

Lincoln County Leader.

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TOLEDO OREGON

Wealth the True Basis for Titles.

It seems to me that it would be much better, and far more in keeping with the spirit of the times, to make all titles a question of pounds, shillings and pence. We have gone a good way in that direction. If a man can make so many thousands of pounds out of beer, or railway contracting, or selling newspapers, he may have any title he pleases, provided he goes the right way to work.

But we don't do the thing systematically. It isn't on a businesslike footing. Very often the man who gets a title has previously received vast sums of public money for doing little or nothing, and even when he procures the title by his own money the payment does not go into the public treasury—as it ought to. He pays it to the party funds, or something of that kind. The system that prevails in some of the minor European states is vastly more sensible.

We ought to have a fixed tariff—so many hundred thousand pounds for a dukedom, so many for a marquessate, so many thousand for an earldom and so on. The money paid for the titles would go into the consolidated fund, and every nobleman would have pro rata a solid title to public respect. When we abolish the house of lords I expect that we shall have to adopt some plan of this kind, for though we may be able to do without the house I doubt whether Englishmen will ever be able to do without the lords.—Henry Labouchere in London Truth.

Shakespeare and Moliere.

A correspondent finds these notable points of resemblance in the careers of Shakespeare and Moliere:

The father of each was in trade, and apparently desired his son to follow his occupation. The early education of both was neglected, and we know nothing in their after training that conferred on them their perfect knowledge of good breeding and distinguished manners. Neither of them was happily married. Each became manager, author, actor. Each produced a considerable number of authenticated dramatic works. Each was careless about publishing his works, or rather objected to do so, lest they should be acted by rival dramatic companies. Plays of each were collected by actors and first published in a complete form after the death of the authors.

Each touched up, or produced plays that are lost or of doubtful origin. Each disregarded novelty of plot, borrowing from various sources. Each disliked his profession. The personal character of each was good, kind, generous. Each had a profound knowledge of human nature. Each preferred the idea or matter to the comparative disregard of the manner. Each had a remarkable fecundity and fertility of production. Each died at the age of fifty-two.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Marketing in Southern France.

Until you go to an open air market in the south of France you do not know what genuine pleasure can be obtained from the usual prosaic proceeding. Just imagine great, beautiful cherries at eight cents a pound, strawberries about five cents a pound, grapes, plums, pears, peaches, all in the perfection of beauty and luscious flavor, sold on the same small scale according to our American ideas. Green almonds and filberts, olives, mushrooms, fresh fish, right from the waters that almost lapped the edges of the primitive market, (for there were but few booths, almost everything being displayed on cloths laid out on the ground that sloped down to the smiling sea, radishes and lettuce just picked in the quaint old time gardens on the adjacent slopes, and above all and dominating even the baskets of snails with a breath of summer, were the great panicles filled with blossoms whose beauty and fragrance would bring tremendous prices in this land of ours, where roses sometimes are worth their weight in gold. For a frame one can fill a carriage with mignonette, violets, carnations as sly as they are vivid; jessamine, mimosa, heliotrope and great cream and pink roses that hang their heads with the burden of their own fragrance.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Orchids.

It is not only in the romantic countries he is in Mexico, where the orchid is uncultivated, but in the most civilized countries, where the orchid is cultivated, no one is so fond of it as the aid of the natives to assist the expression of their feelings. They are offered by the devotee at the shrine of his favorite saint, by the lover at the feet of his mistress and by the sorrowing survivor at the grave of his friend; whether, in short, on fast days or feast days, on occasions of rejoicing or in moments of distress, these flowers are sought for with an avidity which would seem to say that there was no sympathy like theirs; thus "Flor de los Santos," "Flor de Corpus," "Flor de los muertos," "Flor de Malo," "No me olvides" (for forgetment) are but a few names out of the many that might be cited to prove the high consideration in which our favorites are held in the New World.

Not Hancock's Version.

It was on Sept. 9 that John Smith, of Virginia, narrowly escaped death through the presence of mind of Pocahontas. Smith had long whiskers and a blond pompadour, which were novelties in Virginia at that time, and Pocahontas was impressed.

