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ANIMALS IN EFFIGY.

THE FAMOUS COLLECTION OWNED BY THE SMITHSONIAN.

How Casts Are Made of Rare and Bulky Animals—Proof That the Whale Could Have Held Jonah—Of Value to Students and Historians.

Strewn along for a distance of 50 yards in the rear of the Smithsonian institution are blocks of plaster of paris of every imaginable shape, some of large size and others fitted together as if to form boxes. For the most part they look like the refuse of a workshop. Here and there one fragment or another is seen to resemble a part of a fish or other animal, perhaps a tail, or a head with a pair of fore flippers. A big slab bears the impression of a snake, as if the creature, having buried itself in mud for the winter, had waked from its torpid state and crawled away. Other objects yet more strange are faces and various parts of human bodies apparently fossilized.

These odd looking things are molds. The Smithsonian institution has been collecting them for 30 years past, and some of them have cost a great deal of money. Quite a number have been fetched all the way from Alaska, representing various animals peculiar to the regions of the frozen north. If a queer reptile or fish is found anywhere, there is nothing better than to make a cast of it in plaster of paris. By this means its shape is copied to perfection, and that is a great help for museum purposes. When, a few years ago, a whale was stranded on the New England coast, Dr. Palmer, taxidermist of the Smithsonian institution, was sent to make a copy of it in papier mache. This he did—that is to say, he made a mold of the cetacean in plaster, of which he took several barrels full with him, and the papier mache cast was produced afterward in Washington.

Only one-half of the whale was cast, however, representing what might be termed the port side of the animal. This is now hung up in the National museum. On one side it shows the outside of the creature and from the other side the inside. It was a clergyman who on a certain occasion not long ago was steering some members of his flock through the building, and, pausing in front of the whale, remarked, pointing to the capacious interior of the great marine mammal:

"You see, my dear friends, that there was plenty of room for Jonah!"

In such ways the Smithsonian institution has collected molds and made casts of a great variety of animals, often sending long distances to get them. Of reptiles alone it has secured several hundreds, each representing a typical species, while the fishes run up to 1,200 and upward. From each plaster mold about 50 casts may be made, if desired. This facility of multiplication is utilized to a considerable extent in another branch of the work not relating to animals at all. To schools and to museums all over the world the Smithsonian institution sends sets of typical aboriginal implements of America. These are valuable for purposes of study. A mold from an actual stone ax will furnish 50 facsimiles, which only have to be painted in order to look exactly like the original. If more are wanted, another mold is easily made.

While it would not be easy to ship a whale or a walrus to the Smithsonian institution, smaller animals are readily transported. Nearly all of the creatures of which these molds are made are sent to this city for that purpose. When practicable, two living specimens are forwarded. One serves for the mold. The other is a model for the artist. Before going further it should be explained that the casts are intended to represent the animals themselves in the museum, and they must be as lifelike as possible. They are painted by men who are skilled in this branch of art.

Before making a mold from a snake the animal, if alive, receives a dose of chloroform. It may or may not recover. There have been instances where serpents have got over the effects of the chloroform two or three times in succession, only to be subjected to further doses and made to serve again and again. Perhaps an anæsthetized ophidian will be coiled gracefully about the branch of a tree, and the mold will be taken from branch and snake together, to be subsequently painted, of course. Or, if it were a rattlesnake, it would probably be coiled in a spiral, as if ready to strike. In the west wing of the Smithsonian institution is a beautiful exhibit of the rattlesnakes of the United States. They look as if alive, though only casts, so well are they painted, with surroundings of herbage, etc., to counterfeit nature.

It is the same way with reptiles of other kinds. There are ever so many queer species of lizards in this country, particularly in the western deserts. The horned toad is one of these, not being in reality a toad at all, though it looks like one. There are the edible lizards of Death valley and others which are able to outrun the fastest race horse. Such creatures as these are easily molded, every scale in their armor being reproduced with wonderful accuracy of detail. With land mammals it is different, for a cast of a creature with a fur coat can hardly be made to look like life. Nevertheless Dr. Palmer's collection includes casts of portions of many land mammals. For example, hanging on the wall of his studio in the rear of the Smithsonian institution is a plaster head of a tapir, taken direct from the animal. When he has occasion to stuff a tapir, he will not be obliged to guess at the measurements of that part of the beast. Close by is a cast from the head of a sea lion that was killed in the Pacific. Another cast is from the tongue of a bear. Some day the taxidermist will desire to set up a stuffed bear with its mouth open, and there will be a tongue ready. There is also a calf's head which is very lifelike, though it would not make good soup.—Washington Star.

