A SUNLESS WORLD.

If the glad sun were dead, a night
Amid the awful night of space,
A cold, annihilating blight
Upon our fair world's face—

The wonders of the seasons, heat
And soothing rain, the gentle flowers,
Recurrent summers, and the beat
Of passion hearted hours—

Would be as things not known to earth,
While neither man, nor beast nor bird,
Would waken any sign of birth,
Not any song or word;

Where souls have vainly throbbed and fought,
Where some have conquered, there would be
No dim awakening of the thought
That scorns mortality.

No young spring fluttering in the breast
Of the undying dream of life—
Love, which is more than other best,
Sweet in its very strife;

But our wan, stricken star would fly
In darkness like a death's device,
Robed in the winter of the sky
And winding sheets of ice.

—George Edgar Montgomery.

TIM SULLIVAN'S GHOST.

"Whose ghost is that?"

This was said by Peter Donnelly, who was sitting up in his bed, having been just awakened by the noise of clanking chains in his bedroom. The window curtain was up, and the light from a quarter moon shed a soft but clear light upon all the objects in the room. The ghost was walking up and down the apartment, wrapped in a clean, white, sheety looking costume and dragging a long chain, which was fastened to its waist, and which made a weird noise at every movement of the ghost.

The ghost stopped on hearing Donnelly's question, and, turning its head toward the bed, gazed with mournful eyes upon Peter, and, after one long look, it took up its walk again. The face which Donnelly saw was enough to satisfy him that the ghost was no other than that of his old friend Tim Sullivan. So, reassured, Peter sang out, "Is that you, Tim?"

The ghost, without stopping in its walk or turning its head, nodded assent:

"What's up?" said Peter.

And then the ghost broke its silence and answered, "I'm up, and that's what's the matter."

"Didn't they wake you properly, Tim? I was there, and I thought we did it in style. There were a fine lot of broken heads at the wake, and my own was one of them."

"Yis, yis," said the ghost, "the wake was all right, and I thank the boys for the way they behaved; though I'll say it now, that I didn't like the way of that Dan Flaherty making love to my widdy, right before my eyes, as it were. If I had been able, I would have raised me in me coffin and welted the head of him—never moind, I've me eye on him. 'Tis true, 'tis a dead eye, but he'll hear from me yet."

"Then what worries you, Tim, that you're strolling about when it's time for all honest dead men to be quiet? Are you not out of purgatory yet, after all the money your sorrowing widdy has paid Father Malone for candles and masses"—

"Yis, yis; that's all right. I got me pass two weeks ago."

"Then, in the name of the divil, what do you want, Tim Sullivan, trapesing around in those nightclothes? And if it's anything I can do for the repose of your soul just say the word, Tim, and for ould friendship's sake I'll do it as sure as me name's Pete Donnelly."

"Tut, tut, Peter Donnelly; don't use the name of the divil so familiar like—you don't know him. He is a much bigger man than I thought him till I saw him down below. Do you know, Peter, that he's a bigger man than the mayor or even the chief of polace?"

"And have you seen the divil, Tim?"

"Av——se I have."

"And what did he say to you?"

"Well, you see, it was after I had me pass when I was on me way here, when he was coming along with a whole crowd of his folks, and they stopped me, and widout a word they took me by the arm and escorted me right to the divil himself, and the divil he says to me, very politely like, 'What is your name, sir?' And I answered him at once, 'Tim Sullivan, your honor.' Then says he, 'Where are you going?' Then says I, 'I was thinking of going back to me old home for a bit.' Then says he, 'Have you your pass wid you?' I says, 'Yis, your honor,' and I up and shows it to him. He took one squint at it, but he would not touch it, and I seen him shake a bit when his eye caught the sign of the cross, and then he says to me, 'All right, Mr. Sullivan,' and taking his hat off he made me a most polite bow, jest as if I was the finest gintleman in the land, and I was left alone in the twinkling of an eye. Oh, the divil is a born gintleman, Peter, and any man who says anything agin him is no friend of mine, and I tell you that for your own good, Peter Donnelly."

"Well, well, Tim Sullivan, have it your own way. Divil a word will I say against the divil, seeing as he is a friend of me old friend Tim Sullivan; but what can I do for ye, Tim?"

