

LIGHT ON THE LAKE.
 In the autumn gloaming, sad and chill,
 The moorland mere in silent slumber lay.
 Unruffled were its waters, darkly gray.
 And all its sentinel reeds stood stiff and still,
 The peewit's last good night fell clear and shrill.
 The west was dusky brown with dying day.
 When came across the heather far away
 The gleam of moonrise o'er the distant hill.
 Like flame that flashes through the cannon smoke
 A full moon climbed above the swaying firs—
 The rushes felt that herald breeze of hers:
 They whispered to the water that awoke,
 Althwart its face a golden ripple broke,
 And the queen kissed her nightly worshippers.
 —J. G. F. Nicholson in Chambers' Journal.

In a Street Car.
 There was a typical bit of life shown in a recent incident in a Brooklyn street car. Two fashionably dressed women, strangers to each other, and each with a child on her lap, found themselves seatmates in a crowded car. The handsome blue-eyed boy on one knee soon fell a victim to the coquettish of the dainty little maiden with golden curls and soft brown eyes on the other, and to the mutual satisfaction of the parents a pretty little flirtation went on.
 Farther up the car on the other side a plump, rosy cheeked miss of two years, a comfortably clad but evidently poor child, stood against her mother and admiringly watched the pair. At a certain street the mother of the boy signaled to stop. "Kiss the baby," she said, as she stood the little fellow on his feet, meaning of course Miss Golden Hair, and he turned to obey.
 At that moment, however, the other little girl, making her way out with her mother, was exactly abreast of him, and Master Blue Eyes, finding this little face before him, promptly bestowed a sounding, hearty smack upon it. And everybody smiled, while the prince was led out, the beggar maid wonderingly went her way, and the disappointed princess, who had leaned forward for the royal salute, buried her face in her mother's cloak, learning thus early in life the bitter truth that the kiss is not always for the one who expects it.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Why Meat Costs More Than Vegetables.
 Meat is a manufactured product for which a large amount of raw material is required. The manufacture of meat is a process of transforming the vegetable protein, fats and carbohydrates of grass and grain into the animal protein and fat of beef, pork and mutton. The same principle applies in the production of milk, eggs and other animal foods. In the most economical feeding of animals it takes a number of pounds of hay or corn to make a pound of beef or pork. In other words, let the farmer make animal protein and fat from vegetable materials in the best way he can and still he must consume a large quantity of soil product to produce a small amount of animal food. Hence animal foods are costlier than vegetable.
 This is the simple explanation of the fact that in most parts of the world meat is the food of only the well to do, while the poor live almost entirely on vegetable food. Thus ordinary people in Europe eat little meat, and in India and China they have none at all. It is hard enough for them to get the nutrients they need in vegetable forms. Meats they cannot afford.—Professor Atwater in Century.

About Pronunciation.
 The dictionaries are not reason enough for any one's making himself utterly singular among his fellows. On the same principle we in America continue to say "skedule" instead of making people open their eyes by saying "schedule." When we are in England we may say "tong" instead of "tong" for "tongue," but the wise American will go with all his countrymen in such a matter when he is at home. Very few people, either English or American, ever say "dyuty," "constititution," and so on, and yet that is undoubtedly the way we ought to pronounce them—if we are going strictly by the authorities. It is better to be idiomatic, either in writing or speaking, than to be just right by the book.—Boston Transcript.

Too Much for Bellef.
 Old Dickey S., a very wealthy but very illiterate East India merchant in London, took a pair of compasses and set about examining a large map of India, the margin of which was illustrated with drawings of the wild and domestic animals of the country. Suddenly Dickey dropped the compass in amazement. "It can't be! It ain't in the border of nature that it should be! Impossible! Ridiculous!" "Why, Dickey, what's the matter?" "Wot's the matter? Vy, this Bengal tiger is ninety miles long!" Dickey had measured the tiger by the scale of the map.—New York Advertiser.

London's Yearly Fruit Supply.
 In one year the quantity of fruit unloaded at London bridge was no less than 17,716,000 bushels, the value of which was estimated at \$38,940,000. This chiefly consisted of apples, oranges, lemons, and potatoes, the two latter, though not strictly coming under the appellation of "fruit," being reckoned in with the rest.—Exchange.

