

THE ORCHESTRA.

Upon the mountain's morning side
The players, all in feathered guise,
On tree tops swing, in thickets hide,
And sound preliminary notes.

The violins here and there
Tune all their many strings unseen;
Long sloping tones are in the air,
With placid bits between.

Hark, 'tis a flute's roiling note
That reveals gay and untried!
And there the clarinet rings clear
Its mellow trill from yonder guide.

The gentle tapping of a drum
Sound where the beeches thinner grow;
Nearer a hummer's come
Upon his droll bassoon to blow.

And now a cello from afar
Breathes out its human, dim appeal—
A voice as from a distant star
Where mortals work their woe and weal.

Then down a sylvan side I gaze,
And to my musing sense it seems
A leader mounts a stump and sways
His baton like a man of dreams.

And here behold a marvel wrought!
For marshaled in a concord sweet
The blending fragments all are brought
To tune and harmony complete.

Is it a masterpiece that men
Have heard before—and found it good?
Is this the Rhine and o'er again?
Am I with Siegfried in the wood?

Nay, for this priceless hour 'tis mine
To share with nature's audience
A symphony too rare and fine
For skill of human instruments.

Leader, what music hast thou stirred!
Players, still heed him every one!
And God be thanked for every bird
That stirs beneath the summer sun.

—M. A. de Wolfe Howe, Jr., in Youth's Companion.

A BOOKKEEPER.

"Brr—what a fog!" said the good man stepping out into the street. He quickly turns up his coat collar, covers his mouth with his muffler, bends down his head, and thrusting his hands into his coat pockets, he sets out for the office, whistling on the way.

Without doubt a regular fog. Not so very thick in the streets, because in the heart of Paris fog, like snow, does not stay long. It is pierced and torn by the many roofs, absorbed by the walls, and gradually loses itself in the interior of dwellings, even when the doors are open, making the streets sappy and the barriers moist. The movement of many vehicles and the passing to and fro of the early crowd driven out to work by the pressure of poverty cut it up, carry it away, disperse it, dropping it on the clothes of the office boys, wetting the waterproofs of the shopgirls and dimming their thin, sleazy veils.

But at the docks, still silent and deserted, on the bridges, the shore and the river, it is still a dense, heavy mist, opaque, immovable, and the rising sun behind the church of Notre Dame seems shining like a night lamp through a tarnished cover.

Despite the wind and the mist, our good man follows the docks. He could easily take another road to reach his office, but the docks have a mysterious attraction for him. He seems to take pleasure in walking along the parapets, in grazing the stone balustrades bearing the elbow marks of loungers.

At that hour and in such weather the loungers are few—only here and there do we see a woman carrying a basket of clothes leaning against the parapet, or some poor wretch resting upon his elbows and gazing into the water with a weary look. Our good man regards them a little closely—the water is so conveniently near them—and there seems to be in his mind some strange connecting thought as he looks at them and the river. The river is not cheerful this morning; the fog mounting between its waves seems to deaden the surface. The black roofs on the shore, with pipes jutting out unevenly from the chimneys, give a dim reflection of fog and smoke. Our good man does not seem to find this at all melancholy. He is thoroughly drenched with the drizzle, but he plops on with a pleasant smile at the corner of his mouth.

Long, long ago, he became accustomed to those foggy mornings on the Seine. Besides, he knows that a little distance farther on, as his office, he will find a snug, well lined foot warmer, a good fire in his stove and a warm plate for his breakfast. These are the joys of a bookkeeper—a princely happiness known only to the poor stunted creatures whose lives are passed in dark corners.

"I must not forget to buy some apples," says our good man to himself from time to time. And he whistles and hums along. You have rarely seen one hurry to his work more cheerfully.

Docks, and still nothing but docks, finally a bridge, and we are behind the Notre Dame. Here the fog is much more intense. It comes from three points at once, almost blots out the high towers of the church, and gathers in a thick mass at the angles of the bridge, as if striving to conceal something.

Our good man stops. He is at his place of work. Dimly in the dark shadows we can distinguish some forms on the sidewalk, bending over as if waiting for some one. And, much like the vendors at the hospital gates and public squares, they have large flat baskets filled with oranges, apples and crackers.

Ab, the beautiful apples, fresh and rosy in the mist!