"I hardly know if I can trust the sacret wid ye, Peter, but I've been casting me eye—me 'dead eye'—you know, all around me, and I can think of no friend of mine but you, Peter, who has the courage to take the job in hand that I've come for. I can do the most of it, but I need a live man to help."

"Will a man risk in the job, Tim, or is it only the putting some blaguard out of the way who's disturbing your pace of mind? If it is the last, Tim, you can count on me, but no dalings with your gintlemanly frind the divil, if you plaze, Tim Sullivan. I'm not that kind of a man."

"All right, Peter," said the ghost, "and by your leave, I'll take a chair. And now, you remimber Pat O'Rourke's wake, do you not? where Brannagin claned out the medicine bottles after the whisky was gone."

"Yis," said Peter, "I remember it right well, for me cousin Judy Flanigan broke her leg in falling over the corpse."

"Well," said the ghost, "I, that night, promised the widdy the prisint of a fine fat sow, with a hope of allaviating the sorrow of Mrs. O'Rourke a bit. Now, I clane forgot that promise, and the consequence was that I got me pass, and was laving Purgatory on the run, when who should I run acrost but Pat O'Rourke. 'Hello,' says he, 'are you off?' 'Yis,' says I, 'and I'm in a divil of a hurry.' 'Tim,' says he, 'did you send the fat sow that you promised me widdy on the night of the wake?' 'No,' says I, 'I clane forgot it when I got sober.' 'Did you git absolution?' says he. 'No,' says I; 'when Father Malone was giving me absolution I was so busy trying to remember the things I had done that I clane forgot all those I had intended to do.' With that Pat called out, 'Stop him!' and they stopped me in a jiffy. I showed me pass, but Pat told his story, which I couldn't deny, and thin they clapped this chain on me, to carry, as they said, till I redamed me promise or got absolution. Now, I have me pass, but do you think what a foine sight I should make in heaven, frightenin' the young angels, wid me chain hangin' and bangin' about, and hearin' the young ones sayin', at ivery turn, 'There goes Tim Sullivan wid a broken promise hangin' to him.' And now, Peter, this is what I want wid ye: I've selected the pig, but I want you to drive him to Widdy O'Rourke's door, for I'll let ye know, Peter, that there's ne'er a ghost in heaven or 'arth that can drive a pig whin he has the divil in him, which same he usually has."

"All right," said Peter; "I'm wid ye."

Then the ghost said to Peter, "Can you fly?"

"Not much," said Peter.

With that the ghost tore off a bit of the sheet he was wearing as a kind of Roman toga, and handing it to Peter said, "Wrap this around your arm, me boy, and ye'll fly wid the aise of a wild duck."

Wrapping the piece of cloth around his arm Peter rose from his bed, and saying, "I'm wid ye now, Tim," out of the window they sailed together.

Before very long Peter found himself near a large building, from which he could hear the sounds of cattle, and soon he discerned in the obscurity the forms of animals in a neighboring inclosure.

"Here we are, and here are the pigs," said the ghost.

The ghost and his companion came to the ground close to a big, fat sow that was contentedly sleeping, when Peter remarked: "'Tis no aisy job to run in this pig. How many miles is it to the Widdy O'Rourke's?"

"Only four miles," said the ghost; "but I have a plan to make short work of it. Have ye a praty in your pocket, Peter?"

"I have," said Peter.

"Then breathe on it and hold it to her nose and she'll follow ye like a dog," the which Peter did, and after an hour of good work they arrived and knocked at the Widow O'Rourke's door.

"Who's knockin' there?" said a sleepy voice.

"It's I, Pete Donnelly, and a frind, with a prisint of a pig for ye, Mrs O'Rourke."

"This is no time of night comin' to an honest widdy's house; but I know ye for a pure man, Pete Donnelly, and I'll ope the door, if ye'll bide a minute, till I throw on a bit of me clothes."

