

THE WEST  
YOUR HOME PAPER  
SUPPORT IT

# The West.

ADVERTISERS  
SIUSLAW'S ONLY PAPER.  
OPPORTUNITY

VOL. IX.

FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, May 27, 1898.

NO.

### GENERAL DIRECTORY

#### STATE OFFICERS.

Governor.....William P. Lord.  
Secretary of State.....H. R. Kincaid.  
Treasurer.....Philip Metchen.  
Comptroller.....G. M. Irwin.  
State Printer.....W. H. Leeds.  
Attorney General.....C. M. Idleman.  
Supreme Court.....R. S. Bean.  
Justice.....F. A. Moore.  
Justice.....C. E. Wolverson.  
Judge Second District.....J. C. Fullerton.  
Attorney Second District.....W. E. Yates.

#### COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge.....E. O. Potter.  
Commissioners.....W. T. Bailey.  
.....J. T. Callison.  
.....A. C. Jennings.  
.....A. J. Johnson.  
.....A. S. Patterson.  
.....D. P. Burton.  
School Superintendent.....C. S. Hunt.  
Recorder.....C. M. Collier.  
Treasurer.....J. W. Harris.  
Justice of Peace.....F. B. Wilson.  
Constable.....John F. Tanner.

#### CITY OFFICERS.

President.....W. H. Weatherston.  
Mayor.....O. W. Hurd.  
City Clerk.....L. Christensen.  
Recorder.....John H. Morris.  
Treasurer.....J. A. Pond.  
Marshal.....G. C. Cumpston.

#### SECRET SOCIETIES.

F. & A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107.  
Regular communication on second and fourth Saturdays in each month.  
O. W. Hurd, W. M.  
G. Knotts, Secretary.  
A. R. General Lyons Post, No. 58.  
Meets second and fourth Saturdays in each month at 1:30 p. m.  
J. I. Butterfield, Commander.  
J. L. Furnish, Adjutant.  
O. U. W. Perpetua Lodge, No. 131.  
Meets every 1st and 3rd Saturdays in each month. Members and visiting brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend. J. J. Anderson, M. W.  
W. M. Kyle, Recorder.  
O. O. F. Heceta Lodge No. 111.  
Meets every Wednesday evening in Lodge Hall, Florence, Oregon. Brothers in good standing invited to attend.  
J. J. Anderson, N. G.  
Andrew Brund, Sec.

#### CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Florence, Oregon. Sabbath service: Sabbath-school, 10 o'clock a. m. Preaching 11 o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. Sacrament of the Lord's supper on 1st Sabbath of January, April, July and October. Everybody is welcome to all the services. Pastor requests Christians to make themselves known.  
I. G. Knotts, Pastor.  
METHYDIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH service. Preaching at Glenada and Acme two Sundays of each month. Sabbath-school every Sunday at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at the church. Everybody cordially invited.  
G. F. Roush, Pastor.

#### ATTORNEYS

A. C. WOODCOCK,  
Attorney at Law,  
Florence, Oregon.  
E. O. POTTER,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
FLORENCE, OREGON.  
E. E. BENEDICT,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Florence, Oregon.

### TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

#### GARDINER STAGE LINE.

H. H. Barrett, Prop'r,  
Leaves Florence Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.  
Arrives at Florence Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.  
Connects with Steamer and Scottsburg Stage Line for Drain. Also with Stage Line for Coos Bay. Charge reasonable.

#### EUGENE-FLORENCE STAGE LINE.

E. Bangs, Proprietor.  
Stage leaves Eugene Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 6 a. m., arriving at Florence the day following at 10 a. m.  
Returning-stage leaves Florence on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3 p. m., arriving in Eugene the following day at 6 p. m.  
Single fare.....\$5.00  
Round trip.....\$9.00  
Tickets for sale at E. Bangs's livery barn, Eugene, and at Hurd & Davenport's office in Florence.

#### MORRIS HOTEL,

J. C. FLINT, Proprietor  
Florence, Oregon.  
OUR AIM—To furnish the best accommodations at reasonable prices.

#### Head of Tide Hotel,

W. W. NEELY, Prop'r.  
Tables furnished with all the delicacies of the season. Wild game, fish and fruit in season. Best accommodations for the traveling public. Charges reasonable.

#### Elk Prairie Hotel.

Twenty-three Miles West of Eugene.

