

Oregon City, Or., April 1, 1898.

OUT OF THE FIRE.

One Horse That Was Not Panic Stricken When His Master Went to Rescue Him.

The common belief that horses in a burning building are always panic stricken and refractory, not recognizing their friends and refusing obedience to those who would rescue them, is not strictly true, as is proved by an incident related by a Companion contributor. The governor had a fine black driving horse called Dexter. Although strong spirited, Dexter was docile and obedient and was petted and made much of by his master. As the governor kept other horses, Dexter had the stable to himself with a clean stall and a manger. The stable was near the house, and in addition to Dexter's stall and harness room contained a large carriage room, an oat bin and a haymow over the stall. One night, when the family and the servants were away from home and the error was in the house alone, he was awakened by an ominous crackling—a bright glare on his chamber window, and before he could collect his wits he was startled by a cry—any sound he had ever heard. As he lunged out of bed the cry came again, hastening to the window he learned the cause. The stable was all ablaze, out of the smoke and flames Dexter calling his master to his rescue. Causing only to don coat and slippers, the governor rushed out. The outside of the stable leading into the stall already blocked by the flames, and only entrance to be had was through carriage room, the harness room and arrow entry leading past the oat bin. The rooms were on fire overhead, and rising wisps of hay and shingles were falling down in showers. Blinded by smoke, the governor stumbled along the roundabout way and, reaching the stall sooner than he expected, fell headlong down the steps against the excited animal, who was vainly tugging at his halter. Thinking some new danger threatened him, Dexter gave a mighty kick that sent his master sprawling and lamed him for a month. "Whoa, Dexter!" shouted the governor. "Don't you know me, sir? Steady now, old fellow, and we'll get out of this."

Recognizing his master's voice, Dexter turned his head toward the prostrate man and uttered a coaxing whinny quite unlike his previous loud cries of alarm. Knowing he need fear no more kicks, the governor crept up and cut the halter and, calling Dexter to follow him, limped blindly through the smoke filled entry and the two blazing rooms beyond, and close after him went Dexter, his nose pressed against his master's shoulder, man and horse reaching the safe outer air together.

"It was Dexter's obedience that saved him," said the governor. "I could not lead him, and had he shown the least obstinacy or any less readiness to follow at a word through all that roundabout, unaccustomed way I must have left him to perish in the flames, but he followed like a well trained soldier, and we escaped from our burning, fiery furnace almost as safely as Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego did from theirs."—Youth's Companion.

A Thorough Cure.

There is no sentiment about Grizler. He is close and is not easily alarmed. It is not surprising, then, that the doctor assumed the utmost gravity when Grizler called to present the case of his wife. "I'm greatly afraid," said the husband, "that her mental equilibrium is disturbed. She is not like other women and not as she used to be." "What are the symptoms?" "You may regard them of a negative character, doctor. To begin with, she never opens her fashion papers of late." "Bad! Bad! Very bad!" "I feared as much. The woman who lives next door called last night and wore one of the most elegant hats I ever saw. You know that I am not given to noticing such things. Mrs. Grizler never seemed to see it and said nothing about it after the caller had gone." "Awful," exclaimed the doctor, "awful. I've known your wife, Grizler, ever since she was born. No one ever had a brighter mind or a happier disposition. I can't understand it. Used to be the life and beauty of every company she was ever in. Does she go out?" "No, nor entertain. Never mentions the theater, burns all invitations and is without the slightest interest in the social whirl. I would give half I'm worth to see her the girl I married." "Done," snapped the doctor, and he wrote out the strangest prescription on record. It called for horses, carriages, fine raiment, jewels and a well filled purse. At the bottom was a receipt in full for \$250,000. There was no chance for Grizler to weaken, and now his wife is one of the most brilliant women in the swim. When she and the old doctor meet, he winks and she whispers "You dear old soul."—Detroit Free

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

Swede Spent Two Years in Vindicating His Brother's Honesty.

"I practiced law once in Silverton, Colo.," said one of the passengers in the smoking room of the Pullman, "and had a case that struck me as a model exhibition of faithfulness. A Swede was mail carrier over the pass to the other side of the range. It was not a long trip, but it was a severe one, made on foot and with the danger in winter from heavy snows added to its difficulty. Andrew carried the mail for a year, then one day he failed to reach home. There were valuable letters in his sack, and the inference that he had decamped was strong. On the night he should have come into Silverton his brother, fresh from Scandinavia and unable to speak English, got off the stage. As county attorney I had to break the news to the boy and stood by while he wept. "Rewards were offered for Andrew, and I sent out parties to search the pass, but to no effect. A miner claimed to have seen him a week later in Leadville, but we got no more trace of him. The brother refused to believe that Andrew had done wrong and spent his days tramping the canyons searching for his brother's body. We tried to get him to go to work, but he did not yield until by his shortness of funds he was starved to it. In the summer, when most of the snow was off, he searched again, but in vain. During the winter he worked, but when the second spring came he renewed his lonely tramping up the trail. We thought him demented, but he cared not for our opinions. One day in August he walked along at the base of a cliff and saw a boot sticking out from some debris. He uncovered it, and his search was ended. That evening he came into town with the mail sack, much stained but intact, and his brother's coat. The grave he dug, with the rough stone he afterward put at its head, is up the canyon yet. It took two years to vindicate his brother's name, but he did not begrudge it. When it was done, he went back to his native land."—Chicago Times-Herald.