A few minutes later the door was opened by Mrs. O'Rourke, who, light in hand, asked Peter and his friend in, but when she noticed the white garments and ghastly face of the ghost she threw up her hands, dropping the light and shrieked, "What divil of a ghost is this wid ye, Pete Donnelly?" to which Peter replied in soothing tones:

"Sure, be calm, Mrs. O'Rourke, it's only Tim Sullivan's ghost. Ye must remimber Tim—'tis but a short time we waked him, and do you not call to moind that before he quit ye that avenin' he promised you a big, fat sow"—

"He did that," said Mrs. O'Rourke; "and I was surprised that he should think of lavin' this world and forgettin' a poor widdy—more, by this token, that Widdy Sullivan has had the loan of me saucepan now foive times for to fry sausages, whenever her company has stayed to tay"—

Then said the ghost, "Mrs. O'Rourke, I'm plazed to foind ye in this moind, for I've come all the way from purgatory to redame me promise, and here's the sow, and good luck to ye, Mrs. O'Rourke."

At this moment the sow walked in the open door.

"Where did ye get the sow, ghost of Tim Sullivan?" said Mrs. O'Rourke.

"I cannot tell ye that, Mrs. O'Rourke."

"Then I'll not take the pig, and now I look at her, there's a squint in her eye, and I'll have none of it, and I don't loike the looks of ye, either, ghost of Tim Sullivan."

"I'll lave the pig wid ye, Mrs. O'Rourke, and I'm quit of me promise. So now, farewell, and I'll be off."

"Not so, begorrah. Take your divil of a pig and yourself wid her. I'll see you in purgatory before I take your evil eyed pig in me house."

"Are you a woman of your word, Mrs. O'Rourke?"

"I am that, Mr. Ghost."

"Then come along wid me, Mrs. O'Rourke," and, taking her by the waist, the ghost of Tim Sullivan flew out of the window, bearing the shrieking form of Mrs. O'Rourke with him.—Sieg in Argonaut.

The First Electric Victim.

The first death in the world, so far as we know, from artificially conducted electricity was that of Professor Richman, of St. Petersburg. He devised what was practically the first lightning rod and was killed by it. He ran an iron to the top of his house in present lightning rod manner and waited for a thunder storm. It came. There was a terrific flash of lightning. The professor's appliance worked well, and he was found dead by the side of it.—Boston Transcript.

His Quiet Mind.

An old darky, black as a royal flush of spades, sat swinging his feet over the bulkhead on Light street in Baltimore. His eyes were deep in the mysteries of an overripe watermelon.

"Say, uncle," said the stranger, "why don't you go to work?"

"Cayn't find no wuk," returned the old darkey, from the midst of the melon.

"Whyn't you look for it?"

"Don't want no wuk."

"Well, how do you live?"

The old darky raised his eyes in wonder. Even the melon was for the moment forgotten in his astonishment at the ignorance of the stranger.

"Whar'd you learn yo' Scripture, honey? Didn't yo' know dat de good Lo'd say dat dar ain't a sparrer flop to de groun' less de 'co'din angel make a note ob it? An' didn't de good Lo'd say dat dis yere passon wuth hund'd sparrers? De good Lo'd looks out fo' me, honey. In de summer time he sends along de watermillon ships wif de millons too ripe fo' de w'ite man. An' he gives 'em to me. Den he makes de docks so dat I sleep in 'em. Den de winter time comes along and de good Lo'd builds de po' house, an' dar's whar I live in de winter time till de watermillons come agin. Read yo' Scripture, honey! Yo' ig'rance s'prise in'."—New York Evening Sun.

Laugh on the Lion.

He must have been a bright boy, a very bright little boy, who said to his mother, "I wish a lion would eat me up." "Why?" the mother asked. "Because it would be such a joke on the lion; he would think I was inside of him, and I should be up in heaven."—Congregationalist.

Their Meeting.

Miss Downes—My brother, Upson, said he met you on the other side—just as you ran out of Berlin.

Mr. Rounds (sadly)—Yes; I remember very well. I met your brother just as he ran out of cash.—Puck.

The Real Fun.

"Why, I thought you took the job to cut this wood, Jocko?"

"Dat's all right, sar. I'se let de job to de white man."

"Oh, that's it! How much do you pay him?"

"A dollah an' a quattah a co'd."

"And how much do you receive?"

"A dollah a co'd, sar."

"That is a singular arrangement. You do not seem to be making much out of this job."

"Well, I has de fun ob bossin' de white man."—Life.

HUNTING THE KANGAROO.