She decided on a coup. Hurriedly approaching the spot where Smith was about to be pulverized with a club she uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Why, Smithy," she cried, "where have you been all this time?" Turning to her father, who stood near, she smiled pleasantly. "Papa, Mr. Smith—Mr. Smith, papa," she vociferously remarked. "I met Mr. Smith at the seaside, papa. And how is your dear mother, Mr. Smith?" The ruse was successful. In time Smith married Pocahontas, which was better than being killed.—Detroit Tribune.

Bridge-work and Gold Crowns.

What is called "bridge-work" consists in inserting a false tooth in a gap between two natural ones in the jaw, fastening it in place by gold bands around the adjoining teeth. Gold crowns are frequently put on old roots nowadays, this device having the advantage that the crown can be readily removed at any time for the purpose of keeping the root beneath it in good condition.—Washington Star.

THE MAN FROM CALIFORNIA.

His Name Not Mentioned, but the Golden West is Proud of Him.

"The man who has never gone hunting and fishing in California in June, with the necessary accompaniments and plenty of time on his hands," said the man from Corbett's native state, "has made a failure of life. He isn't really in it."

"Did you get that sun-kissed nose, that peeling neck and those tan colored hands on a hunting and fishing excursion in California?" asked the man who had his feet on the table.

"There were six in our party," said the other, ignoring the interruption. "We entered the mountains just back of Altadena. We had burros, guns, provender and fishing tackle ad libitum. Our first camp was pitched about 7,000 feet above the sea, near a spring, surrounded by ferns fifteen feet high—and I can knock any man down that disputes that assertion to the extent of a single inch. The resinous odors of balsams and firs."

"See guidebook," murmured the man in the slouch hat.

"I filled the air, and the sound of falling water lulled us to sleep. The next morning we were fogged, and from our perch we could see plainly Altadena, Pasadena and limitless stretches of valley and plain, with dark green squares of lemon and orange orchards. The ocean was plainly visible and not a speck was to be seen on its surface. The only thing that loomed up between us and Japan was distance."

"And the protective tariff?" suggested the man with the russet shoes.

"The next man that interrupts me," said the speaker, flicking the ashes from the end of his half smoked cigar, "will wish he hadn't. I have a worse cigar than this in my pocket. I shall simply light it."

A deep, dark silence fell upon the group.

"Seven thousand feet above the ravages of the advancing flood?" he continued.

"Lydia Pinkham never had been there. On the rocks and cliffs there was nothing to remind you of your liver or kidneys. No liquid glue man with a paint pot and brush had ever seen the place. Down in the swale of moist gypsum below the spring there was a bear track as big as a saucer, but we stuck to our camp biscuit and canned corn and let the bear alone."

"The next night found us in the main San Gabriel canyon arranging rod and line to whip the depths and shallows of the finest trout stream in all California, and at 10 o'clock the next day we counted the catch. Five of us had fished, leaving one to watch camp. We had bagged 247 trout that measured all the way from five to fourteen inches in length. We kept this up for five days, and all the chowder and things we didn't eat the burros did, along with their everyday diet of thistles, cacti, rubber blankets and dishcloths. We had one big, overgrown burro we christened Chicago. This ravenous animal would swallow everything in sight and then gnaw at the tent pins."

"On the ninth day we climbed again up, up, into the regions of pure air and the balsam of health, and on the evening of the tenth day out our camp was pitched 10,000 feet above big water. We could look out over the Mojave desert, the boundless domain of the bronze lizard and horned owl, and out over the trackless wild toward Salt Lake, Denver, home. From this eye our shooters went forth to shoot, down the mountain sides, into the echoing canyons with no bottoms, along the crests and crags, in and out of caves and—"

"What did you shoot?"

"It makes no difference what we shot. The California game laws are against killing deer at this season. So we didn't kill any deer. At least we didn't call them deer. We called them caribou. There were two of them. They weighed eighty pounds each. The killing was done in self defense. We skinned these caribou and hung them on the limb of the spruce, out of the reach of mountain lions."

"The next day the two shooters who went out came into camp about 4 p. m. and asked all hands to come along quick—they had something to carry. What that something proved to be is in evidence at 834 Grand avenue, Los Angeles, where a magnificent rug softens the footsteps on the tufted floor—and the bear weighed over 700 pounds."

