

OREGON SCOUT.

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UNION, OREGON.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In the Asiatic Museum at St. Petersburg is a Chinese bank note printed in 1399 B. C. It is a great curiosity.

Some of the leading shop-keepers in London have ordered their sales-people to refuse all sovereigns of the new coinage. They fear that the employees might receive gilded sixpences instead.

An exhibition of French caricatures will take place in Paris this winter. Only artists of the present century will be represented, and there will be some excellent samples of Gavarni, Dore, Cham, Andre Gill and recent caricaturists.

Iodine, hitherto known in nature only in combination with other elements, is now found in a free state in the water of Woodhall Spa, near Lincoln, England. The water is colored a decided brown by the iodine.—*Boston Transcript*.

Sweden manufactures a wood oil in large quantities from the refuse of timber cuttings, stumps, roots, etc., which is used as an illuminant. There are thirty factories engaged in this industry, turning out forty thousand liters per day.

The Edinburgh (Scotland) agricultural show was this year for the first time held without exhibits of cattle. It seems that pleuro-pneumonia is so prevalent that it was deemed prudent to keep them all away from the show. The live-stock exhibits were made up of 337 entries of horses, 93 of sheep, and 12 of pigs. The largest number of sheep were of the Shropshire breed.

Eighty-two thousand Germans live in France at the present time, notwithstanding the steady prejudice against their nationality. Since the great war of 1870 they have gradually crept back into the country, while, though bursts of anti-Teutonic feeling may occur in the press, and even be practically shown by the French people themselves, as on several recent occasions, in the main the German residents get on very comfortably with their ex-enemies, and find the enemy more theoretical than practical.

An International Exhibition is to be held at Glasgow during the summer of 1883. The guarantee fund already exceeds £240,000, and is being increased. The objects of the exhibition, as stated in the prospectus, are "to promote and foster industry, science and art by inciting the inventive genius of our people to still further development in arts and manufactures; and to stimulate commercial enterprise by inviting all nations to exhibit their products, both in the raw and finished state."—*Public Opinion*.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

A Beautiful Prose Poem by Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

True society begins in the home. When two young people love each other, they restore the picture of the apostolic church. They are of one heart and one soul. Neither do they say that any thing they possess is their own, but they have all things in common. Their mutual trust in each other, their entire confidence in each other, draws out all that is best in both. Love is the angel who rolls away the stone from the grave in which we bury our better nature, and it comes forth. Love makes all things new; makes a new heaven and a new earth; makes all cares light, all pain easy. It is the one enchantment of human life which realizes Fortunio's purse and Aladdin's palace and turns the "Arabian Nights" into more prose in comparison. Think how this old story of love is repeated forever in all the novels and romances and poems, and how we never tire of reading about it; and how if there is to be a wedding in a church all mankind go, just to have one look at two persons who are supposed, at least, to be in love, and so supremely happy. But this, also, is not perfect society. It is too narrow, too exclusive. It shows the power of devotion, trust, self-surrender, that there is in the human heart; and it is also a prophecy of something larger that is to come. But it is at least a home, and before real society can come, true homes must come. As in a sheltered cove in the midst of the great sea of life which rolls down from the summit of Mont Blanc is found a little green spot full of tender flowers, so, in the shelter of home, in the warm atmosphere of household love, spring up the pure affections of parent and child; father, mother, son, laughter; of brothers and sisters. Whatever makes this insecure, and divorce frequent, makes of marriage not a union for life, but an experiment which may be tried as often as we choose, and abandoned when we like. And this cuts up by the roots all the dear affections of home; leaves children orphaned, destroys fatherly and motherly love, and is a virtual dissolution of society. I know the great difficulties of the question, and how much wisdom is required to solve them. But whatever weakens the permanence of marriage tends to dissolve society; for permanent homes are to the social state what the little cells are to the body. They are the commencement of organic life, the centers from which all organization proceeds.—*Rev. James Freeman Clarke*.

KERCHIEFS FOR ALL.

Charming Goods Which Are Offered at Remarkably Low Prices.

