

BIG PAY FOR TEA TASTERS.

One Expert Is Reported to Receive a Salary of \$50,000 a Year.

"Since the Canadian Pacific railroad was completed and a line of steamers established from the orient," said a tea taster to a reporter, "immense cargoes of tea have been going there from China, Japan and other countries. It has been my business to examine and taste various samples from these cargoes. I have also visited Ceylon and nearly all of the tea growing countries of the orient to observe the mode of putting up the tea. It is astonishing the way they manage it adulterate it over there. The packers are so skillful that they slip in a great deal of inferior tea and work it off under good brands. This makes the merchants who afterward handle it complain. Packages of tea of a certain brand will be found all that could be desired, while other packages bearing the same brand and in the same cargo will be highly adulterated. As this tea is very costly, there is need of experts to examine it. They must be good ones, for everything depends for the time being on their judgment. A taster can only taste a few hours at a time, when he is weakened and has to take a rest. Besides this, when he begins a job of tasting, he must take special pains to get himself in shape for it. I was about six weeks getting myself ready for examining some cargoes in the warehouses here for the government. Before I began I did not taste intoxicants in any form and did not even smoke. At the same time I was careful not to eat strong peppers or spices, or, in fact, anything that could distort the taste. One must be in as perfect condition, in order to properly judge of the teas he tastes, as a horse is when prepared for the Derby. He must be at his best and must feel that he is. The best tea tasters of the country make enormous sums, considering the time employed; \$10,000 a year is a low sum, and oftentimes from \$20,000 to \$30,000 is made, and even more. I know a man in the business who made \$50,000. It all depends on his standing, the number of times he is called as a taster and what he can endure."—San Francisco Examiner.

HE BATTERED HIS OWN CLOTHES.

His Bright Cook Succeeded in Getting the Better of Him.

A citizen of Kiev, Russia, found fault with the dinner prepared by his new cook and rashly embodied his criticism in cutting sarcasms. The young woman heard him in silence. In the evening he knocked up against a man in a deserted little street, and when he ventured to remonstrate he was vigorously assaulted. Unable to get the better of his adversary, he determined to do what he could at least to identify him later on, and with this object in view tore his assailant's fashionable clothes into shreds. On his return home, some few hours later, he found the cook standing at the door, ready to shake the dust of his house off her feet. The gentleman, whose wounds and bruises left him in no very amiable mood, simply said: "Joy be with you! Some time will pass before you get another place. And as to character—well, trust me to give you one that will stick."

On the following morning he discovered that his best clothes in the wardrobe were in tatters and his glossy silk hat an unsightly wreck. Hastily summoning the other servants to the room, he angrily asked them what they knew about the matter, whereupon the nurse replied that the cook, in one of her freaks of fun, had donned her master's garments and gone out to walk in them the evening before, sticking on an artificial mustache to help to keep up the illusion. Then it dawned upon the wretched man that his assailant of the day before was the touchy, turbulent cook. Less than a fortnight later he received a letter through the city post informing him, in somewhat ungrammatical but unmistakable language, "You lied about the place, respected sir, when you said I could not get another if I left yours. I've been in five different places since then, and I'll be going to the sixth next Monday. Trusting your bones are still strong, I remain Praskovia."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Speed of Electricity.

The fact is generally known that, according to the experiments of the late Professor Heinrich Hertz at Bonn, the velocity with which electricity is propagated is nearly identical with the velocity of light. The identity may be perfect, but experiments have as yet failed to prove it so.

In a recent communication to the French Academy of Sciences, M. Mascart has shown that the mean velocity of electricity, as deduced from experiments, is 188,185 miles per second. This is about 1 per cent greater than the velocity of light, which is 186,300 miles per second.

It is believed that if light and electricity do move with exactly the same speed the velocity ascribed to light more closely represents that speed than the velocity ascribed to electricity, because the experiments are most satisfactory and probably more accurate in the case of light.—Youth's Companion.

A Curious Belief.

There is a curious belief among some of the colored people of this city, Maryland and Virginia. It is an uncommon sight to see them with a little knot of kinky hair right on top of the head, tied up tightly with a bit of string or ribbon. If you ask any of these old uncles or aunts the meaning of the strange hairdressing, they will say, "Why, hunny, I does dat to keep my pallot from falling down my throat and chokin me."—Washington Post.

Modern Improvements.

