hollers: "Here's the way you do With them air hitchin' strings! "Ho! ho!" he'll say, Ole settlers' day. When they're all jogglin' by-

"You look like this. He'll say an' twis' His mouth an' squint his eye An' 'tend like he wun beat the bass Drum at both ends-an' toots an' blares Ole dinner-horns an' puffs his face The little mock-man on the stairs!

The little mock-man on the stairs Mocks all the people he cares, 'At passes up and down! He mocks the chickens round An' mocks the girl 'at scrubs the

An' mocks the rich an' mocks the poor An' everything in town! "Ho! ho!" says he. To you er me; An' ef we turns an' looks, He's all crosseyed An' mouth all wide

Like giunts' is in books, "Ho! ho!" he yells. "Look here at me An' rolls his fat eyes round and glares. "You look like this!" he says, says he The little mock-man on the stairs!

The little mock-The little mock-The little mock-man on the stairs!

He mocks the music box an' clocks An' roller-sofa an' the chairs; He mocks his pa an' specs he wears He mocks the man 'at picks the

pears An' plums an' peaches on the shares; He mocks the monkeys an' the bears On picture bills, an' rips an' tears 'Em down an' mocks it all he cares An' ever'body ever'wheres!

MORNING IN THE FOREST. From the German of Karl Egon Thert

Through green halls of the forest A gentle morning breeze The lively songs of birds is heard Among the young birch trees.

The squirrel leaps from tree to tree, Through thicket glides the roe. And thousands in the woods rejoice

When morning breezes blow. Then as I walk beneath the shade And all the trees resound, Shall I alone not sing, when they

With joyful songs abound? With gladness I will sing.
For He who built the dome of heaver

Doth warmth and coolness bring. -Rev. Laurence Sinclair

A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

plainly, Polly, it has come to this: Your mother must go. Upon that point I am Jack Hadley saw the

tears come into his wife's eyes as he spoke, but it had taken him too long to screw himself up to the present attitude to be lightly shaken from it, now it was reached. He therefore pretended not to notice her tears, and went on: "You see how things stand. It is

just three years since I made you my wife and took you down to Bogner for the wedding trip we both enjoyed so much. When on our return from that all too short honeymoon, your mother proposed to come and spend a little time with us, I made no objection at all to the proceedings, for as we were making a fresh start in life I deemed the experience of an older hand an advantage to us, and thought that you would be glad to avail yourself of a mother's help in your domestic con-

He paused momentarily, relieved at having thus far safely delivered him self of a speech he had spent much time in putting together. His wife remained silent, and he continued: But when it came to mouths, and

your mother gave no indications of returning to the maternal abode, I began to wonder whether it might not better for us both if we were left to ourselves to make the attempt to walk alone. This I have delicately hinted so your parent on several occasions but she has refused to take the hint, and now, as I say, it has come to this -she must be told to go. You see, your mother's not content to take a back seat like any other visitor. On the contrary she keeps herself always in the front, and even affects to rule. In fact, she does rule. If a new carpet is to be bought, she chooses the material. When the rooms are to be papered, it is she who selects the patern. Even in preparing the daily dinner your mother's tastes and wishes always have the first consideration. I've had just about enough of it, be thing must stop. As the old lady

es not seem inclined to leave of her own free will, and refuses to take a hint, she must be told to go in hanguage that she can't misunderstand ! "Then you must tell her, for I can-

Jack had hoped that the task might be undertaken by his wife, who, with her womanly tact, would, he thought be able to manage the affair a little more skillfully than he could hope to do, but, having gone so far, he would not now retreat

"Very well," he said, airily, "I'll tell her myself tomorrow, whatever the consequences may be."

"Mother-in-law," said Jack the next morning, having found the opportunity, "I've got something particular to say affecting yourself."

The old lady adjusted her spectacles in a neat little simulation of surprise. "Affecting me!" she exclaimed, "Go on, my dear John! I'm all attention." Jack screwed up his courage and went on:

"I-we-that is, your daughter and I have been married three years-"Three years!" broke in the old lady "Dear me! How the time flies! It hardly seems three months! Well?" Jack didn't like that "Well!" but he

went on: "It is three years, though, and you have lived with us all the time.' "Ah, yes, John, so I have," said the lady blandly.

"And I-we, that is-have come to the conclusion that—we should now like to live by ourselves."

"Oh, John Hadley," she said coldly, "I see what you mean. You want to turn me out of doors!" "Not exactly that," said Jack, depreentingly. "We should never, of course

think of turning you out, but we certainly ventured to hope that you would probably see your way to ing at your own home in the future, as no doubt you do." "I quite understand, Mr. John Had-

ley," returned the mother-in-law, freezingly. "It's just the same thing. I'm not a fool, and can put two and two together. Very well, it shall be as you wish-I will go today!"

