

Gave Him a Warm Tip.
 "Yes, it's a lot of trouble to raise hens till you know how," said a poultry dealer. "I'll tell you a story about that very point. A man who looked as if he hadn't had anything to eat for a week or so leaned over the back fence of my pork some time ago. I had my eye on him, and he saw I had my eye on him, so he started up a conversation.
 "Must be a lot of expense to keep up such a lot of fowls," he said.
 "Not such a much," says I.
 "What's the principal items?" he wants to know.
 "Powder an' shot," I tells him.
 "An', do you know, he never come back to ask no more questions? Diplomacy is a good thing to raise hens with too."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Penguin Wedding.
 Dr. Charcot, in a lecture on antarctic experiences referred to the amusing antics of the penguins, which, he said, were very much like human beings in their behavior. Sometimes a couple of betrothed penguins could be seen seated close together in loverlike fashion in a recess formed by blocks of ice and observation had shown that subsequently the same couple attended before a third penguin, who might be called the clergyman or the registrar, for the positions of all three were similar to those occupied by the minister and the bride and the bridegroom at a wedding.—London News.

First Mail Coach in 1784.
 A theater owner was responsible for the first mail coach in 1784. John Palmer, Bath, England, saw that it took four days to get his actors from London. He went to the government authorities and persuaded them to start a number of coaches to carry the mails and that these coaches should be built for speed and drawn by the fastest animals in England. In a little while a revolution was worked.

A Gossiping Mother.
 "A gossiping woman makes me tired," observed small Donald.
 "What's a gossiping woman?" asked his younger brother.
 "One who tells everything she knows," explained Donald. "Mamma is one. Every time we misbehave she runs and tells papa."—Chicago News.



Baptist
 Preaching every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock by Rev. A. C. Eaton. Sunday school at 10 a. m., H. N. Huntley, supt. B Y P U at 6:30 p. m. Mrs. Eaton, president.

Catholic
 CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, STAYTON; Rev. A. Lainck priest in charge. High mass second fourth and fifth Sundays 8:30 a. m., Priest's address: Sublimity, Oregon.
 ST. BONIFACE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, Sublimity; Rev. A. Lainck, rector. Low mass 8 a. m., high mass 10:30 a. m., first and third Sundays in the month; high mass 10:30 a. m., second, fourth and fifth Sundays. Services at eventide.

Christian
 Services will be held every Sunday. Preaching at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., Mrs. W. H. Hobson, superintendent. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:45 p. m., Miss Florence Morton. Pres. Ladies Aid society meets each Wednesday at 2:30 p. m., Mrs. G. D. Thomas, Pres., H. E. Rossell, pastor.

Methodist
 Methodist Episcopal Church, order of services: Bible school at 10 a. m., A. S. Pancoast, superintendent. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Midweek Prayer and Bible Study, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m., Epworth League, Sunday, 6 p. m., Clark Mace, Pres. Ladies' Aid Society, Thursday afternoon, Mrs. J. R. Gardner, Pres. Pastor of the church, E. Sutton Mace.

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 EGGS FOR SETTING
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OCEAN SPECTERS.
 Phantom Craft That Are Said to Haunt the High Seas.

A CURIOUS ENGLISH RECORD.
 The Log of the Warship Bacchante Under Date of July 11, 1881, Bears the Entry, "Flying Dutchman Crossed Our Bows"—The Goblin Ship.

There are numerous legends and stories of ghostly vessels that roam the briny deep, and many hard headed mariners, free from the common superstition of the ordinary sailor, stoutly maintain that they have at least once in their maritime career encountered what was undoubtedly a phantom ship.

Best known of those mysterious craft that haunt the high seas is, of course, the famous Flying Dutchman, or phantom ship of Vanderdecken. How the story originated is doubtful, but it has been ascertained that there was a seaman of repute who many years ago sailed from Holland to the east via the Cape of Good Hope, but was never again heard of.

Some authorities say that, meeting with contrary winds off the cape, he swore a terrible oath, in consequence of which the divine wrath decreed that he should be occupied till the crack of doom in endeavoring to weather the headland. Others state that this punishment was meted out to him in retribution for a terrible murder he committed before commencing his fateful voyage.

Whatever the cause of this ancient gentleman's monotonous wandering may be, it is probably in connection with him that the most authentic and cold blooded record of any phantom exists either afloat or ashore, for it is stated that in the log of H. M. S. Bacchante while on a voyage round the world with the little prince in 1881 there appears on July 11 the entry, "Flying Dutchman crossed our bows." The log book of one of the then largest of her majesty's warships is certainly the very last place to expect to find that which is generally associated with the hysterical of either sex.

During January, 1847, a vessel left New Haven, Conn., on her maiden voyage, but was never again heard of. In the following June, just before the hour of sunset and after a severe thunderstorm, the missing ship was seen sailing up the river. The inhabitants, taking their evening stroll, were overjoyed at her return, but the most observant of them noticed that there was something uncanny about her, especially in that she appeared to be sailing up against the wind.

Then, to the consternation of all, she gradually faded away before their eyes and entirely disappeared. We may be assured that there were not wanting those who maintained that the vessel in spirit had paid a last visit to her port before resting for good on the ocean bed.