"I didn't shoot any caribou or bear myself, but I want you to understand that I was one of the party that did. And while loitering about the camp waiting for the others to do the big game act I found two big trees that contained about fourteen bushels, as nearly as we could estimate it, of honey."

"We were fifteen days in the mountains, and our table d'hote bill of fare was principally trout, caribou, bear meat and wild honey, which is a better layout by at least three points than John the Baptist could boast in his most halcyon and victorious days. Gentlemen, will you join me in a glass of wild cherry phosphate or something at the place across the way?"

He knew the crowd. It was his easiest way to avoid a return fire. They joined him.—Chicago Tribune.

It Takes the Place of Diamond Dust.

The name of carborundum has been given to a peculiar manufactured substance intended, on account of the peculiar properties which characterize it when thus used, to take the place of diamond dust and boron in the abrasion of hard substances. Singular to say, the product is in character wholly unlike the substances from which it is derived—that is, in composition it is almost pure carbon, in construction crystalline and in hardness it is ten, on Mohr's scale.

In view of these qualities, it is to all intents and purposes a manufactured diamond powder, though in color it is slightly darker. Under the microscope many of the crystals appear of a dark green, some are yellow, while others still are blue, and some completely colorless. The cost of this material is said to be very moderate.—New York Sun.

An Odd Experience.

Queer things happen when New Yorkers visit Brooklyn. Two young women crossed the bridge last week to visit a friend on Columbia heights. They walked back to the bridge entrance, and, perfectly sure they knew what they were doing, bought their tickets and settled themselves in a train on the Kings County Elevated road. They talked away incessantly, unmindful of stops, until it suddenly occurred to them that they "must be nearly across." They looked out on the green fields of East New York, and disgust was written deep on their faces as they made their way back to the city.—New York Times.

Wet Clothing and Lightning.

If the clothing is wet the lightning may pass over it as a good conductor without harming the body. On the other hand, persons may be killed without harm being done to the clothing. In rare instances bodies have been stripped naked by lightning. The coverings of the feet are liable to be seriously injured, because it is here that the lightning meets the greatest resistance in leaving the body.—Exchange.

IT WAS A GREAT DAY.

HOW SUNDAY WAS REGARDED IN SLAVERY DAYS BY NEGROES.

The Plantation Folks Eagerly Looked Forward to the Day Rest—They All Went to Meeting and Usually Spent the Rest of the Time Quietly.

In the south before the war Sunday was looked forward to with anticipations of unalloyed happiness by the negroes on the plantations. With it came not alone the restful idleness of the day, but the additional pleasure afforded by opportunities to attend divine worship, writes Edward Oldham.

The negro, as a race, is a social being. The absence of extraordinary brain power denies him the privilege of thoughtful meditation or the solace of reflection. His intuitive impulse is to loosen the cords that bind him to himself and to seek congenial companionship.

This innate characteristic of sociability was intensified in the plantation darky, whose master's family was usually the center around which a highly social microcosm revolved. Sunday was the day above all the rest when he could give full play to this tendency, and he was never happier than when in the midst of a group hearing himself and others talk.

"Gwine ter church" therefore always meant for him more of a season of social than religious enjoyment, though occasionally there were venerable exceptions to this rule. The darkies from all the neighboring plantations were to be seen at "meetin", and all the grotesque happenings of the week and bits of highly colored gossip were to be exchanged amid hearty guffaws, in which the most innocent good nature abounded.

The ante-bellum negro was always picturesque in his attitudes, adjuncts and surroundings, and particularly so "ober Sundays." The manner of his locomotion to and from the "meetin house" made a striking picture, with a touch of irresistibly drollery about it. More than likely he proceeds afoot, and if the day be pleasant he carefully removes his "Sunday shoes" and the thick cotton socks, draws off his coat, throws it over his left arm and dangles the shoes from his right hand. With his impedimenta thus adjusted he advances upon his way with a quick swaying, shuffling gait, a light heart, a plantation hymn at the top of his tongue, or a cheery, rollicking whistle upon his lips. If the roads be muddy, the distance unusually great, or the darky himself the object of the master's or overseer's special favor he is indulged with the use of a horse, astride whose backbone he strings himself, his wife and a youngster or two. They jog along slowly, putting up with the ludicrous discomfort of the arrangement with every evidence of good humor.

