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ALL KINDS OF THE BEST QUALITY.

**THE OLD WIFE.**  
By the bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil sad and tender.  
Where his aged wife lay lying; and the twilight shadows brown  
Slowly from the wall and window chased the sunset's golden splendor  
Going down.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking for her  
"The secret to knower  
Lost between the next world's sunrise and the  
hot-time care of this."  
And the old man, with a fearful, trembling  
as he bent above her.

"Are the children in?" she asked him. Could  
he tell her? All the treasures  
Of their household lay in silence many years  
beneath the snow;  
But the heart was with them living, back  
among the joys and pleasures  
Long ago;

And again she called at dawn-fall, in the sweet  
old summer weather.  
"Where is little Charity, father? Frank and  
Robert—have they come?"  
"They are safe," the old man faltered—"all  
the children are together,  
Safe at home."

Then he murmured gentle soothing, but his  
grit grew strong and stronger,  
Till he choked and stifled him as he held and  
kissed the old man's forehead.  
For her soul, far, far of hearing, could his  
loneliest words no longer  
Linger.

Still the pale line stammered questions, lull-  
abys and broken verses,  
Nursery prattle—all the language of a moth-  
er's love, and all the  
While the mid-air round the mourner, left  
to sorrow's bitter mercies,  
Wrapped its weeds.

There was stillness on the pillow—and the old  
man lay on his side,  
Till they led him from the chamber, with the  
burden on his breast,  
For the old man, many years, his manhood's  
early love and only  
Lay at rest.

"Fare you well," he sobbed, "my Sarah—you  
will miss me before me."  
"Tis a long while, for neither can the parting  
long abide,  
And you will call me soon, I know—  
and Heaven will restore me  
To your side."

It was even so: The spring time, in the step  
of winter, before me,  
Scarcely shed its orchard-blossoms ere the old  
man closed his eyes,  
And they buried the old man—and they had  
their "diamond wedding,"  
In the skies.

**CHESTER HILTON'S WIFE.**  
It was the close of day in midsum-  
mer. Chester Hilton was putting on  
his hat, preparatory to leaving the  
office, when his employer asked him  
to step to the desk for a few moments.

"I am very sorry, Chester," said the  
senior partner of the firm of Gardner,  
Whitebeck & Co., "to be obliged to tell  
you that we can not afford to keep you  
after this month. As you are aware,  
our business has fallen off to such a de-  
gree that we are scarcely making our  
running expenses."

Chester Hilton received this announce-  
ment in a cool, collected man-  
ner. He had been expecting a crash  
for two months past. Nevertheless, at  
heart he felt depressed and anxious.

It was just the season of year when  
business was at its lowest ebb. Where  
and when would he get another situa-  
tion? He had nothing put by to live  
on during the time he might be out  
of employment. His salary had been only  
sufficient to pay his family expenses.

The outlook was certainly a dark one.  
He usually rode home in the horse cars,  
as he lived at the outskirts of the city,  
where rents were moderate, but that  
night a nickel looked as large to him as  
a silver dollar.

When he got home, and as he drew  
near the gate, a black-eyed baby, with  
a face illuminated by a sight of "papa,"  
toddled out to meet him. In her haste  
she would have fallen upon the broken  
plank over which she picked her way  
had not her father reached out his arms  
just in time to save her. He held her  
tightly to his breast, and bending down,  
kissed her baby face and whispered:  
"Papa's little darling." A girlish fig-  
ure stood at the open gate, and as he  
passed through lifted up her fresh,  
young happy face to be kissed, too.

"What made you so late to-night,  
Goldie?" she asked. "Aisy and I have  
been watching for you forever and ever  
so long."

cell her. Surely he would find another  
place, and then it was time enough to  
at her to know he had left Gardner, Whit-  
beck & Co.

One morning, a fortnight after his  
dismissal, Mrs. Hilton had occasion to  
go down town, and she stepped into  
the office to see her husband. As she  
came into the door, Mr. Gardner looked  
up from his ledger and bade her "good  
morning."

