

# OREGON SCOUT.

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UNION, OREGON.

## RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Methodism is still the most powerful denomination in the South, especially in Georgia.

—The London Road Car Company, to their credit, stand out against the practice of running cars on Sunday, although they believe their dividend could be increased one per cent, by adopting it.

—At Mr. Moody's two schools in Northfield over five hundred young men and women are now being educated to become missionaries, teachers and workers in other branches of Christian effort.

—Higher education has made great advancement in Greece during recent years. The lycium for girls has a staff of seventy-six teachers and 1,600 pupils. Illiteracy in the kingdom is rare, even in the out-of-the-way hill countries.

—A little girl in a Boston school who was asked to define the word "redress" promptly replied that it meant a female reader. And a little girl in an English school recently gave "gandress" as feminine of "gander."—*Cincinnati Times.*

—A man with patched garments recently came into the rooms of a London missionary society to beg, as was feared, but taking out a package of banknotes he said he wished them to be used in preaching Christ to the heathen. His gift amounted to \$375.

—The Turkish Government officials have now put the seal of the Sultan on thirty-two editions of the Arabic Scriptures and parts of Scriptures, thus giving the sanction of the Imperial Caliph of Islam for the free circulation of the word of God.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

—Rev. L. Lloyd, of the Church of England, who has been laboring in Fuh Chow since 1876, states that the 1,600 converts whom he found on going to Fuh Chow have been increased to the grand total of 6,000, and of these he himself has been privileged to baptize one thousand.—*Public Opinion.*

—Head and Hand is the name of the little paper, whose first number has just appeared from the press of the LeMoyné Institute at Memphis. Principal A. J. Steele is the editor, but the mechanical work is all done by members of the manual training department. This issue shows both good head work and good hand work on the part of the pupils.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

—De nearer sundown de busier de lazy man.—*The Judge.*

—An impecunious man designates a ten-dollar bill as "a William," because he is not sufficiently familiar with it to call it "Bill."

—True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.

—Every man has a right to make himself something better than he is, but no man has a right to claim honor and credit which are not due him.

—Young woman (timidly to clerk)—"I would like to look at some false hair, please." Clerk (experienced)—"Yes, ma'am. What color does your friend want?" Sale effected.—*Life.*

—On a Would-be Comedian:  
No more his shrill blast  
Our ears will ring through  
He rests now at last.  
And the neighbors rest, too.  
—*Boston Budget.*

—A writer asserts that "the old-fashioned rocking chair is and always will be the favorite article of furniture." Guess not. The sofa with a tendency to sag in the middle still holds its own.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Some one who has given the subject considerable study says that "blue eyes usually go with light hair." We have not given the matter much thought, but we have noticed that black eyes frequently go with a bloody nose.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Teacher—With whom did Achilles fight at Troy? Boy—With Pluto. "Wrong." "With Nero." "Wrong." "Then it was Hector." "What made you think of Pluto and Nero?" "Oh, I knew it was one of our dogs. Their names are Pluto, Nero and Hector."—*Frankfurter Zeitung.*

—Tough (in apothecary's shop)—"Say, young feller, gimme ten grains of strichnine, right away, in a big hurry, and don't you forget it. Clerk—Rats? Tough—Now, look a-here, I don't want any o' your slang, or I'll jump over ther and spoil that dude collar o' yours in 'bout four seconds. He was waited on immediately.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The society contains of the Hoppner (Ove.) Gazette contains the following item of interest: "Miss Carrie Dillon will teach the school up Ram gulch this spring. Carrie is now developing her muscle with a pair of dumb-bells, and proposes to subjugate old Tom Carter's freckle-faced boy if she has to break his back and horse-whip old Tom if he interferes."

—Mrs. Bagley—Aurelia, you had better hide that milliner's bill, and I'll try to shave enough off the grocer's bill to pay it. Your paw is greatly worried over his business affairs. Aurelia—O maw! you don't mean to say he is going to fail? Mrs. Bagley—I know nothing for certain, but last night I heard him talking in his sleep about being robbed by a man named Empire and about the men going out on strikes, and I fear the worst.—*Philadelphia Call.*

## SCIENCE OF LONGEVITY.

A Few Comments on the Normal or Natural Limit of Human Life.