#### ON EUGENE AND FLORENCE STAGE ROUTE.

Money Saved By Patronizing it.  
Geo. Hale Prop.  
BUSINESS CARDS  
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF EUGENE.  
T. G. HENDRICKS, Pres. S. D. EAKIN, Jr., Cash.

#### ACCOUNTS SOLICITED

EUGENE, OREGON.  
NOTARIES.  
A. R. BUTTOLPH,  
Notary Public, Surveyor  
Florence, Oregon.  
FRANK B. WILSON,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
FLORENCE, OREGON.

#### PATENTS

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE  
TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS & COPYRIGHTS &c.  
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.  
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.  
MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

### TRAVELERS' GUIDE

#### STEAMER "COOS,"

Will make.....  
REGULAR DAILY TRIPS  
Between  
Florence and Head of Tide.

#### NORTHERN Pacific, Ry.

Pullman  
Elegant Dining Cars  
Tourist Sleeping Cars  
ST. PAUL  
MINNEAPOLIS  
DULUTH  
FARGO  
GRAND FORKS  
CROOKSTON  
WINNIPEG  
HELENA and BUTTE  
TO  
CHICAGO TO  
WASHINGTON  
PHILADELPHIA  
NEW YORK  
BOSTON AND ALL  
POINTS EAST and SOUTH  
For information, time cards, maps and tickets etc., call on or write  
R. MCMURPHY,  
General Agent, Rooms 2 and 4, Shelton Block,  
EUGENE, OREGON.  
A. D. CHARLTON,  
Assistant General Passenger Agent,  
256 Morrison St., Cor. 3d,  
Portland Or.

#### THROUGH TICKETS

CHICAGO TO  
WASHINGTON  
PHILADELPHIA  
NEW YORK  
BOSTON AND ALL  
POINTS EAST and SOUTH

#### The Funk & Wagnalls

Standard Dictionary  
Of The  
ENGLISH LANGUAGE  
COMPLETE  
SUCCINCT  
AUTHORITATIVE  
301,865 Vocabulary Terms  
247 Editors and Specialists  
533 Readers for Quotations  
5000 Illustrations  
Cost over \$500,000  
Appendix of 47,468 Entries

#### AGENTS WANTED.

E. D. BRONSON & CO,  
Pacific Coast Agents  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
933 Market St.  
How Punch and Judy Came to England.  
The heyday of the puppet show in England was during the last century. Long before then strolling showmen had exhibited "drolls" or "motions"—as the English puppets were known in the early days—to crowds of gaping rustics, but it was not until the time of Steele and Addison that the puppet show became a fashionable amusement, patronized by upper tendom.  
Pulcinella came to London in 1660, when an Italian puppet player set up his booth at Charing Cross and paid a small rental to the overseers of St. Martin's parish. His name was at once Englished into Punchinello, which was soon to be completely Anglicized as Punch.—Harper's Magazine.

#### A Contingent Name.

The Syracuse Post says that a girl baby was recently brought to a clergyman of the city to be baptized. The latter asked the name of the baby.  
"Dinah M.," the father responded.  
"But what does the 'M' stand for?" interrogated the minister.  
"Well, I do not know yet. It all depends upon how she turns out."  
"How she turns out? Why, I do not understand you," said the deacon.  
"Oh, if she turns out nice and sweet and handy about the house, like her mother, I shall call her Dinah May, but if she has a fiery temper and displays a bombshell disposition, like mine, I shall call her Dinah Night."

### TO A GIRL GRADUATE.

Whither away? What road, my friend?  
It has full many a turn  
The flight of the eagle is without end,  
But the wood thrush soars the burn.  
Over the sea the white sails fly,  
The herons they wander far,  
The song lark soars in the azure sky,  
And the petrels cross the bar.  
Whither away? What road, my friend?  
The rover is full of fire,  
But the peaceful vale where the willows bend  
Is the nightingale's desire.  
—Harper's Bazar.