The Grotesque Flight of a Herd Upsets the Gravity of a Hunter.

The rest of the herd immediately made off in our direction; but instead of scattering pellmell as other wild animals would have done under like circumstances, these queer denizens of a queer country fell into line and departed in regular Indian file, the big old doe leading the way, and the smallest diminutive pickaninnies bringing up the rear. The doe covered the ground with tremendous leisurely hops, holding her fore paws before her in a mincing way that was very comical.

The smaller animals, each an exact though diminutive counterpart of the leader, followed in gradually diminishing perspective, every little beggar hopping just a little more rapidly than the one before him, until the fast flying legs of the last puny fellow at the end of the line were blurred like the spokes of a wheel in rapid motion.

The effect of this extraordinary procession was to my unaccustomed eyes so altogether ludicrous and absurd that I nearly lost my shot in an uncontrollable burst of laughter. As it was I might just as well have had my laugh out to the end, for although I let the old doe have both barrels full in the flank as she passed me at twenty yards' distance she never even faltered in her course, and had quite disappeared in the scrub, with all her numerous progeny at her heels, before I had time to replace the empty cartridges.

The No. 3 shot in all probability had little more effect upon her tough hide than so many grains of sand. Nevertheless, it might perhaps have brought her down if I had aimed at the head, for one pellet penetrating the brain through the eye would have been sufficient. But the motion was so eccentric and perplexing that this would have been a very risky shot, and I preferred the chance of stunning her by a direct double charge full in the body to the almost absolute certainty of missing her altogether by attempting the more difficult shot.—Birge Harrison in Scribner's.

Why American Women Walk.

"No other women in the world can compare with American women," said a man who has been living abroad for several years, "in walking. The American woman walks by preference. She seems to scorn a carriage. And how she walks! Her head is held up, her shoulders are thrown back and her step is firm and elastic. Is it any wonder that she has a fine color and that her lips are fresh and her eye clear? In other countries women ride because they do not feel safe when they are in the street. Here they know that they have every man at their command if they need him.

You find women in line after line thronging the streets where they go to do their shopping, or in Fifth or Madison avenue, when they are returning home. They may not know what a blessing their independence is to them, but their own beauty and the health and vigor of their children in after years are in a great measure due to this love of walking. Save in England, perhaps, I have seen nothing like it, and in England the women do not walk as they do here. They are more deliberate and grave. The quickness and strength and fire are missing. They seem more like machines. They walk for the sake of tradition, it seems to an American, but here our women walk because they like to walk."—New York Tribune.

Tea Drinking.

The custom of tea drinking is as old as the Chinese empire, and as early as 780 A. D. a duty was levied on the tea that grew wild on the Chinese mountains. But it is within two centuries that its use was adopted by the English, when the East Tea company imported it and it was sold at $25 a pound. Its use was confined to the royal household. In the reign of Henry VII a refreshment consisting of tea and cakes was called a voide.

On the occasion of the marriage dinner of Katharine of Arragon and Arthur, prince of Wales, the court chronicler wrote: "The evening refreshment called voide was brought in by fourscore earls, barons and knights, walking two and two. Ipocras and comfits were offered. One noble servitor presented the golden spice plate, a second the cups, while a third of lower rank filled the cups from a golden ewer."

Since then what Washington Irving calls the "motherly teapot" has become a power in the world.—Detroit Free Press.

Freedom.

A touching story was told of Tamberlik, the tenor singer. Passing through Madrid one bright spring morning, he visited the bird market and bought every bird in it. He ordered the cages to be carried into the Plaza and opened. The sunny air was filled with a fluttering host, and from hundreds of tiny throats burst songs of delight. Tamberlik looked after them with tears of pleasure in his eyes, crying, "Go, and be free, my brothers!"

A similar story is told of a kindly old Virginian, who used to celebrate the Fourth of July by buying up all the caged squirrels, rabbits and birds in the neighborhood, and then setting them free, that they, too, might rejoice in the day of independence. The creatures to whom he gave happiness are long since dead, but the children who saw his kindly act have carried its influence through their lives.—Youth's Companion.

PASSING.