AN ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN.

He Measured Height With a Miner in a Pennsylvania Town.

In the course of an article in St. Nicholas Mary Lillian Herr relates the following characteristic anecdote of Lincoln:

Once while on his way to Washington as president the train stopped a little time in the town of Alleghany, Pa. Around the station a great crowd gathered, eager to see the new president. They shouted and cheered until Lincoln had to appear on the rear platform of his car. He bowed and smiled, but the crowd was so noisy he did not try to speak to them.

Very near to the platform stood a miner, wearing a red shirt and blue overalls and carrying a dinner pail. Like the rest, he had stopped hoping to see Mr. Lincoln. The workman was almost a giant in size and towered head and shoulders above the crowd.

No doubt he had heard that Lincoln also was very tall, and, encouraged by the friendly face, the workman suddenly waved his bare arm above his head and called out:

"Hi, there, Abe Lincoln! I'm taller than you—yes, a sight taller!"

This loud speech silenced the crowd by its boldness, and a laugh arose. But Mr. Lincoln, leaning forward with a good humored smile, said quietly:

"My man, I doubt it—in fact, I'm sure I am the taller. However, come up and let's measure."

The crowd made way and the workman climbed to the platform and stood back to back with the president elect. Each put up a hand to see whose head overtopped. Evidently Mr. Lincoln was the victor, for with a smile of satisfaction he turned and offered his hand to his beaten rival, saying cordially:

"I thought you were mistaken and I was right, but I wished to be sure and to have you satisfied. However, we are friends anyway, aren't we?"

Grasping the outstretched hand in a vigorous grip the workman replied:

"Yes, Abe Lincoln—as long as I live."

Value of the Egg in Sickness.

The value of egg albumen as food in certain diseased conditions is pointed out by Dr. C. E. Boynton. When fever is present and appetite is nil, he says, when we want an aseptic article of diet, the white of an egg raw serves both as food and medicine. The way to give it is to drain off the albumen from an opening about half an inch in diameter at the small end of the egg, the yolk remaining inside the shell. Add a little salt to this and direct the patient to swallow it. Repeat every hour or two. In typhoid fever this mode of feeding materially helps us in carrying out an antiseptic plan of treatment. Furthermore, the albumen to a certain extent may antidote the toxins of the disease. Patients may at first rebel at the idea of eating a "raw" egg, but the quickness with which it goes down without the yolk proves it to be less disagreeable than they supposed, and

A PIANO FULL OF WASPS.

They Kept Quiet Until the Professor Struck the Loud Notes.

The piano was an old grand. It had not been used for months. The company had arrived in town but a short time before the performance began; hence there had been no time to test the instrument. Nevertheless, the professor boldly opened wide the lids of the long unused grand and then sat down to the keys. The first touch convinced him that the notes were still clear and strong, and that whatever defects in tune there might be would be very slight, so he began the soul inspiring selection.

Now, it happened that in all the months in which the piano had remained unused a colony of yellow jacket wasps had industriously built themselves a home in the shape of a nest as large as a good sized sancer. The soft pianissimo prelude to the selection gently woke the wasps from their sweet dreams. But when the soft pedal was released and the notes grew vigorous and the piano began to reverberate to the heavier passages the disturbed wasps suspected danger. They curled their backs and stretched and shook their gaudy wings viciously. The professor, unheeding of the fact that the music, far from soothing the savage breast of the vicious wasps ambushed within that piano, was rousing their ire, played on. From pianissimo to piano and from piano with one bound to fortissimo the composition ran. All the while the wasps fluttered their wings wickedly, viciously, and all the while the professor played. Now came the climax; now he was throwing together vast handfuls of notes in the basso profundo region of the instrument. Just as the grand was belching forth from its innermost soul the musical thunder of that great Wagnerian opera the vengeance hunting army of yellow jacket wasps swept out of the instrument, with a buzzing war song, down the hallway and upon the audience. Suddenly soul rending shrieks resounded through the hall. Men and women were striking about their heads, benches were upset, and a general stampede for windows and doors ensued. Over the terrible uproar a shrill, piping voice could be heard shrieking:

"Sharlie, come mit! Ach, Sharlie, come mit!"

