IN THE STOKEHOLD.

Feeding the Many Ravenous Furnaces In an Ocean Liner.

The work of eternally pushing the old ship on past the meridians—the race against time and the sun and the interest on the money—begins in the gloomy stokehold. You have heard that the stokehold is hot, and when you have clambered into it over disorderly piles of still smoking ashes, steadying yourself by taking incautious hold of burning hand rails, and stand for the first time face to face with the furnaces you feel assured of the fact.

But, besides being hot, it is the most active, interesting part of the ship. It is her whole life. You must spend years studying it before you can stand there in command of your watch with your hand on the feed check valves, your eyes on everything in general, and keep the steam up where it belongs in spite of the ravenous engines sucking it away from you; years before you can tell, in one swift glance, whether a fireman is burning the greatest possible amount of coal per hour in his fires with the least amount of waste.

The problem is this: Under a certain large quantity of water, which is continually changing, build thirty fires, and by means of them, notwithstanding they must all be continually replenished with fresh coal and freed from ashes, keep it at a perfectly even temperature (within a very few degrees) day and night for an indefinite period. The game is the more interesting because a ship can never afford to spare more than just barely enough space for her propelling machinery; consequently everything—engines, boilers, furnaces—must be worked to the very limit of its capacity.

The game goes as regularly by turns and in cycles as progressive whist. Starting with a few fires first in order, the doors are opened to admit a few shovelfuls of coal thrown quickly into the front of the furnaces, then closed again as soon as possible lest too much cold air should enter. As soon as they are closed the fires next in order are served the same way and then a third group. Next the "green" coal in the first fires is raked back through the furnaces to complete its combustion. After another short interval it is necessary to "slice" them—that is, probe them with long pointed bars to lift the clinkers from the grates and make air passages. Finally it is time to stoke again.—Benjamin Brooks in Scribner's.

How Chinese Hatch Fish.

The Chinese have a method of hatching the spawn of fish and thus protecting it from those accidents which generally destroy a large portion of it. The fishermen collect with care from the margin and surface of water all those gelatinous masses which contain the spawn of fish, and after they have found a sufficient quantity they fill with it the shell of a fresh hen's egg, which they have previously emptied, stop up the hole and put it under a sitting fowl. At the expiration of a certain number of days they break the shell in water warmed by the sun. The young fry are presently hatched and are kept in pure, fresh water till they are large enough to be thrown into the pond with the old fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of trade in China.

A Bad Country For Hats.

Hats have a hard time in China. The climate, alternating from intense dryness to a horrible humidity, twists and distorts silk, beaver, cloth and felt in no time. Mold and fungus are universal and convert sweatband and brim into green velvet in a single night. Every hat must be put out in the sunlight three times a week or it is ruined. Besides these foes are ants which go everywhere and cockroaches which fly like birds. The ant enjoys a good hat for a playground and a sleeping establishment; the cockroach desires merely to eat every particle of leather, paper and pasteboard it contains. The only way to keep the pests off is to sprinkle the interior occasionally with carbolic acid, creosote or crude cressel.

Unconscious Sarcasm.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins very seriously, "I have bought you a little book as a present."

"Very kind of you."

"I hope you won't be offended, but it is something that I feel you ought to read. It is about betting."

"I don't know that I care for any sermons, even if I do lose occasionally."

"It isn't a sermon, Charley, dear. It is a little book entitled 'Poker and How to Play It.'"—Washington Star.

A Homely Man.

John James Heidegger, manager of the opera house in the Haymarket, in London, in the times when George was king, one day laid a wager with the Earl of Chesterfield that he would not find in all London an uglier face than his. After a long search the earl produced a woman of St. Giles who at first seemed to outvie the manager, but when the latter put on the woman's cap he was allowed to retain the palm of ugliness.

George's Kind Permission.

"Mary," her father called downstairs, "just ask your man if he doesn't think it's pretty near bedtime!"

