## THE INDEPENDENT.

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VOL. IX.

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-The Oswego (N. Y.) Manufacturing Company claims to have the largest lumber-yard in the United States, having fifty million feet of lumber in stock. -The Philadelphia Ledger raises its voice against munching in public, on

the streets or in the cars, a habit which it considers both annoying and disgusting, especially in women. -It is estimated the stoves in the United States are worth one hundred and eighty million dollars. They numthis country use more stoves than all spoil my dinner, that's all."

the rest of the world together.

# THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT



ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1884.

MY WIFE'S AWAY.

What's that sensation round my heart That feels as if I'd lost a part Of self, and makes my feelings smart? My wife's away.

What happy voice at rosy morn. On music's wing that once was borne, Is missed, and things look so forlorn? My wife's away.

What makes me have the bluest blues, And all the world curse and abuse,
And sulky melancholy choose?
My wife's away.

What's vacant at the table-head, Where, angei-like, dispensing bread,

She sat, and now a blank instead? My wife's away. What ails my undergarment kit?

It drives me nearly in a fit. My wife's away. The socks-not two of them will pair;

The buttons, too, are never there. My wife's away.

The scoty servant now is boss, And turns her nose up with a toss, And looks at me infernal cross.

My wife's away.

What makes the evenings seem so long And still as night, where once a song Or music sweet charmed time along?

My wife, God bless her angel face, And bring her safe to my embrace! To me the empress of the race.

SHE CURED HIM.

-N. Y. Journal.

"You are never going to marry Philo

Mayburne! It was a bright bay-windowed room with a ruby fire sparkling in the grate, and a table, well laden with work, drawn up beside its shine. And the prettiest, freshest, most attractive thing to look at in the whole scene was the Widow Glenn herself, stitching industriausly away at a strip of cambric ruf-

She was tall and well proportioned, with hair like brown satin flax, blue eyes and a complexion all pink and beneath the transparent skin in a manwoman it did one's heart good to look five; for Time, gruff old non-compromiser that he is, had dealt very gently with Josie Glenn.

"Why shouldn't I marry Philo Mayburne?5 she asked quietly, as she bit off the end of her thread with teeth white and even as pearls.

Mrs. Jonesbury groaned and gasped! "He's handsome, isn't he?" asked

"I hain't nothin' to say agin' his looks," croaked Mrs. Jonesbury. "And his principles and character

are beyond reproach?" "Nobody denies it that I knows of." unwillingly assented the elder matron. "He's certainly well off!" went on

Mrs. Glenn. "Yes, he's rich, I s'pose, but -- "

"But what?" "His temper, Josephine, his temper, if you must have it!" jerked out Mrs. Jonesbury. "He's as ugly as Cain and as fault-findin' as old Pharoah in the land o' Egypt; and all the world knows that he jist fretted his first wife into the

"He won't fret me into the grave," said Josie, sewing dilligently on. "How be you gwine to help yourself?" asked Mrs. Jonesbury, with

very evident incredulity. "O, I have ways and means!" "But, Josie, you don't really love

"Yes, I do!"

"With his temper?" "In spite of his temper, Mrs. Jonesbury. I see and esteem the good which lies unreclaimed beneath that upper stratum of acerbity. Keep down the weeds and the flowers will grow in al-

most any nature.' "It's dreadful easy talkin', " saidMrs. Jonesbury, with a dubious shake of her Josephine Glenn, to be tied for life to a something very nice for us.'

man that's forever grumblin' about nothin'!" sparkle beneath her long brown eye-

lashes. "I mean to give him some-thing to grumble about!" "I don't understand you!"

"Don't you? Nevertheless - -" But at that instant a bevy of visitors was ushered into the apartment, and I can't eat a mouthful." Mrs. Jonesbury was forced to take her departure unenlightened as to the Widow Glenn's matrimonial policy.

So Philo Mayburne put a weddingring on Josie Glenn's pretty plump finger and surrendered himself legally into the keeping of that blue-eyed dame, little recking of the ordeal in store for

"Mrs. Mayburne!"