Schoolboy (wearily)—What's the use of learning all this stuff?
Teacher—It is chiefly to cultivate the memory.
Schoolboy—Don't you think it would be more sensible to buy a phonograph?
—Good News.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy—a little boy—
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low, red trundle bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While moonbeams played at hide and seek
With dimples on each arm and cheek—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, oh! the dreams—the dreams I dreamed
When I was a boy—a little boy—
For the grace that through the lattice streamed
O'er my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy
And to bring me glimpses of times to be
Where manhood's clarion seemed to call—
Ah! that was the sweetest dream of all—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

BUYING PRECIOUS STONES.

Some of the Valuable Gems and What They Are Made Of.

Buying jewels is as hazardous as buying horses, and could anything possibly be more risky than the latter? White sapphires have occasionally been sold as diamonds, and as proof that white topaz may easily be confused with them one has only to recall the fact that the largest diamond in the world, the Braganza, belonging to the crown of Portugal and valued at \$28,000,000, is by many considered to be only a topaz. Carbon, in a pure crystallized state, is in every color of the rainbow, red, orange, green, blue and even black, and occasionally the colored are as valuable as a brilliant of the same size.

The jewels next in hardness to the diamond are the sapphire and the ruby, called by experts corundum, or crystallized clay. Blue corundum is called sapphire; red, ruby; green, oriental emerald; orange, oriental topaz, and violet, oriental amethyst. The word oriental distinguishes these from real emerald, topaz and amethyst, which are distinct minerals.

The largest and most famous ruby in the world forms part of the imperial state crown made for Queen Victoria in 1838. It is believed that this ruby was worn in front of the helmet of Henry V at Agincourt.

The most precious sapphires and rubies, when cut and polished, show rays from the center to the sides in the form of a six pointed star. On this account they are called star sapphires or rubies. It is difficult to produce a gem upon these stones on account of their exceeding hardness, but there are a few good fakes and canoes extant in both—one, a cameo head of Cupid, by Idler, one a sapphire; another, a front face cameo head of Diana on a ruby, by Pistrucchi.

Topaz is the next jewel in degree of hardness. It consists of about half clay, one-third flint and the rest fluorine acid. The best are yellow, with sometimes a greenish tinge. Some found in Brazil are perfectly colorless and are called "novamina" diamonds. They are more brilliant when polished than any jewel. There are a few blue topazes found—these are taken by the uninitiated for sapphires.—Philadelphia Press.

An Expert Opinion.

An old watchman, who used to keep guard in the department of justice, from long association with the legal lights in the building believed he had imbibed a fair share of learning in the law, and so when one night a telegram addressed to the attorney general came after him he had no hesitancy in opening it and reading its message. It asked the question, "Is a man to be held responsible for a crime committed while under the influence of liquor?" The watchman pondered over this message for some time, and, as he knew what the influence of liquor was, he sent the laconic answer: "No indeed. (Signed) John Jones, in charge of department of justice." Of course there was an immediate attack on the attorney general for such a decision, and the matter came to the ears of the department. An investigation was made and the watchman suspended for three months. That did not worry him, however. With confidence that simply befuddled the clerks, he came to the building every pay day during that time of suspension and drew his salary.—Kate Field's Washington.

A Queer Postoffice.

One of the strangest postoffices in the world is away down at Terra del Fuego, in the toe end of the big shoe, which is what the map of South America looks like. The "office" is a big barrel, and it is fastened to a rock overlooking the straits of Magellan. Every ship that rounds Cape Horn stops at this odd postoffice. A boat puts out to the shore with letters to be left, and the sailor who takes them looks over those already in the barrel, taking out and bringing away with him any that his ship can forward to their destination. Then he fastens the cover on the barrel with its hook and staple, and the queer old postoffice that needs no postmaster or mailbags is left to itself until the next ship comes by.—New York Times.

Preserving Wood.

It is said that wood may be thoroughly preserved by being impregnated with a strong solution of calcium bisulphate and afterward with caustic lime. The pores are thus filled with the two solutions, which are oxidized by exposure to the air and become practically a part of the wood itself.

Hannibal was ruined by marriage. After his first victorious campaigns in Italy he went into winter quarters at Capua, where he married, and the wedding festivities lasted until his army was demoralized, and always afterward was worthless for fighting purposes.

A deceptively small, kept in a moist place, will in a few weeks grow a new head quite as serviceable and good looking as that which was taken away.

RUN TO EARTH.

How the Great Detectives Easily Seize Upon the Evidence.

"Officer Sleuth," said the great chief of the western city, "what report have you to make on your murder case?"

