

MADE IN MINIATURE.

CURIOUS MICROSCOPIC MARVELS ACHIEVED BY INGENIOUS MEN.

Peter Ramus Tells Some Very Fishy Stories About John Muller—The Ever Growing Squad of Cherry Stone Workers—A Wonderful Knife.

Perhaps the most prevalent mania of men gifted with mechanical ingenuity takes the shape of accomplishing or attempting to accomplish in miniature the mightiest feats of engineering that human hands have ever set up.

Of the mediæval mechanicians John Muller, better known in the trade as Regiomontanus, which one must admit sounds well for one of his craft, who lived in the fifteenth century, was without doubt the Maskelyne and Cook of the period, or at all events he had as a biographer a writer of greater imagination than the other less fortunate geni of that era.

Which, having flown a perfect roundabout, with weary wings returned unto her master.

We are inclined to think, all things considered, that Peter Ramus had the makings of a very fine creator of exciting fiction in him and that it was a sad pity he allowed his gift to be wasted in compiling a biography of a 100 years' deceased automata artificer in place of forestalling the friend of our youth, M. Jules Verne.

The cherry stone has been a favorite subject for the worker in miniature since Hadrianus Junius saw at Mechlin "a cherry stone cut into the form of a basket, in which were 14 pairs of dice distinct, the spots and numbers of which were easily to be discerned with a good eye."

A tiny vessel has been made of late years by an Italian jeweler who came into possession of a pearl that nature had caused to take upon itself the shape and contour of a boat. A sail of beaten gold studded with diamonds, a binnacle light of ruby and emerald, and a rudder of ivory complete the structure, which weighs less than an ounce all told.

In 1816 a knife was made at Messrs. Travis & Son's, Manchester, containing three blades, buttonhook, saw, punch, screwdriver, box, corkscrew, hook and gimlet, two plibemans, a species of lancet, picker and two more lancets with a ring at the head.

Of examples of microscope writing there is no end, but one of the most famous is mentioned by Pliny, who said that Cicero had once seen Homer's "Iliad" in a nutshell. In order to prove the truth of this a French writer named Huet experimented in the presence of the dauphin, whose tutor he was in 1670.

"This building," said the little city girl, who was taking her little country cousin around and showing her the sights, "is called the half orphan asylum."

John—So you really think you have some chance of winning her, do you? Henry—Oh, yes! I feel quite encouraged. She has begun to find fault with my looks.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THEY DON'T LIKE PAPER.

Savages at First Contact Regard the Fabric With Suspicion.

When savage people first come in contact with the whites, none of the wonders that they see is regarded with more suspicion than large sheets of paper.

One or two Kongo travelers told of the disgust with which the natives at first regarded paper. The Kongo tribes, by the way, are on the lookout for sharpers, and it is exceedingly hard work for anybody to sell them a bad quality of cutlery or cloth.

Some time ago a well known explorer was traveling in the interior of Queensland, Australia, where he met many natives who had never seen a white man before.

One day a crowd of natives was in the white man's camp carefully inspecting the explorer and his baggage when a newspaper happened to drop out of his pocket.

Presently, however, an accident happened. While the savage was rearranging his shawl and trying to bring the corners together in front of him the garment began to tear at the nape of his neck.

The savage took his covering off, examined the mischief he had wrought, made the tear a little longer and then with his finger poked a hole through the paper.

That settled the fact that the article was worthless. The newspaper suddenly lost all interest for the natives, who turned their attention to less destructible objects.—Pearson's Weekly.

BREAKFAST CEREALS.

They Contain Essential Elements For Perfect Nourishment of the Body.

"Cereals and fruits should form the base of breakfast foods," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer in "Breakfast Cereals and Fruits" in her cooking lesson in The Ladies' Home Journal. "They will support muscular action, preserve the heat of the body and strengthen the brain in its nervous activity. Whole or steel cut oats and whole wheat, from which our nineteenth century bread should be made, contain the essential elements for the perfect nourishment of the human body."

