

Bill Nye on Hydrophobia.

I take occasion at this time to ask the American people as one man, what are we to do to prevent the spread of the most insidious and disagreeable disease known as hydrophobia? When a fellow-being has to be smothered, as was the case the other day right here in our fair land, a land where tyrant foot hath never trod nor bigot forged a chain, we look anxiously into each other's faces and inquire, what shall we do?

Shall we go to France at a great expense and fill our systems full of dog virus and then return to our glorious land where we may fork over that virus to posterity and thus mix up French hydrophobia with the navy-blue blood of free-born American citizens?

I wot not.
If I knew that would be my last wot I would not change it. That is just wot it would be.

But again.
What shall we do to avoid getting impregnated with the American dog and then saturating our systems with the alien dog of Paris?

It is a serious matter, and if we do not want to play the Desdemona act, we must take some timely precautions. What must those precautions be?

Did it ever occur to the average thinking mind that we might squeeze along for weeks without a dog? Whole families have existed for years after being deprived of dogs. Look at the wealthy of our land. They go on comfortably through life and die at last with unanimous consent of their heirs dogless.

Then why can not the poor taper off on dogs? They ought not to stop all of a sudden; but they could leave off a dog at a time until at last they overcame the pernicious habit. I saw a man in St. Paul last week who was once poor, and so owned seven variegated dogs. He was confirmed in the habit. But he summoned all his will power at last and said he would shake off those dogs and become a man. He did so, and to-day he owns a city lot in St. Paul, and seems to be the picture of health.

The trouble about maintaining a dog is that he may go on for years in a quiet, gentlemanly way, winning the regard of all who know him, and then all of a sudden he may hydrophobe in the most violent manner. Not only that but he may do so while we have company. He may also bite our twins or the twins of our warmest friends. He may bite us now and we may laugh at it, but in five years from now, while we may be delivering a humorous lecture, we may burst forth into the audience and bite a beautiful young lady in the parquet on the ear.

It is a solemn thing to think of, fellow-citizens, and I appeal to those who may read this, as a man who may not live to see a satisfactory political reform—I appeal to you to refrain from the dog. He is purely ornamental. We may love a good dog, but we ought to love our children more. It would be a very, very noble and expensive dog that I would agree to feed with my only son.

I know that we gradually become attached to a good dog, but some day he may become attached to us, and what can be sadder than the sight of a leading citizen drawing a reluctant mad-dog down the street by main strength and the seat of his pantaloons? (I mean his own, not the dog's pants. This joke will appear in book-form in April. The book will be very reasonable, and there will be another joke in it also.) I have said a good deal about the dog, pro and con, and I am not a rabid dog abolitionist, for no one loves to have his clear cut features licked by the warm, wet tongue of a noble dog any more than I do; but rather than see hydrophobia become a national characteristic or a leading industry here, I would forego the dog.

Perhaps all men are that way, however. When they get a little foreheaded they forget that they were once poor and owned dogs. If so, I do not wish to be unfair. Let us yield up our dogs and take the affection that we would otherwise bestow on them and lavish it upon some human being. I have tried it and it works well. There are thousands of people in the world, of both sexes, who are pining and starving for the love of money that we daily shower on the dog.

If the dog would be kind enough to refrain from introducing his justly celebrated virus into the persons of those only who refuse to kiss him on the moist, cold nose, it would be all right; but when a dog goes mad he is very impulsive, and he may bestow himself on an obscure man. So I feel a little nervous myself.

BILL NYE.

A Clock for Love.

If I love you every day,
As the sun goes down the west,
Then you'll know my passion's away
Rules forever without rest.
If I love you every hour,
As the river flows strong,
Then you'll know my passion's power
Can not half be told in song.
If I love you every minute,
As the clouds float in the sky,
You'll be sure there's something in it,
Though you can't, perhaps, tell why.
If I love you every second,
As I draw each sighing breath,
Then you'll know it can't be reckoned—
This love that lasts till death.
But I love you all the time,
As the seas eternal rock;
So I need not say in rhyme
That my love don't want a clock

THE "MARSEILLAISE."