HE ARRIVED LATER.

Colonel John S. Wise Did Not Meet General Sherman In Brazil.

Everybody knows that Colonel Wise fought as a mere boy in the southern army, became a Republican after the war and ran an unsuccessful race for governor of Virginia. He has been on the field of honor more than once, but no longer believes in the duello as he did in his younger days. While a Virginian to the core still he is not a native of the Old Dominion. At that famous Astor House dinner a few years ago made memorable by the eulogy Mr. Depew passed on President Cleveland, General W. T. Sherman, in the course of a very interesting speech, alluded to a trip made by him to California in 1846, via the cape. He stopped off at Rio Janeiro on Christmas eve to pay his respects to Hon. Henry A. Wise, at that time United States minister to Brazil, and was hospitably entertained.

"What time did you leave the minister's house?" queried Colonel John S. Wise, who was one of the guests, interrupting General Sherman.

"At 9 o'clock, Christmas eve," responded old Tecumseh.

"If you had just waited two hours longer, general, I'd have been glad to make your acquaintance," said Wise.

Two hours later the young Wise made his first appearance on this terrestrial globe.—Washington Post.

Somber Christianity.

The Auld Licht kirk when Dr. Chalmers visited it was a terribly bare little building. The elders were a grim set. They kept their bonnets on their heads till the minister entered, and they had each a large stick in his hand, which they used for "chappin" their noses through all the service. The minister wore no gown or bands. He gave a very long sermon full of sound divinity, but without the smallest practical application and without a vestige of feeling. At length Dr. Chalmers got out, the dismal worship being ended, and his word was, "If these people ever get to heaven, they will live on the north side of it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Great Memory.

The Journal of Speculative Philosophy gives a remarkable instance of a farmer in Indiana who could remember what he had done on every day for 20 years. He was repeatedly tested by reference to the notes made on previous examinations, and never failed both to name the day of the week and to tell what occurred to him on that day. The words used in his narratives often varied, but he always had the events as he had mentioned them before.

A Dilemma.

Friend—Have you completed your novel?

Author—Not yet, I am sorry to say. I have made six couples happy for life, but I have still got an old general and a shoemaker's widow on my hands, and somehow they won't match.—Fliegende Blatter.

Sufficiently Rewarded.

The latest joke at the expense of the French Society For the Protection of Animals is to the following effect: A countryman, armed with an immense club, presents himself before the president of the society and claims the first prize. He is asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founds the claim:

"I saved the life of a wolf," replies the countryman. "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon," and he swings his weapon in the air, to the immense discomfort of the president.

"But where was this wolf?" inquires the latter. "What had he done to you?"

"He had just devoured my wife," was the reply.

The president reflects an instant and then says, "My friend, I am of opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."—New York Post.

Hair.

The hair grows better in light than in darkness, because of the stimulating effect of light and sunshine. It has been often noticed in the case of men who sit in offices with one side always turned toward the light that the mustache or beard of that side grows longer than that on the other.

A Great Landowner.

A tourist was being driven over a part of the country in Ireland where his infernal majesty appeared to have given his name to all the objects of interest in the locality, for there was the Devil's bridge, the Devil's caldron, the Devil's glen, etc. Said the traveler:

"The devil seems to be the greatest landowner in these parts."

"Ah, sure, your honor," replied the jarvey, "that is so, but he lives in England. I think he's what they call an absentee landlord in Ireland."—London Gentlewoman.

HER SILVER SPOONS.

THEY REMAINED HER PROPERTY, BUT WERE VERY COSTLY.

After Buying Them Three Times She Refused to Risk Them Any More—A Little Story Bearing on the Question of the Wife's Property Rights.

The following story was told in a paper read by Mrs. M. J. Coggeshall at a meeting of the Woman's Suffrage society of Des Moines and published in The Saturday Review of that city:

Today, when we women have not outgrown the pretty fad of collecting souvenir spoons, the great variety and beauty of which were unknown to our grandmothers, allow me to recall the story of a great aunt of ours who also loved spoons, but whose plain cupboard drawer contained no sets of dainty after dinner coffees like those from which we love to sip as we sit in our clubs and talk of culture.

This aunt when a young woman was a teacher in a country school until she had saved enough money to indulge her great desire for a set of silver spoons. She was married soon after to the young man of her choice. Six years passed by—years of hard work and economy for both, happy years, though no children had come to bless their union—when by a sudden illness the husband was taken away. The day after the funeral the grieved wife was surprised by the entrance to her home of the two brothers of her husband, bringing with them the village lawyer. They told her they had come to set a value upon their brother's property, in order that she might know what part of it was hers.

