Why One Clergyman's Congregation Was

Very Attentive.

A clergyman was lamenting the fact
that his congregation appeared to be
restless during his sermons, and declared
that many of the members of his flock
would get up right at the time when he
fancied himself most impressive and

ould leave the house. "That's bad," answered a young sacher, "but I must say that I do not xperience any such annoyance. Not a cle member of my congregation gets up and goes out during services."
"You don't say so!" the first speaker

relaimed. "How do you manage it?"
"I don't manage it at all—seems to

"Don't they complain when you preach

"No, I've never heard a word of com-

"That is indeed singular. Your peo-ple must have been exceptionally well "No, I think not."

Then you must be one of the most eloquent of men. What is the style of "Oh, rather dry, I am compelled to admit. I do not possess the faculty of drawing an interesting illustration or of

throwing out a bright idea."
"Well, well, I have never heard of anything so wonderful. And you tell me that no one ever gets up and goes

"Yes, that's what I tell you." "Well, I don't understand it, that's

"Oh, it is easy enough to explain. am chaplain at the penitentiary."-St.





He was thrown out, arose and left. The question was decided.—Judge.

"Oh, Matilda," said Penelope Bunker-hill to her Chicago cousin, "I'm so glad that you and Mr. Pigsticker are to be married. I know what it is to love myself, too, and I can imagine just how you feel when he is near you. How your heart seems ready to burst with the love that it holds for him! How you long to throw yourself at his feet How his every glance thrills you with an inexpressible, sublime feeling, and"yer life yer right!" replied Matilda Porker, "'cause I'm dead stuck on Bob!"—Lawrence American.

Mrs. Sharp-What is the matter with Mrs. Portly? She has always been so aristocratic and dignified, and they say she is getting very peculiar.

Mrs. Keen-Yes. I hear she walks in

her sleep.

Mrs. Sharp—Walk in her sleep? Oh, no, my dear Mrs. Keen. She might in.-Puck. drive in her sleep, but she has too much regard for appearances to walk.-Ameri

"What are you crying about, little

"I gotter stummich ache."

one piece o' pie. Couldn't have had more stummich ache 'f I'd eaten ten piecesoo-hoo-hoo!"-Puck.

Tailor-I really do hope you will settle this little account today, sir. I have a heavy bill to pay my cloth merchant. Captain (calmly)-Confound your im-

pudence! You go and contract debts, and come dunning me to pay them. Get out, or I'll send for the police —Harper's "Well, Fred. you're an uncle now

you ought to be proud over it."

Little Fred-No. I oughtn't to. ain't no uncle. Grandpa-Why not?

Little Fred-'Cause I'm an aunt. The new baby's a girl.—Chatter.

New York—How did you like Gil-Two of our friends promptly found theirs, ready for the ticket collector Boston—Couldn't hear it, the bathing when he should make his appearance. more's band at the beach?

dresses were so loud.-Lowell Citizen. Use for Fat Men.

'And that stout son of yours, what is "He's a hammock tester."—New York



oice (from inside the safe) - Don't powder, boys. I might get hurt. Gloozey, the Nipper—Who are you? Voice—The assistant cashier. The door snapped to on me about ten minutes

They were sitting close together on the train. It was evidently their bridal tour, if spooniness counts for anything. "Ducky," said he, "we're getting no

"What of it?" asked she, oh, so int

"All the latest and most populs!" interrupted the train boy, rivate Character, and "—
"Yes I am," said the swain. "And 'Thou Shalt Not!"

train boy.

"Yes I shall, too!" said the angry husband jumping to his feet, "and I'll lick any one that trice to stop me."

We had to snicker.—Lawrence Ameri-

The school examiners in South Africa seem to get a selection of quite as amus-ing answers as any that stand to the account of the scholars in our own elemen tary schools. Here are a few specimens "The day is longer in summer owing to expansion by the heat." "The upper course of a river is where it travels up country, the mida's course where it goes on a level." "Once a year we have the whole bright side of the sun turned to-ward us, then it is summer. The sun is in the soltice, and stands still." "A bar is a piece of iron across a river month. It prevents navigation and has to be cu through with a steam edge."-Chatter.