I have before me the records of no less than fifty-two centenarians, the details in regard to whom have been collected by a committee of the British Medical Association. Of the fifty-two no fewer than thirty-six (more than two-thirds) are women. This may probably be attributed in large part to the comparative immunity that women enjoy from many risks to which men are exposed, but probably it is due not less to their greater temperance and to their freedom from the anxieties and heartburnings which attend men's struggles for influence and even for maintenance. Medical men contend, however, that women also possess greater inherent vitality than men, the mortality of girls being less than that of boys, even during the first year of life, when the female is neither more temperate nor less ambitious than the male, and is exposed to as many dangers.

Of the 16 men only one was single; 10 of the 36 women were single; 15 men and 26 women, then, among the centenarians were married; but, naturally enough, of these 41 a large number, all, in fact, but 5, were widowed. Three of the 52 were rich, 19 poor, the rest in comfortable circumstances; 9 were fat (only one man), 23 lean, 18 medium; only 8 were full-blooded; the rest average or pale. Forty had good digestion, which after 101 years means a good deal. Most of the 52 have had good appetites, only two having appetites classed as actually bad; most of them have been through life moderate eaters; 12, however, have eaten large quantities of food. Only one is returned as a large eater of flesh food, and only one as a great consumer of alcoholic liquors (in his case the liquor preferred has been beer). Only eight of all the number are classified as simply "irritable," but to these must be added 5 classed as "irritable and energetic." As to smoking, 32 are non-smokers, 17 smoke much (4 of them being women), 3 moderately, and 2 a little; only 1 chews; 37 avoid snuff.

When we take a number of cases such as these in all classes of life, under many varied circumstances, and not characterized by any special course directed toward the attainment of mere longevity (which might possibly be gained without real advantage, all that makes life worth living being sacrificed for life's sake), most men not affected by specific disease, constitutional or inherited, may hope to attain an age considerably exceeding three score years and ten, or even four-score years. It would appear, in fact, as though five-score years were the natural or normal limit of human life, and that when men die many years before that age is attained the fault, apart from malignant disease or accident, has lain with themselves. Underlying the old proverb, "Every man is a fool or a physician at forty," there is the important truth that it is in every man's power, if he is wise, to recognize early in life, like Cornaro, the requirements of his own constitution, and the means by which all such stores of vitality as it may possess may be utilized.—*Richard A. Proctor, in Cosmopolitan.*

## FIRST CLASS COTTON.

An Honest Colored Man's Dealings with an Unconscionable White Man.

"This bale of cotton seems to be unusually heavy, old man," said a cotton buyer to a negro whose cotton he had just weighed.

"Yas, sah; yas. Raised in mighty low groun' down nait ter de bayou, sah. Ole Tom Neil had some raised down dar dat's heavier den dis."

"But this seems to be a little too heavy."

"O, it's nachel, sah; it's nachel. Mighty heavy dew down in dat low groun' at night. Almos' think dar'd been er rain ever' mawnin', sah. Yas, it's nachel."

"Yes, but I don't care about paying you until I open this bale."

"Dar ain't no use'n a openin' de bale, sah; no use er tall. Cotton's all dar, nachel an' mighty fine. Look out, boss, don't ar de cotton ter pieces dat er way. Look out—injer it foolin' long wid it dat er way. Dar, dat'll do. O, yer see, it's nachel. Low groun'—"

The cotton buyer hauled out a log of green wood. "What do you call this?"

"Sah?"

"I say what do you call this?"

"W'y, sah, some o' de cuis things."

"Never mind. What do you call this?"

"Looks like wood, sah; I'll be blame ef it doan. Is it sho' 'nuff wood, boss?"

"You know well enough what it is, you good-for-nothing old rascal."

"Who do?"

"You do, you theiving—"

"Ta kere, now; ta kere. Nober seed dat wood till dis munit, an' I doan know how it got dar. Muster drapped in w'en I wan't lookin'."

"I think it dropped in when you were looking. Take your cotton away from here. I don't want it."

"W'y, sah, jes pay me fur de cotton an' let de wood erlone. W'at yer mean by sich capers? Hub, I ain' axed yer to take de wood. I—I—I ain' er pussion to force nuthin' on er man w'en he doan' want it. Yes, sah, dat's mighty fine cotton. Raised down dar."

"Take it away, I tell you. Take it away or I'll burn it up."

"W'at, some 'stroyin' er man's property widout givin' him warnin'?"

"On reasonablist man I ever seed, an' it doan peer ter me like yer waster ask bones, nohow; an' I waster tell yer right yer dat I ain' gwine ter hab no mo' dealin' wid yer. Ef dar's any thing I spizes it's er unhone's wite man."—*Arkansas Tractor.*

## LINCOLN'S NOMINATION.

Announcement of the Ballots in the Chicago Convention of 1860.

