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A SPREE ON WATER.

The Reformed Member of Congress and His Hilarious Friend.

There is a member in the House who has for many years been fond of fluid to invigorate, writes the Philadelphia Telegraph's Washington correspondent. The other day he resolved to quit—I don't know for how long. On the very day of this resolution, but before it had had time to cool or grow feeble, he met a friend with whom he had often spent a merry evening. The first proposition was to go and get a drink. The member—who withal is an original fellow—said he did not drink, but he would go along. They went to a fashionable restaurant; the friend ordered wine and the member took water. He managed to make as merry as his companion. More wine was ordered and more water, and, as the friend warmed under the influence of the active liquor, the member followed in all the merriment of his mood. When the wine-drinker pounded the table with his fists in maudlin energy and called for more wine, cursed the waiter and asked where his straws were, then ordered deviled crabs and lobster salad, pickled pigs' feet and diamond-back terrapin, the member did likewise. He grew as hilarious as his friend, sat sideways in his chair, hammered the table, cursed the waiter, and ordered as great conglomeration of food as ever a jolly inebriate fancied his palate demanded. His tongue wagged as thick as that of his friend; he sat as limp in his chair with as great an air of recklessness and abandon. So the evening went on, the friend drinking wine and the member drinking water, but each showing the same evidences of intoxication. When they left the restaurant the friend staggered, and so did the member. The friend's hat was mashed on the back of his head. The member's hat was pulled down over one eye. The friend put the wrong end of his cigar in his mouth; the member did likewise, and then they saw each other home—or, rather, the friend was seen home safely, after which the member straightened up and became as sober as a Scotch deacon.

"You know," said the member, with a confidential whisper in the ear of his friend, "it is just as much fun as being actually drunk, and I have no headache; but I tell you confidently that I never took so much Potomac water at one time before in my life."

How People Die.

A French medical journal, quoted in the London News, has arrived at the conclusion that the annual mortality of the entire human race amounts, roughly speaking, to 33,000,000 persons. This, it is observed, implies that the average deaths per day are over 91,000, being at the rate of 3,730 an hour. The notion of 62 people dying every minute of the day and night all the year round presents our death statistics perhaps in the most lugubrious aspect that is possible. Pursuing his cheerful researches this authority finds that a fourth of the race die before completing their 8th year and one-half before the end of the 17th year; but the average duration of life is nevertheless about 38 years. Further he has ascertained that centenarians are so rare that not more than one person in a hundred thousand attain this patriarchal age.

The Maddest Man in Nebraska.

A Kenesaw hotel-keeper is said to be the maddest man in Nebraska. The story goes that a short time ago he was so sick that he needed watchers. A young butcher in that town was asked to sit up one night, and he readily consented to do so. His wife went with him to visit the hotel-man's wife. The landlady's wife persuaded her to remain all night, occupying the same bed with her. In the morning at their earnest solicitation the butcher and his wife staid to breakfast. Some days afterward the butcher was surprised to have a bill for 75 cents presented to him by the landlady, who explained that 25 cents was for his wife's lodging and 50 cents for their breakfast, on that occasion. They compromised by a discount of 10 cents.

PACIFIC SEA ISLANDS.

Remains of a Civilization of Remote Antiquity.

Mysterious Ruins Found in Places Inhabited at This Day by Tattooed Savages—A Great Field for Archaeology.

Modern science, which has brought to light buried Troy, revealed the place of ancient Babylon, untombd the mummy of the Pharaoh of Moses, and constructed somewhat of a history for the Aztecs and the mound-builders, stands baffled before the mysterious ruins of the Pacific Sea islands, writes a correspondent of the Chicago News.

Kusale, otherwise known as Strong Island, of the Caroline archipelago, with a circumference of fifty miles, is covered with massive ruins of a remote date. They bear the outlines of fortifications, and are built of stones ten feet long, duly squared on six sides, of a geological formation not met with on the island.

Ascension Island, known also as Panape, is larger than Kusale, possesses similar ruins, but much larger. In one place there remains a wall 300 feet long and 30 feet high, forming a court.

Little Easter Island, on the eastern outskirts of Polynesia, has no running water, no trees, nothing to attract inhabitants. Yet this island is peopled by Polynesian of the fair type, such as are found far away in the Society Islands, and is covered with remains of a pre-historic civilization of which every record but that of stone has perished.