There is no need for such great haste," said Jack, mildly, "A week or two, or three, would give you time to

by the dignified demeanor of the lady, 'is my wife, and as such her first duty is to her husband. Consequently, uny

thing done by me or at my wish is equally her act."
"Thank you," said the old lady, bowing herself out of the room. Jack was surprised, but not alto-gether delighted at he easy victory be had achieved. He had anticipated opposition, and was almost disappointed in finding none. However, he accom-plished his purpose, for Polly's mother, true to her word, made a speedy exit At first Jack and his wife missed the

old lady greatly, for she had always been much in evidence. In fact, so lonely and solemn did the house now seem without her that Jack sometimes almost wished she hadn't gone, and as for Polly, she had many a good cry by herself over the affair. But as her husband now made a point of spending less time at his club and more at home in her society, she couldn't help be-coming reconciled to her loss. So, as the lonely feeling gradually wore off, and the young couple got used to the new order of things, Jack Hadley congratulated himself on having done the right thing at last.

Some three months later, when Jack was returning from business one day, he was met by his wife, whose tear-dimmed eyes told of something amiss. "I have sad news," she said with a great sob. "My mother has been tak-en suddenly ill and is dead!"

Jack at once set about assuaging his wife's grief. When she had sufficient ly recovered she imparted another bit of news, by far more important from his point of view.

"They tell me she died well offworth twenty thousand dollars."
"Twenty thousand dollars!" echoed lack, in amazement, "Well, I'm plessed! Who'd have thought it? Why, didn't think she was worth twenty thousand cents.

"Nor I," added his wife, "Twenty thousand dollars!" repeated Jack. "And you're the only child, aren't you, Polly?"

"Do you know," he went on, after a sause, "I don't much like that drawing coom carpet of ours, do you?"
"It is faded," said his wife, listlessly. "Yes, we want a new one badly, and better. These curtains are not upo-date, either. And there's the diningcoom set. It looks quite shabby. Don't

"Rather dingy." There was a little pause, and then he hopeful Jack broke out again: "I was passing Streeter's the other day and-what do you think I saw,

Poll? "A silver service?" half smiling in spite of her grief.

"No: guess again." "Some bauble for me to wear, I supose, you crazy old Jack." lovely diamond pin!"

"I said you were demented." "But it was only one hundred dolars, and would suit you admirably "I dare say, Jack; pend a lot of money in order to dress up to such a trinket as that." Well, a pretty silk gown, and there

"You might also add, bang goes another hundred for a silk dress. 'Which isn't a terrible amount. And how much prettier a pretty woman would look so trigged out, eh?" coax-

know I ought not to." "And you ought not to grieve, either. Death walts us all and it should not you fret about your mother, dear. And ake care that all the funeral arrangements are done decently and in order. would never have it rest on my head hat the dear old creature wasn't comfortably carried to the grave. And Polly the only child!"

The last sentence wasn't intended for the ears of his wife, but Polly heard it, and again she smiled. When the funeral was over Jack Hadley found himself one of a very small company gathered in a little room, the most conspicuous object in which was a fussy lawyer seated at a table with two open documents spread out before him.

"This," said the man of law, coming at once to business and holding up one of the papers, "is the last will and tesament of Sarah Haslop, deceased. It sears date April 3, 1881-

"A week before she left us," murmured Jack, under his breath. "I hereby give and bequeath to my John Hadley, and my son-in-law. daughter Marianne, his wife, the sum of twenty thousand dollars, with pow-

er to use and employ the same for their mutual benefit "The dear old soul!" eestatically exclaimed Jack. Only by an innate sense of propriety

was he restrained from shying his hat at the ceiling in boyish glee. "And this," said the representative of red tape, "is a codicile executed exactly fourteen days afterward-"

"A week after she left our house!" gasped Jack. "It is not of very great length and runs as follows:

"I hereby cancel and revoke all for mer wills whensoever and wheresoever made and substitute therefor this the final expression of my intentions. To my daughter, Marianne Hadley, I bequeath the sum of one hundred dol lars, to enable her to buy suitable mourning to wear at my decease; to my son-in-law, John Hadley, her husband, in consideration of his kindness in turning me out of his house at a time when I had thoughts of leaving on my own account. I make a present of one shilling. The whole of the residue of my property I bequeath to the trustees of the hospital of this my native town to form a fund to be applied to the special care of afflicted mothers-

"The spiteful old cat!" growled Jack under his breath. "May she--" He checked himself, and taking his hat sorrowfully walked homeward, a

sadder and a wiser man. Years have passed since then, and Jack Hadley, among other things, bas developed an inveterate and irremediable faciturnity; but if anyone wishes to draw him out for nonce it is only necessary to mention the subject of mothers-in-law in general and his own

NEWSPAPER RESPONSIBILITY.

Newspaperdom, an able New York publication devoted to newspaper concerns, has published a leader severely assailing the practice of some newspapers which aim to secure a large circulation through means other than merit. It says:

"It is a wonder that an lokling of steady day-by-day or week-by-week petual joy and merriment which we making a newspaper good enough to attract readers does not oftener enter the acute brains of newspaper managers. During the past four or five years there have been myriads of schemes concocted to induce people to buy newspapers. Many newspapers have risen to more or less dizzy heights of prosperity, and have gradnally sunk again to the level of their merits as newspapers."

It then proceeds to weaken this sensible statement by declaring that "successfully to boom circulation the needs and tastes of prospective buyers must be carefully studied, and then the paper must be a good paper, according to the judgment of the people who are suit ours."

"Enough: I go at once," said the old lady, moving toward the door as if prepared to act instanter. "One word before I leave," she added, majestically, pausing at the threshold. "Your daughter is a party to this insuit?"