A Once Proscribed Hymn Officially Declared the National Air.

Of all the airs which deserve to be termed national that of the French "Marseillaise" is, without doubt, the most lively and exciting. "The sound of it," says Carlyle, "will make the blood tingle in men's veins, and whole armies and assemblages will sing it with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death, despot, and devil." Even in times of peace and quietness it is impossible to listen to its animating strains without experiencing a certain thrill, and its effects on an impetuous people in the troublous times of the past may be easily imagined. Such was its power upon the French that it was at one time forbidden to be played or sung, and the prohibition extended until 1779, when the minister of war issued a circular authorizing bands to play the tune at reviews and official ceremonies.

Considering the extraordinary part which the "Marseillaise" has played in the affairs of France, we might not unreasonably expect that the words and air had emanated from some genius who had bestowed much labor and care on their production. And yet, as the story goes, both words and music were written in one night, without any previous sketching out or after elaboration. The author and composer was Rouget de Lisle, an officer of engineers, who had formerly been a teacher of music. He was greatly admired among his acquaintances for his poetical and musical gifts, and was especially intimate with Baron Dietrich, the mayor of Strasburg. One evening during the spring of 1792 De Lisle was a guest at the table of this family. The baron's resources had been so greatly reduced by the necessities and calamities of war that nothing better than garrison bread and a few slices of ham could be provided for dinner. Dietrich smiled sadly at his friend, and, lamenting the scantiness of his fare, declared that he would bring forth the last remaining bottle of Rhine wine in his cellar if he thought it would help to inspire De Lisle in the composition of a patriotic song. The ladies signified their approval, and sent for the last bottle of wine the house could boast of. After dinner De Lisle returned to his solitary chamber, and in a fit of enthusiasm (with which the wine must have had little enough to do) composed the words and music of the song which has immortalized his name. The following morning he hastened with it to his friend Dietrich, in whose house it was sung for the first time, exciting great enthusiasm. A few days afterward it was publicly performed in Strasburg, and on June 25 it was sung at a banquet in Marseilles with so much effect that it was printed at once and distributed among the troops just starting for Paris. They entered the capital singing their new hymn, which they had called "Chant des Marseillais," and soon the tune was known throughout every part of France.

De Lisle's claim to the authorship was at one time disputed, but the truth of the story which we have given regarding the origin of the air has long since been proved beyond a doubt. It should be mentioned that the French have another national tune, "Partant pour la Syrie," which is, however, not very popular and not very meritorious. All that we need to say of it is that it was composed by Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III.—*Chambers' Magazine.*

An Ineffectual Disguise.

Women's clothes, says a writer in *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, make the most foolish disguise in the world for a man to assume when he wants to make a success of concealing his identity, for there is not any man living capable of counterfeiting a woman's walk sufficiently well to deceive an ordinary student of human nature. There is a swing and a peculiar step to even the most masculine of women that the wearer of pantaloons cannot duplicate. Just look at the female impersonators on the stage; their walk gives them away at once, despite their high heeled shoes and a certain atrocious wiggle that they acquire in learning their art. It was his walk that betrayed express robber Page last Tuesday, when he was passing from the cars to a meal station dining room. I can not exactly explain the difference between a woman's walk and a man's, but you will be able to appreciate it when you hear this story. A French detective was after an important criminal, whom he knew to be disguised as a female. He followed his trail closely until he located him in a certain railway car. That car was crowded with women, and after studying over some scheme for finding his man, he took an apple and tossed it to ward a party in crinoline whom he strongly suspected of being the criminal. The ruse succeeded. The party saw the apple coming and put up his hands and brought his legs together so as to have a double chance of catching the fruit. That settled him. The detective followed the direction of the apple, and putting his hand on his shoulder, said "You're my prisoner." You see, if I had been a woman, instead of bringing the knees together at such a time, as a man always does, she would have spread her knees apart so as to catch the apple in her lap."

A BOSTON ROMANCE.

A Curious Story That Has Not Yet Its Sequel.

In one of the daily papers about a week ago appeared this advertisement: WANTED—A lady cultured, refined and educated, and of a genial disposition. Such a person will find good wages and a pleasant home. Address:—Tremont street, 2 o'clock Saturday P. M.