She held her peace as they set down the worth of each article of furniture in the little home, until they finally came to the box of spoons.

Then she spoke and said: "These are mine. I bought them with my own money before I was married."

"Yes, ma'am," said the lawyer, "but you know, ma'am, that after a lady is married everything belongs in law to her husband."

So all the little property was divided, the brothers taking half, and she took the spoons with the rest at the price that had been set upon them. But it obliged her to give up the home, and she, with her few effects, went into rented rooms and began life anew. Occasionally teaching a school and always sewing when possible, she supported herself very comfortably for about three years, when a lifelong friend of her husband, an excellent man, offered her his hand in marriage.

She liked him well, and her friends told her it was the best thing to do, and she thought with pleasure of again being mistress of a home. So they were married.

In a few years her husband's health declined, and for many months she gave him most tender and unceasing care. She had a few times spoken to him about making a will, but as it seemed an unpleasant subject she had ceased to mention it. Finally the end came. There had come to attend the funeral his nearest relative, a nephew from New England, whom she had never seen before. In a day or two he brought two men to the cottage to appraise the property, and again was there a price set upon the well preserved spoons. On the evening of that day as she was preparing supper the nephew entered the kitchen and said: "Aunt Liza, I am disposed to be very easy with you. The worth of all of uncle's property has been carefully estimated, and I will allow you to include in your half of it any article of furniture you may choose."

And again she paid the price of her first darling purchase of silverware, but there was not enough left after the half was taken for her to keep the house and lot, so they went into the hands of strangers, and with her cat Aunt Liza again went into cozy, but hired rooms. She was a pattern of thrift and tidiness, as a smart widower of the neighborhood was well aware, and in less than a year he made a call upon the comely matron. He was wise enough to make his first visit short, but lingered a moment in the door and suggested that in the near future they become better acquainted.

She answered, "I am living here very comfortably, and I think, Mr. Johnson, that it will not be worth while for you to call," and closing the door hastily she turned to her cat and said:

"No, Tommy, I have bought those spoons three times, and I don't intend to risk them any more."

Bought the Ship That Brought Him.

An interesting anecdote is told of the late Captain Theodore Julius. Some time ago Captain Julius went over to a shipyard in Camden to take a look at the old packetship Tonawanda, which was being converted into a coal barge. The captain took a particular interest in the old ship, because of his having served as mate aboard her in the early sixties. While he stood watching the old vessel, a tall stranger approached him and asked, "Isn't your name Julius?" The captain replied in the affirmative. "You were a mate on that ship in the summer of 1863?" "Yes," said the captain. "You don't remember me," continued the stranger, "but I remember you very well. I was a steerage passenger on the Tonawanda at that time, being on my way to this country. I've been pretty prosperous, and I've just bought the old ship and am going to make a coal barge of her. Strange, isn't it, that I should come to own the ship that brought me, practically penniless, to this country?"—Philadelphia Record.

A Misapprehension.

"Only think," exclaimed Fenderson, "of the many uses to which paper is now put!"

"I know," replied Bass. "I was at the theater the other night, and I was told it was all paper, and it was a fine, substantial looking structure too."—Boston Transcript.

Mary E. Dyer.

Mrs. Mary E. Dyer of Winona, Minn., has been elected school director from the First ward. The women of the town desired to have her for a director, and she obtained the Republican nomination. She was supported by the best part of the city press and was elected by a handsome majority, the women themselves casting a large vote for her. It is the first time that any woman has been chosen to such a position in Winona.

Ignatius J. Loyola had the face of an ascetic, with sharp features, worn with fasting, watching and prayer.

THE GARDEN.

Choked with ill weeds my garden lay a-dying.
Hard was the ground; no bud had heart to blow,
Yet shone your smile there, with your soft breath sighing,
"Have patience, for some day the flowers will grow."

Some weeds you killed; you made a plot and tilled it.
"My plot," you said, "rich harvest yet shall give,"
With sun warmed seeds of hope your dear hands filled it,
With rain soft tears of pity bade them live.

So, weak among the weeds that had withstood you,
One little pure white flower grew by and by.
You could not pluck my flower. Alas, how should you?
You set the seed, but let the blossom die.
—Pall Mall Budget.

FAME WON BY ACCIDENT.

Bastien Lepage's First Successful Picture Was an Advertisement.