Handkerchiefs now claim great attention from fashionable dressers. There never was a time when manufacturers produced such beautiful goods in this line as at the present, and prices were never so low. Only a few years ago we gave twenty-five cents for our commonest handkerchiefs, and if we found ourselves at church or calling upon a friend with one of these, we were positively ashamed lest its coarseness would be detected and thereby the refinement of our entire toilet destroyed. Handkerchiefs that would bring, five years ago, fifty cents each, can now be had at twenty-four cents. There are hundreds of new styles seen this season, and but few plain white handkerchiefs were noticed. They are embroidered in white or colors in fancy designs, many of them being marvels of artistic taste and workmanship. One lovely specimen of fine linen has yellow and black daisies embroidered in each corner, and each side shows large dots in yellow, black and white cottons, forming a double border around the handkerchief, each row separated by a wide hemstitching. This style is also depicted in pink and blue wash cottons with charming effect. Another handsome style is in linen lawn, with a deep border of small pin-head dots embroidered in blue and yellow. Another shows yellow and red dots over a hemstitched border, and other pretty styles have little squares of lawn set on the handkerchief and hemstitched around, thus forming a border. These are very fine and dainty, and can be bought at twenty-four cents each.

All white handkerchiefs show narrow hemstitched borders and above these are four rows of hemstitching, the space between being the width of the hem. A pretty style has a scalloped edge embroidered in dark blue and in each scallop is a yellow dot, above which is a vein of yellow and blue embroidery. A novelty border is of small embroidered leaves in autumn red, which form block patterns in the handkerchief above the scalloped edge.

An odd and pretty design on a white handkerchief has a two-inch border in black showing embroidered spots in red and pink, the edge finished in small points and button-hole stitched with yellow. Another style has embroidered points in yellow with a yellow band above. Handsome novelties are in deep rose pink, embroidered in white, and dainty pinks in pink and heliotrope show pointed edges button-holed with white, and daisies embroidered in white, forming a deep border.

Lovely patterns are seen in printed handkerchiefs, and many of these are in novel designs and combinations in colors.

Beautiful indeed are those in fine linen lawn having a wide hem, hemstitched; the double lines taken out in alternate squares, the single square being embroidered in the finest manner. Another, extremely fine and ladylike, has an embroidered pointed edge, about an inch above which is a revers half an inch wide, then another row of the plain linen, then a narrow revers, and so on until five rows of revers are accomplished.

Large palm-leaf designs are found among embroideries on fine handkerchiefs, and other large designs are noted. There are many handkerchiefs with embroidered edges having fine patterns embroidered about an inch wide entirely around them, and such can be had at fifty cents each, just one-half the original price.

An exquisitely fine and delicate specimen is in the daintiest of linen lawn, showing a four-inch border of drawn work. These are especially beautiful. All these fine handkerchiefs are selling at \$1.50 each. For nineteen cents you can secure a handsome linen handkerchief with three rows of hemstitching above a medium-width hem, each corner blocked with a large square of hemstitching; and another pretty style at the same price has a half-inch border of drawn work above the hem. Twelve and a half cents will secure a very nice linen handkerchief with hemstitched border, and fifteen cents will buy those with hemstitched border and large embroidered initial. An excellent quality in linen handkerchiefs for children, with fast-colored borders, is offered at five cents each.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

America's Timber Supply.

Notwithstanding the great draw upon the wood reserves of the country there is no danger of exhaustion at present. New England is by no means denuded of its timber. The great Northwestern pines are comparatively inexhausted. There is also a vigorous second growth of white pine in New England, where the forests are already yielding between 200,000,000 and 300,000,000 feet of timber annually. Southern pine, although stripped from the banks of streams flowing into the Atlantic, is practically untouched in the Gulf States, especially those bordering on the Mississippi. The hard-wood forests of the Mississippi basin are still prolific. In Michigan, particularly in the Northern peninsula, hardwood is plentiful, maple especially. In the Pacific coast region the great forests of fir are practically intact. The forest capacity of the country is vast. Strange to say, the decimating element of most pestence is fire, and not the axes of mercenary timber speculators.—*Boston Bulletin*.

Some old naturalists have accounted for the sudden and mysterious appearance of the pike in ponds far from other water by the theory that they were produced by the heat of the sun from a weed known as pickerel weed.

THE COIN OF SOCIETY.

A Comprehensive Definition of the Mystery of Good Breeding.