This was, no doubt, read by a large number of ladies who were looking for some occupation, and a *Traveler* reporter happened to meet with one of these who answered the advertisement in person. Calling at the time appointed the door was opened by a gray-haired person, who asked at once: "You want to see the minister?" "Well," replied the lady, "I don't know anything about the minister, but I came in answer to the notice in the paper." "All right," was the answer given in a demure, sanctified tone of voice. "I'm not the man; I'm a doorkeeper in the house of our Lord. Walk in." "What have I got into now?" was the inward thought, as the lady entered, but as the door was opened into a parlor and disclosed a large number of others on the same errand she gained courage and took her seat at the end of the line, interested to see the affair out.

There were old, gray-haired, and young ladies, teachers, nurse girls and chambermaids, all in the uncertainty of what was required of the unknown who might be refined and educated. Finally, seeing an empty chair beside a good, motherly-looking woman, the lady went up to her and asked: "Do you know what this is?" "Well, no, I don't. I've no idea, and I presume it's nothing I want, but I thought they might be looking for a nurse in a family, or perhaps someone to travel with an invalid. Now, I've traveled everywhere with different people, and so though I'd come over." All around was a dead silence, save for the repeated answer in the hall which could be heard to every new-comer, "I'm not the man; I'm a doorkeeper in the house of our Lord. Walk in." At last, as the clock in the room struck the hour, the door opened and in walked a tall, elderly gentleman dressed in black and with a couple of books under his arm. Walking to a table he seated himself, coughed, cleared his throat, and gave out a hymn to be sung, then quietly placed his spectacles on the top of his forehead and looked the ladies over, first one then the other, while they did their best to keep sober enough to sing, according to the programme. After this a passage in the bible was read and the minister arose and offered prayer, seemingly addressed to the ladies present. And now the business of the afternoon was to commence. The minister again arose and all was attention. He stated that he was a descendant from a Quaker parentage, and the letters which he would read to them about him self would show that he was a man kind, sympathetic, and good-hearted; that he gave large sums of money to the poor, and possessed a large library, and, having a farm in the south, wanted to take back with him a wife, and he had taken this way to assemble all these beautiful ladies together, and he was glad so many had replied. He would now dismiss them after they had sung another of Moody's tunes, but he wished everyone who was not already married to remain and he would tell them more about himself; the others could pass out. This ended the first chapter of the romance, and, keeping to the facts of the case, the story will have to go unfinished however much we would desire to know the final end, for the young lady who gave the information to the reporter made the mistake of not remaining to the after meeting.—*Boston Traveler.*

"Sorter Mixed."

Shortly after the war a tourist on a southern river steamboat, loitering around the lower deck, observed an old darky seated on the edge of the boat swinging his legs over the water in a most comfortable manner, and drawing near entered into conversation:

"Old man, how do you like freedom?"
The old darky looked puzzled, and after scratching his head thoughtfully, and shaking it dubiously awhile, replied:

"Bossy, hit's sorter mixed!"
"What do you mean by that, my friend?"

"Well, bossy, hit's dish yer way. Endurin' slave times if I wuz on dish yer up-riber boat an' wuz to fall inter enny leetle cat-naps, like I's mi'ty ap' ter do, an' drap overbode, somebody'd screech out: 'Nigga overbode!' an' de whissel 'ud blow, an' de backin' bell 'ud ring, an' dey'd hab me out'n dat riber fo' I toch water mos'. But dese here days, do I's jes ez sleepified ez I seter wuz an' ole man Nod's jes ez ap' ter grab me, en' me, ter drap overbode, Mars Mate 'ud sing out:

"Man overbode!"
"Mars' Cap'n on the harry-cane roof 'd holler down:
"Who is it?"
"Dey'd spon:
"Nobody but er d— freedman!"
"An', bossy, der must fling out er rope's end fur me ter lay holt on—but stop dat whole boat? No-sir-ee bob! Cayse you see I's jes lik enny or'nary white trash now—wuff nuffin ter nobody!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

At Breakfast, Fortress Monroe.