The great French painter, Bastien Lepage, was pursued by unmerciful disaster through his youth in his efforts to study art. His mother worked in the fields to keep that sickly boy at school. At 15 he went to Paris alone, starved for seven years, painted without success, but still painted. He had just finished a picture to send to the salon when Paris was besieged, and he rushed with his comrades to the trenches.

On the first day a shell fell into his studio and destroyed his picture, and another shell fell at his feet, wounding him. He was carried home and lay ill and idle for two years. Then he returned to Paris, and, reduced to absolute want, painted cheap fans for a living. One day a manufacturer of some patent medicine ordered a picture from him to illustrate its virtues. Lepage, who was sincere, gave his best work to the advertisement. He painted a landscape in the April sunlight. The leaves of tender green quivered in the breeze; a group of beautiful girls gathered around a fountain from which the elixir of youth sprang in a bubbling stream. Lepage believed there was real merit in it.

"Let me offer it at the salon," he asked his patron.

The manufacturer was delighted. "But first paint a rainbow arching over the fountain," he said, "with the name of my medicine upon it." Lepage refused. "Then I will not pay you a sou for the picture!" The price of this picture meant bread for months, and the painter had long needed bread. The chance of admission to the salon was small. He hesitated. Then he silenced his hunger and carried the canvas to the salon. It was admitted. Its great success insured Lepage a place in public recognition and his later work a place among the greatest of living artists.—Current Literature.

Some Railway Mapmaking.

"This won't do," said the general passenger agent in annoyed tones to the map maker. "I want Chicago moved down here half an inch, so as to come on our direct route to New York. Then take Buffalo and put it a little farther from the lake.

"You've got Detroit and New York on different latitudes, and the impression that that is correct won't help our road.

"And, man, take those two lines that compete with us and make 'em twice as crooked as that. Why, you've got one of 'em almost straight.

"Yank Boston over a little to the west and put New York a little to the west, so as to show passengers that our Buffalo division is the shortest route to Boston.

"When you've done all these things I've said, you may print 10,000 copies—but, say, how long have you been in the railroad business, anyway?"—New York Herald.

How Flies Walk on Window Panes.

The microscope reveals the neat contrivance which enables a fly to walk up a window pane or defy the laws of gravity by gliding along, back downward, on the ceiling. The magnifier shows the foot to be made up of two pads covered with fine, short hair, each pad having a hook above it. Behind each pad is a bag filled with a sticky liquid which oozes out whenever the fly puts his foot down. The amount which is pressed out of each foot is very small indeed, but taken all together it is amply sufficient to hold the insect in any position he chooses.—St. Louis Republic.

Nero's Appearance.

In his youth Nero was remarkably handsome, but early in manhood his habits of dissipation made him exceedingly corpulent. To judge from his medals and the descriptions left of him he must have weighed over 300 pounds. His features were regular, but his eyes were so protuberant as to be almost a deformity, and he was nearsighted, so much so that he could not recognize his acquaintances across the street.

A Fable (Not from Æsop).

An owl once said: "Who so wise as I?
See the shape of my head; see the size of my eyes;
I will get me up in a tree and cry,
'Who! who! who! so wise as I?'"
The chickens began to cackle and fly,
The rabbits off to their holes did hie,
The mice they hid in the granary.
But a boy with a gun stole out on the sly,
And blew that owl to eternity.
That owl, perhaps, though very wise,
Did injudiciously advertise.
Moral—Don't advertise your weak points to your competitor.
—Adapted from David D. Page.

"Necessity is the Mother of Invention."

It was the necessity for an honest, reliable blood purifier and tonic that brought into existence Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is a highly concentrated extract prepared by a combination, proportion and process peculiar to itself and giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla unequalled curative power. Its wonderful record of cures has made it America's Greatest Medicine.

Rosy Cheeks — *"I have good health and rosy cheeks, thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It builds me up and saves doctor bills." Mary A. Burke, East Clair St., Indianapolis, Ind.*

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Can be combined in the same pair of Shoes, if correctly fitted. We are prepared to show the most complete line of Shoes ever shown in our store, having succeeded in reaching the best and largest Shoe Factories in the east. We should like to have a chance to make you acquainted with our stock and prices as we feel assured that both will please you.

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5:00 P. M.	Lv.	Ogden	Lv.	5:45 A. M.
6:05 P. M.	Lv.	Denver	Lv.	7:00 A. M.
6:40 A. M.	Lv.	Omaha	Lv.	4:55 P. M.
8:15 P. M.	Lv.	Chicago	Lv.	7:45 A. M.
7:00 A. M.	Lv.	Los Angeles		1:20 P. M.
8:15 P. M.	Lv.	El Paso	Lv.	6:30 P. M.
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7:45 P. M.	Ar.	San Francisco	Lv.	7:00 P. M.