If the attendant upon divine worship be far advanced in years, his master, with that respect for the aged so characteristic of the southern gentlemen of the old school, places at his and "de ole 'oman's" disposal a humble vehicle which has outlasted the greater part of its usefulness. To this he harnesses a plantation mule, whose solemn demeanor and highly deliberate movements are in keeping with the measured, easy going characteristic of the darky twain. They set out, the wabbling wheels describing an endless series of curves, convex and concave. The venerable occupants are seated in split bottom chairs and are attired in their "bes' bib en tucker," with their flaming apron "settin two ways for Sunday"—to employ the vernacular by which they mean to suggest the all pervading presence of starch, which plantation darkies were accustomed to use unstintingly. Thus, with an entire absence of self-consciousness, the aged couple arrived at the church in due time.

If it be a shrine intended exclusively for dusky worshippers, the building will be a large rectangular structure composed of logs, the apertures between being chinked with mud and clay, and the roof consisting of rows of rough oak clapboards, held in place by long saplings lashed lengthwise with the building, and these in turn being secured by prongs of hickory. The most conspicuous adjunct of this humble house of worship is the chimney, which leans away from the structure with a hurt, off-angled air. It looks as though it were about to topple down, and its heterogeneous materials constitute an impenetrable mystery, held by a framework of sticks and clay.

In the milder seasons of the year the negro worshippers assembled beneath a spacious arbor formed by a framework of saplings resting in the forks of small growing trees, or of others cut down and stuck into the ground. Upon this rudimentary scaffolding were deposited quantities of pine boughs, which protected the congregation from the sun and the showers, and dispersed an aromatic odor that was by no means disagreeable.

An object of the most envious concern to the other darkies on the plantation was the family coachman, or carriage driver, or that of their number who was singled out to go with "young mistis" or any other member of the household to church. Aside from this being considered a recognition of superior merit and a mark of special confidence, it carried with it many privileges which were greatly enjoyed. It meant more comfortable transit to and from church, more presentable apparel, and best of all "good eatin'."

The sermon over, a general handshaking by the dispersing congregation was in order, and sometimes, when a sermon was to follow in the afternoon and the day was a pleasant one, the attendants divided themselves into a little group here and there. The baskets were opened, and the lunches, prepared by the old time southern cooks, were heartily enjoyed. A general interchange of small talk and the news of the neighborhood made the time pass swiftly; then came the second sermon, after which "young mistis" is escorted back to the carriage by some gallant beau, who, seeing her and perhaps the "old folks" comfortably seated within, bows himself away in a Chesterfieldian manner. The sable aristocrat with the rigid demeanor slams the door to with a bang, and with becoming dignity ascends to his perch. Then with calm deliberation he draws up the lap robe and carefully tucks it around him. A moment later the reins are in his hands, and then with a crack of the whip the coach rolls away and is soon lost to sight in a cloud of dust.

If One Could Reach the Rainbow.

Many improbable and impossible things would happen if you could only get in reach of "the rainbow." The little Turk is told that if he would have a silver head, with gold teeth and ruby eyes, he has but to touch the orange stripe. In Greece they say that the person so unfortunate as to stumble over the end of the bow will have his or her sex immediately changed.—St. Louis Republic.

WOMEN AS AGRICULTURISTS.

Three Connecticut Women Who Have Made Money Out of Farming.

So many stalwart young men leave rural New England for the cities and the west that women in those sections often develop astonishing capacities. As a rule mankind only do what they are obliged to in the line of work, and it will generally be found that the successful women farmers who occasionally astonish the country began the business as a necessity, though they soon learned to like it.

Connecticut has an unusually large number of these women, a few of whom may be cited here as good specimens. Mrs. Hester Peck, of Grassy Hill, was not really a farmer by necessity, for when her husband died twenty years ago he left two farms and no children; but she liked the business, and being rather delicate in frame believed it better to stick to the farm. She has prospered to a wonderful degree, is now in robust health and has two of the finest farms in the Connecticut valley.