Mr. Highup (floorwalker for the firm of Spotcash & Co.)—Aw—Mr. Spotcash, if I should wish to take my vacation the

first week in September would it -awbe absking too much? Mr. Spotcash-Not at all, Highup, not

at all. Spare you just as well as not.

[Mr. Highup goes out of his chief's givate office with the mercury in the permometer of his self conceit severa legrees lower. |-Chicago Tribune.

"My son," said the old gentleman, whatever betides you never fail to

preserve the principles of patriotism. Patriotism is one of the greatest things that can influence human life." "I know it, father," was the reply. But doesn't it strike you that there is a tremendons lot of people in the business"-Washington Post.

"Have a bottle of our Miraculous Hair Producer? It will make hair grow on a porcelain door knob and never

"But I've tried it; it's no good-had o effect whatever." "Then (sympathetically) there must be something the matter with your head."

The Village Pastor-Johnny, you tell me you have been to Sunday school?

The Bad Boy-Yes, sir. The V. P.-But, Johnny, y The B. B .- Yes, sir; it's a Baptist Sun-

day school. - Boston Times.

He Couldn't Help Himself. "Eat hearty, Mr. Bliven," said the land lady. "I hope you will help yourself while you are here." "No," sighed Billy in an undertone

"I can't; the reason I stay here is because I can't help myself."—Washington Post. He Hadn't Any. "Have you an umbrella?" 'Um, let's see; it's raining, isn't it? If remember right I left my umbrells

standing in the hall rack. No; I haven't any."-Washington Post.



you going, my pretty maid? Greenbrier (the farmer's daughter)— After a bigger pail to put that chestnut

Not So Great After All. don't think," said Smith, "t George Washington, great a man as he-was, would ever have succeeded in the business of soap manufacturer, if he had

engaged in it."
"Why not?" asked Jones. "Does it hurt much?"
"Oh, I don't mind that; but I on'y had could not tell a lye."—Boston Courier.

HE PREFERRED IT.

Why the Third Officer Rode Under the

Three brother officers were traveling from Umritair to Lahore, where they had been playing pole during the after-noon. One of them, tired after the game, fell asleep on one of the seats. His railway ticket, which was sticking a little out of his pocket, was promptly annexed by one of the others and transierred to his own pocket. When nearing Lahore his brother officers awoke the sleeping youth, saying:
"Now, then, old man! Get up!

It was still broad daylight, and for some reason or other the train was pulled up some little way outside the station. "All tickets ready, please?" shouted

the ticket collector. The third searched this pocket, that

pocket, here, everywhere, but could find "Good gracious! where is my ticket?" he said. "I know I had one right enough when I started. You fellows saw me get

it, didn't you?" he asked. "Yes, you had it right snough," they said. "Where on earth can you have put it?"
"I don't know, blessed if I do," he re-

plied in desperation.
"You'll have to pay the fare," said the "It's not much."

others consolingly. "It's not much."
"But I haven't a cent with me," he returned. "Will you fellows lend me some dibs?" Both said they were as high and dry
as he was in regard to money.

"Tickets, please," said the collector
at last, quite close to the carriage.

"What the dickens shall I do?" said

the ticketless one. "Oh! get under the seat," said the

others; "quick! quick, man! here he comes."
Under the seat like a shot went the man without a ticket! When the ticket collector came to the door three tickets

he said; "but I see only two gentlemen; where is the third?"

"Oh! he's under the seat," they said with the greatest nonchalance, as if it were an ordinary every day affair. "Under the senti" school the ticket collector, in a tous of surprise, "what is

"Oh! he always travels under the seat," hey said; "he prefers it!"—Tit-Bits.

THE LAST GOOD-BY.

How shall we know it is the last good-by?
The skies will not be darkened in that hour,
No sudden blight will fall ou leaf or flower.
No single bird will bush its careless cry.
And you will hold my hands, and smile or sigh
Just as before. Perchance the sudden tears
in your dear syes will answer to my fears;
But there will come no roles of prophecy-4
No voice to whisper: "Now, and not again,
Space for last words, last kinses and last pray
For all the wild, unmittigated pain
Of those who, parting, clasp hands with
spail;"
"Who knower!" we say, but doubt and fear rema.
Would any choses to me the nearest and fear rema.

hope to me."
She snatched it from his hand.