### MISS FAITH'S ADVICE.

Miss Faith sat in close companionship, as usual, with her familiar spirit, a piece of crocheted edging. Her touch upon the mazes of tangled thread was very gentle, even endearing, and her look of content as she held it up and noted its effect as a whole seemed vastly out of proportion to the cause. Miss Faith was still pretty, with the pathetic beauty held as flotsam from the wreck of years. Her hair was prettier as silver than it had ever been as brown, and her eyes, though they had lost their vivid glow and eagerness, had gained a kindly sympathy. Her tenderness had even extended to the crocheting in her hand and imparted something to that usually very impersonal object that her fancy had fretted into thinking a response. She passed her hand affectionately over it now, as the figure of a pineapple, much conventionalized, repeating itself like history again and again, fell in scallops to the floor. "It's most done," she thought. "I can go back to the oak leaf pretty soon."  
A change in the crocheted pattern was the chief diversion of Faith's life, that ran on as monotonously to the observer as the tune of the famous harper who played upon only one string. To an ant the coming of a stick or a stone may be a great event. It is not hard to understand how a life that consists in taking infinite pains with many little things may get its sips of excitement, interest and novelty from a change in a pattern of crocheted. The examination of the work appeared to be satisfactory, and Faith laid it on the table at her side. This table was devoted to the uses of her art, nor was ever profaned by the presence of any irrelevant substance. There were rows of spools upon it, drawn up in lines like soldiers ready to receive an attack, books of various sizes lying like weapons by their side and various rolls of lace, the finished product of their warfare. Faith regarded them with approval, but her hand that had lain upon the table fell away from the accomodest task, and she sat idle, watching the red coal, the shadows the lamplight threw upon the carpet and listening to the clatter that Mary, her maid of all work, was making as a part of the dishwashing.  
"It's a kind of jugglery she goes through with those dishes," thought Faith regretfully. "A sleight of hand performance, to see how many tricks she can do before one of them will break." But her face did not cloud, for she had learned resignation. She had surrendered to Mary the dishes and all the rest of the household divinities that she had served so deftly and carefully for years that she might be more at leisure to while away her time in her own innocent fashion.  
She wondered, as she sat staring dully at the blaze, how the crocheting had come to mean so much to her and could not think for the instant, then half remembered, suddenly a little, lost the thread of memory again, recovered it and fell to musing, her elbow resting on the table, her cheek in her palm. She could hardly believe now that a certain few years of her life had ever really happened. They must have belonged to some other and wandered willfully into her own, for there was no home for them in hers or likeness anything they brought. Was it so? They had gone so utterly, so completely, and she was happy now in her own harmless way, far inland, out of all reach of storm and reef. She was still looking vaguely, half wistfully, at the fire when her doorbell rang and some one had entered the room and was hurrying to her side.  
"Aunt Faith," said a girlish, tremulous voice, "I've come to ask you to help me. Mother said you had suffered like this once and you had learned to forget, and I thought perhaps you could show me the way."  
Faith looked down upon the slight figure crouched there, sobbing, and laid her hand gently upon the brown head, but she did not understand at the suffering.  
"What is it, Grace?" she asked.  
"Oh, it's Phil!" she cried. "He doesn't care for me any more. He's taking Jennie Thompson now, and I can't bear it. Mother said other women had to bear such things, but she'd always been happy, and I could come to you. You could help me," she said, looking up appealingly. "You could teach me to forget."  
"Yes," said Faith slowly.  
Then it came back to her, all her own little story, and a dim, broken memory of the first heartache and her own longing to forget.  
"Poor little girl," whispered Faith, stroking the beautiful mass of tangled hair. "How was it I learned to forget? Let me think. Yes, I remember now. Wait a minute, dear, I will show you." Faith slipped out of the room and soon returned, bringing three rolls of very broad crocheted lace.  
"Can you crocheted, Grace?"  
"Not very much," said Grace, wonderingly.  
"Well, I will teach you. This is the way I learned to forget. The needle slips in and out, and the sunlight and firelight shine on it, and the lace grows and is so pretty, and it brings comfort. When I began, I couldn't see the needle—oh, how long ago that is!—for the tears. That was when I knew he would never come again, and I had my wed-

### A FAMOUS CHARGER.

The Horse That Led the Light Brigade Died on an Ohio Farm.  
The noted white Arabian steed ridden by Captain Nolan in the charge of the Light brigade at the memorable battle of Balaclava of the Crimea was quartered for several years in the immediate vicinity of Cincinnati and died a natural death at a ripe old age in the neighborhood of Morrow, O.