Though it was not expected to be decisive, the very first ballot foreshadowed accurately the final result. The "complimentary" candidates received the tribute of admiration from their respective States, Vermont voted for Collamer, and New Jersey for Dayton, each solid. Pennsylvania's compliment to Cameron was shorn of six votes, four of which went at once for Lincoln. Ohio divided her compliment, 34 for Chase, 4 for McLean, and at once gave Lincoln her 8 remaining votes. Missouri voted solid for her candidate, Bates, who also received a scattering tribute from other delegations. But all these compliments were of little avail to their recipients, for far above each towered the aggregates of the leading candidates: Seward, 173; Lincoln, 102.

In the ground-swell of suppressed excitement which pervaded the convention there was no time to analyze this vote; nevertheless, delegates and spectators felt the full force of its premonition; to all who desired the defeat of Seward it pointed out the winning man with unerring certainty. Another little wrangle over some disputed and protesting delegate made the audience almost furious at the delay, and "Call the roll!" sounded from a thousand throats.

A second ballot was begun at last, and, obeying a force as sure as the law of gravitation, the former complimentary votes came rushing to Lincoln. The whole 10 votes of Collamer, 44 from Cameron, 6 from Chase and McLean, were now cast for him, followed by a scatter of additions along the whole roll-call. In this ballot Lincoln gained 79 votes, Seward only 11. The faces of the New York delegation whitened as the balloting progressed and as the torrent of Lincoln's popularity became a river. The result of the second ballot was: Seward, 184; Lincoln, 181; scattering, 99. When the vote of Lincoln was announced there was a tremendous burst of applause, which the chairman prudently, but with difficulty, controlled and silenced.

The third ballot was begun amid a breathless suspense; hundreds of pencils kept pace with the roll-call, and nervously marked the changes on their tally-sheet. The Lincoln figures steadily swelled and grew. Votes came to him from all the other candidates—44 from Seward, 22 from Cameron, 13 from Bates, 18 from Chase, 9 from Dayton, 8 from McLean, 1 from Clay. Lincoln had gained 50; Seward had lost 43. Long before the official tellers footed up their columns, spectators and delegates made the reckoning and knew the result: Lincoln, 231; Seward, 183. Counting the scattering votes, 465 ballots had been cast, and 233 were necessary to a choice; only 14 votes more were needed to make a nomination.

A profound stillness suddenly fell upon the wigwag; the men ceased to talk and the ladies to flutter their fans; one could distinctly hear the scratching of pencils and the ticking of telegraph instruments on the reporters' tables. No announcement had been made by the chair; changes were in order, and it was only a question of seconds who should speak first. While every one was leaning forward in intense expectancy, Mr. Carter sprang upon his chair and reported a change of four Ohio votes from Chase to Lincoln. There was a moment's pause—a teller waved his tally-sheet toward the skylight and shouted a name—and then the boom of a cannon on the roof of the wigwag announced the nomination to the crowds in the streets, where shouts and salutes took up and spread the news. In the convention the Lincoln river now became an inundation. Amid the wildest hurrahs, delegation after delegation changed its vote to the victor.

A graceful custom prevails in orderly American conventions, that the chairman of the vanquished delegation is first to greet the nominee with a short address of party fealty and promise of party support. Mr. Everts, the spokesman for New York, essayed promptly to perform this courteous office, but was delayed a while by the enthusiasm and confusion. The din at length subsided, and the presiding officer announced that on the third ballot Abraham Lincoln of Illinois received 364 votes, and "is selected as your candidate for President of the United States." Then Mr. Everts, in a voice of uncontrolled emotion, but with admirable dignity and touching eloquence, speaking for Seward and for New York, moved to make the nomination unanimous.—*Century's Life of Lincoln.*

—The Saskatchewan (Can.) Herald says: Some weeks ago a colony of grasshoppers hatched out on the plains between the bush and Eagle Creek, on the Swift Current trail, and for the distance of about a day's travel cleaned off every green thing. But their appetites were stronger than their growth; they ate down all that was within their reach while they were yet too young to fly, and so starved to death.

—Egotism, vanity and selfishness spoil conversation far more than deficiency of talent. They render a man wearisome and tedious to his best friends, and unendurable to others, and he is left alone as soon as courtesy will permit.

—At Westfield toads gather under the electric lights, attracted by their brilliancy, and spend their time in fruitless jumping after the shadows of insects thrown upon the ground.

