FIRELIGHT.

Above the glowing embers
I hear the backlog sing
The music it remembers
Of some remembered spring;
Back to the branch forsaken
Return its jocund choir,
And in the chimney waken
A melody of fire.

Without, the storm is bitter,
The snowflakes fill the night;
Within the embers glitter
And gild the room with light;
And in the fireplace gleaming
The backlog sings away,
And mingles all my dreaming
With birds and bloom and May.
—Woman's Journal.

MR. TESTER'S TROUSERS.

It is not very long since that young Jack Cockey went down by himself to Woodleigh hall, Dampshire, to spend a week or so with his Uncle Tester. Jack, who had only just left school, and was barely nineteen, did not look forward to his visit with much pleasure, for his uncle was a most crotchety and cantankerous old gentleman, of whom he stood in considerable dread. Indeed, he had only accepted the invitation from interested motives, the fact being that his uncle, who was very rich, had hinted his intention of defraying the expenses of Jack's projected career at Oxford, and as his parents were too poor to give him a university education themselves it was especially needful for him to keep in Uncle Tester's "good books."

Before he had left home on his dreaded visit both his parents warned him what a whimsical, crotchety old fellow his uncle was, and how exceedingly careful he must be in his behavior while at Woodleigh; for the old gentleman was apt to take offense at trifles which ordinary mortals would not even notice, and the smallest piece of carelessness on Jack's part might engender a fatal prejudice against him in his uncle's mind.

Fully imbued, therefore, with the necessity of being on his best behavior, Jack started off to Woodleigh. On arriving there he was not especially pleased to find that the only other visitors to the house were a few old fogys, contemporaries of his uncle and aunt, and as he sat at dinner on his first night, in company of these prim and rather antiquated persons, he felt decidedly like a fish out of water. Indeed had it not been for the presence of his cousin Lily—his uncle's only child—who kept him in countenance as far as youth was concerned, he felt that he should have collapsed altogether.

Youth was not Lily Tester's sole attraction either. She was pretty, kind hearted and companionable. And Jack found her society so agreeable that before he had been at Woodleigh three days he imagined himself, according to his boyish lights, violently in love with her. Of course he was too bashful to declare his passion in words, but he showed it by the silent admiration of his looks, by constant attendance at her side, and by continually fetching and carrying for her, and, in a general way, making himself as useful to her as he could. One afternoon, in her cousin's hearing, Lily happened to bewail aloud the fact that she had no means of procuring a new novel, which she was very impatient to read, from the circulating library in their neighboring town, as the horses were otherwise occupied that day and the servants were all too busy to be sent upon such an errand. Jack said nothing, but instantly determined to go for the novel himself. And having consulted his watch and seen that he should have time to get there and back before dinner he started off alone without telling anybody where he was going.

He reached the town all right and obtained the novel which Lilly wanted. But the walk took him longer than he had expected, so that, instead of being back at Woodleigh with a comfortable half hour to spare before dinner, he found that he had barely five minutes. As he hurried into the hall, hot and breathless, he met Lily on her way to the drawing room, dressed ready for dinner, and he immediately took the opportunity of giving her the novel which he had bought.

"Oh, this is good of you, Jack," she exclaimed, her face lighting up with a grateful smile, "to go all that long walk on my account. Why, you look as hot and tired as can be. I am afraid" (glancing anxiously at the clock) "that you have made yourself late, too. Oh, Jack, do you think you can possibly dress in four minutes? For papa is dreadfully particular about people being in time for dinner. And I should be quite miserable if you got into a scrape with him through serving me."

"Oh, I'll manage it all right," replied Jack. "My dressing won't take long."

And he ran off quickly up stairs to perform his hasty toilet, determined not to be late, for he knew that Lily had used no exaggerated phrase in saying that her father was "dreadfully particular about people being in time." Indeed, in the eyes of this crotchety and whimsical old gentleman to be late for dinner was something very like a deadly sin. And Jack, as we know, had strong reasons for keeping in his uncle's favor. He rushed, therefore, through his toilet at a breakneck pace, until he came to his dress trousers, and then he received a check. Something appeared to be wrong with the articles in question. They were so small and tight that Jack could scarcely get his muscular limbs into them. In fact, it was evident that they were not his own at all, but the property of somebody else who was very much smaller and thinner than himself.

"Hang it!" he soliloquized in a vexed tone, as he surveyed the tight and scanty garments clinging to his legs almost as close as fleshings, "those confounded footmen have made a stupid mistake and exchanged my breeches for somebody else's. I must ring the bell at once and have my own brought up, for I can never go down stairs in these things."