Sleuth—Arrested a woman and locked her up.

"Ah, good. Any clues?"

"Took a file of officers in and told her her husband had given the whole thing away."

"Ah, ha! Did she show any confusion?"

"Yes, indeed. Said she was confused to know what he gave away, whom he gave it to, and why the fool man didn't sell it."

"And did she show any concern?"

"Yes, sir. She said she had only \$4 in her pocket, but if we wanted that."

"Anything further?"

"Then we ran her husband down in his place of business."

"Was he startled?"

"Very much. Wanted to know what it meant."

"Well?"

"We locked him up and told him his wife had given the whole thing away."

"Was he confused?"

"Not a bit. Said we lied; that his wife was too blank stinky to give anything away."

"Well?"

"We told him she had confessed that he murdered the man."

"Hah! Then he confessed?"

"Yes! Said he was ready to confess that."

"Good! Good! Go on, sir."

"We were the most disgusting and pigheaded lot of idiots he had ever met."

"And you learned nothing from either about the murder?"

"Nothing."

"Not the faintest clue?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"And what are you doing now?"

"We have imprisoned both of them on suspicion."

"Good! Keep a close watch on them. We are on the right track. Make them confess if possible."

And the sun, piercing the shadows of the prairie bunch grass, was not more vigilant than was the march of Sleuth.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A QUEER DISTINCTION.

It Is That of a Man Who Was Once Swallowed by an Alligator.

Edward Rowland enjoys the distinction of being the only person living who was swallowed by an alligator. The alligator swallows his prey whole and digests it at leisure, and it is to this characteristic that Rowland owes his life.

When a boy, his parents owned a winter home near Sanford, Fla., which is near Dunn's creek, where there are still more alligators than can be found in any place else in Florida.

At the time mentioned, it was literally swarming with the huge reptiles, and the largest ever killed were secured here, one measuring over 15 feet in length.

Young Rowland had gone with his parents to a point on the St. Johns river, near the mouth of Dunn's creek, and had wandered away from them. Suddenly a huge gator emerged from a small lake and started toward a creek, coming immediately past the place where the boy was seated on the bank, kicking pebbles. The child started to run, but stumbling fell head first immediately in front of the reptile, which swallowed him at once.

Young Rowland's screams were heard, and the parents reached the scene just in time to see the disappearance of their son down the huge throat of the monster. The father, never dreaming that the boy was not killed, shot the alligator, the ball, fortunately, striking him in the eye and penetrating the brain.

The feet of the boy were protruding from the mouth of the dead alligator, and with the thought of only obtaining his remains for burial the reptile was cut open. There were signs of life, and after several hours of hard work the father succeeded in resuscitating the boy, the only serious injury being to his ankles, which had been crushed by the reptile's teeth when he was in the throes of death.

Since that time Rowland has been a cripple, but only to the extent of having to wear steel braces on his ankles.—Rome Hustler.

Eye Treatment of Epilepsy.

Scarcely any discovery of modern medical science is more valuable than that treatment of the eye may lead to the cure of epilepsy. In the New York Medical Journal Dr. Ambrose L. Ranney gives full details of the treatment of the eye which he has adopted with 25 patients. The correction of the eye muscles has led to the cessation of the epileptic seizures. Most of these patients had been drugged with bromides for years without any cure. Some of the cases treated were of long standing. One patient had suffered for 24 years from epilepsy. Seven years have now passed since his eyes were treated, and he has had no return. Another patient had such violent paroxysms that he had to be confined in a padded room while they lasted. He is now cured. A third has been in perfect health and a partner in a large business for three years.

Conical Names of Great Men.

Calderon de la Barca has quite an imposing sound, yet literally translated it reads Ship's Copper; Torquato Tasso means Chained Badger; Dante stands for Stag's Hide; Giovanni Boccaccio, Jack Bismouth; Bramante, the famous architect, despite his melodious appellation, appears in the character of a Whiner; and Max Piccolomini is nothing more or less than a Little Dwarf.—Deutsche Warte.

But Perhaps He Does.

A Chicago photographer has eloped with another man's wife. He can hardly expect the abandoned husband to look pleasant.—Washington Post.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE'S GRAVE.

The Most Popular Spot in Trinity Churchyard, New York.

A few days ago passersby in Broadway, looking through the high fence that surrounds Trinity churchyard, saw a slender black gown girl kneeling by the grave of Charlotte Temple. Her head was bowed in her hands, and she seemed utterly lost to her surroundings. After awhile she arose with a very pale face, walked swiftly through the gates and disappeared in the crowd. She was only one of many devotees at the shrine of the poor girl who died for love. Nobody ever visits Trinity churchyard without pausing for a few minutes before the big brown slab that bears only the name "Charlotte Temple."