## FACTS ABOUT CANDY.

Interesting Information Picked Up by a New York Reporter.

There is more money in molasses candy at the ordinary selling prices than in any other kind.

Close to molasses candy come chocolate drops, caramels and other candies in which sugar and chocolate or plain flavors are the ingredients. The candies on which there is the least profit in proportion to the selling price are those which sell high. The best confectioners' sugar costs but little over six cents a pound, and the best grades of molasses are not dear. They and a little flavoring make molasses candy, and that is why there is so much profit in it.

There is another particular besides good grades of molasses or sugar and flavoring that makes a big difference in the quality of candy and would account for the superiority of some candy over others. That is the quality of the butter. Cheap confectioners do not use butter at all. There are plenty of substitutes for it, but none answers entirely. One of the best known candy men in New York, who has built up a large business, starting from a small taffy shop, thinks that his use of fifty-cent butter in his molasses candy has done more to build up his trade reputation than any thing else. He gives as the keynote of candy success: "Pure materials, fruit sirups and fine butter."

As much candy of the best grades is sold in summer as in winter, if not more. The candy stores down town do a big summer business, as business men buy candy there for their wives out of town, and young clerks send a box every little while to their girl who is off at some summer resort. In the winter the bulk of the trade is by the women themselves, who cause more trouble than the men, and do not buy so much of the highest price. When a man is buying candy he asks for the best, while a woman prices the candies as she does every thing else.

A woman's candy store can always be told from a man's candy store by noticing whether there is a soda-water fountain and some tables to sit down at. A man does not go to a candy store but to a drug store for whatever soda-water he may want, while a woman prefers a candy store to have a soda-water and ice cream attachment. Some of the candy stores are accused of running liquor attachments in the back room reserved for ice cream tables, but as men do not go there a male reporter has no way of finding out except by hearsay whether there is a secret for men in the guise of an ice cream parlor.

The best paid man in a candy establishment is the designer of new candies. His pay is \$50 or \$60 a week, while the foreman of the factory receives only \$30 or \$40. There is always a demand for new candies with new names. Each new thing invented has its run of popularity for a little while, and then is succeeded by something else. The candy man who puts the most taking novelties on the market at the right time is the one who makes money. There is a constant demand not only for new candies but for new flavors and designs in old standbys. Molasses candy is as old as any form of confectionery, yet there are new flavors and forms of it appearing every little while, and caramels and chocolates continually turn up with some French name prefixed to them. A man who can invent such things is worth money, and is rare.—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

## IN GAY BARCELONA.

Costumes Worn by the Men and Women of the Famous Spanish City.

With some exceptions the ladies still wear the poetic Andalusian headgear, their glossy tresses piled high, the black lace covering them drooping in front in a point. The Barcelona shop girl or seamstress, however, instead of the mantilla, prefers a crimson or deep yellow silk kerchief, that suits to perfection her dark skin, jetty locks, and glorious orbs. Probably their eyes become trained by the constant contemplation of vivid colors in mountain and sky, for even in such slight matters as the selection of a flower to place in the hair, or the choice of a stocking to match the petticoat, the Spanish lass never errs on the score of harmony. The peasant, too, is no less romantic than artistic. In dress, department and physiognomy, in fact from head to foot, his appearance is characteristic. His woollen cap is in reality shaped like the leg of a stocking—happily he does not stiffen or distend it to its full length capacity, the effect would be too grotesque for even his inborn gravity; the lavish superfluity he draws forward, and, folding it in a scroll over the forehead, it not only shades the eyes, but is most becoming. It is generally red, and thus not altogether unlike the Phrygian cap; old men, however, often choose a dark brown, purple or gray color. His short jacket is of black or blue velvet, with clusters of tiny silver filigree buttons; he wears knee breeches, knitted hose, and round his waist a red sash no less than five yards in length. To put this on he lets it trail on the ground, and winds himself into it by turning round and round. In the folds of this scarf he carries a clasp-knife of singular shape, presumably of Moorish origin, and peculiar to Catalonia. The blade is from five to seven inches in length, and, laying it flat in the right hand palm, with the point touching the tip of the two forefingers, the "muchacho" knows how to throw it with deadly accuracy. A pair of sandals, light and suitable for the climate, complete his equipment, and no doubt contribute greatly to the marvelous feats of speed and endurance for which he is remarkable. On many a day's journey in the mountains the young man who acted as my guide was able with ease to keep pace with the horse, and where the path became rocky he would stride in advance, springing like a goat from boulder to boulder.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