"Yes, Philo. It was one evening during their first week at home, after the varied changes of the wedding tour, and the newlymade husband was stalking up and down the floor, with his hands in his

"It one minute after six o'elock!" "I see it is," said Josie, glancing up at the time piece. "And dinner isn't ready. Is this

pockets, a deepening wrinkle between

your idea of punctuality?" The wife made no answer. "The fire sulking again. I do wish

our servants would ever pay any attention to the fire." Still Josie read on.

"Mrs. Mayburne!" ejaculated the husband.

"Well, my dear?" cooed Josie. "Why don't you answer me?" "What shall I say?" "Anything, Mrs. Mayburne."

"Well, then, permit me to observe that I am very much interested in the book I am reading." Philo's brow grew dark: but he was

stopped from further comment by the ringing of the dinner bell. "Oyster soup burned again," he growled, letting his spoon drop into the

dish with a splash. "I think it is very nice," said Josie. "And the beef roasted, when I told cook especially to have it boiled."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Mayburne, "where is the difference?" "Difference, ma'am - difference!" ber about eight million. The people of barked Philo, "enough difference to to the world. How do you like the re other to forge a head on a \$10 bill. -

And, pushing back his chair, he strode away from the table. Mrs. Mayburne stayed to finish her meal and then sauntered into the

"Where are my slippers, Mrs. Mayburne?"

"On the rug, close to your feet, my dear." "I don't want the slippers with the fox's head on, I want the slippers with the rosebuds and leaves. It's very

in his own house!" Josie rang the bell and ordered reason a man can never find a paper when he wants it?"

"Here it is, Philo, folded neatly under the books," she responded. "And what is it under the books for Why isn't it left where I can find it!" "If you had looked around my

"But I don't want to look around!" And Mr. Mayburne unfolded the sheet and began to read, his brows still ominously contracted, while Josie sat itself more and more definitely in her measured of with silvery tick.

sitting-room was dark and chilly as he you please about it in your paper." stumbled in. "No light?" he demanded, queru-

lously. "What's the use of light?" pettishly asked his wife, who was reclining on the sofa, under an embroidered afghan. "The fire has gone out half an hour

"The fire out!" Philo stood aghast. "But why didn't you have it kindled up again?' "Everything goes wrong," grumbled Josie, with a peevish elevation of her

shoulders. "The kindlings were wet white, with the crimson bloom glowing | and the chimney smoked, and --" "Well, well, my dear," said Philo, duced to the business manager. nar that all the cosmetics on earth driven to the unwonted task of conso- The representative of the 'Morning might strive vainly to stimulate; a lation, "I dare say it will be all right." at in these days of artificial falsity. Josie. "It is so trying; and dinner isn't Perhaps she might have been thirty, ready, although it's half past six, and but she did not look more than twenty- the fruit hasn't come for dessert, and

I'm so discouraged!" "We'll do without the fruit, then." "There's no other dessert." "My dear Josie, it isn't best to let

little things fret you!" "I'll discharge the cook to-morrow," said Josie, acrimoniously.

"O, no, dear! I wouldn't do that: she understands her business remarkably well." "She burned the ovsters yesterday." "Only scorched 'em, that was all!"

"On the contrary, my dear Josie, she is generally the soul of punctuality. Where is my dressing-gown?"

"She is always behindhand with the

"I am sure I don't know," said Josie, spiritlessly. "That chambermaid makes a rule of putting things just where nobody can find them. "O, here it is, back of the door,"

said Philo, "just where she always "Then why didn't you look there before you asked?" demanded the wife. Mr. Mayburne found it convenient not to hear, but poked the fire diligently. "There you go, scattering ashes all over the velvet rug," said Josie,

Mr. Mayburne checked himself, and sat down shivering, in a rocking-"I wish you would stop creaking that

chair," groaned his wife; "my poor nerves are all in a quiver. Why don't they send up dinner?" "There's the bell now," said Philo, jumping up with alacrity; "come

"I don't think I care for any dinner, now that I have been kept waiting so long," said Mrs. Mayburne. "Now, my dear Josie, don't be un-

The beefsteak was cold, the potatoes water-soaked and the turnips dried like as many dollars' worth of dry goods in "There it is," said Josie, with a blue mummies, while the bread was new return as you think us deserving of." and heavy. Mr. Mayburne opened his

lips to complain, but Josie was before-"My goodness gracious!" she ejaculated, with uplifted hands and eyes. "Such a dinner! Take me away, Philo;

"Just a little bit of the steak, dearit's very juicy.' "Not a particle!" said Josie, emphatically. "Sarah, tell the cook she

may go to morrow.' "My dear, my dear, pray consider --- " "There's a chicken coming with bread sauce," suggested Sarah, with twinkling eyes.