Our good man fills his pockets, smiling at the apple woman, who shivers with the cold though her feet are encased in a foot warmer. Then he pushes through the fog and touches a dock, opens it and crosses a small court, where a cart is standing, with the horse harnessed.

"Is there anything for me this morning?" he asks, as he passes along.

"Yes, sir, and something very good too."

Then he quickly enters his office. It is very warm and comfortable there; the stove crackles in the corner, the foot warmer is in its place, and his armchair is waiting for him close up to the window in a good light.

The fog makes a mellow curtain over the window panes, giving a mild and uniform light. His ledger with green backs are ranged in order on their

shelves. One would say a notary's office and study.

Our good man breathes at ease. He is at home. Before beginning his work he opens a large closet, takes out a pair of heavy silk slippers, which he draws on carefully; also a little red plate and some pieces of sugar. He then feels his apples with an air of satisfaction. The fact is, one could hardly find a more cheerful little office, better lighted or arranged in such good order. But, singularly enough, one hears the noise of water everywhere; it surrounds you, envelops you, very much as if you were in the cabin of a steamer.

Below you the Seine rolls and tumbles at the arches of the bridge, making heaps of foam at this point, always clogged by floating debris. Even in the house itself, all around the office, there is a noise of trickling water. I know not why, but the sound makes you shiver. It drops upon a hard surface and, rebounding, falls upon a broad stone floor. There are marble tables which make it seem still more cold.

What do they wash at this strange laundry? What ineffaceable stain? At times, when the trickling and pattering cease, down below we hear the sound of solitary drops of water, one by one, like snow in a thaw or the beginning of a shower. We might think the fog was condensing, gathering upon the walls and continually dripping. It does not disturb our good man. He is entirely taken up with his apples, which are beginning to steam in the little red plate, giving out a faint perfume of burned sugar, and the pretty song seems to prevent him from hearing the sound of the water—that horrible dripping!

"Are you ready, recorder?" says a hoarse voice from the adjoining room. Our recorder casts a glance at his apples and leaves them, with regret. Through the half open door a current of cold air, smelling of reeds and marshes, strikes him, and a vision of clothes hanging on a line—faded blouses, workmen's garments, a calico dress stretched at full length by the sleeves and dripping, dripping!

He has finished and re-enters. He lays down upon the table some small objects, all wet, and goes to the stove to thaw out his fingers, benumbed and reddened by the cold.

"They must have been mad in such weather as this," he said shivering.

"What is the matter with them all?" When he is again comfortably warm, and when the sugar melts and runs over the side of the plate, he breakfasts in a corner of the office. While eating he opens one of his great books and complacently turns over the leaves. This big book is beautifully kept; the lines are straight and headed with blue ink, with little reflections of gold powder and a blotter for every page. Everything is in perfect order.

Business seems to be good. Our recorder has the contented air of an accountant looking over a good balance at the end of the year.

While he turns over the pages with delight they open the doors of the adjoining room. There is the sound of a crowd upon the stone pavement and hushed voices as if in a church.

"Oh, how young she is! What a pity!" And there is a hushing and a whispering. What is it to our good man whether she is young or not? He tranquilly finishes his apples and draws toward him the objects which he placed on the table but a short time before.

A thimble full of sand, a pocketbook containing a son, a little pair of rusted scissors, so rusted that they never can be used again. Oh, something else! A working girl's book, all the pages stuck together; a torn, defaced letter—a few words are still legible—"the child—no money—a month as a nurse."

The bookkeeper shrugs his shoulders as if to say, "I have seen all that before." Then he takes his pen, blows away carefully the bread crumbs which have fallen upon his book, makes a little preparatory gesture before getting his hand in the proper position, and then, in large round letters, he writes, "Felicite Rameau, metal turnisher, age—17 years."—From the French of Alphonse Daudet in Short Stories.

Moving an Indian Settlement.

Many a time, while the morning stars were still shining, I have watched the mother dismantle the tent poles, wrench them out of their earth sockets, and lash them, two on a side, to a meek pony that had outlived his skittish days, and was now to be trusted with the little ones, who would ride in a comfortable nest made of the folded tent cover fastened between the trailing poles. Before ponies were obtainable dogs were the burden bearers, and in some remote places they are still used. Great were the snarls and quarrels incident to a dog train. Often an irritable fellow would find himself on his back or caught by his poles, so that he became frantic with impotent rage. When fording a stream, the children and the puppies were carried over on the backs of women; the dogs and ponies had to plunge for themselves.—"Tribal Life Among the Omahas," by Alice C. Fletcher, in Century.