When the blundering order for the charge of the Light brigade was given, Captain Nolan was in command. As the men charged into the "valley of death" Nolan, on his conspicuous white Arab, spurred fur in advance of all—a fine mark for a Russian rifleman. With his sword high uplifted and a cheer on his lips, he was struck in the breast by a fragment of shell, thrown in the Russians' first discharge, and instantly killed. His sword dropped from his hand, but the arm retained its upright position and his left hand the bridle rein, as his horse instinctively turned back and galloped toward the brigade. As the files opened to let him pass an uncouth shriek rent the air, said by some to have been the last agonizing cry of Nolan in vain effort to turn the brigade from its impending doom, but thought by others to be the result of no human will, but due rather to those "spasmodic forces which may act upon the form when life has ceased."  
Straight into the Russian guns, which were opened full upon them, dashed the brigade and "then they rode back but not the 600." The immense loss was "only counter balanced," says one, "by the brilliance of the attack and the gallantry, order and discipline which distinguished it."  
The remnant of the Light brigade was sent over to Quebec to recuperate, and with them Nolan's white Arab, with two slight saber cuts in his side. He carried the marks to his death. After his master's death the horse was called Nolan. While in Quebec Lester Taylor, a wholesale cotton merchant of Cincinnati, purchased him and brought him to Cincinnati, where he shortly afterward sold him to August Le Broet. Le Broet was a Frenchman. The Le Broets owned a pretty summer home at South Covington, Ky., on the cliffs of a beautiful river, and now known as Dimmore park. Luxurious quarters were fitted up for Nolan. A French zouave was brought from France to care expressly for him and a handsome jet black stallion, called Sultan, purchased in Algiers by M. Le Broet on one of his numerous trips to Europe. Nolan was a magnificent creature, 15 1/2 hands high, snow white, with mane and tail like strands of burnished silver, and nostrils like pink satin, feet as the wind under the saddle—the only use to which he was put—with a swinging, easy gait, most inviting to the equestrian lover; high spirited, yet gentle withal as a fawn. Both Nolan and Sultan were regularly exercised in a ring laid out on one part of the grounds for that purpose. So docile was Nolan that the two little daughters of the house were much given to climbing upon his back during this exercise. If either chanced to slip and fall beneath the feet of the horse while in motion, he would stop instantaneously, and with the zouave cry to the child, "Tranquiel! Tranquiel!" meaning be quiet, would, with rare intelligence, bend his head and carefully push the little one from his path.  
On one of the foraging expeditions of the Union troops stationed at Fort Mitchell, a few miles distant from the Le Broet residence, both horses were taken from the stables. M. Le Broet was away from home. Upon his return, with the impetuosity and decisive action of the typical Frenchman, he started at once with his zouave in hot pursuit of the animals. Some four miles from home he came across them, tethered and in charge of a salubriter. Le Broet covered the man with his pistols while the zouave deftly secured the horses. Then he directed the latter to take them across the Ohio river into Brown county, O., he himself riding on into Covington, Ky., and straight to the old Planters' House, where the commanding officer of the troops, General Staunpoe, was stopping. There he defiantly challenged the general's interference in the case. Nothing came of the affair, however, and after a time the horses were returned to their old quarters. Leath to dispose of Nolan and not wishing to ship him to France, Le Broet left him for some months to the care of Colonel Mason, finally penning him to a farm near Morrow, O., where he lived his life out in peaceful retirement.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