He leaned across his bed to pull the bell rope, which hung on the other side of it from where he stood. But, alas! the movement laid too great a strain upon the skin tight inexpressibles in which he stood encased. There came a loud crack, followed by an ominous sound of tearing. And Jack saw, to his no small dismay, that one of the seams had split right up the leg!

What the dence was he to do? The owner of the trousers might—nay, certainly would—send up for them in a minute or two. And what a rage he would be in when he found what had happened to them! If Jack had been a few years older and gifted with a trifle more self possession, he would have regarded the affair as rather a good joke, and though he might have been a little embarrassed he would not have been seriously disturbed by it. But being a nervous, awkward boy, and very shy of the prim old gentlemen who were his uncle's guests, his accident caused him quite unreasonable agitation.

But there was worse in store. A minute later a knock came at his door, and a servant's voice inquired from the other side:

"Beg pardon, sir; but did you ring for your dress trousers?"

"Yes," replied Jack, hurriedly, making no movement to unlock the door. "Have you got them there?"

"Yes," answered the footman. "And I expect you must have got master's, sir, for yours had been taken to his room by mistake, and he can't find his own nowhere."

A horrible thrill of increased dismay shot through Jack at these words. The affair had seemed bad enough before he knew whose trousers they were he had split. But the fact of their being crabbed, crotchety Uncle Tester's made it a hundred times worse. What should he do? How should he manage to face the vials of the old gentleman's wrath, which would assuredly be poured upon him at dinner in the presence of all the other guests? This thought reduced the shy, foolish youth to a state of mind bordering upon frenzy. And almost before he knew what he was saying—certainly before he at all realized the consequences of his action—he had blurted out a desperate fib.

"No," he answered, "I have not. I have no dress trousers here at all."

The man did not seem convinced, however, until Jack had repeated his asseveration two or three times. Then he went away, leaving the youth's own trousers (by his request) on the mat outside the door. When he was out of sight Jack opened the door and hastily took them in, and pulling off his uncle's breeches soon invested himself in his own. The former he then stuffed in his portmanteau, which he was careful to lock. And putting the key in his pocket he hurried down to dinner in anything but an easy frame of mind.

He reached the drawing room a minute or two before his uncle, who soon made his appearance in a pair of morning inexpressibles, with a particularly sour look on his face. The old gentleman, being absurdly prim and punctilious about accuracy of dress, was more upset by the disappearance of his garments than ordinary folk would imagine possible. And as he explained to his guests the cause of his lateness and of his hybrid attire, he inveighed in no measured terms against the "damned idiot" who was to blame for it, and expressed his determination of "sending him about his business" as soon as he could discover his personality.

This threat, and the sour ill temper which his uncle displayed all the evening, quite frightened Jack out of any intention of confessing the truth which he might have entertained. On the contrary, he began to evolve desperate expedients for getting the trousers mended, and secretly restoring them to the old fellow's room; since, if the articles continued missing, there was no saying what steps their owner might not take to discover their whereabouts. And should they be traced to him, Jack—why, good-by to all his expectations from the avuncular quarter!

While he cast about in his mind for possible expedients, it occurred to him that he might seek the assistance of his Aunt Tester's maid, for she was rather a friend of his, having lived with his mother several years before she came to Woodleigh, and he felt sure she would help him to the best of her power. He knew where her workroom was, having been to it already to have little jobs of mending done.

If he went there that very evening, after dinner, when his aunt and cousin were busy down stairs with their guests, he should be certain to find her alone. He could take the trousers to her, tell her exactly what had happened, beg her to run up the split seam with a sewing machine, and arrange with her some method for the secret restoration of the articles to his uncle's dressing room. As no other reasonable, or even possible, course suggested itself, Jack made up his mind to adopt this one. And he escaped to his room after dinner on the earliest opportunity for the purpose of putting it into immediate execution. Unlocking his portmanteau, he dragged the wretched trousers forth. Then doubling them up into the smallest possible compass, and taking them under his arm, concealed as much as was feasible by his coat, he looked out to see that nobody was in sight and started along the passage toward the workroom.

