

THE DEAD DEBUTANTE.

Here in her dainty chamber
On the snow white bed she lies—
The dress that brought such a sparkle
Of joy to her violet eyes.
A wonderful garment fashioned
Of yards upon yards of lace,
With knots of silvery ribbons
To fasten the folds in place.
Go, lay it away forever
In the sweet, dead leaves of the rose.
With the fan and the fairy slippers,
The gloves and the silken hose;
The bodice, too, that was fitted
To her girlish and graceful shape,
And, heavy with frosty fringes,
The long white opera cape.
For Madge, she is done with dancing,
And the pleasures and pains of life;
No babe shall call her mother,
And no man call her wife.
For below in the darkened parlor,
With her slender feet unshod,
She lies on a couch of lilies,
All dressed for the court of God.
—Minna Irving in New York Herald.

What She Ordered.

A party of men sat at a table in a Broadway restaurant. A girl of 17 or thereabouts entered shyly and took her seat at a table near by. The girl's figure was slender, her lovely face was softly tinted, her eyes were blue and innocent. She drew her gloves from her small white hands and held the bill of fare daintily before her. She seemed searching for something made of rose leaves and honey dew.

"Two to one she orders lobster salad," said one of the men watching the sweet maid.

"Done," responded another. "Salad is too coarse for her. She'll have cold corn soup."

"Well, now, you just listen for her to order an omelet souffle," said the third. "I never saw a girl out shopping in my life that didn't run in at noontime and get an omelet souffle. They are so fluffy and sugary that they just hit feminine taste."

"That girl will order a chocolate eclaire and a cup of tea," said a fourth man in the party.

In the meantime the waiter was standing at the elbow of the dainty fairy, expecting her order. She studied the card long and carefully, and then she pouted. "I don't think you have what I want."

"We have most everything," said the waiter.

"Yes," responded the girl; "but I came in here on purpose for one thing, and I don't see it on the menu."

"What is it, miss?" asked the waiter.

"Frankfurter sausages and sauerkraut," replied the maiden.

One of the men at the neighboring table dropped his glass, and another coughed convulsively from having swallowed the wrong way. The young lady rose from her chair and inquired of the waiter if he knew any place close by where sausages and sauerkraut were obtainable. She was told to seek Sixth avenue.

"I will bet," said the waiter, "that that girl is of German descent." And he turned up his nose as far as it would go. He was French.—New York Letter

A Coincidence in Color.

Now that fur time has come, and fur is very high in cost and favor, be careful not to make the mistake of one of our fashionable brides. But she didn't discover the error herself. The people on the avenue Sunday morning did it for her. She and her husband went to church, and after the service was over started to walk home. Judge of this good lady's chagrin upon seeing that nearly every other person turned, looked and smiled. What could possibly be wrong? The husband pook-pooked her suspicious and assured her that she was all right, but still the looks, the smiles and the drawing down of corners of months continued.

The walk was cut short, and the first thing the lady did upon entering her drawing room was to place herself in front of her pier glass to make a careful survey of herself. There was absolutely nothing out of gear. Her costume was quiet, refined and even elegant. Suddenly a thought struck her. Perhaps it might be her husband. That good man was dragged in front of the glass and immediately the mystery was solved.

It was her muf and his beard! The one was an exact counterpart of the other, in texture, in length, in color, and the effect was ludicrous. It really looked as if the husband had the muf on his chin and face, or that the wife had her hands ensconced in the beard, just as you choose. In other words, the beard and muf were an exact match, and you can't imagine the funny effect produced by this similarity. Moral: Don't let your muf match your husband's beard.—New York Letter.

A Safety Box.

In the season's art work some old friends are recognized. Torchon lace in fine patterns and narrow widths, both edgings and insertings, are being used in fancy work again. The leather work of our grandmothers is also with us once more, improved with our later day skill and varied with touches of hand painting. An English journal describes a novel and attractive gift for baby—a safety box, so called. It is a wooden box from 3 to 4 feet square, and perhaps 18 inches or 2 feet high, set on castors. Over the edge is fitted a padded roll, the floor of the box is slightly padded and the inner sides are lined with any strong wool cloth, which is laid in plaits to secure a hold to the little occupant tumbling around. The outside of the box may be ornamented in the new poker work designs or covered with gay Japanese paper. In this comfortable and safe pen Master Baby will stand a deal of knocking about.

Hannah Dustin's Knife.

Charles Dustin, of Taunton, has presented to Post 3, G. A. R., the knife with which his great-grandmother Hannah Dustin, of this city, killed her Indian captors while sleeping about their campfire. It will be remembered that she used a knife and then a tomahawk taken from a dead Indian. The other weapon is in a museum, and Mr. Dustin has declined several liberal offers for the knife.—Haverhill Gazette.

A BARGAIN IN CRABS.

How Dr. Tompkins Found Bait Enough to Fish for Bass All His Life.

"I like to do a little black bass fishing now and then," said Dr. Tompkins, of Penn Yan, "but I'm not one of those enthusiastic people who can't get along without it. The other day, though, a friend of mine came in with a fine catch of bass, and the sight of them rather put me in the humor of going out and getting a lot myself."

"What did you catch 'em with?" I asked my friend.

"Crabs," he said.

"We call crawfish 'crabs' in Penn Yan. I had heard before that crabs were good bait for black bass, and thinking that I might get some fun out of them as well as anybody else I went over to Lake Keuka outlet to bait. I banded around in the creek for three hours turning up stones and slogging about in the water knee deep, and succeeded in capturing five little crabs."

"Well, I said to myself, 'that isn't a very big lot of bait to start on a day's fishing with, but I guess I won't have any trouble getting two or three nice bass, anyhow.'"