"Yes, papa," replied the sweet girl, after a pause. "George says if you're sleepy go to bed, by all means."—Toledo Bee.

Just So.

"The poor fellow went blind and crazy at the same time."

"Ah, I see—out of sight, out of mind!"—Smart Set.

Thought works in silence; so does virtue. One might erect statues to silence.

Useful In the Business.

The reasons which lead men to choose a certain trade or profession are often perhaps no more sensible than the reason the boy in the following story from a New York paper gave for wanting a place in a bank. The president of a bank told the story at his club.

"I don't think I ever told you of our redheaded office boy, Brickbat," remarked the bank president after the rest had each told a story.

"Never did," was the answer.

"Well," continued the speaker, "he came to me with recommendations from his father, who was a schoolmate of mine up in Steuben county. After I read the note from the father I told the boy to take off his hat, sit down in a chair and tell me why he wanted to be a banker. His answer was:

"''Cause I'm good at multiplying.'

"'Well,' said I, 'can't you subtract and divide too?'

"'Oh, yes,' he said, 'but because a banker wants to make all he can I thought you wanted a boy who could multiply.'

"I hired him on the strength of that."

Old Time "Simples."

In the family Bible of a Roxborough man there are a number of medical rules, written over seventy years ago by the great-grandmother of the Bible's present owner. Among the rules are the following:

"A stick of brimstone worn in the pocket is good for them as has cramps."

"A loadstone put in the place where the pane is is beautiful for the Rheumatiz."

"A basin of water gruel, with half a quart of old rum in it, with lots of brown sugar, is good for Cold in Hed."

"If you have hiccups, pinch one of your wrists wile you count sixty, or get somebody to skare you and make you jumpe."

"The earache—Put onion in ear after it is well roasted."

"The consumption—Eat as many peanuts as possible before going to bed."—Philadelphia Record.

The Real People of "Adam Bede."

On my mother's and grandmother's side I am a direct descendant of George and Mary Evans, and it is among the Evans' household we must look for several of the characters mentioned in George Eliot's story of "Adam Bede." Thus George and Mary Evans may be taken as typical of Thias and Lisbeth Bede. Robert Evans is undoubtedly the original who suggested Adam Bede. Samuel Evans, the youngest son, was certainly the prototype of Seth Bede. George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans) was the daughter of Adam Bede and the granddaughter of Thias and Lisbeth. It will thus occur to the reader that in portraying Adam Bede our author was thinking of her own father and had the very best reasons for the statement concerning her hero that he had a dash of Celtic blood in his veins.—W. Mottram in Leisure Hour.

Jackstones.

Most girls and some boys have played in their time the game of dibs or knucklebones or jackstones, but few of them know that the game has existed since the third century B. C. and is probably still older. How it was played in ancient days no one can tell, but the ankle joint bones of the sheep, ox, deer and pig were used, and the game was called "astragal," from the Latin word for the ankle joint. In Scotland pebbles are often employed, whence the name "chuckies." Even precious stones and gold and bronze "stones" have been used, and in some countries the bones were marked with numbers and colored to represent kings, queens, knaves and pawns.

To Pop Corn.

Here is the proper way to pop corn: Put the regular quantity—that is, a very small quantity—into the popper and hold it under the cold water faucet long enough to thoroughly saturate the kernels. Shake the popper and place it on the back of the range to allow the corn to dry. Then pop. The kernels will be very large, and there will be no hard center. The red popcorn is thought to be the best.

The Evil Eye.

One of the remarkable things about the superstition of the "evil eye" is that it is often attributed to whole peoples by others who dislike or hate them. In ancient times the Thebans, the Illyrians and the Thracian women were so regarded. In these latter days the Christians of Asia Minor have the same feeling about the Turks and the Turks about the Christians.

Really a Professor.

"I beg your pardon, doctor," said the toastmaster after the dinner was over, "for introducing you inadvertently as 'prof'ssum'."

"That's all right," replied the principal speaker of the occasion. "The title fits me better than 'doctor' does. I profess to be a doctor, but I get mighty little practice."—Chicago Tribune.