"My husband is out, I suppose," she  
said, looking toward the empty desk in  
the corner.  
"Your husband?" replied Mr. Gard-  
ner. "He has not been in this morn-  
ing."  
"Not been in?" she exclaimed.  
"You know, of course, that Chester  
is not in my employ now," said the  
gentleman. "He has not been with us  
this month."

A vague anticipation of something  
wrong filled the wife's heart, but she  
was reassured by hearing the senior  
partner say:  
"We esteem your husband very high-  
ly, and were sorry to dispense with his  
services, but we were obliged to do so  
on account of the dullness of the sea-  
son."

"My husband has not told me," she  
replied. "I respect his motive—he was  
afraid it would trouble me. If he  
comes in, please do not say a word  
about my having been here."  
"Certainly not," replied Mr. Gard-  
ner, as the young wife went out of the  
office.

Turning to his partner, he said:  
"What a pretty wife Chester Hilton  
has! She is very young, though, not  
more than twenty-one, I should judge  
—Whitebeck," he continued, "how  
strange it is that young men now-a-  
days take so many leaps in the dark as  
regards matrimony. Why didn't Ches-  
ter Hilton wait awhile before he got  
married? It was a foolish venture."

"I don't agree with you," replied  
the junior partner. "I married on six  
hundred dollars a year, and saved  
money too."  
"That was a long time ago, and you  
got the right kind of a wife to help  
a man along."  
"That's true," he replied, "but I be-  
lieve there are a great many right kind  
of wives now. You can't tell what  
stuff women are made of until they are  
tried. Chester Hilton's wife looks as if  
she had a good deal of character."

While these gentlemen were talking,  
the subject of their conversation was  
walking homeward on the shady side  
of the street. A nickel had become as  
large as a dollar in her eyes, as well  
as in her husband's. In spite of the  
large sun umbrella and the thick lawn  
dress, she was very warm, and the per-  
spiration stood in large drops on her  
face.

"Poor Goldie," she said to herself,  
as the tears came into her eyes. "He  
is so proud he couldn't bear to tell me  
that he was out of employment. Of  
course, I shan't speak of going to Fern-  
side again. I'll stay at home and take  
the best care of baby that I can. I'll  
watch her every minute. I'm paying  
Ellen large wages. I must let her  
do the work myself. I wonder if  
I could? We can buy our bread, but  
Goldie hates baker's bread. I must  
have Ellen show me how she makes  
hers."

And full of the project of  
doing her own work, and walking to-  
ward home, forgetful of the heat and  
dust.

She did not have to give Ellen warn-  
ing; the event, as events in our lives  
often are, was ordered before she got  
home. Ellen's sister had been there  
and told her mother was ill and she  
must go home the following day.

The next morning Ellen showed her  
mistress how to make the excellent  
bread and rolls, and the heroic little  
wife surprised her husband with some,  
which he said were even better than  
Ellen's.

A month passed by, and whenever her  
husband said, as he often did, "I'm  
afraid you are working too hard, my  
dear," she always answered with a  
merry laugh, "I'm just as happy as I  
can be doing my own work, and baby  
really helps me every day, she is so  
good." Not a word had been said by  
either husband or wife about leaving  
Gardner & Whitebeck's office.

One morning, after "Goldie" had  
looked over the advertisements in the  
column of "Wanted" in the morning  
paper, and had put it down with a sort  
of hopeless look upon his face, his wife  
took it up and her eye fell upon this  
advertisement:

"Wanted—First-class home-made  
cakes and pies, also bread and rolls, at  
No. 57 Ralston Avenue."  
"It's the Woman's Exchange," she  
said to herself. "They've just opened  
it. I read about it yesterday in the pa-  
per. I'm going to try it, I know  
I can do it, and the little  
wife in her culinary enthusiasm,  
hugged the baby so hard that the baby  
one protested loudly against such close  
quartered demonstration."