"Oh, yes!" said the gray haired old man whose duty it is to see that the ancient tombs are kept in order. "It is the most popular grave in the yard. I have been here going on 17 years now, and there have been very few days in good weather when the grave has not had a visitor. Several times I have seen women come here and stand in the cold and alet and snow looking at the tomb. Somehow they always look as if they were in trouble."

"Seven or eight years ago I began to put potted flowers, geraniums and the like on the grave, and I have kept it up every summer since. It is mainly to mark the grave, so that visitors can find it. It is the only grave in the yard that has flowers on it. Otherwise the people would bother me to death. When they ask me where the grave of Charlotte Temple is now, I simply tell them that it is over on the west side with some potted flowers on it. That saves me a deal of trouble."

"Several of the gravestones are crumbling badly and will have to be repaired if the descendants of the dead want to perpetuate their memory. See; here is the oldest grave in the place."

Then the old man swept away a layer of dust from a crumbling gray stone and showed the date, 1681. "We have several that date almost as far back," said he, "but none of them is so popular as that of Charlotte Temple."

Then the ancient attendant tucked his broom under his arm, picked up his wheelbarrow and trundled away among the graves.—New York Herald.

BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

Ranier, Shasta, Hood and Other Fine Mountains of the Far Northwest.

About 50 miles south of Tacoma you get a view of the most beautiful mountain peak on the earth's surface, Mount Tacoma, or Ranier, and carry it with you for three or four hours. It rises directly from the tide level to a height of 14,444 feet, unhidden by intervening ranges or foothills, and stands squarely against the sky, the perfection of magnificence, dignity and power. It is two and one-half times as high as Mount Washington, and I believe the highest peak in the world that rises directly from a plain. It is known to us in the east as Mount Ranier and was so called in honor of Admiral Ranier of the British navy, but here they call it Mount Tacoma, the old title given by the Siwash Indians before the white man came. The base is covered with a dense forest of ever living green. Above the timber line the snow is white and smooth and perpetual, and it looks as if it were a solid block of the purest marble.

Mount Tacoma is just two feet higher than Mount Shasta, 297 feet higher than Pike's peak and 400 feet higher than Gardiner's peak. The highest in the United States, Mount Crillon, Alaska, is over 16,000, but an exact measurement has never been taken. Mount St. Elias, Alaska, is 15,327; Mount Whitney, California, is 15,088, and Mount Williams, California, is 14,400.

There are several other very beautiful peaks visible from the railway, including St. Helen, 9,750 feet, the patron saint of Portland, around whose head hangs a perpetual halo; Mount Hood, which is a shapely cone, 11,235 feet, which was named in honor of Lord Hood of the British admiralty, and Mount Baker, 10,800 feet, christened in honor of Joseph Baker, one of the lieutenants of Peter Puget, who discovered the sound. Theodore Winthrop has written lovingly about them, and they are described in the most vivid and descriptive terms that exist in the classic prose of Washington Irving, although I believe he was never nearer them than his home on the Hudson river, 8,000 miles away.—Chicago Record.

The Romance of a Watch.

Rossini's watch, which has recently been sold at Bologna to a rich Englishman whose name is not mentioned, has a history. In 1824 Charles X presented the composer with a repeating watch, studded with diamonds, and playing two of Rossini's melodies. Nobody in Bologna could clean the watch, so it was sent in the care of the tenor Fabiano to Paris, where it was destroyed in a fire. Pliver, the watchmaker, thereupon made a second watch, the exact counterpart of the first, except that the diamonds were false, and Rossini, who never discovered this pious fraud, wore the trinket all his life. On his death it passed to a relative, whose son has just sold it. It is said to contain an excellent portrait in enamel of Rossini as he was in 1824.

A Dog's Palace.

Baron Farinetti, the father of the composer, has had a dog kennel erected in his palace at Venice, made throughout of marble. The ceiling is decorated with a splendid mosaic, entitled "The Chase of Diana." The eating and drinking vessels of the dogs are said to be of embossed silver. Of course the kennel is lighted by electricity.—Familienblatt.

Not Her Will.

Agnes—What are you writing, Minnie? Your will?
Minnie—No, I'm writing my won't. George proposed last night, and I told him I'd answer today.—London Sketch.

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