At the southwest end of the island there are to be found the ruins of nearly a hundred stone houses, built in regular lines and facing the sea. The walls of these houses are five feet thick and over five feet high, built of layers of flat stones and lined inside with fat slabs. Internally the houses measure about forty feet long by thirteen feet wide, and they are roofed over with slabs overlapping like tiles. The inside walls are painted in three colors—red, black and white—with figures of birds and mystic beasts and faces, and geometrical figures. In one of these houses was found a curious stone statue, eight feet high, and weighing about four tons, which is now in the British Museum.

The sea-cliffs near this ancient settlement are carved into grotesque shapes not unlike the paintings on the walls, and the coast is marked with hundreds of these strange sculptures.

Again, on each headland of the island there is an enormous stone platform, built of hewn blocks of great size fitted together without cement. They are built on sloping ground, presenting on the seaward side a wall-face twenty or thirty feet high and two or three hundred feet long, and on the landward side a wall of about three feet in height rising from a leveled terrace.

Upon these platforms are stone pedestals which have supported images, and on some broken figures remain. On one platform fifteen images were found, in size ranging from three to thirty-five feet in height. They are of human shape, representing the upper part of the body only, with arms and hands close to the sides. The heads are cut flat to allow of crowns being placed on them, which crowns seem to have been made, not of the same material as the statues, but of red tufa. This has been traced to an extinct crater within a few miles of the houses, and on the brink of this crater a large number of crowns were found, finished and ready for removal before some strange fate depopled the island of these ancient worshippers.

The images themselves are made of gray lava, which is only found at quite another crater at the other end of the island. At this crater—called Otouli—there are several finished and partly finished images, just as they were left by the workmen. The head of one of these measures twenty feet from the nape of the neck to the crown. The faces of the images have well-defined features, with thin lips, broad noses, expanded nostrils, and a general disdainful expression. It is believed, from the appearance of the eye-sockets, that obsidian eyeballs were intended to be inserted. The ears are very carefully carved, and are prominent.

There are also, in different parts of the island, wooden tablets covered with curious carvings and strange hieroglyphics, which no one can explain.

At Oparo, or Rapaiti, Captain Vine Hall found a temple, or castle, in five stages, surrounded by walls which in some places are of stone, and also square platforms of stone on the sides of one of the hills, similar to those on Easter Island. This isle is 2,000 miles from Panape, but the inhabitants of the latter say their ancestors came from Oparo.

Who were these ancient people? The ruins present an antiquity equal to that of the prehistoric civilizations of America. The present inhabitants are simply tattooed savages. The ancient race possessed intelligence far beyond anything now found in the Pacific; had ideas of architecture, sculpture, painting and engineering and an elaborate religion. Archaeologists and ethnologists have given us no light yet. Mystery of the Pacific awaits solution.

Three Notable Families.

This county contains three remarkable families, writes a Milan (Tenn.) correspondent. It is perhaps safe to say that it contains the tallest, the heaviest and the lightest families in the country. The tall family consists of four persons—father, mother, son and daughter. The tallest member, the son, measures 6 feet 8 inches; the shortest, the mother, 6 feet 2 inches. The heavy family is composed of father, mother and daughter, and their united weight is over 900 pounds. The light family number ten persons, father, mother and eight children, whose united weight is 519 pounds.

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TOO MUCH ABSENCE OF MIND.

It Causes Much Loss of Portable Property, Especially Umbrellas.

The other morning a gentleman sat in an elevated car reading his newspaper as he went down to business. A pretty brown-eyed stenographer sat next to him. The car was so crowded as usual. The young lady had a hand some umbrella which supported its own dignity against the seat. For a little while—then the gentleman with the paper blindly reached over and placed the umbrella between his knees. The brown-eyed stenographer regarded this movement with astonishment, not to say dismay. Several others were very much amused, says the New York Herald.

The impulse of the brown-eyed to fall upon the newspaper reader at once and wrest her property from his felonious grasp gave way to the prevailing sense of the ludicrous. She noted that he was reading an editorial on the speakership. It was absent mindedness. But she had lost her last umbrella from the absent mindedness of the man who had taken it from the hall rack. There is altogether too much method in this absent minded business, she thought. It is especially overworked with regard to umbrellas. It always operates in favor of good umbrellas, too, and here was a new silk. When this man had finished the article on the speakership he threw his left leg over his right knee and carefully imprisoned her umbrella. At the same time he discovered her attention. She regarded him fixedly with her brown eyes and said:

"I beg pardon, sir; you have my umbrella."