Early in the afternoon, with a basket  
on one arm and the baby on the other,  
she took the horse-cars for 57 Ralston  
Avenue.  
"Very nice cake," said the lady who  
waited on her. "We will take the  
three loaves." As she spoke she opened  
the cashier's drawer and handed Mrs.  
Hilton the price paid for such cake.  
"Can you make good cookies and gin-  
ger-snaps? There is such a demand for  
them that we can't half supply our cus-  
tomers."  
"I'll bring some to-morrow," replied  
Mrs. Hilton.

or an instant—was his wife so very ex-  
travagant, when doing her own work?"  
But when he got to the bottom of the  
page and saw the word "Paid," writ-  
ten across it, he said in a tone of sur-  
prise:  
"Who is paying my bills?"  
"Nobody but your own little wife,  
Goldie, dear," she said, putting her  
arms around his neck. "You know  
you kept a secret from me, and so I  
kept one from you."

Then followed such a burst of elo-  
quence as only a husband in the same  
situation can appreciate.  
"I know, Goldie, you have a theory  
against money-earning wives, but just  
this once you know you must change  
your opinion. It was so much better  
than having bills carried over."  
"You precious darling," he said.  
"But you won't have any more of your  
husband's bills to pay, because I have  
just been engaged by 'Hunt & Slocum,'  
to begin work there to-morrow at a  
higher salary than I ever had before."

**Both Went Back.**  
Several years ago, there lived in Dar-  
danelle, Arkansas, an eccentric little  
person known as—well, say Uncle John.  
He was violently opposed to the title of  
governor, declaring that he once knew  
of a gang of thieves whose pass-  
word was Governor, and on many occasions  
the young drummer for a New York  
house, decided to visit Dardanelle.

"By all means stop with Uncle John  
Pash," said a companion. "He is the  
best feeder in the country; and—say,  
call him governor and he will nearly  
kill himself waiting on you."  
"When Collins arrived he was re-  
ceived with a welcome that was delig-  
hful to contemplate, and during the  
course of affable conversation, Collins  
remarked:  
"By the way, governor, how are —"  
The old fellow became furious. He  
had been teased several times that day,  
and he knew that the title was intended  
to be an insult. The drummer became  
angry and swore that he would not  
stand such abuse."

"Collins followed and was conducted to  
the bank of the river, not far away."  
"Now," exclaimed the old man,  
drawing a revolver, "we'll settle this  
thing. 'Two of us came down here.  
Only one of us will go back."  
The drummer took out a pistol, half  
as long as his arm, and remarked:  
"I'm going back."

"Well," said the old man, returning  
his own pistol, and eyeing the one held  
by Collins, "I reckon that under the  
circumstances we'd both better go  
back."—Arkansas Traveler.

**A California View of Alaska.**  
Alaska is an anomalous Territory.  
It has a full set of United States offi-  
cers, including a Governor, a District  
Judge, a District Attorney, a Marshal,  
a Clerk of the Court and four Commis-  
sioners stationed at different points.  
They have not much to do; but to give  
some of them a little additional employ-  
ment the Clerk of the Court is ex-  
officio Territorial Secretary and Treas-  
urer, and the Marshal ex-officio Sur-  
veyor General. There is no danger of  
the officials' salaries being too high, as  
charge of their multifarious duties to  
the injury of their health. Alaska pos-  
sesses a bracing atmosphere that is  
conducive to longevity. The white  
population does not exceed two thou-  
sand in number, and the annual in-  
crease to it is merely nominal. Visiting  
adventurers from San Francisco are  
not much included. Business is dull;  
the climate is not so temperate, and the  
turbed tranquillity; and the courts—  
that is, the Commissioners, otherwise  
Justices of the Peace—linguish in  
ennui for lack of occasional excitement  
in the shape of some petty cause of lit-  
igation. A Legislature is of no earthly  
requirement in Alaska, as averred by  
the half dozen or so of Government  
officials, the Alaska Fur Company being  
fully competent to transact its business  
without the impertinent interference of  
such. The Postmaster at Sitka ap-  
pears to be the most important person-  
age in that pleasant region. He does  
not receive much pay for his labors,  
such as they are, but he manages to  
live as well as the best of them with  
commissions of a higher grade. Gov-  
ernor Knikad was Postmaster at Sitka  
in 1887 at a salary of twelve dollars a  
year. Whether or not he saved the  
whole, or even fifty per cent. of it, is  
a matter which concerns only himself.  
But he is now the Governor of the Ter-  
ritory. He has jumped with a single  
leap from the Postmastership to the  
Governorship. Can he or any other of  
Alaska's National officials higher as  
they have the audacious ex-  
amples and the decisive success of Or-  
egon and Nevada before them, and two  
United States Senatorships are worth  
struggling for. Still a white popula-  
tion of only 2,000 is too slim a basis  
upon which to found so great a struc-  
ture.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The leper quarter of Jerusalem is  
just outside of Zion Gate. We first saw  
a woman without any nose, who was  
hanging clothes upon a line in her back  
yard. Going a little farther we came  
upon sights that beggar description.  
Stumps of arms were held up to us,  
hands from which fingers were drop-  
ping away, faces wrapped about with  
cloths to keep the parts together. Mute  
appeals for charity gurgled through  
throats without palates.—Cor. New Or-  
leans Times-Democrat.