She decided early that hay was in the long run the most profitable crop in New England, and her farms were soon known as the best grassland in that section. From this she naturally drifted into stock raising, and now has a herd that is noted in her neighborhood. She has also devoted much attention to strawberries and raspberries, and during the fruit season drives fourteen miles twice every week to dispose of her picking. She is a very valuable member of the church and community, highly respected for her Christian character and liberality, while in the details of farming her advice is taken as the best by young farmers.

A more remarkable case is that of Mrs. Harriet Crosby, of Chestnut Plain, who is but twenty-five years old and has been a successful farmer for eight years. She was the oldest of three children, all girls, and was away at school when her father died. Learning that the farm was mortgaged, she resolutely set to work to remove the encumbrance. She worked in the fields and directed the help till she got able to hire all the work done. She has paid the mortgage, drained the swamp land, built a new residence and barns, and renovated the entire farm, keeping her two sisters at school all the time, and now has 225 acres under cultivation.



With all this she has kept up interest in the refinements of life, has pursued her studies during the winter evenings, and now with more leisure is taking up the accomplishments at the point she left them when she had to leave school. Her only specialty is in sheep raising, and she has made it very profitable. She is a very devoted young lady, believes in woman's rights, laughs at offers of marriage and is devoted to her mother and sisters.

Miss Mary Hungerford, a lady of about forty years, in the same neighborhood, has been a managing farmer since her father's death, fifteen years ago. She is highly accomplished in literature, music and painting, but gave up society to preserve the home farm and has succeeded so well that she is quite wealthy. A man instinctively feels (whether because of custom or not) that woman was not designed for hard, rough work, but if it must be done it is well to know that success is possible.

A REAL AMERICAN.

Lombard University's New President is a Descendant of Miles Standish.

People who have studied the subject assert that the 22,000 Puritans or thereabouts who made the first settlements in New England now have about 12,000,000 descendants. This looks like a big estimate, and yet it is a demonstrated fact that in spite of the enormous immigration of the people of the United States descended in known lines from those who were in the country when the Revolution began. All this will serve as an introduction to the latest descendant of Miles Standish to attract attention.

This is Mr. J. V. Standish, the new president of Lombard university, at Galesburg, Ill. He was born in Woodstock, Vt., Feb. 25, 1825; was graduated from Norwich university in 1847, and in 1854 was made professor in mathematics and astronomy in Lombard university, a position he held till June, 1891. He then traveled a year and returned to become president of the college. In 1857 he was elected president of the Illinois State Teachers' association, and has served as editor of The State Journal of Education.

It is interesting to learn that the descendants of Miles Standish have generally maintained a high standard in education. Professor Standish began teaching at the age of sixteen, and has made it his life business. The descendants of Pastor John Robinson and his famous brother are said to be numbered by thousands, and it is claimed that they and other Puritan lives have sustained the high character of the race to a wonderful degree.

A Mammoth Ostrich.

There is at present in the London Zoological gardens an African importation which bids fair to take the place of the late lamented Jumbo in the hearts of juvenile Britain. It is the great African ostrich which King Alimany Samadon presented to Queen Victoria. It is probably the largest specimen of the kind ever seen in Europe. It was ridden 600 miles by a young negro before reaching Sierra Leone, where it was placed on board ship for Liverpool. During the long walk the mammoth bird attacked and injured several natives, killing two of them.

HOW IT FEELS TO DIE

EXPERIENCE OF A MAN WHO BELIEVES HE WAS "STONE DEAD."

His Whole Life Did Not Flash Before Him as He Sank Into Unconsciousness—There Was No Mental Pain Whatever—The Fear of Death Is Physical Dread.

All my life long I have been singularly destitute, I believe, of that physical shrinking from death which so many human beings feel so acutely. I do not mean to say I am in any hurry to die, as long as things go tolerably well with me in the world I have no insupportable objection to living, but whenever I stand face to face with death, as happened to me several times in the course of my career, I regard the prospect of annihilation with perfect equanimity. I can honestly declare that on all such occasions my own doubts and fears have been for the safety and pecuniary position of the survivors, especially those more immediately dependent upon me.