Through the dark valley thou wilt pass tonight;
To the drear labyrinth of troubled years,
The fruitless sighs, the unavailing tears,
At last the end grows slowly into sight.
Death doth but wait for day's retreating light,
For that tranced hour when eve's first beacon peers,
And vespers gently fall on jaded ears,
To give thy soul the signal for its flight.
Then, with a brow unclouded as of old,
A heart no longer scathed by Sorrow's scars,
Out of Life's mists and vapors manifold,
Into that clime no shadow ever mars
Thou wilt emerge, and rapt communion hold
With the beloved, long gathered to the stars.
—William Toynbee in Murray's Magazine.

The Critic's True Function.

Your individual self perfection is the most laudable thing in the world to strive for, but as the nucleus of a gospel it is insipid. Frequent the busy haunts of men who occupy themselves with kindred pursuits—not literally, of necessity, but sympathetically and in imagination. It is in union that there is strength. Remark tendencies, try to sum them up, to point out their significance and direction. Few men can be Ruskins—et encore!

And do not imagine that you can permanently attach and benefit your kind by the mere force of correct, gentle and chaste diction on the one hand, or of setting an example of repose and serenity on the other, because nowadays warfare of any kind—even literary criticism—is accustomed to weapons of more robustness and reality, and in this sphere preaching by specific precept is far more efficient than preaching by general example. And the most important of all things is to be in harmony with one's time and environment. Be sure, O critic! there is something magical in this, however it may transcend consciousness. See, for instance, how much finer is Mr. Woodberry's essay on Browning—a piece of real criticism—than are his lucubrations about "the ideal life."—Scribner's.

Freezing Out the Ants.

The inhabitants of cold climates have little idea of the fierceness of the conflict which has been carried on from time immemorial between man and the ant tribe, and can hardly appreciate the extraordinary capacity shown by these tireless insects in their depredations upon the human race. In the tropics no satisfactory remedy has yet been devised by which the balance of advantage, always in favor of the ant as against man, can be overcome, and the insignificant looking insect, by force of numbers, industry and perseverance, is master of the situation.

Even in more temperate regions like some parts of our southern states ants are troublesome enemies. It is suggested that ants may be frozen out of existence by means of a cask of the freezing mixture used by engineers in excavating in quicksands fixed over the entrance of the nest, the other entrances being closed with clay, with a tube placed in the hole also well packed with clay. The pressure from the head of liquid would, it is claimed, be sufficient to drive the freezing mixture down into the furthest recesses of the ants' galleries, which would almost instantly become lined with solid ice, or, at all events, would be made so cold that no ant, however tenacious of life it might be, could long survive the exposure.

These freezing mixtures are not very expensive, and it is possible that the progress of science has here achieved a victory in the interest of man for which so many generations have contended in vain.—Garden and Forest.

In Tangiers.

The Arab shop is a mere box in the wall without windows, neither does it bear any name or number. The shop door is raised some distance higher than the street, and when this is open in the morning the merchant jumps in and squats down on a cushion within easy distance of his goods. Here he attends to his customers, who stand outside in the street to examine his wares.

The notary and scribe sit in an open place and their clients are attended to in public. We have never heard what a lawyer's fees are for a consultation in this country, but we know a charge is made for drawing up public documents, such sum depending upon the character of the work required to be done. Justice is delivered by the governor in the gate, as it was in olden times. We do not mean by this that justice is administered as we understand it in England. No; it is carried out after the Moorish fashion, bribery forming the chief feature.

Tangier is the nearest town to Europe of all the Moorish ports, and certainly the most important. It was once under the crown of Portugal, afterward that of England; but 200 years ago it was abandoned to the Moors, and has remained in their hands ever since, leaving no trace of Christian occupation. It has no architectural adornment worth a passing notice.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Requisites of a Piano Tuner.

The piano tuner is not necessarily a great artist, nor even a good player, but to be a good tuner knowledge and experience must be necessary, and he must possess a degree of common sense to enable him to meet the requirements arising from so complex an instrument.

"Some people are naturally adapted to the art," observed a prominent dealer in pianos the other day, "while others could work at it all their lives and still not be able to tune a piano properly. Their hearing is not delicate enough, and their sense of touch not sufficiently developed. After a man gets the theory of tuning he should take about three years for a practical education of his hand and ear, so that he can tell by striking a key why it is out of order, and then if he operates for a time under the supervision of a first class tuner he is apt to achieve very good success in the tuning field."—Seattle Telegraph.