Subtle, fragrant, indescribable, but all-pervading is that lovely thing we call good breeding. As subtle and as indescribable, but by no means fragrant, is its ungainly opposite. Keenly conscious of the absence of the former, but unable to exactly specify and define when present, we know and feel, but can not analyze nor tabulate—save in cases of exceptional sweetness and refinement, when we can touch the exacting and repeat the commanding word which governed all. So with ill-breeding. We can scarcely say where it was unless the demeanor was as deep as a well and as wide as a church door; but there it was, and we felt and knew whether we were able to define it or not. No one can describe discord nor harmony. So with the mystery of good breeding—the subtle harmony and passing flavor of true politeness. It is heard in an intonation—an inflection—in the choice of one word over another seemingly its twin, but with just that difference of application, rather than meaning, which creates the essence of good breeding. The almost microscopic recognition of a stranger—the specialized attention of an unobtrusive kind—is its evidence; the careless neglect of an apparently insignificant form is its death-warrant. To be the only stranger in a room full of intimates and to be unobtrusively and neglected is an act of ill-breeding specially British. If by chance one more kind-hearted to begin with, and more polished by friction to go on with, takes pity on the poor social walf and stray, and offers any attention or reels off the thread of a conversation, that person has this marvelous charm we call good breeding, in which all the rest are being deficient. When you enter a room and are presented to the hostess her reception of you proves her good breeding or her bad. The way her children meet you—the way in which, at any age beyond the merest babyhood they speak and hold themselves—is so eloquent of their gentle training or ungoverned as is a correct accent or a provincialism. No idiosyncrasy mars the real essence of good breeding, and all the excuses made for lapses and lesions are futile. A well-bred person may be as shy as a hawk and her limbs may be as awkwardly hung together as so many crooked sticks badly pinned. All the same her good breeding will be evident, and neither her shyness nor her awkwardness will tell against it. Though it costs her the well-known agonies to sustain a connected conversation, and though by the very fact of her shyness her brain will run dry, she will sustain it with the most consummate politeness, if not always with the most flawless fluency. She will put a restraint on herself and talk her best, had as that best may be, because she is versed in the art and mystery of good breeding, and thinks of others rather than herself. But an ill-bred person, if shy, is simply boorish, and makes no trouble to conquer the dumb demon within him, but gives way to it and lets it conquer him at its pleasure. You feel that the excuse made for him—or her—by those who want to smooth over asperities with varnish—that excuse of being so " dreadfully shy " is no excuse at all. For you know by experience how sweet and anxious to be supple and at ease—for all the pain it costs her—can be that well-bred bundle of nerves and fears, who is as timid as a hare and as sensitive as a mimosa, but also who is as thoughtful for others as the boor is disregarding.

Good breeding is the current coin of society. He who is bankrupt therein ought not to take rank with the rest. The defaulting Lombard had his bench broken in full convulsions, and was chased out of the street where his better endowed brethren carried on their business. What the old money-changers and money-lenders did with their defaulting members society ought to do to the ill-bred—to the people who oppose all you say for the mere sake of opposing you, and not for any thing approaching to a principle; who contradict you flatly, and do not apologize when they are proved in the wrong; who tell you home truths of a bilious complexion and vinegar aspect; who repeat ill-natured remarks made in their presence, or repeated to them, making you feel that you are scorned and despised you know not why, and vilified without the chance given you of self-justification; who abuse your known friends, and ascribe to them all the sins of the Decalogue; who brutally attack your known principles in religion, morals, politics; who sneer at your cherished superstitions and fall foul of your confessed weaknesses; who take the upper hand of you generally, not counting your susceptibilities as worth the traditional button. Such people as these—and there are many of them masquerading as ladies and gentlemen of good position and irreproachable credentials—but no matter what their lineage nor fortune they should be cashiered; and society would be all the sweeter and more wholesome for the want of them. Contrast these spiny hedgehogs, these aggressive thorn-bushes, these stinging mosquitoes and ramping tarantulas with their opposites—the well-bred and gentle folk who never wound you, never tread on your corns nor offend your susceptibilities in any way, and who carefully carry out of sight all their own private little flags which may be your red rag. This is not want of courage, but it is good breeding.—*London Queen*.

Mary—"In one respect I care more for corn than I do for you." George (surprised)—"Why, pray?" Mary—"O, corn will pop."—*Boston Budget*.

MALICIOUS ADVICE.

A Remedy for Vermin Warranted to Kill or Cure in a Few Moments.