Just Like a Woman.

A young and well dressed woman entered Charing Cross telegraph office the other day and wrote out a dispatch to be sent to Manchester. She read it over, reflected for a moment, and then dropped it on the floor and wrote a second. This she also threw away, but was satisfied with the third and sent it off. The three telegrams read:

First—"Never let me hear from you again."

Second—"No one expects you to return."

Third—"Come home, dearest. All is forgiven."—Pearson's Weekly.

Realism.

"This picture belongs to the realistic school."

"Ah!"

"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is smothered by an atmosphere of the bourgeoisie."—Detroit Tribune.

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A Dancer in Kurdistan.

The performers had already drawn themselves up in line when I arrived, and a minute later the shrill notes of the pipe gave the signal for the dancing to commence. Some score of young men and women stood shoulder to shoulder, clasping hands, the line forming a crescent. At the given signal, the clapping of his hands by a youth who stood in front of the semicircle of performers, the dance commenced, the entire line of men and women stepping slowly forward and then back again, each pace being taken a little to the right, so that a rotating movement was given to the string of dancers. As the music quickened so did the pace, and at each step the body from the waist upward was bent forward and drawn back. Nor were the steps themselves the same, for the youth who gave them time ran up and down the line clapping his hands and singing and shouting directions and changes.

The principal feature of the dance seemed to be the bringing down of the right foot smartly upon the ground at intervals, when, hand in hand, the whole company remained with their bodies bent for a second or two, to spring back into position again at a fresh blow of the pipes. Meanwhile the slow rotating movement was maintained, so that the entire body was circling round the musicians. What laughter and fun there were! Men and girls giving themselves up to the enjoyment of their national dance, which, graceful and exhilarating, bore no trace of the sensual movements which usually mark the art of dancing in the east.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Inception of Fish Hatching.

During the middle ages, and throughout the period of the European predominance of the church of Rome, the necessity of providing a proper supply of fish for use on Fridays and during Lent did much to create a species of fish culture. That this did not extend to fish hatching, but stopped short at hatching and regulating the supply of fresh water fishes, seems to us probable. At the same time, the Romans were at least acquainted with the rearing of oyster spat, and from this to the artificial hatching of fish does not seem a very long step or one that may not really have been taken. The probability is, however, that the cost of such artificially produced fish would have been far beyond the purses of the multitude, and the wealthy had viviers and ponds in which they kept their own fish for their own use.

The extent to which they have gone may be judged by the system in use among the monks of the monasteries and the great seigniors of the continent, which was also introduced into this country, probably by the Normans originally. The absence of proper conveniences for the supply of sea fish to the inland parts of the country made it imperative for the various proprietors to meet their own necessities. In doing so they did not fail to discover that certain fishes required a particular kind of "cud" upon which to fix their spawn. As the supply of this material was an acknowledged necessity this may be considered the first step toward fish hatching.—Scottish Review.

The Ways of the Fijians.

The national character of Fiji finds its best expression in the songs once common among the natives, but now, under Christian influences, almost obsolete. These songs, or mekkes, as they are called, generally recount the story of some ancient hero, of some military campaign or naval expedition, or perhaps of a peaceful fishing excursion. They are generally sung of evenings by the men only, who assemble for the purpose in one of their long, low huts. Here they sit in solemn state on mats laid upon the ground, the only light being that of a smoky fire in one end. According to Major Abercrombie, an eye-witness of the ceremony, one man begins the chant alone; a second soon joins him, then a few more, till finally all present have taken it up, accompanying the wild music by much pantomime and earnest gesticulation. The time is beaten upon a wooden drum by one of their number, and is occasionally accentuated by a general clapping of the hands. After a certain climax has been reached the music stops quite abruptly with one loud clap.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Mighty Desert Wind.