The absurd office of King's cook-  
crow was continued so late as the  
reign of George I. During Lent an  
officer denominated the King's Cock-  
crow, crowned the hour every night  
within the precincts of the palace, in-  
stead of pronouncing it in the usual  
manner.

The cable car system is to be used  
on the streets of Pittsburgh.—Pittsburgh  
Post.

**A Case of Like Cures Like.**  
An old bachelor friend of mine who  
lives up town has had a dreadful expe-  
rience lately.

"Remark these sunken eyes," said he  
with a wan smile, "see this wasted vi-  
sage, that flattened cheek, and this  
pinched nose. It's all on account of a  
neighbor who has got into the habit of  
giving summer-night parties. But I've  
cured her, I reckon," and he chuckled  
savagely.

"Summer-night parties?" I echoed,  
interrogatively.  
"Yes, Mrs. Blank, who lives next  
door to mine, is a votary of fashion in  
a small way. But as her husband isn't  
wealthy enough to send her to Saratoga,  
she conceived the idea of making  
things lively in town for a while by get-  
ting up ice-cream evening parties. Ice-  
cream, as everybody knows, means  
girls, and girls mean flirtation and mu-  
sic, and pandemonium generally. The  
racket began some three weeks ago. I  
slept a fine sleep, and read or chat till  
bed-time, and generally go to sleep by 10:30.  
Well, sir, just as I would be off in this  
blissful doze, there would come a  
tremendous racket. All of a sudden,  
bang! bang! would go the cheap hired  
piano, and some wretch who makes be-  
lieve to sing tenor, or possibly a fiend  
in a clawhammer coat who professes to  
sing bass, but only succeeds in emit-  
ting a hoarse series of grunts and  
roars, would begin the circus. The  
windows being open, every one on the  
block was treated to the infliction of a  
free concert. In one short week I heard  
the score of a dozen prime operas mur-  
dered, a raft of solos torn to shreds,  
and Heaven knows how many arias  
from the best composers rendered in a  
way that would make angels weep.  
I might sleep on an average of three  
nights a week."

"Not much. I went to Mr. Blank  
and told him that unless he called his  
wife off I was a dead man. He laughed  
at me; then he swore and then he  
ordered me out. I told him I would  
get square—and I did."

"How?"  
"I went down town the next  
morning early in a dog, fancier a  
canine that was warrants to howl  
enough to turn the edge of a razor. Oh,  
he was a beauty! His teeth were set  
back as far as his ears, and when he lay  
back, set up his snout and howled, you  
could hear him to Harlem. I chained  
him in the back yard, and that night  
there was a concert. He took his feel-  
ings, and I thought he was really  
going to sleep, but he was only saving  
himself for a good time later on. About  
10:15, sure enough; bang! bang!  
pumpetty! whack! thump! squi! rick-  
etty! rack! br—r—rip! went the  
piano, and out on the float floated the  
strains of a wheezy soprano in  
Some day I—some day—  
Some day I—some day—meet you,  
when my dog caught on. He thought  
it was a duet, and he did his part of  
the business right up to the handle. Every  
time the singer caught breath that  
dog gave a series of yelps and howls  
that made the windows rattle and his  
sides quake. He really spoiled the  
effect of the song. I think for a moment  
later the music stopped and somebody  
flung a boot, or something that scudded  
like it, into my back-yard. But that  
made him howl the louder. He got  
well into the kennel and lay down with  
his head a little on one side, nice and  
easy like, and there he howled so lustily  
that I felt I had got him cheap at the  
money."