For myself I have never felt one moment's disquiet. And I attribute this entire absence of fear of death to the unusual fact that I have already tried dying and found it by no means a painful or terrifying experience. I mean what I say quite literally. I have not the slightest hesitation in asserting that once in my life I really and truly died—died as dead as it is possible for a human being to die, and that afterward I was resurrected. I have felt and know the whole feeling of death—not part of it only, but the actual end of dying. I did not stop half way. I died and was gone with, and when I came back to life again it was no mere case of awakening from what is foolishly called "suspended animation," but a genuine revival, a restoration of vitality to a man as dead as he ever can be or will be.

It happened in this wise, and though it was a good many years since I have still a most vivid recollection of every moment of it: I had been skating on a lake in a very cold country. I am intentionally vague because I do not desire to disclose my personality. The surface was smooth as glass and perfectly free from snow or ridges. But not far from where I was skating some men had been cutting out great blocks of ice the day before for summer use.

During the night this open spot of blue water had frozen over slightly—perhaps an inch thick. I skated incautiously from the solid ice on to this thinner piece, and moving with considerable impetus went through it at once and was carried on under the thicker and firmer ice beyond it. The first thing I knew was that I found myself plunged suddenly into ice cold water, and struggling for my life in skates and winter clothes against chill and drowning.

I went down like lead. When I came up again it was with my head against the solid ice. If I had had full possession of my faculties I would have looked about for the hole by which I broke through and endeavored to swim under water for it. But I was numbed with the cold and stung with the suddenness of the unexpected ducking; so, instead of looking for the place by which I had got in, I tried ineffectually to break the ice over my head by bumping and butting against it.

In so doing, I do not doubt, I must have made matters worse by partially stunning myself. At any rate I could not break it, and was soon completely numbed by the cold. I gasped and swallowed a great deal of water.

I felt my lungs filling. A moment of suspense, during which I knew perfectly well I was drowning, intervened, and then I died. I was drowned and dead. I knew it then, and I have never since for a moment doubted it.

Just before I died, however, I noticed—deliberately noticed, for I am psychological by nature—that my whole past life did not come up, as I had been given to understand it would, in a single flash before me. On the contrary, I felt only a sense of cold and damp and breathlessness, a fierce, wild struggle, a horrible choking sensation, and then it was over.

I was taken out stone dead. Unless extremely remedied had been applied I would have remained a stone dead till the present moment. If nothing more had been done my body would have undergone no further change till decomposition set in. Heart and lungs had ceased to act. I was truly dead; there was nothing more that could happen to me to make me any deader. However, a friend who was skating with me raised the alarm, and I was shortly after pulled out again, still dead, with a boat-hook. They tried artificial respiration, brandy, heat—all the recognized means of reviving a corpse after drowning. After awhile they brought me back. I began to breathe again.

I should never have revived again, and my body would have undergone dissolution in due course, without any return of consciousness whatever. So far as consciousness goes, therefore, I was then and there dead, and I never expect to be any deader. And the knowledge that I have thus once experienced in my own person exactly what death is, and tried it fully, has had a great deal to do, I think, with my utter physical indifference to it. I know how it feels, and though it is momentarily uncomfortable it isn't half as bad as breaking your arm or having a tooth drawn.

In fact the actual dying itself, as dying, is quite painless—as painless as falling asleep. It is only the previous struggle—the sense of its approach—that is at all uncomfortable. Even this is much less unpleasant than I should have expected beforehand, and I noted at the time that there was a total absence of any craven shrinking—the sensation was a mere physical one of gasping and choking. Whenever I have stood within measurable distance of death ever since then there has been the same—I have been there already, and see no cause to dread it. Of course one might strongly object to a painful end, on account of its painfulness, and one might shrink, and ought to shrink, from leaving one's family, especially if young or insufficiently provided for, but death itself, as death, it seems to me, need have absolutely no terrors for a sensible person.—Pall Mall Budget.

Outwitted Their Friends.

