

## A SINGULAR PEOPLE.

### ODD SPECIMENS OF HUMANITY ARE RAMAPO MOUNTAINEERS.

Albinos of the milkiest haired and pinkest eyed variety are common among them—they are the best hunters and fishermen in the land.

People who have never been up in the Ramapo mountains can have little idea of how strange a race of people live back in those high and rocky hills, miles from any village, and with not a rod of road by which their huts may be reached by wagons. In other words, it is not generally known that within 85 miles of the heart of New York city there is a community as curious almost as can be found in the remote mountain recesses of Tennessee or North Carolina. It is a sort of lost tribe, or, rather, an amalgamation of two lost tribes.

If one can imagine what sort of beings would result from more than a century intermarriage of American Indians and Guinean negroes, with an occasional dash of white blood added to the mixture, he may form a notion of the people that live back in the rugged hills that rise about Suffern, Ramapo, Sloatsburg, Woodbourne, Tuxedo and other places in the Ramapo valley. But it would take a pretty brisk imagination to picture some of the queer specimens of humanity that have resulted from this mixture.

Albinos of the milkiest haired and pinkest eyed variety are common, and the dime museums recruit their curio halls in that line from among these mountaineers, as did the great and only Barnum before them.

Back in the last century and during the first quarter of the present century slaves were common in that part of New York state and the adjacent region of New Jersey. These slaves were treated no better by their old Dutch masters than were their fellow bondsmen in the south. They were worked long and hard, and the lash was not spared. Consequently runaway slaves were many. These runaways invariably sought the fastnesses of the surrounding mountains.

It is a very difficult thing to make one's way up and among the Ramapo mountains even at this day, and it was almost an impossibility in the slavery days. As a result, when a negro once succeeded in hiding there he was safe from recapture as if he had gone to Canada, although he might be within sight and sound of his master's home. Scores of runaways in time peopled the inaccessible hills, and in the spots where they threw up their first sheltering huts of bark or fallen trees or found refuge in caves their descendants dwell today.

The woods had their Indian dwellers already, and the two races mingled. These are the strange people who are seen now and then in the little villages along the Erie railway in Rockland and the adjoining towns of Bergen and Orange counties, and whose homes are far back in the hills. A characteristic of these people is that the names of the old Dutch families in which the original blacks were slaves have been retained by them, generation after generation. The most numerous family of the race goes by the name of De Groat, but there are De Freeses, Van Hoevens and many other Des and Vans.

In the summer time you might climb and clamber and stumble up the steep sides and over the rocky summits of the Ramapo mountains all day and not see a solitary sign of a habitation, although there would be many on all sides of you. They are so deftly tucked in among the rocks and hidden by the trees and foliage that only one acquainted with the ways of the mountaineers could find them. In the fall when the trees are bare, the huts stand revealed to any who may pass that way, and such are few, for although there is no better ruffed grouse shooting anywhere than in these mountain fastnesses the weary climbing necessary to get to the haunts of these birds is more than the average sportsman cares to undergo.

There is no ground that might grow anything about any of these huts; not a chicken or a fowl of any kind; not even a pig. But there are dogs without limit—mongrel, wolfish looking dogs, such as might hang about Indian camps—and always from one to half a dozen half naked, eerie, effish looking children, who, at sight or sound of a stranger, scamper to cover in the hut, in the brush or among the rocks, disappearing as completely as a startled brood of young quail.

How do these people subsist? They are the best hunters and fishermen in the land, and game and trout are abundant all about them. They hunt and snare grouse and rabbits and catch trout for the market during the season. The women and children pick berries. For the products of the forest, streams and berry patches these people obtain store goods at the villages, both the luxuries and the necessities—the latter being chiefly whisky and tobacco, the former flour, meal and cheap dress goods. For their own home providing the possum and the coon are plentiful at their very doors, and the chicken coops of the outlying farms and villages are not entirely inaccessible. Now and then a De Groat or Van Somebody-or-other will hire out to do work by the day, but he is looked upon by his fellow mountaineers as a degenerate. Some of the female children grow to be extremely handsome and shapely young women, but it is rare that there are any marriages among these people outside of their own race. —New York Sun.