"Well, he kept it up for three nights.  
Then old man Blank came round to my  
house and said he guessed there wouldn't  
be any more parties to this sum-  
mer as his wife had concluded to go  
to the country for a spell, and if I would  
call off my dog he would call off Mrs.  
Blank. So we called it square and now  
I get my night's rest. But another  
week of it would have made a total  
wreck of every soul in the block."—N.Y.  
Star.

**Stealing Eagles.**  
A farmer named Peter Gow, in Dun-  
wich, is in possession of several young  
eagles, whose eyes he had blinded, and  
carriage will be as beautiful and as  
symmetrical as the plaster cast of a  
sore toe.—Bill Nye, in Denver Opinion.

**Unearthly of the Law.**  
Here is another instance of the glori-  
ous uncertainty of the law. The case  
of the father who caught diphtheria  
from sucking a tube to draw out the  
"diphtheria matter" in his child's  
throat and brought an action against  
the doctors in consequence, has already  
been twice tried—the first trial ending  
in a disagreement, the second in a ver-  
dict for the doctor. A divisional court,  
yesterday, ordered a third trial, which,  
just to complete the fitness of the thing,  
will no doubt end in a verdict for the  
father. We will refrain, however, from  
prejudicing the legal aspect of the case,  
and will content ourselves with point-  
ing out that a very interesting question  
of ethics was involved in the argument  
yesterday. Lord Coleridge had assumed  
that the paternal instinct would have  
made the father suck the tube in any  
case, and did not think, therefore, that  
his not having been warned of the dan-  
ger made any difference. But the  
judges decided yesterday that the fa-  
ther ought to have been told of the dan-  
ger, and that to have done so was the  
five presented to him whether he would  
suck the tube or not." And this is  
clearly the view that most schools of  
ethics would take of the matter, for  
where was the virtue of the self-sacrifi-  
ce?—Hall Mall Gazette.

**A Japanese Monument.**  
The growth of modern ideas in Japan  
has been significantly indicated of late  
in the erection by a Japanese land-own-  
er of an imposing monument to C. D.  
Richardson, an Englishman, who died  
in 1863 during the fierce struggle  
against the outside Nations. Mr. Rich-  
ardson was hacked to death by the  
guards of a Japanese nobleman, and  
his companions were cruelly maltreat-  
ed. The monument is a simple structure  
of the bombardment of Kagoshima by a  
British squadron, in which 1,500 Japa-  
nese were killed and wounded and \$5,000-  
00 worth of property was destroyed.  
Then indirectly also the murder led to  
the suppression of feudalism in Japan  
through the agitation which followed,  
and the monument now set up is ap-  
parently a recognition of that reform  
as much as of the man whom it honors.  
It is placed on a mound on the spot  
where he fell, and is inscribed with  
verses recording his virtues, and pray-  
ing that the thoughts of the blessings  
he brought us may gladden his heart in  
the land of the shades."—Chicago Trib-  
une.

**The Duties of Parents.**  
We should so live that when the sum-  
mons comes to be a parent it will find  
us prepared. Like a thief in the night,  
at an hour when we think not, like a thun-  
derbolt from a clear sky, the call may  
come to us. Let the night-lamp, there-  
fore, be trimmed and burning, and the  
alarm where ye can lay hold on it at  
any time. But, above all, we should  
make ourselves conversant with those  
little parliamentary rules which must  
govern the conduct of the parent in his  
or her social contact with the child. A  
few suggestions upon what constitutes  
an shows good breeding in this branch  
of society, readily marking and con-  
trasting the cultivated parent and dis-  
tinguishing him or her from the vulgar,  
the snide, the plebeian, the canaille (as  
we say in France), the James Crow and  
the sans culottes parent, might not be  
ill-timed or inopportune.