A peculiar lawsuit has just been brought before the Circuit Court at Gallatin, Tenn. Josiah L. Barnes was the owner of an old horse. The animal had rather long hair, and unintentionally harbored insects elegantly but correctly known as lice. These insects were so ravenous of appetite that the horse began to show signs of his inability to support them. They would arouse him at all times of night, regarding him as a restaurant where meals were served at all hours, and annoyed the unfortunate animal until he was scarcely able to draw a bull-tongue plow. Barnes tried numerous kinds of poisonous liquids, but found nothing that would kill the insects, or even lessen their demand for food.

One evening while Barnes was meditating upon the inevitable fate of his horse, a fellow named Whitesides came along and asked how the animal was getting along.

"Mighty bad," Barnes replied.

"It's a strange thing to me," said Whitesides, "that you will allow him to be eat up that way."

"How can I help it? I have tried every thing that the neighbors recommend, but nuthin' does any good."

"Do you recollect that bay horse of Wat Goose's?" Whitesides asked.

"Mighty well."

"Well," continued Whitesides, "I knowed him when he was woff than yore hoss is."

"How did Wat cure him?"

"Why, he done as the folks do down in the Honey Run settlement. He poured coal oil all over the horse an' set it on fire."

"Why, that was enough to kill him."

"But it done him good. Burnt off a little of the hair, but it come back again better than ever. Wall, I must be goin'."

Shortly after Whitesides left, Mrs. Barnes, who had not heard the conversation, asked her husband what he was going to do with the jug of coal oil.

"Goin' to wet old Bill with it."

"That won't do no good."

"Yes it will, fur I'm goin' to set it afire."

"My gracious alive, man, it will hurt him."

"That's all you know about it. Wintin may be as smart as a man about some things, but they're ignorant about hosses—plumignunt."

"Josiah, fur pity sake, dont—"

"Go on, now; go on. You've set around the house tell you don't know a thing about science. Go on away, I tell you."

He saturated the horse and then touched him with a lighted match. By this time it was dark, and as the moon had not arisen, the spectacle of a blazing horse bounding through the woods afforded the grandest piece of fireworks the people had ever seen. Negroes, thinking that Satan had surely come, fled for their lives; and when the horse stopped in Ben Harding's barnyard long enough to set fire to a number of hay-stacks, it was thought that the night of judgment had arrived. The horse soon died, of course, and the frightened people, discovering the cause of their terror, became calm. Barnes has brought suit against Whitesides, charging him with malicious advice.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

SINGULAR MONOMANIA.

A Self-Appointed Inspector Subjects Paris Jehus to His Authority.

Monomania takes many forms and assumes many shapes, but I much doubt whether such a case as that which I am about to relate has ever been placed on record before. For the past six months the different cab-stands have been visited at regular intervals by an individual who gave himself out as an inspector in the company's employ. He examined the vehicle and the horses with the most scrupulous attention, tried the springs, saw that the wheels were sound, opened the doors to ascertain whether all was right within, and even went so far as to assure himself that the horses were properly shod. The "jehus," usually so independent—to use a mild expression—stood, hat in hand, in his presence like so many lambs. They answered all his questions as to the number of journeymen they had made with the utmost politeness and deference and were lost in admiration at the zeal and energy exhibited by this model functionary. He was up with the lark, tramped on foot from one end of the metropolis to the other, and only returned home in time for supper. This paragon of inspectors would still be fulfilling his duties but for a lively dispute which brought the police on the scene. One morning he threatened to put a whole gang of fifty cabmen out of work on the ground that they had over-driven their horses. In all probability he was not far wrong in his criticism, but the dreadful menace rendered the Automedons desperate. Abandoning, for once, their respectful manner, they engaged in a wordy war with the inspector. As matters were rapidly assuming a serious aspect the police interfered. A report was promptly drawn up and the man proceeded with the sergeants-de-ville to the company's offices to give his version of the affair. His face being unknown to the clerks he was questioned and after declaring that he was appointed an inspector a year ago, he threatened to get the chief clerk dismissed. This was, unfortunately, going too far. An inquiry was made into the case and it was found that the poor fellow was a monomaniac whose craze had taken this curious form.—*Paris Letter*.

Italians are engaged in making cheese out of tomato pulp at a Burlington (N. J.) canning house.

OPPORTUNITIES.

Chances That Are Offered to Most People to Better Their Condition.