The man started as if struck with a club. And it was rather a broad hint. He looked, he saw, he blushed, he stammered, he handed it over to its fair owner. He was so overcome with the sense of his ridiculous position that he got out at the next station. The pretty brown-eyed stenographer smiled all the way to Cortland street, but she never again relaxed hold on her umbrella.

SECOND-HAND FALSE TEETH.

They Are As Good As New and Already Broken In.

On a sidewalk stand in Vesey street, just below Church, a shrewd little Irishman keeps a queer stock of second-hand and damaged articles, says a writer in the New York Telegram. It is about the most heterogeneous collection imaginable. The greatest thing on the stand when I passed was a job lot of second-hand artificial teeth.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed an old woman who happened to glance at the heap, "I wonder if he thinks any person would ever buy these teeth after being worn by other people?"

I was also anxious to find out why the teeth were lying there and asked the owner of the stand.

"Those teeth are for sale, my dear sir," answered the man; "would you like to look at a set?"

When informed that I did not want to purchase, but was curious to know if any person ever bought second-hand artificial teeth, the proprietor smiled.

"Yes; at times I sell a great many of these teeth. Where I mostly get them is at pawnbrokers' sales. I buy them for ten, twenty or thirty cents and sell them sometimes for three dollars. I have had old men and old women—poor people, of course—walk up to my stand, pick out a set, examine them, try them and immediately purchase, saying that they were fitted better than a dentist could suit them."

"An old man purchased an upper set from me last winter and he was so well pleased with them that he brought his wife here last week to get a set. I had none at the time and he promised to call this week. A person might as well save a few dollars in buying teeth as in any other way. Take them home, wash them and they are just as good as new; in fact, better, for they have been 'broken in.'"

He Holds the Keys.

A curious ceremony of the Orthodox Russian church is noted in connection with the funeral of the late Grand Duchess Paul of Russia. Before the closing of the coffin the metropolitan placed in the right hand of the corpse a document which read as follows: "We, by the grace of God prelate of the holy Russian church, write this to our master and friend, St. Peter, the gatekeeper of the Lord Almighty. We announce to you that the servant of the Lord, her imperial highness, the Grand Duchess Paul, has finished her life on earth and we order you to admit her into the Kingdom of Heaven without delay, for we absolved all her sins and granted her salvation. You will obey our order on sight of this document, which we put into her hand."

A Mixed-Up Family.

For the last ten years two families, one named Wright and the other Johnson, have lived near each other in Blount county, Ala. Mr. and Mrs. Wright had five daughters and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson had five sons. The families were neighborly and intimate. Two years ago the two eldest Johnson boys married two of the Wright girls. Shortly afterward Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Wright died, postponing temporarily the marriage of another Johnson boy to another daughter of the Wrights. A short time ago Mr. Johnson was married to Mrs. Wright and one of the two remaining boys married the youngest Wright girl. A few weeks ago the remaining Johnson boy was married to the last Wright girl.

A Mountainous Island.

Ane island of Formosa is about two hundred and seventy miles long and one hundred and forty wide. Ranges of mountains extend from the center to the southern portion. Some of the peaks are quite lofty, Mount Morrison being twelve thousand feet high, and all are volcanic. Every little while there is a rumble in the center of one of the peaks and the whole island is convulsed. The climate is favorable to such disturbances, the thermometer rarely getting below forty degrees.

SOUTH AMERICAN TEA.

Its Name Is Mate and It Is a Popular Drink.

A Product of Paraguay That Affords Employment to Many Natives—The Particulars of Its Preparation.

"Taste that," said a tea merchant to a New York Tribune reporter the other day, as he handed him a curiously shaped bowl, full of a thin, brownish liquor, with something that looked like a tobacco-pipe resting in it, bowl downward. The reporter put his lips to the stem of the pipe and sucked at it cautiously.

"What is it?" he asked. "It tastes like weak tea."

"That's just what it is," answered the merchant, "but it's a brand of tea I'm pretty sure you never tasted before. That's a genuine American tea; grown in America, cured in America, indigenous in America, and consumed in large quantities for years by hundreds of thousands of Americans, and yet I'll be bound you never heard of it."