"Your daughter, Mrs. Haslop," said Jack, stung into a commanding tone

expected to read it, rather than according to the taste of the man who makes it. The fundamental error of a large proportion of editors who do not attain the degree of success they desire is that they endeavor to induce the people to read that sort of a newspaper. Now a man wears the sort of clothes that suit his own taste. He also reads that newspaper that comes nearest to giving him the sort of read
Jack, stung into a commanding tone arrange your plans, and would quite expected to read it, rather than ac-

want in newspapers. A full recogni-tion of that fact must constitute the foundation stone of any and

All this is eminently true so far as it goes, but it is a very imperfect statement of the whole case. The writer may not have intended to ere ate the impression that the moral ob-ligation under which the editor rests is not a factor to be considered, and that success is the only thing should concern him; but there is dun ger that such an inference will drawn. Upon the estimate given by Nowspaperdom any paper might be successful and at the same time exert pernicious influence. We know that there are many such papers in this country. They are merely panderers in a less or greater measure, to un-wholesome appetites and depraved tastes, and their influence for harm is made all the greater by the excellent of the features which Newspaperdon correctly asserts are essential to the

building up of a large circulation. That a publisher may surrender whatever ideas of right or wrong he may have in order to secure a large ousiness is the most dangerous of do rines to instill. It ignores the fact that individual power in leadership may be overlooked. It means the sac rifice of all the good which the exer ise of such a power might accomplish And it should be constantly borne b mind that any publisher who is su essful at the sacrifice of the good for which he might use his position ac knowledges his individual lack of now or as an elevating instructor of hu namity, and instead of being a leader is merely a servitor—a panderer to human weakness instead of an earn est worker for the elevation of th race. The publisher whose individua force is sufficient can secure as greaprosperity as the one who is merely panderer, and his rewards are in initely greater and more lasting.-S.

JOURNALISM'S QUEER SIDE.

The Newspaper Maker: Journalism is a profession in which there are but one of its compensations and advantages is the opportunity it present for the unrestricted study of human nature. And one of the most interest ng and curious phases of characte which it reveals to the keen-eyed re porter on his rounds and the editor is is sanctum is the serene confidence which is felt by so many persons in

No one who had not been confronted with the facts would believe it, but if we are to take people at their own estimate there are more great "journal ists" among persons who hever read newspapers, except those they borrow than among the owners and conductors of them.

The amount of journalistic genius and experience that is "scattered around loose" all through the country is amazing, and the only wonder is that so much talent is allowed to be idle, "to waste its fragrance on the desert air," instead of being employed n the great work of elevating and en

lightening the public.
The volunteer editor and journalist like the poet, is born, not made. He knows everything about every subjecpertaining to the profession, and brough publishers are generally se stupid as to decline his services at any price, he is constantly and unselfishly giving them the benefit and advice of his opinions.

Much has been written of the but he is as nothing to his older broth

er, the prose newspaper critic. The aspiring poet can generally be suppressed if you are firm with him but the volunteer journalist, who be fleves it his mission to guide public opinion and tell people what they ought to think about things, is no only wounded, but insulted if he is permitted to deliver himself of racular atterances, or if publisher to not happen to edit their papers it informity with his ideas. The who "knows it all" in private and so cial life is the man who is niways writing to the editor to tell him what policy to pursue or what position ssume on all the questions of the day The individual who, with a gravtake of the head and an oratorica refinger, is in the habit of setting all his friends right about their bus! ness and personal affairs, is also the person who considers it his special luty to exercise the functions of ournalistic censor. He is almost in variably a man who, being proved : failure in everything he has himself indertaken, has somehow aimed a the conclusion that he is especially qualified to give other people point

Occasionally he secures a foothold on some obscure newspaper, and then his self-sacrificing and disinterested spirit is most interestingly displayed for instead of making a great journa out of it, as everybody knows ne could do if he chose, he generously neglects his own business in order to teach a

neighbor how to manage his. But even more amusing and prepos erous is the anonymous private journalist, who, under an assumed signa ture or without any at all, undertakes to advise the benighted editor what he ought or ought not to do, what he aust or must not publish under pen alty of the writer's displeasure.

He is a terrible fellow in his own pinion, a regular "bad man" from Bloody Gulch," and nothing pleases him better than to take an editorial scalp by postal card with his anony mous hatchet. When he sees some hing in the paper of which he does not approve, or does not see some thing in it that he wants to see, he sits down with ghoulish giee and im nediately proceeds to direct upon the erring editor a withering fire of sar casm and threats at the trifling expen diture of one or two cents. He hugs himself with delight as he thinks o the consternation produced by his missive, and is greatly surprised pext morning to discover that the object o his wrath still continues publication

just as if nothing had bappened. It was Mrs. Partington, we believe who, on being asked the name of her favorite poet, expressed a preference for a writer called "Anon," whose contributions to literature had im pressed her with their number and vanity. The anonymous critic of today evidently shares most implicitly Mrs. Partington's faith in his great ness, and we would not shake it if we could, and we could not shake it if we would. His solemn belief in himself and in his own importance, the delice lously unconscious humor with which he insists on writing himself down the insufficiency of any scheme to increase circulation other than the Dog berry is to drama—a thing of per-

> would not willingly part with. The swelled head, which is the cause of so many dreams of greatness and into the futile efforts to reform and elevate his neighbors, hurts only its owner and affords other people a great deal of innocent amusement. Officers of the navy formerly were accustomed when one of their number was overcome by his potations, to crown him during his drunken sleep with a soup tureen, which, as his head swelled from the effect of the liquor, would grow tight and irksome. When he grew partly sober and staggered up to his mirror to see what ailed him, the picture that met his eyes was one which had a tendency to diminish his

continue to interest the planets in what orbs they run, reform old times and regulate the sun."