"Of the breakfast cereals steel cut oats head the list. Any of the wheat germ preparations are good. After these come the rolled wheat and barley and rice preparations. All these foods, however, must be thoroughly cooked and eaten without sugar."

Why He Left the Stage.

There is in Philadelphia a man who abandoned the theatrical profession because he could not lift Fanny Davenport. He was a member of one of the local stock companies about 20 years ago, when Miss Davenport came to Philadelphia with one of the men of her company sick. She applied to the manager of the theater in which the young man referred to was employed for some one to take the sick man's place, and as the young actor was not in the cast of the play then running his services were loaned to Miss Davenport.

His Board of Trade Style. Clara (excitedly)—Well, papa, did the count ask you for me today? Mr. Millyuns—Ask me for you? Now! He told me if I wanted to put up margins enough he'd talk business.—Chicago News.

Beginning to Take Notice. John—So you really think you have some chance of winning her, do you? Henry—Oh, yes! I feel quite encouraged. She has begun to find fault with my looks.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WHAT SHE MOST RESENTED.

She Could Readily Forgive and Forget Most Anything but This.

She swept into the office of the manager with cyclonic perturbation. Anybody could see from the haughty superiority of her manner that if she was not yet a star she fully intended to be one. In her hand was a newspaper, which she laid on the desk before the manager.

"Now, really, Miss Frostleigh," he said somewhat impatiently, "I am not respon le for what appears in the newspapers about you. I can't do anything more than say I am sorry you should have any troubles. That's all anybody does for me when I get into debt."

"Have you read that cruel article about my husband applying for a divorce?" "Yes—that is to say, I glanced over the headlines."

"You can at least tell me where I can find the editor." "Now, take my advice and keep away. It won't do you the least bit of good."

"But don't you think I have a right to complain?" "Of course. It was too bad. I have no doubt it was a base calumny to say you cut his allowance down to \$12 a week."

"I could have borne that," she murmured. "And I can understand it was very annoying to have it said that you put him out of a cab one night and made him walk three miles to the depot."

"That was not the cruelest part of it, though." "And it was naturally embarrassing to have it asserted in cold type that in a fit of jealous pique you knocked him down and then jumped on him."

"Do you think the papers in all of the cities printed that?" she inquired. "In all probability they did. I'm sorry for the worry it must cause you."

"That wasn't all!" she exclaimed. "I know. What you refer to is the insinuation that he is your seventh husband."

"That isn't the worst either," she said, with a heartbreaking sob. "They spelled my name wrong!"—Detroit Free Press.

WARTIME RECOLLECTIONS.

The Old Soldier Tells of His Going Away and of His Home Coming.

"My last recollection of the camp in which we were mustered in," said the old soldier, "was of my mother. We had been in camp for days, for weeks, in fact, filling up the regiment and drilling and getting equipped, and getting ready generally. Finally we were mustered in, and the next day after that we started."

"It was nightfall when we fell in for the last time in the company streets of our first camp and marched out and formed on the color line. There was a great crowd there, relatives and friends and sightseers come to see the regiment off. In front of my own company I could see my father and mother, come to see the last of their boy before he went to war. I was the apple of my mother's eye. I knew that, and I had expected to see her break down completely when the regiment marched away, but she stood as firm as a rock."

"When the regiment came home, we marched up through the same street that we had marched down years before—night again, it was, too—with a band of music, with fireworks flying everywhere, and with crowds on the sidewalk cheering to the town hall, where there was a banquet, with a speech from the mayor, and so on. When this was nearly over, my father and my brother, who had come to meet me, went home to tell my mother I was coming."

"Home was half a mile or more away. A bunch of us, men of the regiment, started from the hall together. They fell off one after another, until finally I went on alone along the familiar street. It was bright moonlight. Far ahead, at the corner of the street down which I must turn for home, I saw her. She was waiting."