"Perhaps not," admitted the reporter, guardedly. "What state is it raised in? Is some four-story brick tea farm down here in Water street responsible for it? Willow leaves, arsenic, and a patent essence of theine, or something of that sort, eh?"

"Not at all," said the merchant, a little indignant. "It's a perfectly genuine and unadulterated article. Its native state is Paraguay, and that country raises enough for its own consumption and five million pounds annually for export to other South American countries."

"Oh, South America," exclaimed the reporter. "You misled me by saying American."

"Did I?" said the merchant, sarcastically. "And why, pray? That's one of the annoying peculiarities of this people. They're too conceited to get themselves a distinctive name, but in a lordly way 'sub themselves Americana. They speak of Brazilians, Canadians, Chilians, Paraguayans and the other millions of Americans as if they had no right to this title at all."

"But about the tea," interrupted the reporter apprehensively. "What do you call it?"

"Mate is the name of it," replied the merchant, "pronounced 'mat-eh.' And many South Americans are very fond of it. You have just had the pleasure of drinking it in the native manner. That curious bowl is not made of papermache, as you might think, but is a gourd, trained into that shape while growing. The natives are experts in that line, and by binding the green gourd here and there with cords, or bending it one way and another, they make it take a diversity of shapes before it becomes ripe enough to be cut, dried, scooped out and used as a utensil. It will not stand fire, of course; but the mate is first put into the gourd and then boiling water is poured on it. After a few moments a pipe or tube is inserted, and the liquor is drawn off by suction."

"What looks like the bowl of the pipe," continued the tea merchant, as he lifted it from the liquid and allowed the reporter to examine it, "is in reality a strainer, which prevents the grounds from reaching the mouth. It is made in the shape of a bulb or ball, and this one is a curiosity in its way, for it is all woven by hand, in very fine meshes, from a species of dried grass. Metal ones are more common, and the rich have silver strainers. This is an old-style one, and I value it on that account. It is called a bombilla. The natives like their mate, as we would say, red-hot. Its effect is much the same as that of the tea you are accustomed to, stimulating and restorative, and, of course, has its enemies, who pronounce it slow poison, and its friends, who call it the Paraguayan equivalent for 'the cup that cheers but not,' etc."

"Is it real tea, botanically considered?" persisted the skeptical reporter.

"Well, if you come down to botany," admitted the merchant, "it's really a species of holly, *Ilex Paraguayensis*, but it contains in large proportions the constituent which makes other teas useful, that of theine. Its leaves and green shoots are collected, dried and ground up unevenly; that is, some of it gets to be a fine powder in the rough method of preparation, and then again you will find twigs in it an inch long. A large number of people get employment in its growth, preparation and export, but I am not aware that it finds a market in any but South American countries."

KING SNAKE AND RATTLER.

A fierce Snake in Which the Former Causes the Victor.

A king snake ten feet long and a rattlesnake six feet long, thoughtlessly left in the same box in Donald Burns' animal store, in New York the other day, had a fight which ended in the death of the rattler. The king snake belongs to the family of constrictors and its squeeze is a great deal worse than its bite. The king is said to have an insinuating hatred for the rattler. Mr. Burns was taking a nap in his store when he was awakened by the peculiar sound of the rattlesnake's vibrant tail and the loud hissing of both reptiles. He found the rattler coiled in the corner of the cage, its head darting back and forth and watching for a chance to strike its larger enemy. The king snake was gliding cautiously near, with the intention of twining its muscular coils around the rattler and crushing it to death. The rattlesnake made its spring, but was unsuccessful in its attempt to bury its fangs in the king. The next moment its writhing body began to crack as the king snake coiled about the rattler and began to contract its own powerful muscles. In its desperate struggles the rattlesnake knocked the door of its box into pieces with a blow of its tail and both reptiles fell out on the floor. Burns did not care to take any part in the quarrel. He summoned an assistant and finally got the victor into a box. The fight lasted but fifteen minutes.

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LAND OFFICE, The Dalles, Or.,
May 11, 1894.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Johann G. Fischer against the heirs at law of William M. Murphy, deceased, for abandoning his Homestead Entry, No. 4571, dated October 12, 1892, upon the N 1/2 Sec 24, T 1 N, R 10 E, in Wasco county, Oregon, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at The Dalles, Oregon, on the 14th day of July, 1894, at 9 o'clock A. M., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

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