In wiping a child's nose he extremely  
careful to leave the nose. Some parents  
use so much unnecessary strength in  
doing this that they find when it is  
too late that they have wiped the nose  
of a pet child into space. Nothing  
gives more needless pain. Nothing can  
be more pitiful than the child's first  
look of sorrow and disappointment when  
he starts to wipe his nose and discovers  
that it is gone. Pains, for a parent,  
while the wipe is in its incipency, and  
resolve that you will spare his nose. It  
can be of no use to you, and the loss of  
it will be a constant source of annoyance  
to the child.

Teach your child the beauty of frank-  
ness and open candor toward all. Im-  
press upon him the beauty of being  
what you appear to be, and hate de-  
ception on every where. If you will fondle  
him and dote on him in society and  
yet keep him in the seclusion of the home  
circle, he will readily understand that  
you mean to keep him in a state of  
ignorance. Children soon learn that if  
you hug their little gizzards fat while  
visitors are about, and then, when the  
home life is again resumed, you will  
starve them, you will throw them down  
and wear out a table leg on their chub-  
by limbs, that life is real, life is earnest,  
and the square-toed, open, frank policy  
is not gone away in use.

Parents should impress upon their  
children the beauty of self-sacrifice and  
self-atonement. If they know what that  
is, I don't. If the child should be un-  
willing to give it to "poo-ick papa."  
It may kill him, and after the time  
of your young life will be one pro-  
longed hallelujah and rose-tinted  
whoomp! li-a-ne.

Parents should not be constantly sus-  
picious of their children. This will in-  
evitably breed hypoeisy and unreliabil-  
ity. If you fear that your son is play-  
ing pin-ball, do not break down your  
constitution and bring on delirium  
trance, far from any human habitation,  
and no one will care how much you snore.  
—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

**The Talking Dog.**  
It was a Market street restaurant. A  
solemn man entered, followed by his  
dog, seated himself and asked for the  
bill of fare. It was given him.  
The dog meanwhile had climbed upon  
the chair on the other side of the table,  
and was gravely regarding his master.  
"Well," said the solemn man, reflect-  
ively, "gimme two fried eggs, turned  
over."

"Gimme the same," said the dog.  
The waiter gazed at the dog with  
amazement mingled with horror. The  
solemn man continued:  
"Then I guess you can give me a sir-  
loin steak, very rare, with fried pota-  
toes."

"Gimme the same," said the dog.  
The waiter's face assumed the color  
of cold boiled veal.  
"Cup o' coffee, plenty o' milk," went  
on the solemn man.  
"Gimme the same," said the dog.  
The waiter shuddered, and turning,  
fled for the kitchen.  
A man with a squint, at an adjoining  
table, was much interested in the scene.  
He had observed it closely, and finally  
spoke to the solemn man:  
"It must 'a' been a fearful lot o' work  
to learn that dog to talk, mister."  
"It was," said the solemn man.  
"I should smile," said the dog.  
"What 'ud you take for him now,"  
said the man with a squint.  
"Wouldn't sell him," said the solemn  
man.  
"You'd better not," said the dog.  
"The man with a squint was much  
impressed. He began making wild  
offers, and when he reached a thousand  
dollars, the solemn man relented.  
"Well," said he, "I can't refuse that.  
I hate to part with him, but you can  
have him."  
"He'll be sorry for it," said the dog.  
The man with a squint drew a check  
for the amount, which he gave to the  
solemn man. The latter was about  
leaving when the dog cried again:  
"Never mind—I'll get even. I'll  
never speak again!"  
He never did.  
The gentleman with a squint was the  
proprietor of a dime and freak museum  
on Market street.  
The solemn man was a ventriloquist  
crook.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**Vigorous Seed Corn.**  
It has been noticed by every farmer  
that corn when planted exhibits all de-  
grees of vigor in growth, even upon  
soil that cannot possibly be unlike in  
fertility. It has been suggested that  
such vigor is attributable to seed itself,  
and that if certain precautions are taken,  
seed of uniform vigor may be more  
closely approximated to size, or weight  
will not determine this, but it might  
be possible to call in the aid of specific  
gravity, and thus discriminate between  
light and dense seed. If seed of any  
kind is put in brine it will be found that  
a greater or less quantity will not sink,  
but remain afloat upon the surface,  
while the other will sink to the bottom,  
and it is from these last that the most  
vigorous plants must come. It is a  
most important thing in successful crop  
growing to have seed of uniform grow-  
ing, and the great loss in grain produc-  
tion results from this very cause. With  
improved machinery, rotation of crops,  
better understood methods of fertiliza-  
tion and cultivation, if a way of obtain-  
ing more uniformly vigorous seed could  
be obtained, the chances of increasing the  
bounds of our production to suppose that  
better crops can be raised in the United  
States than in Egypt and India with the  
rude, barbaric ways and implements of  
the centuries.—Cleveland Herald.