## PORTLAND PRODUCE MARKET.

Butter—		
Fancy roll, # lb.	30	36
Oregon, do	12 @	30
Interior grade	27 @	30
Pickled	18 @	30
California roll	18 @	30
do pickled	18 @	30
Cheddar	15 @	20
Eastern, full cream	15 @	20
Oregon, do	14 @	20
California	14 @	20
Eggs—Fresh	11 @	15
DRIED FRUITS—		
Apples, grs, sks and bxs	7 @	8
do California	7 @	8
Apricots, new crop	18 @	28
Peaches, unpeeled, new	12 1/2 @	18
Pears, machine dried	10 @	10
Pitted plums, Oregon	10 @	10
Pitted cherries	10 @	10
Fig, Cal, in bgs and bxs	7 @	8
Cal. Prunes, French	8 @	10
Oregon prunes	10 @	12 1/2
FLOUR—		
Portland Pat. Roller, # bbl	4 25	
Salem, do	4 25	
White Lily # bbl	4 25	
Country brand	3 50 @	3 75
Superfine	2 50 @	2 75
GRAIN—		
Wheat, Valley, # 100 lbs	1 20 @	1 25
do Walls Walla	1 07 1/2 @	1 10
Barley, whole, # cd	1 10	
do ground, # ton	20 00 @	25 00
Oats, choice milling # bush	40 @	45
do feed, good to choice, old	45 @	50
Rye, # 100 lbs	1 00 @	1 10
Feed—		
Brn, # ton	16 00 @	17 00
Shorts, # ton	15 00 @	16 00
Hay, # ton, baled	16 00 @	18 00
Chop, # ton	23 00 @	25 00
Oil cake meal # ton	32 00 @	33 00
FRESH FRUITS—		
Apples, Oregon, # box	90 @	1 00
Cherries, Oregon, # drn	4 00 @	5 00
Lemons, California, # bx	4 00 @	5 00
Limes, # 100	1 50	
Riverside oranges, # box	1 00 @	1 25
Los Angeles, do	1 00 @	1 25
Peaches, # box	1 00 @	1 25
HIDES—		
Dry, over 16 lbs, # lb	13 @	14
Wet salted, over 16 lbs	6 1/2 @	7 1/2
Murraim hides	one-third off	
Pelts	10 @	1 00
VEGETABLES—		
Cabbage, # lb	@	1
Carrots, # sack	@	1 00
Cauliflower, # doz	@	1 25
Onions	@	1 25
Potatoes, new, # bush	80 @	9 1/2
Wool—		
East Oregon, Spring clip	14 @	16
Valley Oregon, do	18 @	20

—The two oldest trees in the world are supposed to be the one in Calaveras County, Cal., that is believed to be 2,565 years old, and the cypress of Somma, in Lombardy, Italy, that is 1,911 years old, or planted forty-two years before Christ.

—An Ohio wedding was first postponed because the girl's mother died. Then the young man's father died; then the girl broke a leg; then the young man got kicked by a horse. Last week it was postponed again because the girl's father got mangled in a reaper. Won't they be a happy couple if they ever do get spliced!

—A citizen of Cincinnati thought that he had a sure fortune in a kitten which had five heads, five tails, ten fore legs, and five hind legs. He also thought that it ought to have about forty-five lives and was good for many years, but after a brief career of fifteen days the little monstrosity died, the result of too much handling by the curious.

—One of the queerest facts in natural history has been discovered by Rev. J. J. Laflerty, of Richmond, who gives it to the world in his religious journal as follows: "When a sparrow hawk pounces on a guinea, he lets the guinea fly, but the hawk, sitting on the back of the fowl, uses his own tail to guide the guinea. He always steers his victim to his nest in the forest."