A PRETTY GIRL'S WHIM It was a beautiful garden-a garden i which one might almost lose one's self among the heavy sweetness of the blos-soming syrings bushes and the avenues of pink wygelia that wound irregularly

ere and there.
It was a July day. A girl lay idly in a wide luxurious hammock, her bright head on the soft tinted cushions, her brown eyes upraised to the whis-

path through the garden.

where Wilms sat reading.

rimmed glasses at the girl.

But the girl's willful heart was

farmhouse. Rebecca Northfield won-

ngly at the quiet faced girl. One even-

"I thought I'd tell thee, Wilms, that

She looked keenly-through her gold

sure. He does act strangely of late.

She called to Don and wandered down

She sat down on the log, and Don sat

She drew a little folded note from the

"Come to me," it said, and then in deli-

The girl's eyes shone half mischievous

as she fastened the tiny box to Don's

Then she folded her small hands to-

"Good old Don," she said, "take it to

He looked up intelligently into her

A sudden patter on the stairs arres

his attention, and the next moment

He unfastened the little box and open

ed it. When he had unfolded the siip of

paper and found the withered white

rose he sprang to his feet. Then, to

Patron-The conductor on car No. 999

is the most agreeable street car con-

Street Car Superintendent (alarmed)

Judge-And you say the prisoner came

Discouraging.

said Willie Wishington.

"And what did he say?"

"I don't feel vewy much encourwaged

"What's the matter now?" asked his

"He said 'certainly; dwop in any time ou happen to need it.' "-Washington

Count Parasetti-Waiter, I seem to

Count Parasetti-That being the case.

The Waiter-Yo's raight, boss. D'

Ronald Mitchell was in

down beside her, looking gravely at the

box in her hand and opened it.

running stream.

That was all.

"I don't know, grandmamma,

The girl drew a quick breath.

oring leaves above. She looked the ideal of happy content ing she came into the quaint old room, with its sloping roof and lattice window. as she lay there in pretty laziness, one slim hand drooping over the hammock's edge. A great Newfoundland dog lay the grass beside her as she swayed Ronald is going away to-morrow. He is atly to and fro, toying affectionately tired, he said when I met him today, with the dog's great, noble head. and needs a change. He does look worm Sometimes he would open his almost I wonder why he keeps away from us."

with a happy content that matched he It was very pleasant there. The book she had been reading had dropped upon the grass and lay with crumpled leaves. Will he stay away long, do you think?"

numan eyes and look up at her silently,

A rosebud marked the place. Wilma Pierce, whose summers were spent at her grandmother's quaint old country home, had come here a few days month," she thought, "In a month I shall be back in school." since, tired out in body and brain as she took a little box from her bureau, only a young, hard working teacher can and went down stairs and out into the

Already the soothing quiet of the loveplace had done her good, and the to the mossy log beside the creek. She brightness of complexion and the lithe-ness of form, which had been impaired by the year's hard work, were returning

A silvery haired, sweet faced old lady came out of the wide hall door with a light wrap in her hand. She approached the hammock with auxious solicitude in ner kind, old face.

"Child, it is cool for thee here: thee

cate tracery her name, "Wilma." must be more prudent with thyself." She wrapped the soft, gray shawl about the girl's shoulders with loving. silver collar with a bit of ribbon, and a motherly hands. Wilma locked up and bright color glowed in her cheeks. smiled protestingly. "It isn't chilly, grandmamma, dear

gether and looked seriously into the She took the wrinkled old hand in hers and held it gently against her warm Ronald - to Ronald - do you under-The old Quakeress bent her stately

form and left a soft, swift kiss upon the face and trotted off sedately. "I must go in, dear heart; thee had best fall asleep for a little if thee can." alone. One by one such articles as were necessary were being packed into his traveling bag.