**Easy Lessons in Science.**  
When you lie down to sleep you have  
your choice of doing either one of two  
things—you can sleep like a Christian or  
a fiend; but you can't do both. In the  
case of a Christian the act of breathing  
is simple; the air passes to and fro be-  
tween the lungs and the limitless ex-  
panse of the universe through the chan-  
nels of the nose. There is another  
channel through the mouth, which com-  
municates with the lungs, and these two  
channels unite in a little cavity just be-  
low the Velum pendulum palati, or, as  
the doctors sometimes call it, the soft  
palate, which is attached by one end to  
the bone covering the roof of the mouth.  
This bone is bounded in front and at the  
sides by the alveolar arches and the  
gums; behind it is continuous with the  
soft palate, or, as it is commonly called,  
the Velum pendulum palati. This roof  
of the mouth, which is covered by a  
dense structure formed by the perioste-  
um and mucus membrane of the mouth,  
is sometimes called the hard  
palate. Well, now, one end of the soft  
palate—if I may be allowed to use the  
professional name—is fast to the hard  
palate. The other end hangs out in  
infinite space, like the leg of an old lady  
backing out of a carriage, with the feel-  
ing for the ground with one foot. The  
loose end of the soft palate is lightly  
and easily moved by the air as your  
mortal breath breezes itself along the  
avenue to and from the lungs. The  
lungs, my dear child, are your breath-  
ing things—your bellows, to speak pro-  
fessionally, like Prof. Sullivan, the  
great stuffer.

Now, when a sleeping Christian  
breathes, he breathes through his nose  
alone. When the air passes through  
the nose it gently presses the swaying  
end of the palate down upon the tongue.  
The vibration is greatly impeded, if not  
entirely checked, and no sound is pro-  
duced. But if you hold your mouth  
wide open while you sleep, so that the  
two currents of air pass in and out  
through the nose and the mouth, the  
soft palate is right in the path of a  
respiratory cyclone, it is thrown into a  
state of violent vibratory commotion,  
it flaps and flutters about like a robe de  
nuit on the clothesline on a raw and  
gusty day in March, and you snore like  
a policeman. According to the rapidity  
or slowness of the lungs, the snore is  
shrill and sonorous or profoundly deep  
and guttural. So, if you snore, or  
think you do, you know now how you  
can easily prevent it. Put a base ball  
in your mouth when you lie down; or  
you can sit up all night and keep awake;  
or you can fasten your mouth shut with  
screws and things of leather; or, you  
may sleep out on the parlor floor, far  
from any human habitation, and no one  
will care how much you snore.  
—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

**The Talking Dog.**  
It was a Market street restaurant. A  
solemn man entered, followed by his  
dog, seated himself and asked for the  
bill of fare. It was given him.  
The dog meanwhile had climbed upon  
the chair on the other side of the table,  
and was gravely regarding his master.  
"Well," said the solemn man, reflect-  
ively, "gimme two fried eggs, turned  
over."

"Gimme the same," said the dog.  
The waiter gazed at the dog with  
amazement mingled with horror. The  
solemn man continued:  
"Then I guess you can give me a sir-  
loin steak, very rare, with fried pota-  
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of cold boiled veal.  
"Cup o' coffee, plenty o' milk," went  
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A man with a squint, at an adjoining  
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to learn that dog to talk, mister."  
"It was," said the solemn man.  
"I should smile," said the dog.  
"What 'ud you take for him now,"  
said the man with a squint.  
"Wouldn't sell him," said the solemn  
man.  
"You