the postoffice the other day to see "Little Tim," coming among them in a quiet way and hear him say

them in a quiet way and hear him say:
"Boys. I want to sell my kit. Here's
two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a
good, stout box, and the count goes for
2 shillings."
"Goin' away, Tim?" inquired one.
"Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a
quarter the awfulest kind just now."
"Goin' on skursion?" asked another.
"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

ter." he answened.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, but down the money, and said: "I guess I kin write if you give me a pencil."
With slow-moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the pa-per almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote: "Died—Litul Ted—of Scarlet fever;

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier. Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered and he pointed to the counter and gasped: "I—I had to sell my kit to do it, b—but he had his arm around my neck when he d—died."

He hurried away home; but the news went to the boys, and they gathered into a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a barefooted boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a boquet of flawers which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged, but big-hearied boys. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right cords were touched?

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H. D. WALLER, Prop'r.

Lind pointence, - Oregon. Tim tried to brace up, but he could-

gone up to Hevin, left one brother.



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