The soft, gray gown swept away across the grass, and the wearer stopped beside the door to pull a sweet, white rose that stretched temptingly toward She went in, and the girl and her "Why, Don, old fellow! Come to say good-by? What's this?" dumb companion were again alone.

with gentle regularity as her breath came and went. It was a pretty picture. Ronald Mitchell, coming quietly across Don's amazement, he bounded down the the garden, thought so as he caught stairs and out into the summer twilight The dog raised his great, shaggy head the grave dog following at his heels. sight of it, and paused involuntarily. and looked a silent welcome from his the creek, looking expectantly toward brown eyes. They were old friends— him with the shy, sweet glow of leve in

Ronald, the young farmer, and Rebecca her dark eyes and on her face. The young man stood breathless a mo ment looking at the sleeper, then with happy lovers wandered up the sweetly a softer light in his blue eyes and a scented garden, cool and shadowy in the warmer tinge on his smooth shaven gloaming, and grandmamms came to cheek he went on toward the house. He entered with the familiarity of a well known and welcome friend, and sat down easily in a big, antiquated rocking were banished, and the half packed? traveling bag lay forgotten on the floor

Rebecca Northfield came into the sthome.—Harriet Francene Crocker in pretty girl. room, her old face alight with welcome. New York Ledger. She came and laid her small hand on his shoulder. "Ronald," she said, "my grandchild, Wilma Pierce, is come. Perhaps it is not news to thee? She is a good child, Wilma is, but I fear she ductor I ever saw. He is very polite. oves the world too well. There is little of the Quaker about her, Ronald."

Polite is he? My gracious! He must be He smiled. "I saw her when I came knocking down ten dollars a day .- New through the garden just now. She is unlike you in her dress, but her face has a likeness to yours."

They sat together in the quiet room and talked a little while. All at once a up and assaulted you with malice aforeshadow fell across the bare, white floor, and they both looked up. Wilma stood in the wide doorway, her face a little sech implerment as dat. He jes' hit me wid er club, sah.—West Shore. flushed with sleep, her eyes dewy like a child's after a refreshing slumber. She held a yellow rose in her hand. about existence and that solt of thing.

"Grandmamma," she said, all uncor scious of a stranger's presence, as she looked half sleepily at the flower; "grandmamma, what a lovely rose! Just see

sympathizing friend.
"Why, I went to a bahber yesterday "Wilms," the calm, sweet voice interand said, 'I want you to shave me.' rupted her, "come here. This is Ronald ditchell, the son of my old friend and choolmate, Eunice Sand." Wilms advanced a little and held out

her hand frankly, but when she met the intense gaze of the clear blue eyes above her a shy look came into her own and withdrew her hand.

Ronald, watching her, wondered if her grandmother's remark about her had implied that she was a bit of a coquette. She leaned over the old lady's high backed chair and fastened the rich rose in the silvery white waves of her beautiful hair. And then she went away, with a murmured word of excuse, leaving beand her a scent of roses and a remembrance of a fair, fresh young face rising flowerlike above her pale blue gown.

That was their first meeting. All summer the young farmer came and went at his own will and helped to make the old

They sang together in the garden. There was no musical instrument in the the only one in the dining room. primitive Quaker household, but Wilma The Watter—Yo's raight, boss had brought her guitar with her. They ob d' folks has eat. read together in the old summer house through long, lovely afternoons, while grandmamma, sat near with her homely knitting work.

They walked together in the great old fashioned garden and along the murmuring creeks, and sat idly on the little rustic bridge, watching the rhythmic flow of the waters and the minnows darting in the cool, dark depths below. It was an idyllic summer. Both were

happy. One knew why it was: the other only half guessed it. Ronald Mitchell at 30 years had for the first time felt his immost heart stirred and thrilled by a woman's presence. He loved her with all the unwasted strength of his perfect manhood, with all the tenderness of a true man's

I think that for once I'll enjoy my soup. One evening he told her. They wors

den hat, and the late rose in her dark hair gleamed whitely like a soft star in What caprice seized the girl? She listened to his eager words with averted face turned toward the dying

When he had finished she did not an "He takes too much for granted," she ought; "he is too masterful; he asks as able to draw a conclusion." — Yenowine's 'furious brute.

News.