"Chicken and bread sauce-the very think I detest of all others!" exclaimed

"It's burned to a crisp!"

"Burned, my dear? Not a bit of it." "It's raw, then, under the side!"

lelicious—and here are some steaming baked potatoes." her head: "my dinner is spoiled-that's

And she walked out of the diningroom precisely as her husband had done the night before. But Philo, less philosophical than his wife, rose and followed her. "Josie, dear," he said, hesitatingly,

as she flounced down upon the sofa. "Aren't you just a little-a little cro s?" "Am 1?"

"And unreasonable? A trifle so?" "Do you really think so, Philo?" "So do I. I am very cross and outrageously unreasonable! The dimples had come back to Josie's

lins and the sparkle in her eyes. Philo looked bewildered. "But, my dear, what do you mean?" "Philo," said Mrs. Mayburne, calmly, "you have only been looking into a

looking-glass.' "Into a looking-glass, my dear?" "Exactly so. During the last hour you have seen yourself as you appear forge ahead on a boat, but quite an-

flection?"

She laid her hand lightly on his

shoulder as she spoke. Philo Mayburne sat stroking his whiskers meditatively, without answering. "Am I really as disagreeable a parlor, where her spouse sat glaring at

that?" he asked presently. "Yes, quite!" "I hadn't any idea of it!" "Because you have never seen your

self as others see you." Another silence ensued, and then Mr Mayburne spoke again. "Josie, nobody shall ever see me strange a man can't take any comfort again in that light!"

Philo Mayburne kept his word, and to this day Mrs. Jonesbury has never "rosebuds and leaves," but the next left off wondering what mysterious rock to split upon was the newspaper. agency wrought such a marvelous "Where's my paper? What's the change in the spirit of Philip Mayburne's dream.

"For he ain't like the same man, no more, he ain't!" truthfully observed Mrs. Jonesbury .- Boston Budget.

Some Observations.

"This is the editor, is it?"

"Yes, sir, it is." "Well, now, Mr. Editor, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm introducing the 'Morning Star' brand of coffee smiling beside him, her purpose shaping among your merchants here, and if yon'll give me your address, I'll send mind at every moment that the clock two pounds of the 'Morning Star' to your house. I want your wife to The next evening Mr. Mayburne serve you with a cup of it, and after came home rampant as usual. The you've tred it, you may just say what

> The editor, of course, beams with happiness. The prospective donation of two pounds of choice coffee is enough to make any editor happy. Unfortunately, however, his family is away for

> the season, and he replies: "If you had just as soon, suppose you send that coffee up to the business manager's house. Here he comes, I'll introduce you," and having done so, the observer settled down to hard work. He would have introduced the philanthropist to the business manager anyhow. It is a rule in the Mail office that all philanthropists shall be intro-

Star' coffee tells his story very grace-"All wrong, more likely," fretted fully to the business manager. "I'm going to send two pounds of our superb coffee up to your house,' The business manager has met phi

"Two pounds of coffee," he replies;

'how much is the coffee a pound?" "Thirty-five cents." "All right; my house is number 2,232 Blank street. Send up your coffee. Here's seventy cents." "I beg your pardon," says the phi-

lanthropists before.

lanthropist; "I'm going to give you the coffee, and-"But I don't want you to give me the coffee. I'm able to pay for it." "Yes, ves, I know that; but you know I expect you to reciprocate by saying

what you think about the 'Morning Star' in your paper." "Then you want me to give you something, do you?"