He had not proceeded far before he became aware of some one approaching with a light in the opposite direction. At present the light alone was visible, the bearer of it being hidden from him by a bend in the wall. What was he to do? As he was carrying the trousers they were but imperfectly concealed, and any one meeting him with a light was certain to remark them. He must hide out of the way till the person, whoever it was, had passed. But where? A bedroom door on his right stood temptingly open. He darted quickly in, and concealed himself behind it. But, as ill luck would have it, his hiding place proved a decidedly insecure one. The bearer of the light, who, from the sound of rustling skirts which accompanied her, was evidently a woman, did not pass by the door. On the contrary, she walked straight into it! Jack's heart sank to zero, and a sense of appalling dismay overwhelmed him. Of course she would shut the door, and there he would stand helplessly and hopelessly exposed, with those miserable trousers in his possession. Escape was impossible. Nothing could save him. He was ignominiously run to earth.

If ever any one felt desperate Jack did so at that moment. The newcomer, however, did not shut the door, but passed on into the room, leaving it open behind her. Jack could see her as he stood shivering in his hiding place, and it did not add to his comfort to recognize his aunt. But he was conscious of a blessed sense of relief when he saw her making for a door on the opposite side of the room, which apparently led into another chamber beyond. She opened it and went in. Now was his chance to escape! Looking nervously out, and dreading every moment to see her reappear, he slipped quietly round the door and into the passage. Then, fancying he heard his aunt emerge from the inner room, he scuttled off on tiptoe to his own bedchamber as fast as he could run.

It was not until he reached that haven, breathless and trembling, that a consciousness of something missing came over him. He had not got the trousers! Terrible conviction! In the hurry and agitation of his escape from behind the door he must have dropped them. What on earth was to be done now? he asked himself in sickening dismay. Should he hasten back and make a desperate effort to recover them? No! His courage failed him at the thought. He should probably run into his aunt while doing so, and that would put the finishing stroke to everything. There was nothing for it but to let matters take their course. And wherever the trousers were picked up, whether behind the door or in the passage outside, there was, thank heaven! no evidence to connect their presence there with himself.

But in his existing uneasy and foreboding frame of mind, he felt it would be quite impossible for him to face the company again that night without exciting suspicion by his demeanor. So he locked himself into his room and retired straight to bed, though not to sleep, for he lay awake most of the night brooding miserably over this unhappy affair. Even the brief spells of slumber he enjoyed were disturbed by awful nightmares, in which a pair of black trousers, with a huge rent in them, were always the prominent feature.

Next morning it was with the greatest difficulty that he could force himself to go down to breakfast. For if the discovery of those wretched trousers, in their torn condition, was mentioned—as it was, of course, certain to be—he knew he should betray himself to the others by his guilty blushes. He therefore experienced the most relieved surprise when the meal passed without any allusion being made to them. No one even appeared to notice that his face looked pale and haggard, except, perhaps, Lily, whose eyes he several times met fixed upon himself, with a certain anxious interest expressed in them.

The day dragged on with leaden wings, and at every minute, in his uneasy guiltiness of conscience, Jack expected to be summoned by his Uncle Tester and ordered to explain his scandalous and deceitful conduct, but no such summons came, and at last dinner-time was reached. That, of course, was certain to bring the subject of the dress trousers upon the tapis, and it was with a heavy, miserable heart that Jack entered the drawing room at the sounding of the gong.

What, then, was his surprise to see his uncle standing on the hearthrug, incased as to his nether limbs in evening inexpressibles, and to hear him say to a guest, who had made a jocular inquiry on the subject: "Yes, a most extraordinary thing. They had somehow got folded away by mistake inside Lily's riding habit, and sent up to her room. She found them there this morning.

* * * * * *

After dinner, in the drawing room, while Jack was sitting by himself apart from the others, pretending to read, but really speculating on the extraordinary and inexplicable result of the trousers episode, Lily strolled across to him, and said in a low voice, with an amused twinkle in her soft, bright eyes:

"Jack, it was an awfully bold stroke of yours to leave those—those—well, I suppose there is no harm in the word—those trousers in my bedroom last night.

"Oh, I say, it was an accident really," grasped Jack, seeing that the girl had somehow mastered his secret, and that denial would be useless. "But was it your room where I left them? And how did you find out it was me?"

"By guess work," she replied, laughing. "I am rather sharp in putting two and two together. * * * Why and how you managed to split the articles I failed to conjecture; but that you were the culprit your demeanor last night and today has sufficiently shown me. When I found them last night on the floor behind the door of my bedroom I did not quite know what to do. But having slept upon the matter and confirmed my over night suspicions of you by observation at breakfast this morning I determined (with an arch look) to take the hint given me in so pronounced a manner. I therefore stitched up the split seam and took the garments to father's room, telling him that harmless little fib which you have heard him unsuspiciously repeat tonight. Now, Jack, don't you think I have repaid you for your kindness in fetching me that novel yesterday?"