Restricted.

Summer schools have increased greatly in numbers in the land during the past ten years. They have doubtless been a source of much good to many people in many places, but we do not often hear of just the sort of improvement which has come to Deerfield from the establishment there of the summer school of history and romance.

"The school has done everything for the residents," said one enthusiast. "Why, there is one poor old sick woman there who used to call her disease rheumatiz, and now speaks of it as neuralgia!"

"I know that woman," said another. "I went to see her once, and she said, 'Oh dear, I've got the neuralgy so bad that for three weeks I hain't been able to git my knife to my mouth to eat my victuals.'"—Youth's Companion.

Birds Are Not Slaughtered.

A great deal of unnecessary agitation has been excited over the barbarity of wearing birds and birds' wings on bonnets, for it now appears that the largest number of birds used for millinery purposes are made up. A few real humming birds and other small ones are killed for the purpose, but they are exceptions to the general rule and very expensive. The feathers of the ordinary fowl are dyed with much care, and in order to blend the various tints in a harmonious reproduction of the real bird each feather is stuck on separately by skilled and clever workmen. Many of these strange fantastic winged creatures are made and imported from Paris, but the most expensive and natural come from a manufacturer in Berlin.—New York Sun.

Lord Nelson.

The influence of Nelson on his officers and men was a talisman to secure success. He insisted on discipline, and could be severe, but as a rule he made his supremacy felt by inspiring his captains with complete confidence, by the ascendency of commanding genius, by encouraging valor, by making large allowances for merq excess of zeal and daring, and by his intense sympathy with the common sailor.—G. Latham Browne.

Demand for Larger Dynamos.

Professor Thomson, in speaking before the National Electric Light association, called to mind the great work in the electrical field which has been accomplished in the last few years, and, referring to the ever increasing business and the call for larger machines, said that dynamos up to 500 to 1,000 horse power are now frequently called for, where a few years ago it was thought an unusual thing to speak of a 150 or 200 horse power machine, and the tendency is toward machines of much larger capacity in future electric installations.

With regard to heating our houses by electricity, Professor Thomson thought it not at all likely that we will ever heat extensively by electricity, unless we can find some way of converting the energy of coal into electricity far more directly and less wastefully than is done in steam engines of the present day.—Boston Transcript.

It is said if a looking glass be held before roaches they will be so frightened as to leave the premises. In England hedgehogs are kept in kitchens to destroy cockroaches. These curious little beasts are nocturnal in their habits, and are amazingly fond of such prey.

An Angry Client.

A lawyer of some eminence in this city, while enjoying a social hour with some friends the other night, narrated an incident of his practice in which Daniel Drew, then a "king of Wall street," figured. Mr. Drew had been sued by persons who had been let out at the small end of the horn by him in a stock transaction. The rugged financier was indignant and vicious when he sought the aforesaid lawyer and requested him to take the case. The amount for which the plaintiffs sued was about $35,000, and Drew said that he wanted the case brought into court so that he might "show up them fellers."

The lawyer made a careful investigation of the facts and found that his client had scarcely a leg to stand on in court. He was anxious to win the case, however, and determined to see what ingenuity and an exhaustive knowledge of legal technicalities would accomplish. Circumstances favored him, and through carelessness on the other side he succeeded in non-suiting the plaintiffs. Elated with this result he called on Mr. Drew and triumphantly announced that victory was theirs.

"But I haven't had a chance to testify," said the old speculator peevishly.

"That was not necessary. We have won the case without a trial."

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed Mr. Drew angrily. "Well, you are a fine lawyer to look after the interests of your clients. I wouldn't give a dollar a bunch for such lawyers as you are."

"You don't seem to understand, Mr. Drew," explained the lawyer. "We have won the suit and you are $35,000 ahead, to say nothing of the costs."

"Thunder and lightning, man!" fumed the brusque Daniel, "what do I care about the $35,000? I wanted to get on the witness stand and tell what I thought of them fellers."—New York Times.

Men Are to Blame for Female Frivolity.