The samiel is a hot, noxious, electrical wind, which passes over the sandy deserts of Arabia and Africa. It moves with the quickness of lightning and passes in narrow currents for a few minutes at a time. It deals instant death to every man or beast happening to face it, and it is said that it so decomposes them that their limbs fall asunder. The approach of it is indicated by thick haze in the horizon, and travelers, if they have time, throw themselves on their faces, with their feet toward it, till it has passed. The sirocco is another blighting wind, which prevails in Italy and adjoining districts, about April. The West Indian hurricanes are of a totally different description, being simply vortexes of great force, and they have been known to blow heavy cannon out of a battery and carry a mail over a ten foot wall.—Brooklyn Eagle.

His Logic.

Sunday School Boy—Isn't there lots of life in ginger, teacher?

Teacher—Yes.

"And bread is supposed to be the staff of life, teacher?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, then, it has occurred to me that perhaps I might as well live on gingerbread."—Youkers Statesman.

It Seemeth Mine.

After a man has been in the dock for half an hour, it seems as if he were to be sent to the gallows by his wife if he wants to agree to—Los Angeles Express.

A Scotch Reconciliation.

There was the "Last Anderson of Deside," whose father, the laird, did not speak to him for the space of two years because he took it into his head to become a minister. "Na, an speak to his son the auld man wadna, for the very dourness o' him. Aye, even though the minister wad sae to his father, 'Faither, wull ye no' speak to yer ain son?' No' ye wad, he wad answer, but pass him as though he hadna seen him, as muckle as to say, 'Nae son o' mine!'"

"But a week or twa after the minister had lost yon twa nice bairns wi' the scarlet fever his father an him fore-gathered at the fishin—whaur he had gane, thinkin to jock the sair thochts that he carried aboot wi' him, pair man. They were baith keen fishers an gaurd at it. The minister was for liftin his hat to his father an gann by, but the auld man stood still in the middle o' the fipad, wi' a gye queer look in his face, 'Wattie,' he said, an for gae blink the minister thoct that his father was gann to greet, a thing he had never seen him do in all his life. But the auld man didna' greet. 'Wattie,' says he to his son, 'hae ye a hulk?'"

"Aye, Saunders, that was a' he said, an the minister juist gied him the hulk and some half dozen fine fies forbye, an the twa o' them never said disruption mair as lung as they leaved."—"Bog Myrtle and Peat."

Of Contemporaneous Human Interest.

Augustin Daly has given one phrase to American literature that, whatever may be its defect as a logical statement, has taken such deep root in current English that it is doubtful whether it can possibly be eradicated, and probably never will be dislodged. The phrase is, "Of contemporaneous human interest." Mr. Daly employed it originally in describing one of his adaptations of the playbill. The literary critics scored the phrase unmercifully at the time and tried to ridicule it out of existence, but it seems that despite the irresistible conclusion that no play could possibly possess any interest for trees or cattle as distinguished from "human" creatures Mr. Daly had filled a long felt want with it, for it is now met with increasing frequency. Doubtless every one who uses it does so under mental process charging the responsibility on Daly, but it is one of those winged phrases that drop in like an old time friend whose clothes are not above criticism.—Washington Post.

An Animal That Dies.

With the single exception of his dog, the sportsman is probably the only animal now living on the earth that dies. All others are extinct.

Even the sportsman never dies except in print or in manuscript intended for print, and even then, our observation would appear to indicate, he dies more frequently in the manuscript than in the actual print.

Other creatures, quadruped or biped, simply go—walk, run, travel, make a break, skip, spot, slope, set out, light out, peg out, mosey, as the New York police say, get a move on themselves, or, in the classic speech of the Bowery, chase herself. But the shooter dies himself on the field, and the angler dies himself to the stream. There the one sees his dog freeze into a statue, the other catches speckled beauties, and neither ever eats his dinner or supper, but invariably does full justice to it.—Forest and Stream.

Immersion and Isolation Advised.

Air, water, milk, butter, oyster, muskels, water cress, foreign fruit and kisses are all especially capable of conveying infection. Cabs, cats, dogs, cushions in railway carriages, shaving at hairdressers', clothes from the tailor's, washing from the laundry, change, bank notes, books from libraries, forks and glasses at restaurants and mud upon boots and dresses are other mediums for the distribution of disease. This list is very imperfect. Civilized man, then, may only expect to live an average term of life by continuous immersion in boiling water, accompanied by absolute isolation. Beyond that, whatever he eats, drinks, wears or touches should be boiled three times before he comes into contact with it. It is remarkable that our predecessors thrived despite the eternal, though in their day unascertained, laws of science.—London Truth.