LAST DAYS OF THE MODISHINER. She rose and turned to go. He caught her hands and detained her. Uncle Sam Has Nearly Exterminated the

Wilms, are you not going to say word? Are you then the coquette I al-most thought you that first day?" His words stung her. She tried to free The rocky fastnesses of Trunessee's erself, and the rose fell from her hair.

The rocky fastnesses of Tennessee's mountains were once fanous for the mountains were once fanous for the mountaining of their inhabitants.

The business was not of gain by sales in populous sections.

The mountaineer loved the flery liquid. Its fragrant, enticing odor delighted his senses, and its soft and ofly flow tickied his palate. He had few of the loxuries of this life, and his chief engagement and pleasure was "If you won't say anything, Wilms, give me this rose. Let it be a symbol of "When I am ready to answer you," ahe said "I will send it to you," and then she slipped away and hurried toward his chief engagement and pleasure was to sip the distilled nectarine of his grain and fruit. Money was little known to him. The price of drink was the house. A spice of romance had always been part of her nature. Now as a fabulous sum and far beyond his reach. His fathers made their own she flitted away she touched the sense-less flower with lips that trembled. store of liquor, and he came naturally by what he e-teemed his right. In-ternal revenue laws forbade his hum-"I do love him-I do love him," she whispered as she sped along the shadowy treat, there in the solitude to surreptito yield. A week passed,
Ronald Mitchell came not once to the tiously carry on the conversion of

Two, three or more would be joint owners of the still. While some fired the furnaces and tended the crude appliance, others would guard the avenues of approach, and lurking behind tree or rock keep a sharp watch for the prying marshal.

The mooashiner had no reluctance

in the killing of a revenue officer. He was an invader of rights, an enemy of homes—a spy. Many a poor revenue officer fell a victim to the rifle-shot of

Now all is changed. The advance of has overrun overy mountain and pene trated every valley. Towns have sprung up magically in the depth of the woodland and before the march of progress, the mine, the furnace, the hall be back in school."

Her heart beat quickly. After a while his last retreat, and the business has fallen into the hands of a different class of people. Gain alone is the ob-ject. They pander to the vicious ele-ments of society, and offer no armed resistance to the revenue officials— they buy them. The old moonshiner has passed away; he has succombed to the inevitable and lives only in fiction.

The train for Cieveland was pulling out and had gained considerable head-way, says the Indianapolis Nows, when there came a whiz and the sound of splitting wind as a man with a tall silk hat crushed down on his cars dashed through the gates. He carried two big values, but they were apparently as light as feathers, for they did not interfere with his mad rush after that train. He fairly flew along the platform, and the brakeman on the was so busy looking at a gitt in the window of the National hotel that he did not see him. The crowd yelled and whooped: "Get there, old man?" "Pull for it hard!" "You'il make it if you don't fall dead!" and a hundred meh aggravating remarks. The man have the legs and the brakeman didn't we him, thus he missed the train. He came slowly back to the gates, put down his grips, mopped his face, and

familiar black head was thrust through researched:
"Well I'll be blowed!" He didn't say blowed, but let it go at that. Had a lively run," suggested meek and lowly gateman.

Rather. Just my luck, though, to

> missed that train for \$30." Where were you going?" once more sked the gentleman with the ginger colored whiskers. Lafavette. And I have an import-

miss that train. Why, I wouldn't have

He found her on the mossy log beside ant engagement there to-night." "Weil you can keep it." him with the shy, sweet glow of love in Only Don was the witness of that meeting, but when a little later the

The drummer didn't say a word. He gathered his grips and climbed aboard he car, while the faintest bit of a smile light of calm contentment in her serene bovered about it face, all thoughts of the projected visit gateman's chops. hovered about the meek and lowly

A Cheeky Proceeding kissing .

FEEDING A BIG SNAKE. An Appetizing Meal of Rabbits that a Box Constrictor Delights In.

Three corpulent rabbits of Belgian breed were eaged in a soap-box quietly awaiting their fate. They were the meal for which the snake was anxiously awaiting, says a writer in the Chicago in four months and his voracious maw yawned like a bottomless pit for the infortunate trio in the sap-box.