### A Useful Caddie.

A lady golfer at Singapore has trained her barefooted caddie to come to her assistance whenever she has to play a difficult shot. Instead of leading her, she should the ball lie badly or be awkwardly bunkered, the caddie strolls up to it, clutches it with his toes and drops it in a hard, clean lie, without exciting suspicion. —Boston Globe.

## A MODEL WIFE.

### She Does Much in Memory of Her Unfortunate Predecessor.

He had asked her to be "his," and she had made up her mind that she had "worked out" long enough anyway. So she accepted him. She was perfectly satisfied with her place, but she wanted to have a house of her own. So they were married.

It wasn't long afterward that she came back to see her former mistress about something, and the latter noticed that she was wearing mourning. Of course she was sorry for her and was rather surprised that she made no mention of her bereavement. It is, indeed, a grievous thing when a honeymoon is cut short.

Finally the former mistress brought up the subject herself.

"You are in mourning, Maggie," she suggested.

"Yes," replied Maggie complacently, and with no show of feeling at all. "I thought it was the least I could do for 'im."

"It is showing no more than proper respect of course. I am very sorry. It must have been a great shock."

"Great shock!" exclaimed Maggie in surprise. Then she grasped the idea she went on. "Oh, he ain't dead," with the accent on "he."

"You haven't lost your husband?" Maggie shook her head.

"Then why are you in such deep mourning?"

"Just to please the poor lad," answered Maggie. "You see, it's this way," she went on when she had decided to tell the story. "After we was married he comes to me and he says, 'Maggie,' he says, 'the poor woman niver had anybody to put on mournin' fer her, an' I dunno that she's been treated right,' he says 'Who?' says I. 'Me first wife,' says he. 'She was all alone in the world, exceptin' for me,' he says. 'She had no wimmen folks to wear mournin' fer her.' And so I says to him, 'I'll do it fer the poor woman,' I says. An here I am."

And the best of it is that the story is absolutely true. —Chicago Post.

## DREW PAY, BUT DID NO WORK

### And When Discharged Wanted a Certificate For Ability and Honesty.

"Fancy a fellow picking your pocket and asking for a 'character,'" said a business man the other day. "That's been my experience. I hired a young man about a month ago to solicit orders for me on commission, with \$20 a week guarantee. As he turned nothing in after a fortnight I began to suspect that he was working for another firm and doing nothing to earn the \$20, so I told him that if no order materialized by the end of the week he must not expect to continue in my employ."

"I made inquiries which convinced me that he was doing what I suspected, but I got no legal proof that he was taking my money on false pretenses. So when the week was up I was forced to pay him a third \$20, making \$60 in all, which, I felt sure, he had done little or nothing to earn. Before doing so I told him of my suspicions, which was foolish, as I met only with denials which I couldn't disprove, although in answer to the questions of the cross examination I put him through he made statements which I knew to be lies."

"In spite of my accusations he seemed to think that my paying him the final \$20 was acknowledgment that I believed his denials, and after receiving the money he asked if I would give a certificate as to his ability and honesty in case he found it necessary to call upon me for one. I answered that I would at least sign nothing against him, for after paying him to no purpose money I could ill afford I didn't want to make an enemy of him, but advised him not to put me to the test." —New York Sun.

## GREEN BADGES OF COURAGE.

### Sashes Worn by Army Surgeons and Their History.

A great many people do not know why army surgeons wear green sashes. It is not so much an insignia of rank as it is a protection to the wearer. According to the code of war, surgeons are never shot or taken prisoners. To deliberately shoot a surgeon while he is wearing his sash is considered a violation of the code, punishable by death.