Positively Brutal.

"Let me see," mused the young wife as she picked up the cookbook. "I have mixed the batter for the angel cake. Now what do I do next?"

"Telephone for the doctor," answered the heartless husband, who happened along in time to overhear her musings.

As She Remembered Him.

Mr. Skimmerhorn (as the participants in the debate became personal)—I was a thundering fool when I asked you to marry me!

Mrs. Skimmerhorn—Well, you looked it, dear.—Exchange.

Impossible.

Caller—What will you do, doctor, when all your patients get well?

Physician—All my patients will never get well, madam.—Baltimore American.

Carus.

Albert Schoenborn is improving the aypearance of his farm by making a new wood shed.

Mr. and Mrs. Inskeep have gone on a vacation trip.

Louis Buckner is working for Ed Howard at present.

Maggie Lewis expects to leave soon for Portland to work. We are sorry to see you go, Maggie, and hope you will soon return.

Samuel Kalbfleisch, of Canby, is stopping at his brother's place this week.

Mrs. Hungate, of Molalla, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Sarah Smith, of this place.

Misses Sarah and Mary Davis, of Maple Lane, and their cousin were the guests of Rachel Lewis Sunday afternoon.

A black and gray collarette with a green lining was lost between the Evangelical church and Carus postoffice late Sunday evening, May 17. Will the finder be so kind as to leave same at Carus postoffice.

Mr. and Mrs. Goucher gave a delightful dinner to several friends Sunday. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Ben Naust, Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Graves, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Howard; Misses Nevada Dills and Winifred Howard; Masters Ray and Ralph Faust, Otis Howard, Lloyd and Floyd Graves. Mr. Darling, Mr. Moran and Mr. and Mrs. Sturges were also callers in the afternoon.

Ralph Howard is hauling wood for Mr. Ingram, of Oregon City.

CENTRAL.

Shubel.

There will be an entertainment and pie social at the school house on the evening of June 5th, and W. H. Samson, as auctioneer. The proceeds are to go towards buying a flag for the school.

Mr. Steiner is hauling lumber for a new barn.

Crops are looking fine except clover, which will be a short crop.

G. A. Shubel went to Oregon City Sunday to see the ball game.

Rev. H. Wittrock and family moved to Ritzville, Wash., last week. It is not known yet who will take his place here. There are several applications.

Mrs. J. G. Cumins spent a few days in Portland last week visiting her sister, Mrs. Blaney.

George Schmidt went to Portland Sunday, where he was attending to important business.

Mr. Duffy is planting his late potatoes.

G. A. Schubel is building a dam, and is going to raise trout for the market. The question is can he sell trout under the present law, after taking the same care to raise them as he would anything else?

Three pupils have taken the examination for the eighth grade, and are the following: Misses Della Bluhm, Nellie Moehnke and Laura Ginther; Messrs. A. Thomas and J. Hermann, from the Beaver Creek school.

The directors are thinking of making some changes in the school house and probably will have the building painted before the fall term.

Miss Athleen Hutchinson is in Portland taking music lessons.

Henry Hill has moved his family near Cumins' sawmill, where he is working for the present.

Macksburg.

We have only had five bright days this month, and still it rains.

The dance at the residence of Mr. Egger on the 23, was a decided success. A large crowd was in attendance, and all present enjoyed a good time. Professor Bremer, of New Era, furnished the music.

Margaret says Ora is all right. Keep your ear close to the ground boys, we look for something to drop soon.

D. G. Morris, of this place, made a business trip to Canby Sunday. He has invented a new kind of pills, which he says are giving good satisfaction and are in good demand.

The Canby nine played our boys Sunday, which resulted as follows: Macksburg, 5 innings, score, 5; Canby, 4 innings; score 14.

Leonard Wiener is talking of going to Echo, Ore., in a few days.

One of our amiable young ladies says she can cook supper on a cold stove. We will keep her name a secret for fear the boys will all rush at once.