## BOSTON IN LUCK.

At the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery in New Orleans, Oct. 11, three of the big prizes were captured by Boston men. Mr. Israel Ginsburg, who held one-tenth of ticket numbered 13,646, drew one-tenth of the capital prize of \$150,000. Mr. Ginsburg is a young man, nineteen years of age, and lives with his father at 57 Salem street, in quarters that betray a life of hardship and moderate if not extreme poverty. He is a Russian Jew, a peddler by trade, and has only been in this country a few years. To few men, therefore, could the smile of fortune have been more welcome. The morning the lucky numbers were published Mr. Ginsburg looked them, as he thought, carefully over, but failed to discover that his ticket bore the luckiest number of all. When his friend Mr. Finberg congratulated him later in the day he naturally thought he was joking, and it was no easy matter to convince him of his good luck. However, the pleasant truth sooner or later dawned upon him, and if he should ever doubt it again all he will have to do will be to visit the Blackstone and Fourth National Banks, where he will find that last week he deposited in them \$7,000 and \$6,000 respectively. The remaining \$2,000 the grateful son presented his father. Little else than Mr. Ginsburg's good fortune has been talked of in the neighborhood of Salem street since the drawing. Mr. John F. Sullivan and another Bostonian each held a tenth of ticket 58,480 which also drew a capital prize, the amount in cold cash received by each being \$2,000. Mr. Sullivan is a poor man, perhaps, thirty-five years old, who during the past few years has been without any permanent employment, though during the most of his life he was a more or less successful junk dealer. He has been a staunch believer in the lottery and has found it a profitable investment before. The other gentleman, whose name we are not at liberty to publish, is the cashier of one of the largest and wealthiest companies in the United States. He has drawn prizes before though none were so large as the last. He expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with his experience and considered the Louisiana State Lottery Company as one of the fairest and most honest financial organizations in the country.—*Boston (Mass.) Courier, Oct. 30th.*

## THE BABY OBJECTS.

Tommy Cute Writes a Real Sensible Letter to an Editor.

Tommy Cute, aged one, having suffered as long as he can stand it, writes to us, in order that his grievances, being known to the public, they may immediately be cured.

I object, he says, in the first place, to being forced to adopt Farmer Jones' brindle cow for a foster mother.

I object also to the existence of a like relationship between myself and the condensed milk-factory or the corn-starch mill.

I object to having my stomach stuffed as a remedy for a mosquito bite on my little toe or a nasty pin in my neck.

I object to personating a churn. I prefer to take my butter after the churning process is completed.

I object to being kissed by all the women, old and young, who come near me. I prefer to wait a few years, or at least until I shall be old enough to make my own selections.

I object to having people ask me about my age. It is an impertinence. Besides, grown people sometimes remember, and of ages they are especially apt in keeping a record.

I object to having to go hungry until company is served. For my part, I don't see what people want company for. Company is a nuisance. Mamma and papa have said so hundreds of times in my hearing.

I object to being obliged to go about with my neck and arms bare. When it is hot, the flies and mosquitoes bother me awfully, and when the air is chilly, I feel as though I were freezing to death.

I object, when I go out to ride in my perambulator, to having myself left alone in the sun while my maid sports with that long-legged chap with the yellow moustache and ready-made clothing.

I object to being sent to bed when I am not sleepy, and to having a nasty rubber tube stuck into my mouth every time I turn over in the night.

I object to having strangers make faces at me. They give me an awful start sometimes when they think they are amusing me.

I object to being spoken to by people with whom I am unacquainted. Why don't they wait for an introduction?

I object to being the only child in the family. It's awfully lonesome not to have any brothers or sisters. I wish I had been born when it was fashionable to have large families.

I object to being called Tom, just because my papa was called Tom when he was a boy. Because his papa gave him a name he didn't like was no reason for giving me a name I detest. I should think a boy ought to be allowed to choose his own name.

I object to wearing dresses and having my hair curled. Half the folks think I'm a gal.

I object to being bossed by women. A man ought to be his own master. I'm just sick of petticoat government.

I object to being taught baby talk. What good does it do me? After I have become proficient in it I have to go to work and unlearn it and learn grown folks' language. Why don't they teach me that in the first place?

I object to having folks bore me with their silly stories which I have heard so many times that they are veritable chestnuts.

I object to having people try to humbug me all the time. They tell me what I should do and what I should not do. I notice they are not given to taking their own medicine. What dunces they are not to know that I learn more from what I see than from what they tell me!

There's lots of other thing to which I object, but this will do for a starter.—*Boston Transcript.*

—The volcanoes Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, says a Mexican exchange, present a grand spectacle on clear mornings. They are covered with ice and snow from their tops to within a few hundred feet of their bases. This is a regular phenomenon of the summer months.



## DYSPEPSIA

Up to a few weeks ago I considered myself the champion Dyspeptic of America. During the years that I have been afflicted I have tried almost everything claimed to be a specific for Dyspepsia in the hope of finding something that would afford permanent relief. I had about made up my mind to abandon all medicines when I noticed an endorsement of Simmons' Liver Regulator by a prominent Georgian, a jurist whom I knew, and concluded to try its effects in my case. I have used but two bottles, and am