A LOVELY FURY

An Account of the Snubbing Once Be stowed on Adelina Patti.

Stories of Mme. Adaline Patti are al ways full of interest to the public. The following was told by a lady who lives in Swansea and has frequently been a guest in Craig-yNos.

This beautiful castle, where the diva

is a veritable queen, is only mirteen miles from the town of Swansca. About two years before her marriage with Nicolini Patti went to her eastle with a party of friends and issued in-vitations to all the smart set of the country and town for a grand dinner for which most ekuborate preparations were made. Imagine her charrin at having her invitations accepted only

by men. She went to London in a fury and tried very hard to sell Craig-y-Nos. The longer it was in the market without finding a purchaser the more rea-sonable Patti became, until her sense of right oversame her anger. With marked her career, she returned to her some, and drove every day into Swan sea engaging workmen to beautify her patie and grounds.

It is said that no one in Swanse could obtain a workman of any sort, for Patti had engaged everybody. She copt a large force of men of every in-Instry employed for months.

She married Nicolini two years afterward in Paris and came immediate

ly to Craig-y-Nos, where in the village

hurch she repeated the ceremony and invited everybody in the village and town to witness it, and the easile and grounds were the scene of gayety Mme. Patti-Nicolini with her husband received and shook hands with hundreds of persons of every degree The great conservatory was used as banquet hall, and every delicacy was served. At 6 o'clock the great singer went to the balcony, where she sang song after song for her guests. A few days after this fete Mme. Patti offered her services to Sir Hassey Vivian, af-

terward Lord Swanson, for the benefit the offer was accepted, and the affair has been continued every year since, each performance bringing £1,000 to the charitable institutions of that sec-A Patti ward has been established some years in the hospital in Swansen. It has become an old story now, the adulation which is accorded the great singer and the lovalty of her people

but it is not generally known that the

tle woman had built from the village teur her castle to Swansen is used by all who wish it free of charge.-N. Y Every loyal, liberal and patriotic citizen will support the declaration of the Grand Army at Louisville: niggardly cutting down of pensions under the guise of reissues, no partial and grudging allowances that cut here and pare there with the full measure

of due the country owes to its sur

viving heroes. Nothing short of full

measure dealt with an honest hand

and liberal heart will ever meet with

THE NEW ARMY TENT rmy will wear his tent upon his back of the new combination tent and over coat which has been sent to the war department for test by an Austrian manufacturer is adopted. This new bent is made of a tight waterproof material, and is designed especially for use on forced marches, on picket duty and in other cases where the larger and more cumbersome tents in general use cannot be ensity employed. Its advantages, as enumerated by the up or take down, that it is durable that it is easy to carry, and that it forms a good protection against wind

an overcost. The tent overcont is diamond shaped in form when spread out, being pierced with two holes where the sleeves are attached, which come into use when the soldier weras it as an overcont. Its edges are provided with rings, cords and buttons for fastening is when used as a tent or an overcond To form a tent of the smallest size two of the pieces are required. Two soldiers desiring to erect a shelter for themsives take off their overcouts, one of them places his bayonet with the sheath on through the rings which are provided at one corner of each piece, and the gun is then set up as a tent pole, one of the soldiers steadying it inside the tent while the other stretches the material away on each side and fastens it with tent pins.

Where the two pieces join they ar fastened together with an easily manpulated cord, one corner being left free to allow of entrance and exit. The two pieces make a quadrangular tent large enough for two men sitting or lying down. Four or more pieces can be used with one gun for each pair, and the tent can be prolonged in definitely, with as many openings as may be convenient.

When the tent is to be taken down the cords on the cutside are loosened. the guns are removed and each man picks up the piece belonging to him, slips his arms into the sleeves, fastens the collar about the neck, buttons the belt behind and walks off in a waterproof coat reaching from the nexk to the knees, and having one corner free at the back in such a position as to be capable of being drawn up over the bend to serve as a hood. Twenty of these tent overcoats have been received by the war department for best. They will be tried in actual service under the supervision of officers of the quartermaster general's department, who will make a report as to their adaptability for use in the army Officials of the war department wh have examined them are not inclined as the tents which can be made or them are so small as to give the sol. diers very little room, and they do not believe that they will be suitable for the United States army, in which the men are accustomed to being much

botter sheltered. They may be found useful to a limited extent, however, for duty where it would be impracticable to transport larger and more comfortable tents N. Y. Horald

A ROYAL POLYGAMIST.

At Oxford in quite recent times. there was a don, the master of a college, whose admiration for aristocracy sometimes led him to truckle to the great ones of the earth.