"O, no; I simply expect you to say whatever you think the coffee deserves." "We usually trade on a cash basis," the business manager responds, "but let's see, two pounds of coffee will be worth seventy cents; three lines of local seventy-five cents; you owe a balance of five cents; it will be very hard work to get very much of a notice into threelines, but we'll close the deal if

you say so.' The philanthropist, for some reason, couldn't dispute the newspaper financier's business logic, but still he could hardly comprehend why his generosity was looked upon in such a coldly practical manner as the business man applied to it. He succumbed, however, and concluded that he wouldn't send the coffee at all, but would make a con-

tract for advertising in cash. The philanthropic scheme of the coffee man, analyzed in a business manner, was every whit as businesslike as it would be on the part of a newspaper man to step into a mercantile establishment and say to the prohead. "But ye don't know what it is, reasonable. I dare say they've got prietor: "Here, I am going to send you my paper for three months; after you have read it you may give me just

Peculiar ideas are entertained re-

garding the newspaper business. More ridiculous propositions are made to newspaper publishers than to any other class of business men existing. Not long ago a Texas man wrote the Mail a letter saying that he would appreciate the publication of the "inclosed item of general interest," and that if the publisher would send him a marked copy of the paper and advertising rates, would be pleased to send them cash advertising when he needed it. The "item of general interest" was an advertisement. The publishers replied that if he would kindly send them fifteen dollars in cash as a gift and the rates on any money he might have to loan, they would be pleased to borrow "I am sure its very nice," said Philo; of him whenever the occasion arose. "see how savory it looks. Let me give And why should such absurd propo-you a wing and a little slice of the sitions be made? Simply because the newspaper profession has educated a the world, and they stand at the head wagon was boosting the grape arbor nue from Forty-second street two ladies fifteen cent. box of strawberries, or a "shovers." - Washington Post. "Do try it, Josie-really I think it is peck of fresh vegetables, is as acceptable as a thousand dollar gold piece would be to an ordinary man. The "No," said Josie resolutely, shaking | coffee man above referred to, after the conversation had concluded, laughingly and frankly added: "That's all right -it's business-but we catch lots of

> -A new danger threatens society, and it comes in the shape of the bicycle. The bicycle is almost noiseless on a good road, and young men driving their sweethearts would do well to keep a sharp eye in the rear, as some very funny things have been witnessed by wheelmen riding behind buggies. I heard how one wheelman rode behind a buggy for some distance, quite unin the buggy, all dressed in white, had a black sash on or not. He trie the experiment of riding close up and blowing his whistle, and the black girdle disappeared as if by magic. She was wearing a coat sleeve with an arm in it. -Letter in St. Louis Spectator.

-An Ohio oarsman has been arrested for making counterfeit money. He should remember it is one thing to Yonker's Statesman.

Scorpions and Centipede: .

Frequently though the scorpion is met with, yet a sting from one is rare. An instance coming within my observation was that of my chowkeedar, who had been stung during the night while asleep on his mat in a corner of the veranda where the reptile had evidently dropped down from above. I was awoke by a loud "bapre-bap" and the very familiar "sapkatdyia" ("Father, oh, father, a snake has bitten me!" and, on going to the spot with a light. we discovered the assailant to be, not a snake, but a scorpion, which was standing motionless in the corner, still time pass pleasantly. What a contrast through their fingers or ashing their angrily curving its tail-a discovery which afforded unspeakable relief to passengers stopped for dinner, and the warmth of circulation. Roaring mirth the chowkeedar, who had thought his last hours were come, and who now with folded hands and upturned eyes so much that is pleasant and enjoyable and rustic salutations abounded. All devoutly acknowledged his escape in the exclamation: "Dohai Ram Ji, jan buchgaia" ("Mercy, oh, Ram, my life is spared!"). He had pressed upon the reptile, no doubt, while turning round, and had been stung on the arm, which rapidly swelled to a great size, accom- the best possible style. The body of the stocks, heavy with the wealth of rapidly swelled to a great size, accompanied by pain so excessive as to cause a feeling of faintness. With his mind, however, relieved from the "worst," he soon set about collecting herbs from the compound and garden, under the application of hot mashes of which the pain gradually subsided, and, along with the swelling, disappeared in a couple of days.