"When I had come to her, she lifted up her hands and pronounced my name, that was all, and then her arms were about my neck, and my old blue overcoat was wet with her falling tears. Her son had come home."—New York Sun.

The Bulldog a Good Dog.

No member of the canine family has been more persistently maligned than the bulldog. Writers who have no intimate knowledge of the dog and his attributes have described him as stupidly ferocious, and illustrators have pictured him as a sort of semi-wild beast, till the general public has come to look upon him as dangerous.

"Give a dog a bad name," is an old saw, and perhaps a true one, but when it is applied to the bulldog it is manifestly unjust. Writers, too, have fallen into grave error in claiming that the bulldog is deficient not only in affection, but in intelligence.

Stonehenge, who is considered one of the greatest of canine scientists, claims that the bulldog's brain is relatively larger than that of the spaniel, which dog is generally considered to be the most intelligent of the canine race, while the bulldog's affection is never to be doubted.—Outing.

Belated Convict.

Prison Missionary—What are you in for, friend? Convict (bitterly)—Just for missing a train. "Nonsense." "No nonsense, sir. I missed a train for Montreal."—Harlem Life.

The Court theater in Munich has a revolving stage. The part in view of the audience represents one-quarter of a circle. A change of scene can be effected in 11 seconds by bringing to the front the next quarter of a circle.

Finland is properly Fenland, "the land of the marshes."

A Typical Negro Camp Meeting.

There is perhaps no more favorable place in which to study negro character and manners than the camp meeting. This time honored institution is no less social than religious in its nature. It is usually held in a partly cleared grove, under the auspices of the local clergy. Either the colored population of the surrounding region flocks, coming on foot, in carriages and wagons, in ox carts and mule carts, on horseback and mule back—in short, by every conceivable mode of locomotion.

As we approach the grove what a medley of sounds breaks upon our hearing—the neighing of horses, the bellowing of cattle, the heebaw braying of mules, the laughter and screams of children, and joined with these a perfect babel of human voices, the whole forming a discordant din such as no human ear ever heard elsewhere! Entering the grounds, we pass bands of children, climbing, tumbling, romping, like so many troops of monkeys; gawky young fellows awkwardly making love to dusky beauties; groups of brawny men discussing abstruse points of theology with as much zeal and more harmony, perhaps, than a body of learned divinity doctors.

Saffron.

Saffron would strike an ordinary observer as decidedly expensive at 50 shillings per pound until told that it is composed of the central small portions only of the flowers of a species of crocus, 70,000 of which it takes to yield the material for one pound. The wonder then becomes that it is so cheap; that it can pay to grow and gather it at the price. As a matter of fact, it has failed to pay the English grower—by this retaining, in the name of his town of Saffron-Walden, but a hint of former importance in this particular direction, French and Spanish soils being more suitable to the full growth of the flowers and foreign labor cheaper in the work of picking. Its use in medicine has practically died out, barring perhaps the popular belief that, steeped in hot milk or cider, it helps the eruption of measles to fully appear.

As a dye in creaming curtains and to give a rich appearance to cake it is still, however, in general demand, for which purpose it is well suited in being both harmless and strong, one grain, composed of the style and stigmas of nine flowers, being sufficient to give a distinct yellow tint to ten gallons of water. Its high price, by the way, has led to a peculiar form of adulteration, for, apart from the crude and commonplace one of dusting with a heavy powder, such as gypsum, to give weight, the similar portions of other and commoner flowers have been specially dyed and worked thoroughly in among the genuine ones.—Chambers' Journal.

He Was Not So Smart.

"No," said the man with the large head, "I can't say that I think very much of the fox in the old fable of the fox and the grapes. It is recorded of him that after trying to get the grapes by every way that his ingenuity could suggest he finally turned up his nose and said, 'Oh, I don't care; they're sour!'"