The don had three handsome daughters, and it was the hope of his life and the desire of his heart that they should make aristocratic marriages The daughters were in full sympathy with their father on this point, and were in no danger of loving anybody who was not in every sense eligible. Amone the undergraduates was an Indian prince, a very important personage in his own country, and not by any means an obscure one in this. He was rich and everybody knew what lasked her suspicious aroused. everybody in a case like this never fails to know. The Oxford don thought it was his duty to invite the princely undergraduate to dinner, and his daughters, always willing that their father should do his duty, agreed

The prince was invited, and accepted her name. -Ex.

and the ridiculous figure be cuts, he the hospitality offered him. Every might possibly reform. But then the editor would lose his sweetest solute and the provider of his keenest private entertainment. May "Anon" long and the prince made no secret of his

on of them in a princely sort of way. One morning, the prince, very care fully dressed, asked for an with the don. After the door was closed he began to hesitate and had to to encouraged in a fatherly way, and at test succeeded in expressing a wish to marry the don's three daughters— he would take the lot.

The don was at first too much aston ished to say anything, but after a lit-tle delay be explained to the prince that the law of England would not allow even a prince to have three wives The potentate was slow to understand the nature of the difficulty, but at last retired to consider the matter. Later in the day he returned and renewed is offer, but declined to take only on as it would spoil the set.-Ex.

OREGON! GREAT FRUIT.

San Francisco Post: "You can say what you want about your California fruit, but you ain't leclared an Oregon farmer, as he got nothin' that will touch my apples," wandered through the rooms of the soard of trade yesterday. "I've got apples on my place near Grants Pass as big as pumpkins." "Couldn't you send down a few specimens?" inquired an attache.

"Don't believe I can. They're blamed juley that they're just like a skin full of eider." "Great cider apples, are they?" "The finest on earth. Why, they go barrel o' cider to the bushel right dong. But you ought to see my straw

berry watermelons. "A new variety of melon?"
"Well, row you've got me, I can't
just say whether they're a new kind o
melon or a new kind of strawberry. You see, my stran berries grew as big as teacups, and as julcy as water-nelons. Accidental like some melon seed got into my strawberry bed an' knew I had a crop of what I call mule fruit. They was shaped like water-melons an' as big, but they didn't have They were like strawber ries on the outside an' watermeion on he inside-all fruit and juice. You can commence bitin' right at the top in' go clear through 'em an' they're good all the way."

A HUMAN CYCLONE.

The Young Man With a Red Flag and Wonderful Presence of Mind Have you seen the man who lends the most exciting life in New York

you ride up town on the Columbus evenue cable. He stands at the curve where the cars swing at full speed back and forth around the corner of Fifty-third street and Ninth avenue and his business is to see that he way s clear of cars and wagons and pedes-

He is a young, active fellow, and he holds a red flag in one hand and a white flag in the other. His eyes must se all ways at once, and at his order cars start and stop, drivers haul horses upon their haunches, and timid pass-ers by scurry back from the crossing to the safety of the curb.

orner, and all who pass there must needs trust his quick eye and cool indement. He alone stands where both ways can be seen, for Fifty-third street is narrow, Ninth avenue crowded, and both streets darkened and impeded by the elevated railway structures.

So upon him alone hangs safety, and epon him all eyes are fixed. His is the responsibility. It is a sorry mechanical necessity that compels cable cars to swing curves at full speed. Such is the case, however, it being requisite to getting around at all that the grip must hang tightly fast to the moving cable down in the slot. That is what makes life

so lively for the flagman at the curve.

and no curve in the city 's half so dangerous as the one at Pifty-third street Stop and watch him in the middle of the afternoon, say when the shopping crowds occasion an increase in the cable service, and Ninth avenue is thronged with trucks and business wagons and pedestrians. He spins around like a top in his effort to see all ways at the same moment. ble car comes clanging up Fifty-third street just as one rumbles down the avenue, and a horse car is switching into the Ninth avenue stable at the corner. There is a jam of trucks and a couple of blevelists 'n the roadway.

crossing in various directions. What moment for a fine catastrophe! Up goes the red flag as a warning to the car on Fifty-third street to stop, and the white flag in the busy fellow other hand waves to a neavy truck to pass along. Get out of the way there you wheelmen; didn't you see the red flag waving at you? And now the white flag motions a herd of pedes trians across one corner, and signals butcher wagon and a handcart to

while twenty men and women are

The flagman's two arms wave like those of a windmill for two minutes And now the corner is clear, except hat that plagued horse car still blocks the way. No, no! Back! The red flag warns the impatient gripman on the cable car in Fifty-third street. pass, and the white flag gives the sig

nal. It rattles round the corner with many a clang and disappears, only to give way to another following in its And now the horse car is started and the cable car in Fifty-third street may nake the corner. The white flag waves, while the red flag frantically

warns back a nervous woman who is about to run across the tracks. And so it goes all day long. man at the corner is an athlete, a gymnast, a living windmill. And, thanks o him, this corner naturally the most langerous on the cable, has a record equal to any and better than most. N. Y. Herald.