Being curious to watch the habits of the scorpion, I placed one under a glass case along with a grasshopper two inches long, whose sharp-spiked legs constituted its strong natural defense. For awhile the scorpion took no notice of the wild leaps of his companion, though every now and again it struck against him in rebounding from the glass cover, but at length, irritated by the continuance of these, it assumed the offensive. After several unsuccessful clutches, he managed to seize with his toes a leg of the grasshopper, which he held in his jaws, while endeavoring to transfix him with his sting, till he succeeded in driving it through and through him. The leaps of the grasshopper now speedily grew feebler, and soon he lay motionless and dead. For twenty-four hours the scorpion took no further notice of his companion, and then, pressed by hunger, he bethought himself of him, and speedily devoured

Like the scorpion the centipede also seems partial to grasshoppers, when it can get them. An enormously magnified copy as it is of the little home centipede, the sight of one five or six inches long, with its multitude of prehensile feet all moving at once, and its long feelers steering its way, causes an involuntary creeping of the flesh. Once daily paper after mid-day breakfast, preparatory to "turning in" for the customary siesta, I was surprised by a thumping against a newspaper which was lying in a corner of the room, and the continuance of the sound induced me to jump up to ascertain the cause, suspecting, of course, a snake and frog. holding in its jaws a large grasshopper, which he was quietly hollowing out without the least regard to the frantic kicks of his victim, which had occasigned the noise against the paper. Nor did he seem disposed to relinquish so choice a morsel, but allowed himself to be turned over and over without even relaxing his hold, and as the grassloss, I let the devourer continue, till in mained, and only then did the dimin-

ishing kicks of the grasshopper cease altogether. On another occasion, in the hot month of May, during my morning ablu-

gradually unwound itself. reptiles are come upon now and again bring a horse to terms if he took a in India, generally when and where notion to run away. least expected, and showing the waribut it is more or less poisonous, and, into gear by a little lever that runs up ers support this bureau to tell us what like the sting of the scorpion, is consid- into the wagon. sidered serious to children .- All the

Year Round. be expected. Those thrifty pagans are had painted of the future. perhaps the most expert imitators in They were going down hill. The

secration.

NO. 33.

The Stage Coach in New York City.

When the railroad car took the place of the slow stage-coach, it deprived were born in the country comes the retravel of most of its pleasures. One membrance of husking-time. We

bers of the club to enjoy the and neighborhood reunion, and a scene pleasures of this mode of traveling. which fills our memory, So popular is the Tally-ho Coach that smiles, but more with tears, as we replaces are engaged many days ahead. member that the farm now belongs to The passenger oy the coach leaves the other owners, and other hands gather city by that beautiful gateway, Central in the fields, and many of those who Park, and sees the city melt gradually mingled in that merry busking scene into the country. His road takes him have themselves been reaped "like as a past beau iful villas as well as primitive shock of corn cometh in his season."farm houses. His senses are soon Dr. Talmage, in Frank Leslie's Sunday saluted by the refreshing sea air, and Magazine. he arrives at his destination pre ared to do justice to the ample dinner that awaits him. His destination is Pelham Bay, one of the most charming spots while reclining on a sofa perusing a out in front of him, and the many sail- the corner of Wood street and Fifth ing craft go lazily by, their quiet being avenue last Wednesday.
in strange contrast to the fussy little "Yes, sir; this is an office of the a few hours of rest at Pelham Bay the charge. the passenger enjoys the same scene in claimed the perspiring individual. mode of travel and the change of air grew so terribly hot that his face looked and scene. "But," some may say. "it like a bloom just ready for the squeezis very expensive." So it is, but unlike ers. Coaching Club helps some one. The dignity. coach maker, the painter, the harness maker, and many other trades are ben- don't comprehend me? O, no, of hopper could not physically recoup his breeds stage horses, has their value in- ain't what we taxpayers pay out our

American Agriculturist.

Billy's Invention. Billy Longhead, who lives out on tions, while raising the sponge to my Dayton bluff, has been closely engaged face, I was met by the near view of an the past two years on a contrivance to ugly pair of horns, followed by a head, check runaway horses. Last week he emerging from one of the pores. Not brought his scheme to a head and celean instant too soon, I dropped it down brated the affair by taking his best girl again on the basin stand, upon which out for a drive. He had placed one of the full length of a hideous centipede his inventions on the wagon for the radually unwound itself.