"A hundred times over!" exclaimed Jack, his face beaming with gratitude and relief. Upon my word, you're a real brick, Lily!"

We may add that this episode of the inexpressibles, which had come so near doing for Jack with his uncle, really became the making of him, for it originated the good understanding which subsequently sprang up between the lad and his cousin, and in after years, when he had married Lily and succeeded to the bulk of the old man's fortune, he was always telling his friends the above story and impressing on them how he owed his prosperity entirely to "Uncle Tester's Trousers."—London Truth.

He Was Astonished.

As we turned into the main highway from a cross road we fell in rear of a funeral procession about half a mile long, which was made up of farmers and villagers. We had gone nearly a mile when we saw a man running across a field, hatless, coatless, vestless and barefooted. He was waving his hands and shouting, and the procession at once halted to see what was the matter. He struck for the head of it, and as he climbed the six rail fence alongside the highway and got his breath he gasped out:

"All of you folks come right over here as quick as you can."

"Why, Ben, what's the matter?" asked the preacher in charge.

"Come as quick as you can," urged the other by voice and gesture, "for I plugged the hole up before I left!"

"But what is it?"

"It's a rabbit—biggest one you ever saw—rabbit in a holler stump—and it won't take over fifteen minutes to chop him out!"

"Move on, driver!" commanded the preacher.

"But hold on! He's in there, and I plugged the hole, and it won't take me ten minutes to git an ax."

The procession moved on and continued to move, and by the time our team got up the farmer's face expressed about eleven different sorts of emotions.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Why—why—gosh hang it! I've got the biggest kind of a rabbit plugged up over here in a holler stump!"

"And the procession wouldn't wait to help you chop it out?"

"No! I've heard that the country was turning over a new leaf and a-comin' right up to frills and scollops, but I never believed it afore! Won't stop and help chop out a rabbit—a great big rabbit—g-o-s-h!"—New York Sun.

Ye Pot Closet.

Sing heigh, sing ho, for me, an inconvenient thing!
A little dingy hole, a hiding underneath the sink,
Where you put the pots and kettles, and the things of baser metals,
With the baking pans and kitchen ware and all the wares that clink.

Stoop! Stoop! Stoop with care!
Mind the nails on the door; if you don't you'll catch your hair.
You'll break your backs a-reaching, ladies, twenty times a day,
If you don't stoop with care when you put your things away.

Old Nick, it was himself. Oh, he invented me
To bother all the women and to punish them as well,
By making a receptacle where a wondrous spectacle
May, at any time, be found in the pit of—sheol.

Stoop! Stoop! Stoop with care!
Mind the nails on the door; if you don't you'll catch your hair.
You'll break your backs a-reaching, ladies, twenty time a day,
If you don't stoop with care when you put your things away.

Sing heigh, sing ho, the crowd of things! just let me tell them o'er,
That every day, oh, ladies, dear! must be o'erhauled by you;
The saucepan see, the toaster, with the griddle and the roaster.
See the stove, the floor, the sink brush. See the spider and the broiler, the stove polish, the knife board and the scourer, with its Bristol brick and all. See the farina kettle and the steamer, the porcelain kettle and the dishpan, the kerosene can, the teakettle; to say nothing of the sink and stove and dishcloth a-hanging on the door.

Stoop! Stoop! Stoop with care!
Mind the nails on the door; if you don't you'll catch your hair.
You'll break your backs a-reaching, ladies, twenty times a day,
If you don't stoop with care when you put your things away.
—Good Housekeeping.

Economy in Dress.

A literary lady who writes for the magazine met a friend on the streets of Galveston.

"You seem to be in high spirits. Heard some good news? Going to get married?" asked the friend.

"Oh, no; it's better than that. I've just got a letter from the editor of The Ladies' Magazine inclosing a check for fifty dollars in payment of my article on "Economy in Dress," and I am going right now to buy me a new brocaded silk velvet dress, made in the latest style, if it takes every cent of the fifty dollars."—Texas Siftings.

A WOMAN'S ODD CAPRICE

UNACCOUNTABLE, YET IT MADE HER SUPREMELY HAPPY.

A Sudden Whim Seizes Her and She Started on a Visit to New York by a Circuitous Route—She Meets a Long Lost Brother.