### THE VALUE IT POSSESSES FOR THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE NATION.

The Peace and Happiness That Are Found Only Under One's Own Vine and Fig Tree—The Possibility of Attainment to Men of Small Incomes.  
Napoleon said that the man who had a wife and children had "given hostages to fortune." In a yet stronger sense have the man and woman made a beginning toward permanent success who have found for themselves a home, for the possession of which they are both willing unwaveringly and steadfastly to use systematic self denial. When a young couple have ceased to roam about from one undesirable flat to another and need no longer talk of "when you lived in East—street or West—street," but can cozily speak of "our little place," they have risen 20 per cent in their own self esteem and are at least 100 per cent richer in the true joy of living. Inensibly my illustration takes a financial form, since money, the power to obtain this blessing, lies at the root of the matter.  
Always a strong adherent to the advantages of country living, it is to me natural to associate the very idea of homemaking with rural surroundings. When God created our primal progenitors, we are told that he placed them in a garden as the best, the happiest, environment the divine wisdom could devise for their development. Amid growth which have grown with their growth and perfected under their care, man and woman still find a peculiar peacefulness that no one can define and a happiness impossible elsewhere.  
That heart ownership which comes only to the man and wife who have won and made their home is oftentimes found in suburban towns and villages, and rarely extends to the dimensions of an acre. The tree that shades the door, the vine that climbs over the porch, the pretty little garden in the rear, are loved not as inanimate things, but as part and parcel of their lives, and the falling of a leaf and the fading of a bud are a sorrow. It is quite a different homecoming to a man who sees his children standing at his pretty gate ready to run down the safe and quiet street and finds his wife at the open door than when he is lifted by a creaking elevator to some unknown height, where danger threatens the young lives if the door is not left ajar, and he has to look for a number to tell whether he is on his own (rotted) floor. From the hour a man and wife own their individual, personal home a thousand new interests enrich their lives, and the dwelling and its surroundings are so a part of themselves that a loose shingle or a stain on the doorknob is of serious importance.  
However extreme the theories of some of the "land for the people" philanthropists may be there is a deep integral truth in the basis of their arguments. Men and women are happier, are morally elevated, are better citizens, for owning their share of God's earth. I have long believed that the happiest people now living in our country are the skilled mechanics of our rural cities and towns, whose ambitions are limited to the acquisition of an unincumbered home, well built, and set in a lot large enough to insure privacy and a garden.  
While watching the long drawn out repairs of an old country house I came in contact with a notably intelligent and representative body of workmen. At dinner hour they grouped themselves under the trees, to the fruit of which they were made welcome, or found pleasant places to avoid the noontide heat. They were buoyant, heartily cheerful, with a quick readiness to laugh with sincere merriment. They discussed politics, town improvements, school taxes and general conditions of the country; they had enthusiasm and hope.  
I talked much with these men. An eagerness possessed me to find a clew to the reasons for the wide differences in their view of life and that of my own circle of young friends. I was left in no doubt. They were, every man, either already "freeholders" or nearing that distinction. Their cottages sprang up in every direction where the large landholders left half an acre to spare. They slept under their own roofs, they lay down proudly, sure that wife and children were sheltered from the power of removal or ejection and that they were, personally, increasingly of value to the community in which they lived. The best of these workmen earned \$1,000 a year, a part of them from \$650 to \$700. It seemed to me incredible that they had been able to buy land in such a town and improve it; still less credible that they could build and furnish such cottages as they lived in. They were more than ready to explain their system of saving through the various co-operative and building schemes of which the town had many.  
It has ever since remained a problem to me, increasing in complexity and interest as the years go on, why young couples, with twice the income of these thrifty and happy mechanics, remain homeless and live in cramped flats and tiny apartments which, if they have children, are but enlarged cages, while the same opportunities these men used are open to them for obtaining the treasure of a home inalienably theirs, on which they can expend the taste and ingenuity which are inherent in most young Americans. Perhaps it is want of understanding of the case which which they can attain the result, a lack of comprehension of the responsibility and trustworthiness of associations of various sorts organized to this end.—New York Post.

### Explaining His Delinquencies.

Pain—James, they tell me you are at the foot of your class.  
James—Yes, sir. To secure a full knowledge of any subject one must get down to the root of things, you know.—Chicago Journal.

### A Thorough Job.

A Philadelphia housekeeper tells this story in The Record of that city: "We had at one time in our employ a very green young woman whose nationality is typified by an emblem of the same verdant color. This young woman came to us through an intelligence office. She showed her intelligence on the first day of her service in our family. She was told to go out in the yard and take down the clothesline, which was stretched among a half dozen post-set up for so long a time that we began to wonder what an earth was the matter with her. We went out to see what she was doing and there we found her working away vigorously with a spanc. She had already dug up three of the posts and had almost completed the work on a fourth when we found her. She didn't stay with us long."