For fourteen years a "Son of the Marshes" in Scotland has been trying to get a sight of a wild animal in the act of guarding its young in time of danger. He has tramped day after day for the purpose, but without success.
 The sewing machine has opened a wide field for the employment of more women by making sewing so cheap that the poorest shop girl may have a dozen ducks in her skirt if she wish them.

The creature having the greatest number of distinct eyes is the chiton, a species of mollusk, in the shell of which has been found as many as 11,000 separate mobile eyes.

The largest farm in Georgia is owned by Colonel J. M. Smith, who has 16,000 acres in Oglethorpe and Madison counties. His annual profits amount to \$31,000.

A MIGHTY HUNTER DEAD

HE FOLLOWED THE TRAIL OF THE LAST PENNSYLVANIA ELK.

It was in the Early Part of the Winter of 1867-8 That the Last Bull Elk was Tracked to His Death by the Tireless Sportsman of the Siammahoning.

"The man who was in at the death of the last elk killed in Pennsylvania died a few days ago in Potter county," said a former resident of that part of the Keystone State. "His name was Ira Parmenter, and he must have been ninety years of age. He was born near the forks of the Siammahoning, where his father, who came from Connecticut with his family before the close of the last century, was one of the first settlers. The old hunter just dead was the last of his race. He had followed the life of a hunter and trapper until three years ago, when he became partially blind and was forced to hang up his rifle. He had lived during the times when elk, wolves and panthers, all of them now extinct, were numerous in the Pennsylvania woods, and he, probably more than any of his contemporaneous woodsmen, sided in bringing about their extinction.
 "For many years he insisted that he had killed the last panther ever known to be in Pennsylvania. But Jacob Bensen, an old Pike county hunter, finally brought such evidence to bear that he and not Parmenter was entitled to that honor, that the latter acknowledged Bensen's claim. That he was in the hunt, though, which resulted in the killing of the one lone elk that clung to its native hills and fastnesses in the Pennsylvania wilds there is no doubt, although the elk was killed by another hunter, and an Indian at that. This elk hunt was Parmenter's favorite reminiscence, among the hundreds of stirring stories of his life in the woods that he was always ready to relate, almost up to the day of his death.

ON THE TRAIL.
 "This elk hunt occurred as late as 1867, although it was supposed that the last of the Wapiti race in Pennsylvania had met its death twenty years before. Not any of the animals nor any sign of them had been seen since 1845, when Seth Nelson of Elk county, shot what was supposed to be the last one, and its immense head and antlers for years were exhibited at Peale's museum, in Philadelphia, as those of the last Pennsylvania elk. In the fall of 1867 this same Seth Nelson and Ira Parmenter were hunting along the headwaters of Bennett's creek, in Play Swamp, from which water flows on one side to the sources of the Susquehanna, and from the other to the Alleghany feeders. They were on the trail of a deer, when suddenly they heard the peculiar whistle a bull elk sounds only at that time of the year, the whistle being the call for a mate. The two hunters got their hounds on the elk's trail and followed it all day, when a heavy and prolonged rainstorm came up and the trail was lost.
 "The hunters roamed the woods for weeks trying to strike the lost trail, but did not succeed. The news that there was still another elk left in the Siammahoning woods spread throughout the region and clear to the Indian reservations over the New York state line. Among these was a hunter and trapper famous on the Cattaraugus reservation, known to the whites as Jim Jacobs. One day in the latter part of November Ira Parmenter and Seth Nelson started out to try again to find the trail of the lone bull elk of the Siammahoning. There was a good tracking snow, and on the south edge of Play Swamp they discovered tracks in the snow that they recognized at once as an elk's, and at the same time they were surprised and by no means pleased to see the Indian hunter, Jim Jacobs, appear on the scene.