Because of this provision surgeons of one army never refuse to look after the wounded of the other army if it is possible for them to do so. During the civil war it was often the case that after a battle the field hospitals would contain almost an equal number of men dressed in blue and gray. The Federal army had the best surgeons and the best stores, and a wounded Confederate considered himself in great luck if he was removed to a Federal hospital to be cared for by Federal surgeons and physicians.

But in the heat of battle a green sash is not much protection, and surgeons were often wounded or killed. But this did not keep the surgeons at the rear until the battle was over. They were often found in the thick of the fray, dressing wounds and sending the wounded to the rear. Theirs was a perilous as well as a noble duty, and they performed it well. —Omaha World-Herald.

### A Popular Choice.

Lady Castlerosse heads the list of the newly elected poor law guardians of Killarney. She was nominated by her father-in-law, the Earl of Kenmare. Her election, it is said, has aroused the greatest interest among Ireland's poor, who hope that if members of the aristocracy take up such duties larger measures for the relief of distress will follow.

If you would be well spoken of, learn to speak well of others, and when you have learned to speak well endeavor likewise to do well, and thus you will reap the fruit of being well spoken of. —Epictetus.

## HIS LEG IS STILL GROWING.

### It Gets Longer and Longer, and He Can't Stop It.

A man out at Rogers park broke his leg a few months ago, and in the setting the doctor made some mistake, or else the patient was at fault, for when it set the bone joined improperly, and when the man came to walk he found that one leg was several inches shorter than it should be. He was naturally very much inconvenienced and bemoaned the fact that he was to be a cripple for life. One day while he was alone at the house a woman book-canvaser was admitted. After she had failed to sell him what she had the "asked" him what the matter was. He told her and said that he feared he would be a cripple for life. "Humph!" said the woman. "There is no need of that, now since Christian science is doing so much."

"I have heard a great deal about Christian science," said the man, "but I never heard that it could cure a trouble like mine."

"Why not?" asked the woman. "It is doing greater things than that every day. You would better go see a healer."

"But there is none here," replied the man.

"Well," said the woman, "I'm something of a healer myself. I can't stay here, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you the absent treatment. You just stay where you are, and I'll cure your short leg."

The man smiled, but he thought there might be something in it after all. So he began to have faith in the healer. In a few days, however, he had almost forgotten all about it and joked with his wife about the matter. At the end of two weeks he arose to a standing position and discovered to his great astonishment that his short leg was nearly as long as the other. He was delighted.

"That woman was all right," he said to his wife, "and I have done her a great injustice in smiling in my disability." In a fortnight more both legs were of equal length. He left his room for the first time in several months and went to business. He proudly showed his leg to all his friends and told every one of the marvelous means by which he recovered. Everything went well for a time, but presently the man made the astonishing discovery that the cured limb was still growing. In another two weeks it was fully two inches longer than the one which had not been broken and that was the well leg on which he now limped.

This naturally worried him very much. You see, there was no telling where it would end. Then he recollected, too, that he had no idea who the healer was, or where he could find her. He could not even remember the name of the book she was trying to sell. And that is how the matter now stands. The man's leg is still growing. That woman is still gadding around the country selling books and giving him the absent treatment. If he does find her, she will have to begin on the other leg, and even then the man will only be fit for the dime museum. The man's faith in the new science is still unbroken, but he feels that the healers should be securely anchored and kept within certain bounds. —Chicago Chronicle.

### A Shunned Coal Hole.

Down on South Clark street, about 100 feet north of Madison, there is on the west side of the street a coal hole shaped like a coffin. Originally the opening was not different from any other coal hole. It was of ordinary size, and was closed with a hexagonal cover. Then a large piece of the stone was broken off the sidewalk, enlarging the hole to a great extent. When the stone was replaced by a sheet of iron, the hexagonal opening was elongated, so that the shape of a coffin was formed. Then the pedestrians along South Clark street had their troubles.