Long before the outraged burghers of Kerrville were up a little band of men with baggage galore wended their way out of the town and sat down on the railroad track. They were the stereotypical-musical aggregation of San Antonio, and their faces, as they recounted the horrors through which they had passed, were the image of that of Napoleon on the night of Waterloo. They flagged the south bound passenger train and took passage for San Antonio. Their wisdom in slipping out of town under cover of night has never been questioned.—San Antonio Express.

The Usual Way.

There are some society girls who like to marshal together all the trophies of a season, in the shape of eucbre prizes, german favors and invitations galore to all sorts of functions, where they may be seen of men and bring green eyed glances of jealousy into the eyes of other girls not favored quite so much, but the queerest effort of this kind that ever came under the notice of the writer was a pyramid of empty candy boxes stacked up from floor to ceiling in a corner of the parlor. The largest was, of course, at the base, and there was every make and style, gradually diminishing to the top. This dashing girl, with the immense capacity for destroying candy, excepted every male visitor to add to the number as she started a plant in each of the other corners of the room. Of course a tremendous rivalry went on among her visitors and admirers to get the finest and most unique native and imported boxes. Strange to say, she married a man who had never added a lone box to the pile, but he helped to destroy some of the most toothsome offerings of other fellows.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Woman's Movement.

The presidents of the 23 literary clubs which compose the Federation of Women's Clubs in Kentucky at a recent meeting which they held for the purpose of interchanging ideas upon club work decided among other things to endeavor to establish a bird day in the public schools of the different cities of the state. This will be one effort in a movement to preserve the birds. The presidents will also use their influence to have literature upon the subject disseminated, as they believe women are ignorant of the vast destruction of birds caused by their feather trimmed hats.

An English writer asserts that there never was any Grab street in London, the name having been invented by Pope. Hungry authors became identified with that street because they were always trying to find it.

In Mexico the school children who have done best are allowed to smoke cigars while pursuing their lessons.

WHEN I GET TIME.

When I get time,
I know what I shall do.
I'll cut the leaves of all my books
And read them through and through.

When I get time,
I'll write some letters then
That I have owed for weeks and weeks
To many, many men.

When I get time,
I'll pay those bills I owe,
And with those bills, those countless bills,
I will not be so slow.

When I get time,
I'll regulate my life
In such a way that I may get
Acquainted with my wife.

When I get time—
Oh, glorious dream of bliss!—
A month, a year, ten years from now!
But I can't finish this—
I have no time. —Vogue.

FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.

Reasons Given For Allowing It to Remain In Its Present Condition.

Benjamin Franklin's grave is in a neglected condition. No appropriate stone rises over it, the ground round about it is uncared for, and the tomb of the great scholar and statesman is as obscure as that of a man whose name and fame were no part of the glory of his country.

His grave is destitute even of a headstone. It is covered by an old fashioned marble slab which was placed there 100 years ago and is now worn and discolored by age.

Nothing has been done to it since Franklin was buried there, and even the modest arrangements of the grave are not kept in the perfect condition that is expected of a great man's tomb. The earth on all sides is bare of grass, the common thatching of the commonest grave, and an air of desolation is about the whole place.

The sexton said that the descendants of Franklin would not do anything to repair the grave; neither would they allow anybody else to do anything. Every day he has received offers of subscriptions from visitors, who are distressed by the forlorn appearance of Franklin's resting place and who would like to see it improved. In reply he says, as he has been instructed, that Franklin wished it so, "being a plain man averse to display of any kind." Not long ago, at his own expense, he had the fading inscription recut, or else even the only distinguishing mark, the name, would be gone.

If he had not done so, the last resting place of the greatest man, outside of Washington, in American history would have been forgotten and unknown. Who is responsible for this condition of affairs? Not the living relatives of Franklin. The responsibility rests with the American people, to whom the man belongs. They should see to it in the future that what little is there to mark the grave is kept in better order than it has been in the past.

Before he died Franklin provided for his own gravestone and instructed a stonecutter of his acquaintance in every detail, even to the inscription which was to be placed upon it. He desired to be buried beside his wife, who had died some years before, and a common slab was to be placed over them both. The inscription arranged as he ordered it reads:

BENJAMIN
and
DEBORAH { FRANKLIN
1790

Everything was done as he desired, and the work was paid for out of his estate and stands today the same as when he died.—Philadelphia Times.

Wobbled When He Came to Possum.

Old Uncle Claybrook is a very religious old dandy and holds converse with his Maker twenty times a day or oftener. His habit is to pray and then turn off into what appears to be a one sided conversation with the Lord, but it is evident that there is another party to it as far as he is concerned. To hear him reminds one very much of a telephone conversation.