THE INDIAN'S FRIEZE.
 "Jacob was an old man even then, although he lived and hunted for ten years longer, when he was killed by the cars at Salamanca, N. Y. He had hunted elk for fifty years, and knew all their habits and instincts perfectly. Parmenter and Nelson objected to the Indian joining them in the chase of the elk; and he was forced to leave the trail. The two white men followed the elk for four days; and it led them through the almost unbroken wilderness of western Pennsylvania clear down to the head waters of the Clarion river, in Clarion county. There a blinding snowstorm came up, but they kept on, knowing that the elk would not travel in the storm. At last they discovered that the elk had taken refuge in a laurel thicket, and they felt that the prize was almost within their grasp, when a rifle shot rang out upon the snowy air from the thicket. They made their way into the thicket, and in an opening in the center stood the Indian, Jim Jacobs, one foot on the dead body of the elk, and his rifle held threateningly as he faced the white hunters creeping through the laurels.
 "The wily Indian had read the course of the elk by his knowledge of the animal's instincts, and had followed it as surely as if he had been on its track in the snow, and had actually reached the laurel swamp where the animal took refuge before the elk reached there itself. The two white hunters, although disappointed and chagrined over their failure to capture the prize they had followed for a hundred miles, were forced to acknowledge the wonderful skill and unerring judgment of the old Indian, and aided him in carrying his prize home. The head and antlers of the elk were in Jacobs' house at Salamanca at the time of his death, and are probably in that place yet."—New York Sun.

Making a Market.
 Stranger—Say, Sambo, I'll give you five dollars if you'll go through this village tonight and carry off all the roosters.
 Sambo (indignantly)—I ain't no chicken thief.
 "I don't want you to steal them. Just remove them for a few days. Then you can bring them back."
 "What good'll dat do you?"
 "I am peddling alarm clocks."—Good News.

The Kiss in History.
 What a fleeting, intangible, evanescent and altogether delicious thing a kiss is! No savant can analyze it. The genius that fathoms star spaces cannot measure it; the science that weighs the fraction of an atom cannot determine its specific gravity. And yet what an important part it has played in history as well as in romance. It has been the reward of genius—for was not Voltaire publicly kissed in the stage box by the beautiful Duchess de Villars in compliance with the demands of an enthusiastic fit to thus reward the author of "Merope?"
 It has been the bribe of politics, for when Fox was contesting the hard won seat at Westminster the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire offered to kiss all who would vote for the great statesman. And the inspiration of patriotism, for did not the fair Lady Gordon turn recruiting sergeant when the ranks of the Scottish regiments had been depleted by Salamanca, and tempted the gallant lads by placing the recruiting shilling between her lips for all who would take it with their own?—New York Sun.

Equine Aristocracy.
 "That fellow is awfully stuck up," remarked the cob to the polo company, as he wagged his ears in the direction of the new tandem horse. "He refused to recognize me today in the park. He may be a society leader now, but I remember when his mother used to be driven by the grocer's son."—Harper's Bazar.

Bogus Mummies.

In laying in your winter stock of mummies be careful to buy only the genuine.
 The habit of making imitations of articles has extended even to the production of counterfeit back number subjects of the defunct Pharaohs. Now, ordinarily when one buys a thing he wants it fresh; but this rule does not hold good in the mummy trade. The staler they are the better, from a commercial point of view.
 The high price of authentic mummies in a good state of preservation has led to the practice of manufacturing them to order, and the man who contemplates the purchase of a dozen or so of these cheerful objects should see that he gets what is left of something which once walked and talked in Egypt 3,000 or 4,000 years ago.
 The mummy trade has been very active of late. Ordinary Egyptian citizens who have had no further use for themselves for thirty or forty centuries can be bought for about fifty dollars at Cairo, but a better quality of individual—a prince or a high priest, for instance—comes as high as \$500 or even more.
 If you should find in a mummy for which you paid \$100, say, a lot of gold and jewelry worth about \$1,000, you can be confident that the thing is genuine. An Egyptologist named Mosconas once made a small fortune in the purchase of one mummy which had once contained a rich man's vital spark. The chest, which had been separated from the vital organs before embalming, had been filled again with gold and precious stones.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

An Extensive Salt Mine.
 The most extensive salt mine in the world is in Wieliczka, near Cracow, Austro-Hungary. For 600 years it has been constantly worked, and from it 55,000 tons of salt are annually taken. The mass of salt in it is estimated to be 500 miles long, 20 miles broad and 1,200 feet in depth. Its collective galleries are fully 30 miles in length, and its lower levels contain streets and houses, making it a complete underground village.—Yankee Blade.