Such are instances of the way these his head was and how quickly he could

The invention is simple, being a reel ness people require to practice in every round which a fine linked and very movement, even in lifting a book or strong chain is wound. The chain runs paper, or putting the hand anywhere under the horse and is attached to the where the eye does not also reach. The bit. The reel has cog wheel connection bite of the centipede is rarely heard of, with the wagon wheel, and is thrown hot? Do you mean to say we taxpay-

The day was large. The sun shone, the birds sang, the rivulets rivled and as Billy and his girl rode along through -The Treasury Department has in the country, happy in each other's love, its rogues' gallery photographs of 3,000 they planned and schemed how they counterfeit makers and "shovers." would have their house arranged and would have their house arranged and These persons are of all ages, from the grounds laid out when Billy's wonder- the wild man turned himself out on the child of fourteen to the gray-haired ful invention should fill his coffers with sidewalk, red, hot, hissing globule of sinner of seventy. They represent every gold. Everything seemed bright. The nationality, even to the African and the prospect was brilliant and lunch counheathen Chinee. The latter, indeed, ters and box cars occupied a very hazy are much more numerous than might back ground in the picture which Billy

good proportion of the public into the of the class in the production of base that was drawing it along at a pretty got aboard. One of them were glasses idea that a donation to an editor of a coin. Many women are engaged as lively ga't. Now was a good opportunity for Billy to prove the value of his eyebrows peculiar to the ladies of the invention, He whipped the horse into Hub. With the true Boston instinct she - A cab driver in Paris was recently a run, which was not hard work as he engaged at the Champs Elysees by a was going down hill. At last when lady who, after making him drive all they were moving through space at the course?" said her companion. over the city for nearly six hours, rate of seventeen miles an hour Billy finally alighted in the Faubourg Mont-martre, and told him she "had been un-able to find her son." The driver at once demanded his fare, but was told that she did not possess a cent. He of one thousand miles an hour; the horse then invited her to ride again, and drove directly to the nearest police statement of one thousand miles an hour; the horse was going one way while the chain was coming the other. This state of affairs "Yes. indeed," said the Boston lady, tion, when it was found that the woman lasted about-eight seconds, when the horse and chain both came the same way and the wagon with its occupants -The Lutheran Church of Finland continued to proceed through the air. is, for the moment, bishopless-its Somehow things got mixed. Billy got three chief pastors having died within bewildered, his girl got tangled up a few months of one another. The first among the wheels of the buggy, and decided as to whether the pretty girl clergyman elected to the episcopal of himself back to town. When Billy had The lady from Bosto excavated his eyes he went on a relief expedition for his girl; he found her in the two got off the car at Sixty-first -The newest thing in weddings. in- several places, but managed to get her augurated at the Reed wedding, New together so he could recognize her and York, is to send invitations and cards found that with the exception of a few to Queen Victoria and the nobility of hair and much of nose, she was all Europe. It is extremely "tony," and present. A very low temperature has it costs nothing but the postage.—N. sprung up between Billy and the girl, and he hasn't been able to prove that -During the last five years New her out of the way so that he might tie Yorkers in Paris purchased \$7,882,000 to another female on the other side of worth of paintings .- N. Y. Graphic. | the river .- St. Paul Herald.

# THE INDEPENDENT

FINEST JOB OFFICE

· IN DOUGLAS COUNTY.

CARDS, BILL HEADS, LEGAL BLANKS, Large and Heavy Posters and Showy Hand-Bills,

Neatly and expeditiously executed AT PORTLAND PRICES.

A Co:n-Husking Festival.