To an angel, or even to that approach to an angel in this world, a person who has satisfied his appetite, the spectacle of a crowd of people feeding together in a large room must be a little humiliating. The fact is that no animal appears at its best in this necessary occupation. But a hotel breakfast-room is not without interest. The very way in which people enter the room is a revelation of character. Mr. King, who was put in good humor by falling on his feet, as it were, in such agreeable company, amused himself by studying the guests as they entered. There was the portly, florid man, who "swelled" in, patronizing the entire room, followed by a meek little wife and three timid children. There was the broad, dowager woman, preceded by a meek, shrinking little man, whose whole appearance was an apology. There was a modest young couple who looked exceedingly self-conscious and happy, and another couple, not quite so young, who were not conscious of anybody, the gentleman giving a curt order to the waiter, and falling at once to reading a newspaper, while his wife took a listless attitude, which seemed to have become second nature. There were two very tall, very graceful, very high-bred girls in semi-mourning, accompanied by a nice lad in tight clothes, a model of propriety and slender physical resources, who perfectly reflected the gracious elevation of his sisters. There was a preponderance of women, as is apt to be the case in such resorts. A fact explicable not on the theory that women are more delicate than men, but that American men are too busy to take this kind of relaxation, and that the care of an establishment, with the demands of society and worry of servants so draws on the nervous energy of women that they are glad to escape occasionally to the irresponsibility of hotel life. Mr. King noticed that many of the women had the unmistakable air of familiarity with this sort of life, both in the dining-room and at the office, and were not nearly as timid as some of the men. And this was very observable in the case of the girls, who were chaperoning their mothers, shrinking women who seemed a little confused by the bustle, and a little awed by the machinery of the great caravansary.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.*

Horses and Their Feet.

What makes your horse wear out in one-third of his natural life? What makes his feet full of corns? What causes the navicular trouble? What brings on a bog spavin? Why do splints come on horses' legs? Why do horses have string-halt? What is the cause of a seedy toe that many horses have? What makes them have thrush, canker of the foot, laminitis and weak heels? The shoe, Mr. Editor, makes and causes all the many troubles I have mentioned. Still owners of horses insist on having their horses shod the old way, with a heel and a toe shoe; with corks big enough for jackscrews. How to prevent all the above troubles that our poor horses have to suffer: Do not allow the smith to use a knife on the foot of your horses at all, simply rasp the foot off, just enough to get even bearing, then apply a tip, or a thin, flat shoe; should you use the tip never rasp the heel down at all; should you have your horse's feet shod with plain flat shoes, keep the heels down low enough to get a frog pressure; three nails on each side is enough to hold it in place on any driving horse until the shoe is worn out. Never allow the smith to rasp the outside of the foot at all. If you will follow these instructions you will save many a horse from going lame. The roads are not too hard for any horse's feet if you will give the feet any show whatever. If you let the smith cut the soul and frog to suit his will and pleasure, then fill it full of nails, rasp it off until it is as thin as paper, you must expect lame horses, and you will have them. Only think of the horse in his natural state. He will travel over any road day in and day out, bare foot; still as soon as he is brought to the city he is sent to the smith, then the trouble commences. Any horse that is shod with a big, heavy shoe never should be allowed to go out of a walk. A driving horse for road pleasure has no more use for a calk than the writer has for thirteen toes. Any man who tells you that a foot which is strong and healthy requires a shoe to protect the frog and heels tells you what is not so, and he can prove it by showing results.—*On The Road.*

At the Art Gallery.

Daughter—What is the subject of this piece of sculpture. It is beautiful.
Mother—I am sure I don't know, dear.
Bystander (with a cold in the head, overhearing)—It's a Nydia from Bombay.
Mother—She says it's an idiot from Bombay.—*Life.*

The Weaker Vessel.

A young lady teacher in the high school at Tiffin, Ohio, accomplished the feat of whipping thirty-five boys, ranging from 9 to 14 years, in thirty-five minutes. Next day she wrote an essay entitled, "Woman the Weaker Vessel," and that night sail up with a man six hours. Despite her many talents she can't vote.—*Inter Ocean.*

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