In the "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence," by Le Malin, it is recorded that on a certain day in the year a phantom ship is seen off Cap d'Espoir, in Gospe bay. Lights are seen aboard her, and her decks are crowded with men. By the foot of the bowsprit a man is conspicuously standing and facing toward the shore, with a lady clinging to his arm. Gradually the lights go out and the vessel sinks. It is said to be the ghost of the flagship of a fleet which was sent out to reduce the French forts, the vessel being lost with all hands.

To come to British waters, there are numerous instances related in local history of the visitations of ghostly vessels, the west of England, as might be expected, being most prolific in these records, says a writer in the London Globe. Indeed, Cornwall boasts of a goblin ship probably unique the world over, as she not only sails the water, but proceeds most unconcerned a good distance inland.

This is the specter ship of Porthcurno, and in Robert Hunt's book on "Romances of the West of England" are related the experiences of a local inhabitant who witnessed one of her escapades. She is described as a black square rigged single masted vessel, sometimes towing a small boat. No crew are ever seen; presumably they are down below. The personal narrative goes on to say:
 "On came the craft. It passed steadily through the breakers, glided up over the sands, steadily pursued its course on the dry land as if it had been water. On it went to Bodelan, where St. Leven formerly dwelt. It then steered its course to Chygwiden and there vanished like smoke."

An Awful Blow.
 "Yes," said Silthers, "Mickey was my dearest friend, and I shall never cease to mourn his death. It was a terrible blow, from which I shall never recover."
 "Why—I thought you married his widow?" said Jimpson.
 "Why—er—ahem!—why, yes, I did; but—"
 Here Silthers subsided into a deep and uncomfortable silence.—Harper's Weekly.

Poor Comedy.
 "Why did she cut you?"
 "She doesn't like my comedy."
 "How's that?"
 "She made the statement at a party last night that she was twenty years of age, and I said, 'Yes, I knew that fifteen years ago.'—Houston Post.

No protecting deities are wanted if there is prudence.—Juvenal.

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Up comes the lift, locks itself with a crash and spills out the projectile on a metal tray in line with the open breech. The golden tongue of the rammer shoots out again and pushes the projectile into the gaping breech, extending itself apparently indefinitely until the projectile has disappeared. The lift shifts a little, bringing into line with the gun its other compartment, which contains the two half charges, each a cylinder holding 130 pounds of cordite. Out shoots the ram again, with no more respect for them than if they had been sponges, and pushes them steadily home behind the projectile, and, having done its deadly business, retires again out of the way to be ready for another cycle of the same operations.

Half a turn of the wheel, and the breech block swings home with a sigh and a click. "Right gun loaded, sir." Now you wait in suspense, and a voice in the conning tower gives the range—8,500 yards. The gun layer in his quiet corner has all this time never taken his eye from the glass. He turns one wheel, and the whole turret swings round over the ship's quarter; he turns another, and with a little hiss and sigh of imprisoned water the whole mighty tonnage of the gun, sweetly balanced on its trunnions, rises and tilts itself to the push of the hydraulic press.

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These things were unnecessary, for I quite understood. The click and silence that followed the word "Fire!" were quite eloquent enough to me of all the shattering damnation they represented—a projectile weighing 850 pounds hurtling to its mark at the rate of almost a thousand yards a second.

But we in the turret would have known nothing, for before it had reached the target the breech block would have opened to the screech of the air blast which cleans out the burning fragments of cordite in the breech, the rammer would have shot in with its mop and out again, the ammunition hoist would have come clattering and screaming up, another projectile would have rolled into the tray with another two hundredweight of death packed behind it, the rammer would have pushed it home with a kick, the block would have swung to again, the great gun would have been sighted and swung in the air, again the word would have been given, and again the fragment of concentrated power that men had toiled in factories and drawing offices, in laboratories and foundries to perfect would have been sent winding through the sea air to spend itself in destruction.

And only one man in the turret would have seen its fat; only he with his eye to the telescope, who had seen the hull of that ship in the distance covering the threadlike cross on his glass as he pulled the trigger, would see and guess when the distant target would burst into yellow smoke what work had been done.—London Standard.

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A HOT TIME ON A COLD NIGHT.
 The Trouble Was the Direct Result of a Thirsty Man's Craving For Drink and His Dogged Persistence In Attempting to Satisfy It.

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First I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement hall, and then I went to the kitchen door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her and slept with it under her pillow. Then I retraced my steps, bolted the basement door and went up into the dining room. As is always the case, I found when I could not get any water I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors. There was no water there. Then I thought of the dumb waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile. I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb waiter, got in myself with the lamp, let myself down until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below and then let go.

We came down so suddenly that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult. It broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire and the air not much above the zero point. The truth is I had miscalculated the distance of the descent. Instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door. It was locked. I tried to force it open. It was made of two inch stuff and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If I ever felt angry at anybody it was at myself for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

I laid my cheek against the ice cold barriers and looked at the sky. Not a star was visible. It was as black as ink overhead. Then I made a noise. I shouted until I was hoarse and ruined my preserving kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made the night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice and listened. It was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the staircase. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl and growl and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us. How could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it?

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