Corvallis Mail Daily (Except Sunday).

7:30 A. M.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	5:50 P. M.
11:50 A. M.	Ar.	Corvallis	Lv.	1:20 P. M.

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7:25 P. M.	Ar.	McMinnville	Lv.	5:50 A. M.
8:20 P. M.	Lv.	Independence	Lv.	4:50 A. M.

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Roseburg to Peel—Departs daily, (except Sunday) at 7 a. m; arrives daily, (except Sunday) at 3 p. m.

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Prosecuting Attorney: Geo. M. Brown

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Register: J. T. Bridges

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Observer: Thos. Gibson

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Clerk: J. F. Gazley
Sheriff: R. L. Stephens
Treasurer: G. W. Dimmick
School Superintendent: H. B. Gillette
Assessor: Joe. Lyons
County Judge: M. D. Thompson
Commissioners: Jas. Byron, Oscar Thiel
Surveyor: Dr. E. V. Hoover
Coroner: Thos. Smith
Sheep Inspector: Thos. Smith

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Justices: H. W. Miller
Constables: D. P. Fisher

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Mayor: A. C. Marsters
Postmaster: W. A. Kratzer

COUNCILMEN.

1st Ward: F. P. Brown, C. W. Parks
2nd Ward: F. W. Benson, W. R. Willis
3rd Ward: A. Fields, W. J. Lander
4th Ward: F. W. Woolley, H. C. Slocum
Recorder: D. S. West
Treasurer: Geo. Carpy
Marshal: F. W. Dillard

CITY COUNCIL MEETING.

The Common Council of the city of Roseburg meets the first Monday in each month at 8 o'clock p. m.

COUNT SESSIONS.

The Circuit Court for Douglas County meets three times a year as follows: The 3d Monday in March, the 4th Monday in June, and the 1st Monday in December. J. W. Hamilton of Roseburg judge, Geo. M. Brown, of Roseburg, prosecuting attorney.

County Court meets the 1st Wednesday after the 1st Monday of January, March, May, July, September and November, Jos. Lyons, of Drain, judge; M. D. Thompson of Scottsburg and Jas. Byron, of Oakla, commissioners.

Probate Court is in session continuously, Jo Lyons, judge.

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E. M. CHEADLE, M. D. D. D. S.,
DENTIST.
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Society Meetings.

ROSEBURG DIVISION NO 476, B. OF L. E., meets every second and fourth Sunday.

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS NO. 19, MEETS first and third Fridays in each month.

REED POST, NO. 29, G. A. R., MEETS THE first and third Thursdays of each month, at 2 p. m.

ALPHA LODGE NO. 6, K. OF P. MEETS every Wednesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting Knights in good standing cordially invited to attend.

LAUREL LODGE, A. F. & A. M., REGULAR meetings the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in each month.
EUGENE L. PARROTT W. M.
N. T. JEWETT, Secy.

ROSEBURG CHAPTER NO. 8, O. E. S., MEETS the first and third Thursdays of each month.
LIBBIE COSHOW, W. M.
MAUDE RAST, Sec'y.

MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA. MEET on first and third Tuesday of each month in the old Masonic hall.
H. W. MILLER, V. C.
H. L. MARSTERS, Clerk.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD Oak Camp No. 123, meets at the Odd Fellows' Hall in Roseburg, every 1st, 3rd and 5th Monday evening. Visiting neighbors always welcome.
O. P. COSHOW, C. C.
V. C. LONDON, Clerk.

PHILALTARIAN LODGE, NO. 8, I. O. O. F. meets Saturday evening of each week at their hall in Odd Fellow Temple at Roseburg. Members of the order in good standing are invited to attend.
B. W. STRONG, N. G.
N. T. JEWETT, Sec'y. D. S. WEST, Fin. Sec.

B. P. O. ELKS, ROSEBURG LODGE, NO. 858, hold their regular communications at the I. O. O. F. hall on second and fourth Thursday of each month. All members requested to attend regularly, and all visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.
DOUGLAS WAITE, E. R.
IRA RIDDLE, Secretary.

ROSEBURG LODGE, NO. 16, A. O. U. W. meets the second and fourth Mondays of each month at 7:30 p. m. at Odd Fellows hall. Members of the order in good standing are invited to attend.
N. R. Leach, Recorder.