Manager Bell appeared and drew forth one of the rabbits. After strok-her skin as clear as a heal ment he opened the door to the snake's den and thrust him in. The huge boa had coiled himself up in a corner, but at once roused himself for action. He was fully twelve feet long, and having recent y shed his Winter coat, his skin giistened and shone like satin. He raised his head a foot or so from the floor and viewed the first course of his quadri-annual meal. The rabbit showed no signs of fear, but rather seemed to enjoy his new quarters. The seemed to enjoy his new quarters. The snake slowly lowered his head and cautiously began to stretch himself along the side of the den. He never once took his eyes off the rabbit, which was still unconscious of his danger. Suddanly the rabbit bogan to act strangely and to out all sorts of ridicuous capers. He would leap back and forth over the snake and then rub up against it, and appeared to be fasei nated. Slowly and stealthily the snake turned his head about until it was within a foot of the rabbit's haunches. Then, quick as a flash, he darted forward, seized the rabbit in his mouth and in another instant there animal save the tips of his ears, which protruded from between the folds of the snake.

The luge serpent then raised his head full two feet from the floor, darted out his forked tongue and hissed horribly at the motley group watching him. If there was any struggle on the part of the rabbit it was not visible. The snake had him in his awful coils. Then the coils terrible to look at began to tighten till every bone in the poor rabbit's body must have been broken. This done the coils relaxed, and the timp, lifeless body of the sportive rabbit of a few momenta before lay ready to be swaltowed. First the surprist nosed his victim all over. The eyeballs of the dead rabbit were protruding from their sock is and by way of beginning the boa licked them with his tongue, Once more he coiled about his victim. leaving its head and shoulders Then he opened his monstrous jaws and, taking "bunny's" head therein, began to swallow. Soon the head and shoulders were out of sight and in less than fifteen minutes the hind legs followed.

Count Parasetti—That being the case,
I think that for once I'll enjoy my soup.

—Judge.

A Sure Cure.

Miss Flyrte—QL, dear, Molly, I'm so blue. The whole world is upside down with me today.

Miss Pert—Then why don't you stand on your head, my dear?—Somerville Journal

Miss Pert—Then why dear?—Somerville Journal

"Yes, ma'am."

"Can you explain the swindle, sir?"

"I think I can." was the proprietor's placid reply. "When I weighed your sight pounds of butter week before last I found a two pound pebble in the jer of a recent hunting expedition. The fearless lady, as a member of a recent hunting expedition, shot an angry tiggres that was rushing our evesight isn't to be trusted. What "Do you think my boy will make an artist?" asked Mr. Mc Watty of the drawother gues engaged, including that of the lady sportsman's husband, Maj. Evans Gordon, had failed to stop the "I feur not. He doesn't even seem

. A MOMENT OF TERROR. A Pennsylvania Camper Pinds a Rattles in His Troucer Lay.

Dr. Sampsel and J. K. Snyder, both of Centreville, had an experience recently that they will never forget. They camped at the lower dam at Swift Run near a ledge of rocks on the night in question, and before darkness came upon them they scraped a lot of leaves together for a best and provided a pile of wood to keep up a fire during the night. About Iv o'clock they prepared for sleep and drawing a blanket over them, lay down to pleasant dreams.

felt chilty, and got up to put some more wood on the fire, and then lay de wn and soon fell into a deep sleep. from which he was awakened by a cold object which seemed to be resting on his leg. Without moving he lay awake

waiting for developments.

The next moment he felt an inde-scribable sensation come over him which seem to paralyze every nerve in his body. Realizing that there was something extraordinary the matter, he called to the doctor to hurry and get up, as something was crawling up the right leg of his pantaloons and he be-lieved it was a snake. The words went through the doctor like an electrie shock, and, raking a brand out of the fire he approached Mr. Snyder, who was lying as it paralyzed, with the cold sweat standing in hig beads on his foreward. Hast brinded by the flickering flame of the brand, he noticed what at first looked like a broad black strap banging out of Mr Snyder's trouser leg, but the next me ment exciained: "My God, Mucket He still, it's a rattlesnake!