"Now, if that fox had had any commendable wisdom in his triangular skull he would have looked at the grapes blandly and then announced to the world that they were sweet, but that sweets didn't agree with him; that, owing to the condition of his stomach, he considered it inadvisable to eat anything containing saccharine matter, and that, besides, a properly philosophical fox believed in self denial and in taking things that were easily at his disposal instead of trying to climb a trellis to secure attractive but deleterious grapes. "If he had done that, instead of being the laughing stock of succeeding generations he would have stood a good chance of being appointed professor of philosophy at the varsity and of living on yellow legged chickens the rest of his natural life."—Strand Magazine.

Cultured Tramps From Boston.

"Tramps in Boston are by far the most intelligent and modest of their kind," said a native of the baked bean city, "maybe because of their culture (?). My experience with one of these 'gentlemen of leisure' was quite funny. One came to our house and asked for some clothes, and while my mother went to get them I thought he looked hungry, so I brought him some breakfast. He said to me, 'I am sorry to put you to all this trouble.' Then, mother appearing with the clothes in a bundle, he said he did not like to carry clothes through the streets exposed to view, and when I wrapped them in an old newspaper he was indignant and said gentlemen never carried packages done up in that style in Boston."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

How It Worked.

"It works this way," said the agent. "When a burglar tries to open the window, this bell begins ringing and wakes you up." "Bell rings and wakes me up!" said Popper. "And it will wake the baby too. I don't want it. Take it away. I guess you don't know that kid of mine."—Yellow Book.

Both.

Barber—How would you like your hair cut, sir—with the scissors or clippers? Customer—Both. Use the scissors on my hair and the clippers on your conversation.—Chicago Record.

A Beautiful Present

In order to further introduce ELASTIC STARCH (Flat Iron Brand), the manufacturers, J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., of Keokuk, Iowa, have decided to GIVE AWAY a beautiful present with each package of starch sold. These presents are in the form of

Beautiful Pastel Pictures

They are 1 1/2x1 1/2 inches in size, and are entitled as follows:

Advertisement for Elastic Starch featuring a box of starch and lists of pastel pictures: Lilacs and Pansies, Pansies and Marguerites, Wild American Poppies, Lilacs and Iris.

These rare pictures, four in number, by the renowned pastel artist, R. LeRoy, of New York, have been chosen from the very choicest subjects in his studio and are now offered for the first time to the public. The pictures are accurately reproduced in all the colors used in the originals, and are pronounced by competent critics, works of art. Pastel pictures are the correct thing for the home, nothing surpassing them in beauty, richness of color and artistic merit.

WHEN YOU BUY, ALWAYS GET THE BEST

WHEN YOU BUY, ALWAYS GET THE BEST

WHEN YOU BUY, ALWAYS GET THE BEST

This applies to real estate as well as other commodities. Every family in need of a home desires the best location.

SOUTH OREGON CITY

Has the greatest number of advantages to its credit, of any of the suburbs of Oregon City. It will pay you to investigate this property. Good clear lots at reasonable prices on easy instalments. Call on or address

T. L. CHARMAN, Trustee.

Charman Bro's. Block, Oregon City

Regulator Line. HELLO!

1800 miles of long distance telephone wire in Oregon and Washington now in operation by the Oregon Telephone and Telegraph company.

Portland, Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma, Salem, Walla Walla, Pendleton, Albany and 96 other towns in the two states on the line.

Quick, accurate, cheap. All the satisfaction of a personal communication. Distance no effect to a clear understanding. Spokane as easily heard as Portland.

—Oregon City office at—

Huntley's Drug Store. J. H. THATCHER, MANAGER, Portland, Oregon.

By the fast and commodious steamer

A. W. PHILLIPS, EXPRESS AND DELIVERY

Prompt attention to hauling to any part of Oregon City. Moving attended to promptly and carefully. Special rates given on hauling to and from Gladstone and Park-place.

Established 1865. C. N. Greenman, PIONEER Transfer and Express, Freight and parcels delivered to all parts of the city. RATES - REASONABLE.