A "terribly pretty" Boston bride, as Harvard called her, found when she, with the happy groom, was about to depart on the honeymoon that some wag had decked the carriage with wedding favors, and it was literally a mass of white ribbons and hydrangea blooms. It was a trying moment! The rice fell thick and fast, and merry shouts of laughter greeted the departing couple, who were thus compelled to set off like a package of their own wedding cake. History has it, however, that the nimble pair jumped into a second carriage at the next street corner, and so outwitted the "best man" and his frolicsome road-jokers.—Boston Herald.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

He Tries to Show His Wife How to Clean a House—What the Result Was.

Last fall Mr. Bowser undertook to do our house cleaning in fifteen minutes, but got discouraged and went off for a fortnight while I finished up. As I wanted to overhaul things a little this month, and as I wanted him out of the way, I said to him the other evening:

"Being you have been home all summer, I should think you would want to take a little grip this fall."

"H'm," he replied as he looked up from his paper.

"You don't look a bit well, Mr. Bowser. Your face is haggard, and I believe you have lost twenty pounds of flesh this summer."

"This time he didn't say anything as he looked at me."

"If you wanted to go down to New Hampshire and see your relatives," I continued, "I could get you all ready in one day."

"Oh, you could!" he replied. "Mrs. Bowser, I see through your little game, and it won't work. You want to get me away so you can rip and tear and scrub and clean and wipe and dust and damage and destroy four-fifths of the contents of this house!"

"I want to clean just a little."

"Well, go ahead."

"But you—you—"

"Oh, yes, it's always me! One would think you were afraid to breathe unless I gave my consent in writing. Have I said a word against housecleaning? Don't I know that housecleaning must be done? I was wondering the other day when you were going to begin."

"But last year you raised such a fuss."

"Can't remember that I said one single word, if I did it was only in fun."

"And I may clean?"

"Not only that, but I'll help."

"But you needn't. You just be patient and put up with the muss for a few days and I'll get—"

"As I said, I will help, Mrs. Bowser. It will be a sort of vacation for me. Don't you worry about my finding any fault."

It was with four feet of trousers next morning and heard him say:

"I'll begin on the parlor first. It's now 9 o'clock. We ought to be through with the whole house in two hours."

"I'm afraid we are not so smart as that. We're just going slow and give the house a thorough going over."

"Oh, well, we've everything shining like a new pin before we've it up. You boss and I'll do the working. You know, of course, that there is everything in the planning. Some folks make a whole week's job of housecleaning simply because they don't know how to plan. Mother and I used to clean house in half an hour, and you know how pass for she is."

After breakfast the cook came in and said she was ready, and she like to announce that the two colored women were in waiting.

"Waiting for what?" I asked.

"To help us clean," she replied.

"Send them right home! Five of us to clean house! Who ever heard of the like! Do you want the neighbors to think we have been shoveling dirt into a house all summer? I'll start those colored women for home, and I don't want any help from the cook. Let her attend to affairs in the kitchen."

He went out and "started" the two women I had had engaged for six weeks, and then returned with the announcement that they were ready to start in on the spot, and having already taken down the curtains and removed the bedding.

"All right—I'll have it done in five minutes!" he replied, as he spit on his hands.

"You clear out and give me room to work. I think I can give you and all other women a pointer on house cleaning."

I went down stairs, and it wasn't over seven minutes before he called to me.

"All right, Mrs. Bowser—your room is cleaned! Come up and show me what to do next."

"What have you done?" I asked. I found him seated on the window sill with a complacent smile on his face.

"Cleaned the room. Every thing has been taken down and dusted, the bedstead wiped off, and I have swept the carpet. Your three or four women would have taken two days accomplishing the same task. I have completed in less than ten minutes. I tell you, Mrs. Bowser, it is all in the planning."

"But that bedstead must come down, Mr. Bowser."

"What for?"

"Because the carpet must come up. Everything must be moved out of the room and the floor cleaned."

"Well, I should like to know what for! What's the matter with this room just as it is?"

"Dust, Mr. Bowser. It blows and we can't help it. Motifs get in now and then. If we don't get our work thoroughly we might as well let it go entirely. Take the bedstead down first."

"I'll take it down, but I protest. It's all bush hunting out every speck of dust. No one else does it. Get out of the way!"

He made a grab for the springs and lifted them out, but in