"I was about leaving the creek when I met a small boy. He was a Penn Yan small boy and he had nerve, and he hailed me familiarly and said:

"Hullo, mister. What you after?"

"I told him I was gathering crabs for bait, but that they were powerfule scarce."

"What'll you give me to get you some?" inquired the small boy.

"I thought it would be a nice thing to have a couple of dozen or so of crabs, for I'd want to be going out after more bass the next day, and knowing what a tough and tedious time I'd had getting only five, I thought I'd make it worth the boy's while spending a day tugging and sweating among the stones, and so I said I'd give him five cents apiece for crabs."

"How many 'll I git you?" he asked.

"Oh, all you can," I replied, feeling that all he could get would certainly be few enough.

"All right!" he said, and I went up the lake a mile or so with my five crabs to get some bass for my supper. I fished all the rest of the day and never got as much as a bite. It was supper time when I pulled for home.

"The next man that says crabs to me," I said to myself, "it won't go well with."

"After supper I was sitting in my office, feeling a little sore yet over my day's fishing, when a knock came to the door. I opened it, and there stood the small boy I had hired to gather crabs for me. I had forgotten all about him.

"Hullo, mister!" he said. "I got some!"

"Crabs were the very last thing I was hankering after just then, but of course a bargain was a bargain."

"All right," I said. "Fetch 'em in."

"The small boy stepped aside and immediately appeared again, accompanied by another small boy. Each boy lugged in a big tobacco pail. Each pail was filled with crabs."

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed. "How many have you got?"

"There's two thousand, mister," said the small boy I had bargained with. "But we'd 'a' got a lot more if the pails had been bigger."

"Two thousand crabs! If you'll take the trouble to figure on that you'll find that at five cents apiece 2,000 crabs will come to just an even \$100, and that was the price per crab I had bound myself to pay. While those boys had nerve I've an idea that their ideas of financiering were crude, for after some exceedingly anxious and apprehensive argument with them I induced them to compromise on a basis of labor by the day, and even then they made such a good thing out of me that the next man who mentions crabs to me will stand an excellent chance of having the price of that day's work taken out of his hide. I returned those crabs to Keuka outlet, and any one who wants to may go there and catch them—if they can."—Louisville Post.

An Engineer Who Slept.

The writer asked an old engineer the other day if he had ever while running a locomotive yielded to sleep. "No—no, yes," he answered. "That is, it wasn't a sleep, just a nod; a sudden stopping of everything and then an awakening with a start. I was so dead beat that it seemed to me as if a thousand pound weight was pulling my eyelids down. Of course I fought it off, but for just one second I gave in once. I was looking ahead when suddenly I felt my head go down with a jerk. I don't think that that sleep lasted one-tenth of a second, but every sensation left my brain. It was as if it flashed out and then back again. It is a sorry thing," he added grimly, "when engineers go to sleep in their cabs."—New York Tribune.

Mixed in Her Lines.

A friend's little 4-year-old daughter went to Sunday school a few Sundays ago, and was very much impressed by the exercises. She remembered bits of some of the hymns, and for some days never tired of singing them over and over again. She was a trifle irregular in some of her "lines," however; one well known hymn she began:

There's a land that is fairer by day,
And by faith we may see it afar.

Her father, who is a Wall street man, but a good churchman withal, hopes she is mistaken.—New York Star.

How a Hypocrite Got Cotton Hands.

One of our Fork farmers was so anxious to get his cotton picked that after riding around the neighborhood several times hunting hands without success he went to a negro camp meeting and appealed to them in many ways, but without success. At last he went up to be prayed for, put a nickel in the missionary box, and afterward got plenty of pickers.—Orangeburg (S. C.) Enterprise.

It has been suggested that the study of the influence of diet and habit upon the color of hair in different nations of men may cause discoveries by which the color of the hair in the human race may be modified by judicious treatment.

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SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for
the county of Wasco.

O. D. Taylor, plaintiff, vs. Thomas J. Fredenburg, E. L. Smith and L. Francisco, defendants.
To Thomas J. Fredenburg, the above named defendant.

In the name of the state of Oregon you are hereby commanded to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiff, filed against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before the first day of the next regular term of said Circuit court, to-wit: On or before the 8th day of February, 1891, and if you fail to so appear and answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in his complaint, that is to say: for a decree foreclosing that certain mortgage, made, executed and delivered by you, to said plaintiff, on the 8th day of September, 1888, upon the north-half and north-west-quarter of the north-east quarter, and the north-east quarter of the north-west quarter of Section twenty-eight in Township one, north of Range ten, east of the Willamette Meridian, in Wasco county, Oregon, and for a sale of said real estate, according to law; that the proceeds of such sale be applied upon the costs and disbursements of this suit, and upon the costs and expenses of such sale, and upon the note mentioned in said mortgage, said note being for \$400.00 and bearing interest from the 5th day of September, 1888, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum until paid, which note is now overdue and unpaid, and a reasonable attorney's fees of \$40.00 as provided and stipulated in said note, and for judgment and execution over against the defendant, Thomas J. Fredenburg for any amount remaining unsatisfied after all the proceeds of such sale have been applied, and also that said defendants and all persons claiming by, through or under them, or either of them, be forever barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien and equity of redemption and interest in said premises, and for such other and further relief as shall be equitable and just.

By order of Hon. Loyal B. Stearns, one of the Circuit Judges of the Fourth Judicial District in Oregon, dated December 23d, 1890, this summons is directed to be served upon you by publication thereof.

Dated December 25, 1890.

Dec 27 DUFUR, WATKINS & MENFEE,

Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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