Trembling like a leaf, Mr. Snydet scenned poweries to more even if he would. The condition of thing- was at once existent. The reptile had been attracted to the fire, and son a warmth on the person of Mr. Suyder. Every moment she disappeared further up the leg, and prompt action was necessary. Grasping the snake by the tail the doctor pulled with all his might. His hold slipped, and the ratties, fourteen in number, came off an remained in his band. The reptile in the man's leg, and violently shook as derattied tail, in heating its anger at such harsh treatment. This perform-ance almost threw Mr. Snyder into

Recovering himself, the doctor he thought himself of his knife, and, quickly opening a blade keen as a body. This released the snake, and she quickly unwound and threw herwork, but, before she could strike, the doctor struck her a blog with a club that cut her clean in two. Mr. Snyder was lifted by the arms and dragged away from the hideous serpent, and the next moment was on his fee scarcely able to stand.

They drank the balance of their

"nerve tonie" out of a pint boille which to some extent restored their equilibrium, but sleep was out of the question and they spent the balance of the night in stitching up Mr. Snyder's tronsers to make him presentable, and at early dawn they pulled up stakes and took a solemn oath to never, no, never, bunk at Swift Run again.—

Phonography in Great Britain.

though incomplete, it appears that in the first quarter of this year the teachers of phonography had published. "The train you were chasing goes to Uleveland. The Lafavette train don't start for eight minutes. There it under instruction during the whole of 34 739 males and 3.028 females, mak last year was 44,730. A large portion of the pupils were in what are termed

We Eat. Too Much.

There is something new under the sun—a new way to stike youth, and health and beauty perpetual. Not a new method of physical culture, not a new dietary scheme, nor yet a new ap-plication of that subtle principle by which the mind rules the body. None of these, but a measure so novel, so original and withal so economic that it finds favor with many who would

none of all the other fads. A new Hypatia has arisen in the per-son of a New York lady physician, and ly awaiting, says a writer in the Chicago the dectrine of physical immortality in four months and his voracious may modern philosopher is a well known woman physician, who is tifty years of is as supple, her eyes as bright and her skin as clear as a healthy school

ing "bunny" on the back for a moing "b Ays, and every month I take a three ays fast."

"But is it not very exhausting?" I MERCHANT * TAILOR days, and every month I take a three days'fast. asked

"No," replied the doctor. "On the contrary, it is very exhibitanting. Of course it is necessary that the stanach should have a tonic, and I have pro-pared one," showing a bottle containing a dark brown fluid, "What is it?" I asked. "I call it a nutrient," said the doc-

tor, evasively. The taste and smell of the preparation indicated that it was mostly of cocoa and wine. The doctor claims that a teaspoonful of this mixture, taken at the regular

bad results from the long fast.
"I drink large quantities of hot water every day," she said. "because I believe the inside of the body needs washing as much as the outside." Every year the doctor takes a trip to Europe, and she says that never since she began putting her pet theory into practice has she experienced a qualm f seasickness. And she believes that slowly, but with a strength which was the same emancipation will be the re-

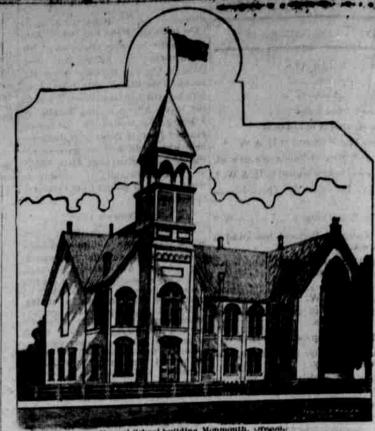
> A drummer was travels for a Boston grocery concern says that he sees in Maine some of the sharpest tricks that are practiced anywhere on his route. He gave the following specimen to a

ewiston Journal reporter;
A farmer's wife bustled into a store in Washington County the other day and went for the proprietor with:

Mr. B—, I bought six pounds of sugar here last week and when I got home I found a stone weighing two pounds in the package." 'Yes, ma'am.

riciously upon the party, and was our eyesight isn't to be trusted. What actually within a few yards of her ele-phant's trunk. Her shot was as well-timed as it was well-aimed, for the the tradesman over her brass-bound spectacles. Then she recollected her-self and remarked that she had a dozen eggs which she wished to ex-

change for hooks and eyes.



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