How vividly to all those of us who

sees but little of the country as he is waited for it as the gala-day of the whirled rapidly through it amid noise year. It was called a frolic. The trees. and dust. There is no way in which having for the most part shed their scenery can be so well enjoyed, as from foliage, the farmers waded through the an outside seat of a stage-coach. The fallen leaves and came through the moderate rate of speed allows all the keen morning air to the gleeful combeauties of the scene to be appreciated, pany. The frosts which had silvered and the changes of the road present an ever-varying panorama. Then the stage-coach allowed of social enjoyment, and chat and stories made the others, they stood blowing their breath between the tavern, where the stage- arms around their body to keep up present railway station with its "five greeted the late farmer as he crawled minutes for refreshments!" There is over the fence. Jokes and repartee in travel by stage that wealthy gentle-men in New York City and vicinity not long sgo formed a coaching club, each while the moles and mice which have member of which had a "coach and secreted themselves there for warmth four." There are now many members attempt to escape. The withe of straw each and the running gear is painted in grain, are rolled into bundles, between, a different style from the others. The which the husker sits down. The huskhorses are carefully selected, and have ing-peg is thrust in until it strikes, and the most complete harness and trap- then the fingers rip off the sheathing of pings. The coaches have seats for six | the ear, and there is a crack as the root upon the roof, besides a place for the of the corn is snapped off from the "guard," who with his horn announces husk, and the grain disimprisoned is the arrival of the coach. The driver hurled up into the sunlight. The air is is usually the owner of the coach, and so tonic, the work is so exhilarating, there is no little friendly rivalry among the company is so blithe, that some the members over their skill in "hand- laugh, and some shout, and some sing, ling the ribbons." A parade of the and some banter, and some tease a coaching club is something well worth neighbor for a romantic ride along the seeing, and the club makes occasional edge of the woods in eventide in a carexcursions to more or less distant riage that holds but two, and some points. On one occasion its members, prophesy as to the number of bushels or a part of them, drove to Philadel- to the field, and others go into compephia and back, by the stage-route fol- tition as to which shall rifle the most lowed be ore the days of railroads. One corn-shucks before sundown. After a member of the club is so enthusiastic while the dinner-horn sounds from the a coachman that he runs a daily coach farm-house, and the table is surrounded between one of the hotels of this city by a group of jolly and hungry men. and a point in the suburbs. He takes From all the pantries and cellars and passengers at a round price, and thus perches of fowl on the place the richest allows those who are not mem- dainties come, and there is a carnival-

# A Very Hot Taxpayer.

"Is this the United States Weather upon Long Island Sound. He here ex- Bureau?" exclaimed an excited indichanges the varying scenes and sights vidual in a melted collar and hot-asof the roal for one of tranquil beauty. blazes frame of mind, rushing into the The blue waters of the Sound stretch United States Signal Service office on

steamer that occasionally passes. After bureau," replied the gentleman in

"O, it is, is it," sarcastically exthe light of the declining sun, and is a part of the institution, is it? Well, reaches the starting point just as gas- sir, it's a swindle! A barefaced swin-The raising of the paper disclosed a lights and electric lamps are replacing dle on the taxpaying citizen, sir! That the daylight, refreshed by the novel is what it is, sir!" And the hot man

> many of the amusements of the "I do not comprehend you, sir," rewealthy, every dollar expended by the plied the signal-service officer, with

"O, you don't, don't you? You efited, and even the farmer, who course not. Certainly, you don't. That creased by what some regard as the ex- money for, to be comprehended. What a quarter of an hour only the shell re travagance of the Coaching Club. - did your bureau promise Saturday? Didn't you say a cold wave was on its way here, and that it would reach us Sunday, and the weather would be cool-

er, didn't you?" "Well, sir, what if we did?" "What if you did! Of course you, did. You know you did. You can't

deny it. Where is it?" "I'm sure I do not know," returned the official abruptly. "We do not arrange the weather. "You don't! Why, what are we tax-

payers getting for our money, then?" exclaimed the hot man. "The b reau simply furnishes meteorological information relative to the state of the weather," answered the ofticial, with dignity.

"Information! Great Scotland, do you think a man has to be shoveled into the thermometer is when our shirt-collars are running into our boots? If you can't regulate the weather, what are you for? A blind mule with his tail broke off knows when it's hot and cold without you telling us. What are we

# wrath. - Fittsburgh Chronicle.

Boston and New York. As the car swung into Madison avebegan talking about books and authors.

"You have read 'Jane Eyre' of "Oh, yes," said the intellectual lady from Boston; "I have read all her

"all of them. But do you know I think he is almost too analytical?"

"How do you li e Adam Bede's writings?" asked the New Yorker. "Oh, they are lovely. But don't you think they are a little shallow?" "I have never read them," said the

The lady from Boston cast a look of

pity on her illiterate companion and

street. - N. Y. Herald. -"I beg your pardon, madam," said

a gentleman, lifting his hat politely to a richly dressed woman on the street, "but your face is strangely familiar to he didn't put up a scheme on her to get fore." "Yis, Misther Jones," replied the richly dressed woman, "it's meself that knows ye. Oi'm your cook.—N. Y. Graphic.