### THE VALUE IT POSSESSES FOR THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE NATION.

The Peace and Happiness That Are Found Only Under One's Own Vine and Fig Tree—The Possibility of Attainment to Men of Small Incomes.  
Napoleon said that the man who had a wife and children had "given hostages to fortune." In a yet stronger sense have the man and woman made a beginning toward permanent success who have found for themselves a home, for the possession of which they are both willing unwaveringly and steadfastly to use systematic self denial. When a young couple have ceased to roam about from one undesirable flat to another and need no longer talk of "when you lived in East—street or West—street," but can cozily speak of "our little place," they have risen 20 per cent in their own self esteem and are at least 100 per cent richer in the true joy of living. Inensibly my illustration takes a financial form, since money, the power to obtain this blessing, lies at the root of the matter.  
Always a strong adherent to the advantages of country living, it is to me natural to associate the very idea of homemaking with rural surroundings. When God created our primal progenitors, we are told that he placed them in a garden as the best, the happiest, environment the divine wisdom could devise for their development. Amid growth which have grown with their growth and perfected under their care, man and woman still find a peculiar peacefulness that no one can define and a happiness impossible elsewhere.  
That heart ownership which comes only to the man and wife who have won and made their home is oftentimes found in suburban towns and villages, and rarely extends to the dimensions of an acre. The tree that shades the door, the vine that climbs over the porch, the pretty little garden in the rear, are loved not as inanimate things, but as part and parcel of their lives, and the falling of a leaf and the fading of a bud are a sorrow. It is quite a different homecoming to a man who sees his children standing at his pretty gate ready to run down the safe and quiet street and finds his wife at the open door than when he is lifted by a creaking elevator to some unknown height, where danger threatens the young lives if the door is not left ajar, and he has to look for a number to tell whether he is on his own (rotted) floor. From the hour a man and wife own their individual, personal home a thousand new interests enrich their lives, and the dwelling and its surroundings are so a part of themselves that a loose shingle or a stain on the doorknob is of serious importance.  
However extreme the theories of some of the "land for the people" philanthropists may be there is a deep integral truth in the basis of their arguments. Men and women are happier, are morally elevated, are better citizens, for owning their share of God's earth. I have long believed that the happiest people now living in our country are the skilled mechanics of our rural cities and towns, whose ambitions are limited to the acquisition of an unincumbered home, well built, and set in a lot large enough to insure privacy and a garden.  
While watching the long drawn out repairs of an old country house I came in contact with a notably intelligent and representative body of workmen. At dinner hour they grouped themselves under the trees, to the fruit of which they were made welcome, or found pleasant places to avoid the noontide heat. They were buoyant, heartily cheerful, with a quick readiness to laugh with sincere merriment. They discussed politics, town improvements, school taxes and general conditions of the country; they had enthusiasm and hope.  
I talked much with these men. An eagerness possessed me to find a clew to the reasons for the wide differences in their view of life and that of my own circle of young friends. I was left in no doubt. They were, every man, either already "freeholders" or nearing that distinction. Their cottages sprang up in every direction where the large landholders left half an acre to spare. They slept under their own roofs, they lay down proudly, sure that wife and children were sheltered from the power of removal or ejection and that they were, personally, increasingly of value to the community in which they lived. The best of these workmen earned \$1,000 a year, a part of them from \$650 to \$700. It seemed to me incredible that they had been able to buy land in such a town and improve it; still less credible that they could build and furnish such cottages as they lived in. They were more than ready to explain their system of saving through the various co-operative and building schemes of which the town had many.  
It has ever since remained a problem to me, increasing in complexity and interest as the years go on, why young couples, with twice the income of these thrifty and happy mechanics, remain homeless and live in cramped flats and tiny apartments which, if they have children, are but enlarged cages, while the same opportunities these men used are open to them for obtaining the treasure of a home inalienably theirs, on which they can expend the taste and ingenuity which are inherent in most young Americans. Perhaps it is want of understanding of the case which which they can attain the result, a lack of comprehension of the responsibility and trustworthiness of associations of various sorts organized to this end.—New York Post.

### Explaining His Delinquencies.

Pain—James, they tell me you are at the foot of your class.  
James—Yes, sir. To secure a full knowledge of any subject one must get down to the root of things, you know.—Chicago Journal.

### A Thorough Job.

A Philadelphia housekeeper tells this story in The Record of that city: "We had at one time in our employ a very green young woman whose nationality is typified by an emblem of the same verdant color. This young woman came to us through an intelligence office. She showed her intelligence on the first day of her service in our family. She was told to go out in the yard and take down the clothesline, which was stretched among a half dozen post-set up for so long a time that we began to wonder what an earth was the matter with her. We went out to see what she was doing and there we found her working away vigorously with a spanc. She had already dug up three of the posts and had almost completed the work on a fourth when we found her. She didn't stay with us long."