"My aunt, Mrs. O. P. Smith, of St. Louis, started east to visit relatives of her husband in Dutchess county," said one of those relatives, a well known railroad man. "Her direct route was by the New York Central's system to Fishkill, and that was the way the trip had been laid out. Half an hour before starting, however, Mrs. Smith surprised her husband by saying that she intended to go by the Erie route.

That would necessitate a roundabout way by New York city or by Newburg and across the Hudson, and her husband tried to argue her out of her sudden and unreasonable determination. She stoutly insisted, however, that she must go by the Erie.

"'I can't tell you why I have such an inclination to go that way,' she said; 'but I have that feeling, and I do not believe I could bring myself to go any other way.'

"Of course her husband gave in to her whim, and put it down to woman's caprice. My aunt is a native of Richmond, Va., and during the war, being about sixteen, her only sister died, and her brother was killed in the defense of Richmond. This left her without a known relative, unless the oldest one of the family, a brother, who had gone to California in 1855, was living.

"She found a home, however, with a Richmond family, who moved west after the war, where the orphan girl, whose name was Allison, subsequently met and married my Uncle Smith. She was ten years old when her brother went to California, and he was then twenty-five. She had never heard anything from him since the war broke out. Although her father died when she was but eight, she retained a vivid remembrance of his face and manner

A STRANGE MEETING.

"At Meadville, Pa., the next morning after leaving St. Louis, my aunt kept her berth. While she was making her toilet the porter had made up the section. When she returned and sat down a sprightly but elderly man sat down in the other seat of her section and said:

"'Excuse me, madam, but I'll just drop down here while the porter fixes up things in my section. I'm only going to the next station anyway.'

"My aunt opened her mouth to reply, but she didn't speak. She simply fastened her eyes on the old man opposite. He was tall and bright eyed, with a silver gray mustache and goatee, the latter long and pointed. He wore a wide brimmed felt hat. My aunt's manner seemed to nettle him, and he exclaimed rising:

"'If I annoy you, madam, I will go to some other seat.'

"My aunt managed to loosen her tongue then, and putting out her hand begged him to be seated. He sat down again, and my aunt looked out of the window, or at least she says she tried to, but she felt herself drawn irresistibly to look covertly at the gray bearded stranger. When the porter had arranged the stranger's section, and he arose and went to it, my aunt's eye followed him. She tried to speak to him as he went from her seat, but she didn't seem to be able to get out the words she wanted to say.

The next station was Union City. It was only half an hour's ride from Meadville, and as the train drew nearer to it my aunt says she could hardly breathe, her heart beat so, and she felt as if she must speak to the old man or die. But somehow she could not. At last the train whistled for Union City. The gray bearded man took his valise and prepared to leave his seat. The train began to slow up. The old man walked toward the front end of the car. He was passing my aunt's section.

THE RECOGNITION.

"She pressed one hand on her thumping heart and, almost choking, she touched the stranger's arm and gasped:

"'Sir, isn't your name Allison?'

"The man looked surprised and said, 'Why, yes; my name's Allison.'

"'Charles Jasper Allison?'

"'Yes,' said the stranger, looking still more surprised.

"'Didn't your sister Carrie used to call you Jass?'

"'She did!' he exclaimed. 'But why—'

"'Oh, Jass! I'm your sister Carrie!' exclaimed my aunt, and her arms were around the old man's neck and he was holding her to his breast, while both of them sobbed like a couple of children.

"The long lost brother did not get off at Union City. He was the very image of her father when he died, my aunt said, and that is why she felt from the very first that he was her brother Jass. The brother is still a Californian, an extensive vineyardist, and while in Chicago he suddenly remembered that an old friend of his was in or near Union City, and he resolved to visit him before returning to the coast. This had occurred about half an hour before the train he was to take left Chicago, and he was just able to catch it by an extra effort.

"Suppose my aunt hadn't suddenly taken that whim to travel by the Erie? Or suppose her brother hadn't suddenly bethought him of his old friend in Union City? And how do you account for it all, anyhow?"—New York Sun.

Derivation of Two Common Words.

Our common word abridge has no connection with a bridge. It is a modification of the Greek brachus, short, through the French abreger, to shorten. Nor has mildew anything to do either with mill or dew. The word is the old High German militon, rust on corn. The likeness between milb and mel (honey) suggested a connection which resulted in the translation of the second part of the word into dew, as hinting at the substance known as honey dew.—Harper's Young People.