Will some good Republican please answer the following questions? (I will put the figures low). Why is it that in the last 15 years our population has doubled, our taxable property has doubled, our taxes have more than doubled on the dollar, and our county indebtedness has doubled more than three fold, and all this under a Republican rule, and still you are clamoring for another chance, for what? To pull the wool over the D——F peoples' eyes.

Say, Si, if trout time is past we will have to fish for suckers, and if you would go to any of the present dances you would be surprised to see them bite at the empty hook.

Thank you, Mr. Editor, for the fine lot of stationery. We will try and do better during the summer season.

Fritz Neitholt, who has been sojourning in California, is visiting the Heinz place. It was a great shock to him to hear of so many deaths that have occurred in that family.

Mr. Scramlin, our enterprising merchant and postmaster, is improving his residence with a desk phone.

Miss Lizzie Brusch wants us to mention that she is riding a new wheel.

J. M. Sperl, of Oregon City, is visiting among old timers of this place.

JONAH.

Excursion Rates to Yaquina Bay.

On June 1st the Southern Pacific Co will resume sale of excursion tickets to Newport and Yaquina Bay. This resort is becoming more popular every year, and hotel accomodations are better than ever before, and at reasonable rates. Season tickets from Oregon City to Newport $6 or Yaquina $6. Saturday to Monday tickets to Newport $3 or Yaquina $3.

Yours Truly,
W. E. COMAN,
Gen Pass Agent.

STARTING A TRADE.

The New England Peddler and the Secret of His Success.

"Peddlin's a great business. The secret of it is that you must do a trade, even if it hurts your principles, when there's a possible chance. I remember how I once managed with an old fellow who wouldn't hev nothin' to do with me. He was so confident an' sure he warn't goin' to trade that I made up my mind he'd got to. I've got wooden nutmegs, pocket sawmills,' says I, 'an' horn gun flints, basswood hams, tin bungholes, calico hog troughs, white oak cheeses an' various other articles too numerous to mention, includin' of cast iron ratholes, an' if any of them ain't big enough to answer I'll knock the bottom out of a fryin' pan, an' that'll let any rat through that you've got, I guess. Whoop!' says I. 'I'm f'om way in the mountings of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth an' the whangdoodle mourneth fer her firstborn!' The old man just looked on and shuk his head. 'I'll take pewter, copper, zinc, iron, rags—anything,' says I, 'exceptin' money an' old maids.' But the old man on'y shuk his head.

"I just simply had to start a trade. I saw a pair of old boots, an' I said them was just what I wanted. 'What?' he says. 'D'ye buy old boots?' an' I said them was my partickler specialty. 'How much d'ye give?' he asks, an' I says, 'Half a cent a pound, 's long as half cents is coined,' says I. He didn't take no heed of my meanin', but begin to rummage round and git out three or four pair. They warn't no good to Newton, but I was startin' a trade. 'Now, hain't yer got some rags?' I says. Them was what I asked fer first, an' the old miser said he didn't hev none, but now, stirred up by the chanst of gittin' somethin' fer his old boots, he brought out seventeen pound of rags, an' we done a brisk bit of tradin' fer tinware. I left the old boots settin' beside the gate when I druv away. 'Them 'll come in handy to start another trade on next time I come,' I says."—Julian Ralph in Harper's Magazine.

Illinois Contral Railroad.

Commencing February 15th and continuing until June 15th there will be low rates in effect from the East via the Illinois Central Railroad to all Washington, Oregon and Idaho points. If any of your friends or relatives in the East are coming west while those rates are in effect give us their name and address and we will make it our business to see that they are given the best possible service. We operate through personally conducted excursion cars, and in fact give you the benefit of the latest conveniences known to modern railroading. We have 15 different routes between the East and the West, and are in position to give you the benefit of the best combination. Write us and we will give you full particulars. B. H. Trumbull, Com'l Agent, Ill., Cent R. R., 142 Third St., Portland, Or.