THE NEW SWINDLE. A most audacions enterprise has

been undertaken and successfully car ried out by a respectable looking man n this city. He rang the bell of a city nouse the other day, and, presenting a visiting card asked for the mistress Mrs. Blank saving that the woman whose card he offered and sent him. She was a dear friend of Mrs. Blank's so the latter listened willingly to the story fhe man had to tell. He was the usual poor, but deserv-

ng, parent of unnumbered children. Blank's friend had promised dother and had sent him to her to see f she could give him work-if not, he was to go to see Mrs, Dash, a common friend of the other two women. "I can't give you employment," said Mrs. Blank, "but I will give you temporary help, at all events. Wait a moment and I will bring you down some mone v.

As she descended with her pocketbook in hand she saw the man stealthily remove some visiting cards from the receiver in the hall and slip them into his pocket. "What are you doing that for?" she

The man looked up 12 consternation and fled without another word. Mrs. Dash's card, of course, had been obtained in the same way. Mrs. Blank is now warning all her acquaintances to put no trust in any ROD.

(The Old Clergyman's Last Trout.)

stood the trapper, in one hand his rod, in the other his landing net, while a arge trout patched the gray rock with its glorious color at his feet. "He'il weigh three pounds of he'il weigh an ounce," said the trapper, as his eyes rested admiringly on the catch, "and the thickness of him shows he's had good feedin'. 'The Lord puts the same colors into raintsows and stormy sunises, but nowhere else, as I conceit, But how he can put so much of the glory of the upper world into the cold lepths of the lower and keep it all aglow there is more than I can understand. Yis, one fish be enough," con tinued the old man, reflectively, as be scanned the whirling water as if longing to make one more cast. "I sarfirst was a pound heavier than one, but one fish be enough for a Christian man, especially of he be shaped and colored as this one is," and the old trapper proceeded to gather his files to his reel. It was then that his car caught the sound of a step coming down the trail. In a moment a man of venerable appearance cam to the edge of the river and gazed in placid contemplation at the swirling catream. His face had the scholar's paleness, and his shoulders the scholar's stoop. In one hand he carried a small volume and in the other a sway of cedar he had evidently pincked from some overhanging bough as he came down the trail. He was dressed in a suit of black cloth, and his necktie was as spotless white as his linen. A close-fiting skull cap of velvet rested on his onowy locks. He spied the trapper, and approaching him said in a finely-modulated tone: "If I am not mistaken this is John Norton, the trapper?" "Yis, I be John Norton," realled the old man, "and I have trapped good deal off and on in the last seventy year. And who be ye?" a clergyman," said the other pleasant-iy, "and in the city where I preach they call me the Rev. Dr. Davenport." held out his hand in a formal but courteous manner. The latter took the pale, thin thand in his own strong palm and shook it heartily, saying: glad to see you face to face and nigh by, reverend sir, for I remember hearing ye four summers agone up at St Rigio. Ye was preaching from a text Woe be to the Pharisees.' I managed to get the line of yer talk, and the way ye warmed them Pharisees of the Scriptur be very like the thievin' halfbreeds and vagationds that steal an onest trapper's skins in the woods, and I have spent a good deal of pow-der and led in edicatin' the knaves to ward righteousness when I have ketched them pliferin' on the line my traps." Well, Well I am glad meet you, and that I may almost c you one of my parishioners, John Nor-ton," and the doctor rubbed his white, thin hands together, and laughed a de corous and good-natured little laugh 'I don't know as I ketch the full meanin' of yer words," responded the trapper, "for I have never been taught it Pharisees, and that you and I will Woe be to him if a collision occars a thousand year agone in Judee or was or a child is run down and killed, for he alone is of authority on that busy I was on the arth—" "Goodness gra- had been sold by the Northern Facific he state of Oregon two terms.

the churches of the settlements, and know leetle of their agreements or their differences, but I sartinly concell ye had the right of it teachin' stand side by side in the day of judgment, and tell the Lord what we know of their devilments, whether they lived clous!" screamed the doctor, "where did that monstrous trout come from?" "From the Lord, parson, yis straight from the Lord," answered the trapper, promptly. "As straight as a brown hackle, a nine-foot leader, an old barnboo rod and a good grip at the butt of the rod could bring him. Do you know how to make a cast for a four pounder yerself, parson?" "No, no!" exclaimed the old doctor of divinity. "That is," he continued, "it is long years since I have allowed myself to touch a rod or gun for fear of the consequences. onsequences?" returned the trapper. you cannot," replied the other. ean a man of my calling mfw mimmore can a man of your manner of life un-derstand it? But a man of my calling, Tranner, should not even have the apcarance of evil, or allow himself to fall into the least semblance of worldliness, much less to allow the pleasures of this world to fasten their grip upon im, and as a young man I was excitable-very excitable-and I loved to shoot and row and fish, loved the sports of flood and field as they are Yes, Trapper, I loved like a sinner, and so, to avoid even the appearance of evil and overcome the riotous motions of nature within me, I broke away from all the exercises that were so wildly exciting and lovous to my mature, and-" and here the old doctor's voice shook-"it is forty years since this hand has grasped a rod or this finger put its pressure on a trigger."

"Heavens and arth!" exclaimed th trapper, "what a useless like ye must

have lived." "It seems so to you, I dare say," cried the doctor. "But placed as I was why, John Norton, when I had been friend—the world's benefit doctor. twenty years in the ministry it was regarded as a deadly sin for a clergyman to skate or slide down hill or shoot a rifle, and in the winter months when the snow lay soft on the hill and the clouds were as lead and the air hollow. I have locked myself in my chamber and buried my head in the pillows that I might not hear the glorious music of the hounds, as they raced, noses breast high, after the fly ing game.