Big Collections in New York Churches.

A collection taken up at the church which Cornelius Vanderbilt attends one Sunday morning yielded $11,500, although it was not an unusual occasion, and no special requests for large amounts had been made. At some of our churches the Sunday collection runs frequently as high as $3,000 or $4,000, and at Grace and Trinity there are occasional collections as large as $10,000. This one, however, is believed to be the largest collection ever taken up on an occasion not extraordinary.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Press.

It Makes a Difference.

Mrs. Fogg—Goodness mercy! The new dining room carpet is ruined. Somebody has spilled a whole lot of oil and made a great big grease spot in the center of it.

Mr. Fogg—You must have done it yourself, mother, when you filled the lamp.

Mrs. Fogg—Oh, perhaps I did; never mind; I guess it will evaporate.—Puck.

Not Used to It.

Waiter (at restaurant)—They're all complaining about your buckwheat cakes.

Cook (in a violent rage)—I told the boss they would! My orders was to use real buckwheat flour today, and I'm going to do it if it drives away every doggone customer we've got!—Chicago Tribune.

NEWSPAPER WORK IN ENGLAND.

Active Reporters in the Small Places Make Pretty Fair Wages.

The most important perquisite for reporters is that known as "lineage." Daily newspapers, for example, have recognized correspondents in nearly every town of any importance throughout the country. A reporter living in one of these places, and connected with a local newspaper, may be appointed correspondent for a dozen or even more journals. All events of importance have, of course, to be attended for his own paper, and should anything occur of sufficient interest to justify notice in the papers he represents, he writes a report and forwards it by telegraph or by train.

From each paper he receives the cost of the telegram and is paid for his report at so much per line, varying in different towns between one penny and twopence per line. Some of the London papers pay as much as threepence per line, and in the case of matters of unusual importance or value the leading provincial newspapers will sometimes pay a like amount. By this means it is no unusual thing for a smart man to make as much as five pounds in a single night.

In a good district a reporter looks forward to doubling his weekly income by "lineage" alone. Even when not the recognized correspondent of any paper, he makes a considerable addition to his earnings by "lineage." Take, for example, an interesting event coming to the knowledge of the reporter some morning. He writes out a telegraphic message and wires a paragraph to the principal evening papers. A special reduced charge is made for press messages. Up to 6 o'clock in the evening seventy-five words can be sent over the wires for one shilling, and one hundred words after 6 o'clock for the same amount. Every repetition of the message costs twopence.

From each paper which inserts his paragraph the enterprising scribe receives half a crown or three shillings and sixpence, usually the latter sum. So, taking it that he sends his news to twelve newspapers, the cost of the telegrams would be three shillings and tenpence, and if the report were used by nine out of the twelve papers he would receive (taking as a moderate estimate that he would be paid half a crown by each) £1 2s. 6d. Deducting the cost of the telegrams it will be seen that he clears nearly a sovereign by the transaction. The risk is small, for any spicy item of news told in an interesting way is always welcome, to the evening papers especially. If only two papers were to insert and pay for his report he would still be a gainer.

In the large cities and towns there are men known as "penny-a-liners," unconnected with any particular newspaper, who make a decent income by keeping a watchful eye for items of news which may escape the observation of the ordinary reporter. Any terrible calamity in a district is a golden harvest to the scribes. A railway accident, colliery explosion or startling murder means pounds, shillings and pence to the reporter.

Another source of profit to the "Knights of the Pencil" is shorthand writing in the local law courts. In many towns the reporters are the only competent shorthand writers, and to their lot fall the shorthand notes which from time to time are required by solicitors and other people.—London Tit-Bits.

After the Apples.

A gentleman who some years ago had occasion to take a long journey through the Caucasus was accompanied by a servant and a guide, who told him many stories of the country—stories of danger and peril in that bear frequented forest land. Once Stepan, the guide, and a friend of his had observed an apple tree well laden with fruit, some seven or eight versts from their village in the forest. It stood unclaimed of man, almost the only relic of some prosperous Tscherkess village. Stepan and his friend arranged to meet at the tree one morning early and share the fruit.

When Stepan came near the tree he saw some one already engaged in throwing the apples down. Thinking his friend was trying to steal a march on him, the irate Stepan heaped all manner of abuse on him, and at last, getting no answer, fairly yelled with rage, and began to throw things into the tree.