By the way, I think I occasionally hear a feeble pipe from a man to the effect that the girls are responsible for all the tomfoolery in the world. Don't you know that you are the very ones who tend to make them so—you men? You follow after and woo and wed just that sort of girls. You won't look at a sensible little woman who can make "lovely" bread, abjures bangs, can't dance and has no "style." You laugh at and make sly jokes at the expense of our big hats and our pronounced fashions, but when you choose your company, and often your wives, I notice you pass right by the homekeeping birds and take the peacocks. If you won't have her modest and simply gowned she is willing to make a feather headed doll and a travesty of herself to get you and win heaven! You know perfectly well, you men, that you don't care half so much for brains as you do for "get-up," and the woman you honor with your choice is selected for a pretty face and form and a becoming costume rather than for a clever head and an honest heart.

I am not talking to old fogies who cling to old fashioned notions, but to young men who ridicule the customs of their grandmothers, who shake their heads at the salaries of two and three thousand a year as inadequate to support wives; who rail against women's extravagance, yet do their best to maintain her in it. When you, my fine and dapper gentleman, begin to seek out the modestly apparelled and the sedate girls, then shall folly and vain show fly over seas for want of encouragement, and the grand transformation of sawdust dolls into women and pleasure seekers into homekeepers take place.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

A Child's Sense of Justice.

Nothing seems to burn into the memory and heart of a child as an undeserved punishment, however trifling the matter may seem to the adult inflicter. In some children of the sunny, hopeful type the wave of indignation and helpless, unspoken protest against unjust correction passes away, and leaves apparently no trace. To other children, with more sensitive natures or more rebellious dispositions, unjust words of reproof kindle fires of rage, which smoulder with sullen persistence under the ashes of seeming forgetfulness, ready to burst out violently and unexpectedly. If this seems an overdrawn picture one has only to think backward at one's own childish days, and to recall the time when careless treatment by an elder first taught us to be bitter, unforgiving, resentful.

A child's sense of justice is as keen as his heart is tender, and this is one of the qualities most necessary to a noble character; a quality that must be blended with truth and honor and self-sacrifice to give the right balance to dispositions which would otherwise work harm. A child's justice is always tempered with mercy to those he loves, and when in the home he is justly and tenderly dealt with he learns little by little that higher sense of justice toward all with whom he comes in contact. When his own small rights are carelessly and continually thrust aside, he, too, learns to play the brigand, to invent devices to achieve the might which he has learned makes right.—Harper's Bazar.

Reptiles in the Mesozoic Epoch.

Early in the mesozoic epoch there appeared marine reptiles which, though derived from land species, became more and more aquatic through the necessity of living in water, developed on that account swimming organs, etc. Land reptiles also began to develope in huge proportions. Why they grew so big no one knows, but it may have been because they had no rivals in the struggle for existence; they had all they wanted to eat and naturally increased in bulk. At all events no creatures are known to have existed in this world comparable in size to these reptiles of ages ago.—Interview in Washington Star.

The records say that there were in all 130,711 regulars and 164,080 volunteers, or 294,791 soldiers in the aggregate, on the American side in the war for independence. The figures as to the number of sailors in that struggle vary within a wide range.

Worse Than Leprosy

Is catarrh, and there is one but 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.

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.

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FOR THE

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A Practical Illustration.

Faraway (high tragedy)—Prithee, friend Walker, what mayst thou call that?

Walker (low comedy)—This? Why, this is what I call "The Actor's Own Traveler." I'll show you how it works.

"Au revoir, Faraway; there's nothing like realism."—Life.

Encouragement.

About ten days ago the splendid business block in Minneapolis owned by Sol Smith Russell was completely gutted by fire. The amount of insurance was so small that the loss bore heavily upon the comedian, who happened to be playing at that time in the New England circuit. In short, the misfortune weighed upon Mr. Russell, precipitating a kind of melancholy that boded ill. In vain his friends sought to cheer him; an impenetrable gloom settled down over the once merry comedian, and no human power seemed capable of dissipating it.

When, however, the city of Troy was reached, a batch of letters from home were found there awaiting the gentle Sol's arrival. Among these letters was one from his little seven-year-old daughter; it had been written the day after the fire and it read in this wise:

DEAR PAPA—I went down to see your store that was burned, and it looks very pretty all covered with ice. Love and kisses from

LILLIAN.