"Friend," said the trapper, "ye have done injustice to yer natur'; that fine natur' the Lord give ye at birth, and ye sold yer birthright o' happiness for mess of miserable pottage. Ye have fed yer feelin's on husks when the plenty and merriment of yer father's house was open to ye. Here, take the rod, take the rod, I say, and let yer old fingers feel the heft of it, and yer ears hear the whirr of the reel once more," and the trapper literally thrust the rod into the white hand of his hes itant companion. But, oh, the change that came to the old minister as his tapering fingers closed on the polished butt. He fairly caressed the reel with his white, thin hands; his eyes lighted as he polsed it as for a cast; his form straightened and his left foot was pushed forward, a slight flush glowed brough the pallor of his cheek; seized the leader, and with a wide speep of his hand drew a dozen yards from the reel, and laughed a low, har py laugh at he singing thereof. "Make a cast, make a cast," cried th

trapper. "Lengthen the line and make a cast to the far edge of the pool where you bubbles be in line. If the Lord sends ye the trout he ought to send ye, did the church of common sense be ome incarnate. In an instant came the motion of the arm, the turn of the wrist that all anglers know but ne words may describe, and up went the flies into the air, flew backwards, and then shot straight out over the whirl ing tide. Downwards they floated lightened like vagrant feathers amid the bubbles, and - "Salvation" screamed the doctor. "A trout!" trout such as is rarely seen hung air, three good feet above the flies and the huge sides dotted with shot of reddest rose so hung in full sight for a moment above the dark stream, then fell with a mighty flash and was gone! "Cast agin, cast agin at the same spot. man who may present her card or use and if he lifts, strike quick and strike her name.—Ex.

and yer boyhood days, and be hanged to the Pharasces," yelled the trapper. Oh, the cust that the old doctor made and the answer that flashed from the depths! The nervous old wrist struck quick and struck true, the twisted silk shrunk to the strain and the water flew in fine mist from the braids, so strong was the stroke and so heavy the fish. Then down, downward he plunged, full force, full of fire, a line breaker, a rod smasher is he, and through the atrong swirling current he tears like a submarine bolt fired to kill. See the line cut the water! See the rod away and quiver! Hear the shrill cry of the reel, see the minister's face, the off by spraying, and where the hope flash of the cheek, the gleam in the are sound and are picked ripe by eye, the set look of the mouth, the weight in sacks, there is not this trout. white hair flying free. Then see the great fish on the bank, the two white-headed men bending over it; hear their laughter; see their clasped hands; see the old divine fling a caper like the flourish that proceeds the jig; and the green balsams and pines, and through their dark branches patches and spaces of blue sky. Can you see the picture and sketch, you brother angler, that hangs in my memory over the big ledge, just below where the cool cur-rent of Cold river flows in?—W. B. B. Murray in Canadian Sportsman.

A RED HOT METEOR.

Comoral William Anthony, of the United States Marine corps, attached to the marine barracks in Flushing evenue, is the owner of a flinty stone of a white calcined surface, or cover ing, which descended with a lightning bolt during the heavy storm that passed over this vicinity and Long Island on Saturday evening, August

"I was on guard duty at the entrance to the barracks on Flushing avenue about a quarter past 5 o'clock in the evening," said Corporal Anthony me yesterday, "when there was a blinding flash of lightning, which was accompanied by a terrible clap of thunder. The guard and the men wh were in the barracks were startled This flinty stone, which weighs about two pounds, struck the branches of a tree about twelve feet away from where I was standing, and then descending, buried itself about four inch es deep in the ground. Some of the men started to run, but the danger had passed. The meteor was hot when I took it out of the ground.

"It was calcined, I suppose, while in the ground, as the heat must have been intense when it landed. I have seen such stones descend storms in the West. I have served in the army and in the navy since Jannary, 1809. When the great two-ton stone fell from the heavens in October 1879, I was stationed with the Eight eenth regiment of infantry in Fort Assimbolne, Montana. The concussion aused by the impact of the meteor shook the barracks, miles away fron he marsh land into which it descended. That stone in now in the Smith onian Institution, Washington, - N. Y Herald.

HOP-PICKERS' SCARE.

More Wanted for the Valley Yards Future of the lodustry. The reduction in the wages pand for picking hops, caused by the low price prevailing and the ravages of the lice rave brought about a searcity of pick ers in the White, Green and Puvaloue valleys, and the free employment office in the city was yesterday called upon up to yesterday afternoon. Ezra "There is no doubt but that United Meeker, the ploneer hop-grower of States Senator John H. Mitchell will Payalinp, came to town expressly to be re-elected to his sent by the next secure pickers for his yard at Kent, legislature. He is very popular with and has found it advisable not only to the people of Oregon, as he sees to it change the system of payment but to that the interests of the state are not

read them for proof.