Then the shower of apples ceased, and with a gruff snort a huge old bear came tumbling out of the tree, almost on top of the terrified villager. As usual in such cases, Bruin was quite as much frightened as the man, and shambled off as quickly as possible, leaving the apples to Stepan and his friend.—Youth's Companion.

Value of Honesty.

There is no compensation for lack or loss of honor. I have seen it tried again and again. There is no substitute for it. Whoever sells a fraction of it for wealth or preferment begins to inherently degenerate. The end is death. Can you measure or weigh that word when applied to the soul? Honesty, simple honesty, is the best policy in dealing with ourselves, with our children, with our neighbors, in all things. I remember that the physician in charge of one of the largest asylums for the insane said a few years ago in his annual report: "Above all things deal honestly with the insane. Do not on any account undertake to deceive them. A lie can only work mischief with a diseased mind. The truth may be hard enough for them to bear, but a falsehood is cruelty. They need trust and confidence. Faith in others is healing." I think this is a universal law. Be honest, especially to the young and the weak.—Mary E. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Just Plain Snakes.

A Pennsylvania man says he knows of a spot where at least 5,000 serpents are bunched together for the winter. There are no fancy snakes among them, but just common, every day snakes, such as blue racers and rattlesnakes, and he asks no particular credit for his discovery.—Detroit Free Press.

"The Jersey Lily."

ANGLESEA COTTAGE, L. R., July 2.

Gentlemen: Altho' it is very unusual for me to use any lotions or washes, still, in answer to your request, I have tried Wisdom's Toilet Cream and Robertine. The former I consider especially efficacious in cases of roughness of the skin, and I have been using it every day for the last fortnight. I have found the Robertine an excellent preparation in cases of tan, sunburn, etc caused by exposure to March winds and July sun.

Yours faithfully,
LILLIE LANGTRY.

To Messrs. Wisdom & Co.

Excitement

Runs high at the drug stores in this place over System Builder as everybody is using it for catarrh, of stomach, dyspepsia, constipation and impure blood, and to build up the system it certainly possesses wonderful merit when all speak so well of it. *

BUYING A HORSE.

Some Valuable Rules to Be Followed in So Doing.

In case you have fully and firmly decided to buy a family horse, and nothing on the face of this earth, or above or below it, will cause you to change your mind, be careful to observe certain rules and be guided by certain fixed principles.

It may shock you to be told that there are many reasons why you should try a white horse, but wait and see. In the first place, the boy who takes care of him has to put in more work for his wages, and that's a rebate for you. In the next, you can see him if out driving in a dark night, whereas you couldn't tell whether a black horse was in front or behind you.

Thirdly, if you happen to go out to the barn of a night, your white horse defines his position, whereas you are quite liable to blunder up against the heels of a black one and get hurt. If you are driving around town your white horse can be seen a mile away, and the ambulance, fire engines, brick and ice wagons can get ready to turn into the side streets and avoid being run down. Lastly, you can wear any colored socks or suspenders while driving a white horse and always combine harmony and effect. Whenever you see a man with a blue necktie driving a sorrel pacer, you may be sure that he knows nothing about harmony of dress.

Do not advertise your want, but casually mention to some friend that if he hears of something extra good and cheap he might mention it, though you are in no hurry to buy. It will surprise you to find out how many good things your friend knows of in the way of horseflesh, and how anxious he is to do you a kindness. The first horse will be around to your house in exactly twenty-five minutes.

Don't get the idea that everybody in town wants to sell his nag. Not more than one-half of the horses will be sent around to you.

The first point to settle is the price. You are willing to pay $200. Every man with a horse is willing to sell for $250, which is, of course, a sacrifice of at least fifty dollars on his part. It is a sad thing to see a man have to knock off fifty dollars from the actual value of the best family horse in the world, but you are not advised to shed any tears over it. In the course of an hour, if you exhibit proper firmness and indifference, you can beat him down to your figure. You feel that you are robbing him, and that it is a mean action on your part, but feelings don't count in buying a horse.

Now, first examine the animal's mouth. If there are any tenpenny nails between his teeth, or he has a piece of boot leg laid away alongside of his cheek for a quid, he's a hearty feeder and all right. The black spots on the teeth indicate the horse's age. If there are only three, then he is a 3-year old. If there are sixty, then he is a 60-year-old.

The eyes come next. Be sure that his sight is all right, and that he won't take a dancing bear or a minstrel parade for a load of new hay coming in town from Taylor township. The best way to try a horse's vision is to stand off with a piece of board and make as if you would hit him across the nose.