—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

"The Jersey Lily."

ANGLESEA COTTAGE, L. B., 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 Violet 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.

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A Few Terse Recommendations for the Benefit of All.

A local theater manager of a vaudeville house has the following unique stipulations in his letter heads:

As we only take in about a thousand dollars daily, we can't pay any fancy salaries. Write for what you expect. Two-hundred-dollars-a-week artists treated with scorn.

If your billing is not here ten days before your opening your job at this factory will be crushed.

Vulgarity in any form is strictly prohibited; remember you have children of your own.

We have lately constructed a dynamite trap for hams or incompetents. If you are such, please disappoint. Be warned in time.

Ten dollar railroad tickets will be sent to those who deposit ten dollars in our safe. Our neck is sore from getting it there.

Parties playing from any other "shop" in town who are booked here, six weeks before their opening with us, will be side tracked. Bother your mind with this item.

Every trouper laboring here will be required to sit in first parts, go in afterpieces, etc., without a scrap with the manager.

Any performer cancelling a date after being billed, or disappointing without notice, need not write again inside fifty years. This seems sad, but she goes.

Parties writing for dates will please consider silence a negative, as the manager may be to a ball game, sawing wood, scrubbing out or something else, and has no time to waste ink.

We have excellent facilities for rooming and boarding our own people, and henceforth all people playing for us will be expected to observe this item. Rates, six dollars; children over seven, half price; kids nothing. Nice sunny playground for children in the cellar.

We have a baggage wagon connected with the theater, and parties will save time and money by either bringing their checks to the theater or give them to expressman representing same; the horse is a little lame, but will get there all right. He's a good one; cost us thirty dollars, harness and all.

N. B.—Don't ride up with your trunks; the horse can't stand it, wagon either.—St. Louis Republic.

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July 91.

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—AND—

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W. A. WENGENROTH Of this city has opened a Wagon shop in the same building with E. E. Krengel'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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RAILROADS.

TIME TABLE.

Independence and Monmouth Motor Line

Leaves Independence.	Leaves Monmouth.
6:30	7:40
8:10	8:20
9:30	10:10
11:15	12:30
1:30	2:15
4:30	5:05
6:15	6:30

YAQUINA BAY ROUTE.

Oregon Pacific Railroad

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Freight and Fares the Lowest.

STEAMER SAILING DATES.

Steamer WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

Leaves San Francisco: May 3, 12, 20, 28.

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 connect with the S. P. R. R. and river boats at Corvallis and Albany.

W. R. WEBSTER, Gen. F. & P. Agt. O.D. Co. 34 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

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—VIA—

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SHASTA LINE.

Express Trains Leave Portland Daily.

South.			North.
7:00 P. M.	Lv.	Portland	Ar. 9:35 A. M.
10:22 P. M.	Lv.	Albany	Ar. 6:22 A. M.
10:15 A. M.	Ar.	San Francisco	Lv. 9:00 P. M.

Above trains stop only at following stations north of Roseburg: East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving and Eugene.

Roseburg Mail. Daily.

Leave.		Arrive.
Portland	8:00 A. M.	Roseburg 5:40 P. M.
Roseburg	6:20 A. M.	Portland 4:00 A. M.

Albany Local Daily (Except Sun'y)

Leave.		Arrive.
Portland	8:00 P. M.	Albany 9:00 P. M.
Albany	5:00 A. M.	Portland 9:00 A. M.

Pullman Buffet Sleepers.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS.

For accommodation of second-class passengers, attached to Express Trains.

West Side Division.

Between Portland and Corvallis

MAIL TRAIN DAILY (Except Sunday.)

7:30 A. M.	Lv.	Portland	Ar. 5:30 p. m.
11:18 A. M.	Ar.	Independence	Ar. 1:40 p. m.
12:10 P. M.	Ar.	Corvallis	Lv. 12:55 p. m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

EXPRESS TRAIN DAILY (Except Sund'y)

Leave		Arrive.
Portland	4:40 P. M.	McMinnville 7:25 P. M.
McMinnville	5:45 A. M.	Portland 8:20 A. M.

THROUGH TICKETS TO ALL POINTS EAST AND SOUTH.

For tickets and information regarding rates maps, etc., call on company's agent at Independence.

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