are paying 75 cents a box, ne has been paying 50 cents per 100 pounds, and has now raised the rate to 90 cents, which is equal to \$1 a bot. In discussing the condition of affairs Mr. "The scarcity of pickers is due to the

slowness of picking in the yards where the lice have eaten the vines, for the men have to go over half a dozen bills before they find a vine worth picking and in most yards the bops are picket green, so that they wilt and settle in the box and a man seems to be never through filling a box. In the good yards, where the lice nave been kept le and men can make good wages, glways pick the hops ripe, as I ship to the London market, which requires them well matured for the heavy Eng-lish ale. I now have about 40 pick. ers, including fifty Indians, at Purallup, and want from 200 to 500 more to go to Kont. I have 450 acres to pick and this will take a month."

year at 20,000 bales for this state 16, 600 to 12,000 west of the rountains, and 8,000 to 10,000 cast of the mountains, or about half a normal crop. Of the future of the industry he sud-"Hop-growing has got a black eye, and quite a number of people will have

to go out of the business. They never took care of their hops and never would, while others who un lerstand the business will stay in u. Hopgrowing has become a manufacturing usiness requiring diligent care and Mr. Meeker snipped in his first carlead of hops from Toppenish, in the Yakima district, to London, last Mon-

erage three cars every two days .-THE SITUATION IN OREGON. Secretary of State Kincald's Views on

day, and will start als first carload

from Puyallup today. When ship-ments are fully started, they will av-

The following article from the Seattle News is clipped from the columns of Secretary of State Kincald's paper, the Eugene Journal, and is therefore

authoritative: One of the leading politicians of Ore-gon in the person of H. R. Kincaid, secretary of state is registered at the Northern hotel. He is accompanied by his wife and son and is on a two weeks' pleasure trip. The party re-surned from Victoria yesterday, and will leave tomorrow for their home in Salem. Mr. Kinenid is posted regarding Oregon politics as well as any man in that state, and is an ardent freeallyer republican whose views carry

When interviewed by a reporter and asked about Oregon politics, he said "The political situation is very much mixed in Oregos now. Popular favor seems to be against the democrats on account of Cleveland's loose administration. The populists seem to be figure in the next election, although I am confident the republicans will carry everything before them.

"The political wirepullers are altwo congressmen, one supreme judge, and some circuit judges, who will be elected. Without doubt, Binger Hermann, who has had ten years' experlence as a congressman will be elected to succeed himself; also W. R. Ellis,

raise the rate. While other growers negeleted in Washington.

DR. POWELL REEVES,

"Consequences?" returned the trapper, "I don't understand ye." "No. 1 know you cannot," replied the other. "How 51 1/2 Third Street, Corner of Pine, Portland, Oregon.

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power, spermatorrhoa, syphsult him this day. ilis, pimples, etc. Most Successful CATARRH Doctors

IN THE WEST. These old reliable specialists of many years' experience, treat with wonderul success all lung and throat affections, Cancer, Piles, Fistula and Rupture.

All cases of acute or chronic inflamation, far or near sightedn LIL ness of vision, scrofulous eyes, closing of the eye duct, squinting, cross eyes, wild hairs, syphilitle sore eyes, granulated lids, tumor, cancer of the lids, etc EAR Deafness from catarrh, singing or roaring house, the ear, etc. flamation of external ear, purulent discharges from the ear, etc. Deafness from catarrh, singing or roaring noises, thickened drum, in-HEAD Neuralgia, sick, nervous, or congestive headache, dull, full feeling loss of memory, dizziness, softening of the brain, tumors and eczema

THROAT Catarrhal and syphilitic sere throat, acute and chronic pharyngitis, enlarged tonsilitis and palate, hoarseness, loss of voice, thick phican in throat, which causes hawking. Consumption in the first and second stages, hemorrhage and chronic bronchitis, dry and loose cough, pains in chest, difficulty in breathing

hepatizations, asthma, etc. HEART Valvular diseases, weak and fatty hearts, dropsy, and rheumatism of the heart, languld circulation, etc.

STOMACH Catarrh and ulceration and acid dyspepsia, indigestion, pain and fulness after eating, heartburn, waterbrash, and difficulty in LIVER SPLEEN All diseases of the liver, spleen, bowels, constipation, chronic diarrhoea, kidney and bladder, all nervous and reflex

disorders, rheumatism and all skin diseases, eczema, salt rheum, ringworm, hip joint disease, old sores, fever sores, stiff joints, hair lip, spinal irritation, nerv-ous prostration, rupture, piles, fistula, rectal ulcers, which produces pain in he will take twenty years from yer head to the bortom of the river with him." Then and there, on the ledge of memory and ambition, softening of the brain, idiocy, insanity, etc., syphilis that luts into the mouth of Cold river.

stricture, inability to hold the urine, impotency or loss of power, sterility, pros tstorrhea, ropy, sandy sediment in urine, or gravel, varicocele treated by a new surgical operation, hydrocele, all losses or drains, atrophy or shrinking of the RUPTURE Piles, Fistula, Varicocele, Hydrocele, and all tenderness or swelling treated without pain or detention from business. Who may be suffering from any of the distressing ailments peculiar

to their sex, sush as persistent headaches, painful menstruations, displacement, etc., do not give up in despair, even if you have met with repeated failures in seeking relief. We are happy to state that we have cured hundreds of cases after other physicians have pronounced them hopeless. Charges very bubbles. Tail flat and as big as a shingle, mouth open, belly red as a stormy sunrise, fins like a rainbow.

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DR. POWELL REEVES,