It is asserted that attention was first called to the ominous hole in the sidewalk when a man had his leg sprained by a misstep on the cover. A number of persons witnessed the accident, and at the same time noted the peculiar shape of the cover. It was not long before everybody seemed to be aware of the caselike figure. Now, any one who watches the crowds that daily pass along Clark street, near Madison, will be attracted by their actions when they walk near the coal hole. All the men keep a safe distance from the awe-inspiring object, while the women carefully raise their skirts as they walk shyly away from the cover. To the casual observer these peculiar antics are unexplainable, but the men and women who are acquainted with the history of the coffin shaped cover are too wise to place themselves in the power of "the evil eye." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

### A Clever Advertiser.

The Kansas City Journal says: "A flour merchant at Edgar let the story get out that while he was stooping over his flour bin a \$150 diamond ring had slipped off his finger into the flour. He appeared to be greatly exercised over the loss, got a notice in the local paper, but finally announced with a sigh that he would have to give it up; that the ring was in the flour somewhere; that he supposed it would turn up in a sack of flour, but he had no idea what one. Well, you ought to have seen the boom that guileless man had in the flour trade. For the next week he had to hire extra help to fill sacks out of that bin. One man who never bought a sack from him before came in and laid in a winter's supply. And the smooth merchant whistled softly as he filled the sacks and winked his other eye."

### Not a Miracle Worker.

Mother—Well, professor, do you think you will be able to make a musician of my daughter?

Professor—Alas, madam, I fear not.

Mother—Why do you say that, professor?

Professor—Threescore and ten is man's allotted number of years, and I am now 85 years old. The time is too short, madam. —Chicago News.

## ARTISTIC DINNER GIVING.

### The Ideal Dinner Has a Simple Menu and a Perfect Service.

The ideal dinner company is never large. Six has been said to be the magic number, but eight and even ten are perfectly manageable, both in the matter of smooth service and in the higher harmonies. Do not confine your choice to intimate friends, but add to their pleasure and your own the fresh experience of meeting new spirits, whose congeniality you have divined.

A really artistic dinner, it is the writer's conviction, "should never exceed four courses, including the coffee. The scheme of the dinner is that each dish shall be perfect, worthy of the palate and of the appetite, enjoyed to the full for its merits, and not trifled with and instantly forgotten. The second point in importance is that a dish shall be as attractive in appearance as it is perfect in flavor, that it should be placed upon the table as an added enjoyment and hospitably served by host or hostess. The third point, also of importance, is that a dinner should be reasonable—not an anticipation of seasons—for every chosen article should be at its very best. A lean, half shriveled January tomato, which has ill borne its travels, is but a forlorn apology for the plump and luscious summer product—certainly not fitted for an "artistic" appearance.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Woman's Home Companion.

### English Women Smokers.

A New York society woman who has a long line of social connections in England said in discussing the smoking habit among women over there, about which so much has been printed lately: "English women whom I have received in my home—and I receive many—almost without exception smoke. It is not a giggling matter with them, as it still is with our women, to some extent. It is a matter of course." And the cigarette habit is growing fast in feminine circles here. If you don't believe it, inquire in the stores where "special" made for women" articles are sold. Smokers' outfits for all sorts and conditions of womankind are now on sale, most of the high priced ones being imported from dear old London. —New York Letter.

### Unavailable.

Weaver—Poetry is something that is born in one. It cannot be acquired. The making of poetry is a gift.

Beaver—So is the disposing of it, so far as I have had any experience. —Boston Transcript.

### Not So Bad as That.

"Johnny, Johnny, are you smoking the nasty little things again? I thought you had sworn off."

"No'm. I never swear. All I said was that I'd doggoned if I ever smoked 'em again." —Chicago Tribune.

### Bean fever has been added to the list of epidemics like hay fever and rose fever by a German doctor, who has christened his discovery "Favismus." His cure for the disease is to keep away from beanfields.

### This Is Your Opportunity.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

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