Cold in the Arabian Desert.

The narrative is that of Nolde's expedition into the Neufud desert of the Arabian interior, latitude 28 degrees north, altitude 3,000 feet, and tells of the severe cold that he experienced there in February, 1893: "The days were warm and pleasant, but the nights cooled to 5 or 10 degrees below zero C., the changes of temperature being extremely sudden. * * * The cold and blistering wind caused much discomfort in traveling." The greatest surprise that Nolde met was on Feb. 2, when a storm clothed the Neufud far and wide with a sheet of snow several inches deep, making it resemble a Russian steppe rather than an Arabian desert. The Bedonias, however, said that snowfall there was very unusual.—Science.

To Save the Teeth.

Professor Miller, a noted authority of Berlin, gives the following formula as an excellent preventive of decay of the teeth:

Thymol acid.....	Grams. 0.33
Boric acid.....	" 8
Tincture of eucalyptus.....	" 16
Alcohol.....	" 100
Essence of menthol.....	0.75

Pour a few drops of this liquid into half a glass of water and rinse the mouth with the mixture three or four times daily. It is essential to brush the teeth, removing all particles which may have lodged in and between them, before using the above wash.

It is said that he or she who admits the possession of a secret has already half revealed it. Certainly it is a great deal toward the acquisition of a treasure to know exactly where it is.—Science.

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Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon.

February 27, 1896.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Lincoln County, at Toledo, Oregon, on May 7, 1896, viz: ABRAHAM L. McPADDEN, H. R. 3736, for the northeast 1/4 of section 6, township 11 s., range 1 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: P. A. Miller, D. J. Chitwood, James Nelson, and W. J. Hollister, all of Chitwood, Oregon.

ROBERT A. MILLER, Register.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon.

March 2, 1896.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Lincoln County, at Toledo, Oregon, on May 7, 1896, viz: MARCUS ROWIN, H. R. 3803, for the northwest 1/4 of section 9, township 13 s., range 1 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: William Tullock, of Stanford, Oregon; T. S. Connelley, of Ona, Oregon; and Fred York and P. Myers, of Stanford, Oregon.

ROBERT A. MILLER, Register.

Administratrix Notice.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Lincoln County.

In the matter of the estate of Thos. E. Parker, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Lincoln County, administratrix of the estate of Thos. E. Parker, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them, duly verified, to me at Toledo, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to settle the same at once.

Dated this 20th day of February, 1895.

ANNA E. PARKER.

Administratrix of the estate of Thos. E. Parker, deceased.

Citation.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Lincoln County.

In the matter of the estate of G. W. Jackson, deceased.—Citation.

To May J. Rhoads, Greeting:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Lincoln, at the court room thereat, at Toledo, in the County of Lincoln, on Monday the 4th day of April, 1896, at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why F. M. Stanton, administrator, should not sell the real property belonging to the estate of Geo. W. Jackson, deceased.

Witness, the Hon. S. V. Herr, Judge of the County of Lincoln, at the State of Oregon, for the County of Lincoln, with the seal of said Court affixed, this 4th day of March, A. D. 1896.

L. S. Attest:

B. F. JONES, Clerk.

Shirley and Co. Real Estate.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Lincoln County.

C. A. Parker, Plaintiff, vs. Addie Whitney, individually and as administratrix of the estate of G. A. Whitney, deceased, Ella Whitney, Densie Walker and James C. Walker, her husband, G. E. Henkle, J. E. Henkle, J. L. Henkle, Jacob Henkle, John K. Allen, Peter, real property belonging to the estate of Geo. W. Jackson, deceased, Defendants.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT BY VIR- tue of an execution and order of sale in the above entitled cause in the above entitled Court, issued out of said Court on the 5th day of March, 1896, and to me directed, commanding me to sell the premises herein below described, for the purpose of paying plaintiff's judgment in said cause, for \$4,420, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent, per annum from the 28th day of January, 1896, and the costs and disbursements of said suit taxed at \$29.60, and a accruing costs less the sum of \$100.00 paid on said judgment February 7, 1896, I will sell on Saturday the 11th day of April, 1896, at the hour of one o'clock P.