Explaining a Shower of Blood.
 No phenomena of nature have excited more widespread consternation in ancient and even in comparatively modern times than the so called rains of blood, stones, fishes and reptiles.
 The peoples of antiquity regarded such occurrences as dire warnings and portents, and at the present day their occasional happenings give rise to much wonder and actual fear. Nevertheless, science has been able to ascertain the causes which produce these remarkable precipitations, which are accounted for by reasons entirely commonplace.
 In 1670 a "rain of blood" fell at The Hague. The citizens got up in the morning and found that a shower of crimson fluid had fallen during the night. There was great excitement and the occurrence was looked upon as foretelling approaching war. One level headed physician got a little of the strange water from one of the canals and examined it under a microscope. He found that the fluid had not really a red color, but was simply filled with swarms of small crimson animalcules.
 Further investigation showed these animalcules to be a species of water flea with branching horns. Presumably they were brought from a great distance by wind and deposited with the rain. However, notwithstanding this explanation, the Hollanders persisted in regarding this affair from a superstitious point of view, and many declared afterward that it was an omen giving warning of the desolation which was subsequently brought into the country with fire and sword by Louis XIV.—Washington Star.

The New Club Member.
 I read conscientiously Sunday afternoon at the club the weekly rules and regulations laid down in the newspapers concerning the details of life, that I might regulate my behavior thereby; and I notice that "initials are not considered good form on note paper, nor even monograms." This did not particularly interest me, as I have for years used a firm, plain and unruled paper—though I do not delight in two sided letter writing, and the only notes I am punctilious in answering are dinner invitations and the good wishes of Miss Porphyry sent to me at the beginning of each world's year and mine own.
 But looking up and across the hall I saw young Spriggles busily engaged in the consumption of club paper and envelopes. Letters stood in high stacks upon the table. And I formulated this maxim: The newness of club membership is in direct proportion to the amount of daily correspondence. The clubbing parades the club stamp as the newly married man his wife. And I should regret this thrusting of such dangerous weapons as pen, ink and paper into the hands of the wise and the foolish, were it not that club paper had occasionally its uses; as when Thackeray wrote that delightful Roundabout in defense of Lord Clyde.—Boston Post.

REAL MERIT
 PEOPLE
 Say the S. B. Cough Cure is the best thing they ever saw. We are not flattered for we know REAL MERIT WILL WIN. All we ask is an honest trial. For sale by all druggists.
 S. B. MEDICINE MFG. CO.,
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A Severe Law.
 The English people look more closely to the genuineness of these staples than we do. In fact, they have a law under which they make seizures and destroy adulterated products that are not what they are represented to be. Under this statute thousands of pounds of tea have been burned because of their wholesale adulteration.
 Tea, by the way, is one of the most notoriously adulterated articles of commerce. Not alone are the bright shiny green teas artificially colored, but thin slices of pounds of substitutes for tea leaves are used to swell the bulk of cheap teas; ash, sloe, and willow leaves being those most commonly used. Again, sweepings from tea warehouses are colored and sold as tea. Even exhausted tea leaves gathered from the tea-houses are kept, dried, and made over and find their way into the cheap teas.
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Still on Deek.
 Phoenix Like has Arisen From the Ashes!
JAMES WHITE,
 The Restaurateur Has Opened the
Baldwin -- Restaurant
 —ON MAIN STREET—
 Where he will be glad to see any and all of his old patrons.
 Open day and Night. First class meals twenty-five cents.

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Picture - Mouldings
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 Madison's Latest System used in cutting garments, and a fit guaranteed each time.
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 Neatly and Quickly Done.

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 Elegant Steamer
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 Will leave the foot of Court Street every morning at 7 A. M. for
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 At the Foot of the Cascade Locks.
 For Passenger or Freight Rates, Apply to Agent, or Purser on Board.
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