The feet have considerable to do with a horse, as he is popularly supposed to walk around on them. Look out for quarter cracks, half cracks and whole cracks. Don't pay as much for a quarter crack as a whole one. The frog of the foot should be located somewhere near the center in a good horse.

Then look for ringbones and spavins. Take the chances that the other fellow doesn't know any more than you do about it, and look around the legs instead of the head and neck. It will be best to find some or something to make him believe that you are not a greenhorn. Then ask the following questions:

"Has he ever been sick?"

"No."

"Does he crib?"

"No."

"Does he kick?"

"Never."

"Has he ever run away?"

"You couldn't scare him into such a thing."

"Will he stand?"

"Like a rock."

"Afraid of anything?"

"Nothing on earth."

"What's his best record?"

"2:31."

"Can my wife drive him?"

"Right up to an elephant, if she wants to."

"How is he on shoes?"

"Say! I was going to speak to you about that. He only needs shoeing twice a year. Never saw a horse so easy on shoes."

"Looks like a heavy feeder."

"But he isn't. Six quarts of oats and a pinch of hay daily will keep him rolling fat."

"Then you guarantee him all around?"

"I do. If there's one single thing wrong with that horse I don't know it."

"Well, I guess I'll take him."

And he'll turn out to be just as good a horse as if you had gone out to a pasture some night, shut your eyes and flung a stone, and cried out that you'd take the nag the missile fell nearest to.—Detroit Free Press.

The Force of Circumstances.

Mrs. Peterby—Can you wash?

Matilda Snowball—Ob course I kin wash, if it has ter be.

"Can you cook?"

"If it has ter be, ob course I kin cook."

"Are you honest?"

"You bet I'se houest, if I has ter be."—Texas Siftings.

Down to a Fine Point.

The shop of an undertaker in Candelaria, Nev., bears the following sign: "You kick the bucket. We do the rest."—Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.

Knew from Experience.

Rev. Mr. Arlington—You should always be particular about details, Miss Tucker. It is little things that tell.

Nellie—I know that. I have three small sisters.—Smith & Gray's Monthly.

Take it Before Breakfast

The great appetizer, tonic and liver regulator. In use for more than 50 years in England. Positive specific for liver complaint. Bad taste in the mouth on arising is the morning, dull pains in the head and back of the eyes, tired feeling, dizziness, languor—symptoms of liver complaint. Remedy—Dr. Henley's English Dandelion Tonic. Relieves constipation, sharpens the appetite and tones up the entire system. Get the genuine from your druggist for $1, and take according to directions.

Worse Than Leprosy

Is catarrh, and there is one and only one preparation that does cure that disease, and that is the California Positive and Negative Electric Liniment. Sold by all druggists. It also cures neuralgia, rheumatism, headache, sprains, burns and all pain. Try it and tell your neighbor where to get it *

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—oOo—

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Office, corner Trade and High streets, Salem; P. O. box No. 239.

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Highest market price paid for fat Stock, Beef, Mutton, Pork, Veal, Etc. All bills payable monthly.

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Wagon Making

—AND—

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H. A. WENGENROTH Of this city has opened a Wagon shop in the same building with E. E. Cecil's blacksmith shop. He is an experienced workman having learned his trade in Europe. He solicits a share of the patronage and guarantees satisfaction.

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No. 2821

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W. Berk's, Suver, Tuesdays.
F. M. Lewis, Lewisville, Wednesdays.
D. M. Guthries, Thursdays, at noon.
Dallas, Thursday night and all day Fridays and Saturdays.
At my farm, one and one-half miles west of Monmouth, Sundays.

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Dam by Live Oak Foaled April 27, 1887.

Will be in Independence Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays of each week and will be permitted to serve a limited number of mares.

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4 17 2m J. M. STAATS, Airlie.

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Will be at the old stand in Independence on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays of each week.

For further particulars address

A. L. HODSON,

4-10 Salem, Or.

RAILROADS.

TIME TABLE.

Independence and Monmouth Motor Line

Leaves Independence.	Leaves Monmouth.
6:50	7:40
8:10	8:30
9:30	10:00
11:15	12:30
1:50	2:15
4:30	5:10
6:15	8:00

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Steamer WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

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Leaves Yaquina: May 7, 16, 24, 31.

Train No. 3 will run Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and on intermediate day when necessary.

Train No. 4 will run Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and on intermediate days when necessary.

This company reserves the right to change sailing dates without notice.

Trains conn