The other day he was going through his customary devotions, and when he got to the point of expressing thankfulness for the many blessings of life he broke off into a recounting of them, says Cicero T. Sutton of the Owensboro Inquirer. "An den, dar's possum, Lord—how'd you ever think of makin' possum? Possum jes' beats all. You jes' couldn't beat it ef you tried ag'in. Possum, he, he! Yes, dar's watahmillion. I hadn't thought of dat. Hit's jes' great. You couldn't beat hit neither, could you, Lord? Now, homes', couldn' you jes' fix it so dey bofe git ripe at once? Ef you was to do dat, you mought go out an shet de do'. Dey wouldn't be no mo' sin an no mo' sorrow an no mo' tribelation. Jes' try hit once, Lord, an jes' see whut a diffunce hit would make."

And then "old uncle" began to hum a quaint negro camp meeting tune and stopped to look at a piece of liver in a butcher's stall as the best substitute for his loved possum or as best suited to the small piece of money which represented his total movable wealth.

Pitcher's Castoria.

A Procession of Worms.

In some of the Hungarian forests and in the pine woods of Norway there exists a tiny, wormlike insect called the sciarra, of the genus tipula. During the month of July or early in August they gather together in large numbers, preparatory to migrating in search of food or for change of condition. When setting out on this journey, they stick themselves together by means of some glutinous matter and form a huge serpent-like mass, often reaching a length of between 40 and 50 feet and several inches in thickness. As the sciarra is only on an average about three thirty-seconds of an inch in length, with no appreciable breadth whatever, the number required to compose a continuous line of the size above mentioned is almost incalculable. Their pace is, of course, very slow, and upon meeting an obstacle, such as a stick or stone, they will either writhe over or around it, sometimes breaking into two bodies for this purpose.

M. Guerin-Meneville, a celebrated French naturalist, says that if the rear portion of this wonderful snakelike procession be brought into contact with the front part and a sort of circle formed the insects will keep moving round in that circle for hours without apparently noticing that they are getting no "for-rader" on their journey. If the procession be broken in two, the portions will reunite in a short time. The Norwegian peasants, when they meet one of these trains, will lay some article of their clothing, such as a belt or handkerchief, on the ground in front of it. If the procession passes over it, it is regarded as a good sign, but if it makes a way round the reverse is believed. In the Moravian districts a similar experiment is supposed to foretell a good or bad harvest.—Popular Science.

Teaching Children.

Noah Webster of dictionary fame would not have been in favor of the kindergarten, so people who sometimes revert to the beginning of the un-abridged edition find by his memoirs there. "He felt," the writer says, "that children should learn to acquire knowledge by severe effort; that the prevailing effort to make everything easy is unphilosophical and wrong; that the great effort of early training is to form the mind into a capacity of surmounting intellectual difficulties of any and every kind. . . . He wished at an early period of ready memory and limited comprehension to store the mind with many things which would afterward be found of indispensable use, things which are learned with the utmost reluctance, or rather in most cases are not learned at all, in the more advanced stages of intellectual progress. He felt there must necessarily be much of drudgery in the formation of a thoroughly educated mind."—New York Times.

Points For Poachers.

The West Indian negro is a born poacher. He catches the quail by the cruel expedient of strewing finely powdered cayenne or bird pepper in the little dust pits where the birds "wash." The burning powder gets into the eyes of the birds, which, confused and helpless, are then easily caught.

When he wants a wholesale supply of fish, he explodes a piece of dynamite, which was probably intended for the making of new government roads, over a hole in a mountain stream, and the fish are killed by the concussion.

But his favorite resource is the bark of the dogwood tree. This he drops into a river hole, and the mullet, intoxicated, comes to the surface of the water. This singular property of the dogwood has caused it to be employed as a narcotic. It is particularly useful as a local anesthetic, and it has been recently proposed to apply it in dentistry.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Actor and the Man.

Great painters, sculptors, musicians and actors are careful not to lose their heads in the tumult of their emotions. Edwin Booth, so far as is known, never threw himself into his character but on one occasion, and then he was playing Bertuccio in "The King's Fool." It is related that he came off the stage at the conclusion of the performance convinced that he had surpassed all of his previous efforts, and that he was excited, thrilled, tingling with the emotions of the character into which he had blindly cast himself, but his daughter, Edwina Booth, who had been sitting in a stage box, told him she had never seen him act so badly. For that one performance Booth deliberately had chosen to be the man and not the artist.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Leather and Kerosene.

There is one use of kerosene which is seldom mentioned. It often happens that when a heavy shoe or boot has been wet it hardens and draws so that it hurts the foot. If the shoe is put on and the leather thoroughly wet with kerosene, the stiffness will disappear and the leather become pliable, adapting itself to the foot. If oiled while wet, the leather retains its softness a longer time. The kerosene does not in-tro the leather at all.