One of the many things desired by the young is an opportunity, some opening, a chance. A thoughtful, prudent mind will ever be on the lookout for these opportunities, and if the tide be taken at the flood it may lead on to fortune. A cry which is often heard is: "We have no opportunity; the opening of which you speak is not presented to us; we can not do the things we would; our sphere is narrow, confined, limited; our spirit frets and chafes, and wears itself out by beating against the bars of our prison-house!" Now, while it is undoubtedly true that there are those who could do great things if the opportunity were offered them (although even they might profitably read the motto on the old seal—a seal representing a pickax uplifted ready to strike—"Either I will find a way or make one"); on the other hand, it is equally true that many who have these opportunities fail to take advantage of them. There are a few who can not recall instances, perhaps among their immediate acquaintances of persons who have had an opening, such as we have been describing, who have had every prospect of getting on, and yet they have not succeeded. It may be they lacked principle, or firmness, or perseverance; it may be that—as we sometimes say—they had no ballast; they were shifty, unstable, flighty, and you could not get them to settle down, as their fathers did, to real hard work, but, whatever the cause, they made no progress; they did not use the means placed within their reach, and this neglect is followed by the inevitable consequences. It depends very much upon ourselves whether we make our life a splendid success or a miserable failure.

Life is full of grand possibilities; nor must we confine our view to this limited sphere. It is here upon earth that our characters are being formed; it is here that we are silently shaping our destiny. You have, perhaps, stood and watched a workman molding "something with his hands. You observe how he, very skillfully, very patiently, and "little by little," fashions out of the rough mass before him an article perfect in beauty of form and delicacy of finish; and this, or the reverse, is what we are daily doing with ourselves. Our own characters, for good or for evil, are very much what we make them. Day by day we are deepening or effacing the lines already traced—every event of our lives is quietly, noiselessly helping to mold and fashion us.

But let us turn for a moment to the lighter aspect of the subject before us. How often do we hear the expression, "neglected opportunities!" Like most pregnant phrases, these words, by the wonderful association of ideas, remind different individuals of different circumstances. The orator thinks of the skillful turn he might have given to the question put to him during a debate; but the opportunity passed by. The surgeon thinks of the patient upon whom an operation might have been successful; but he hesitated, doubted, perhaps mistrusted his own power, and went on waiting until it was "too late." The barrister remembers cases which would have been won for his client but some of the most important testimony was not forthcoming when wanted. The merchant is reminded of the speculation which proved disastrous because the time when he embarked in it was not opportune. Opportunities present themselves daily if we will only watch for them; but many permit them to pass away because they lack that decision of character and promptitude of action which are essential to success—or if they do act it is too late.—*London News*.

ANCIENT SALT FISH.

Pickeral Which Are Estimated to Be a Thousand Years Old.

At the White Plains salt works, on the line of the Central Pacific railroad, beyond Wadsworth, in sinking large pits or wells, many fish perfectly preserved, have been found in the strata of rock salt cut through. The salt field occupies what was once the bottom of a large lake. The fish found are of the pike or pickerel species, and from twelve to sixteen inches in length. No such fish are now seen in any of our Nevada lakes. The specimens are not petrified, but are preserved in perfect form, flesh and all, as though they had been frozen up in cakes of ice. The salt works are near the center of a basin, in which was once a lake thirty miles long by from twelve to fifteen miles in width and over three hundred feet deep in places, as is shown by the ancient water lines on the bordering hills. The fish found imbedded in the layers of rock salt are doubtless thousands of years old. After being exposed to the sun and air for a day or two they become as hard as wood. At the time Jason Baldwin, now watchman at the Obiston shaft in this city, was superintendent of the White Plains works, he found great numbers of these fish. In a pit eight feet square and about sixteen feet deep dozens of them were found, there being sometimes five or six in a bunch. It was found that they could even be eaten, but they were not very palatable and it was necessary to soak them in fresh water two or three days before attempting to cook them.—*Virginia City Enterprise*.

Perils of the Deep.—Wife (in the cabin, anxiously)—"What's the trouble on deck, Charlie?" Yacht-owner—"The jib-sheet is lost overboard." Wife—"Well, why don't they come and take one from the state-room?"—*Tid-Bits*.

The ancient Mexicans made pictures with the colored plumes of humming-birds, after the manner of mosaic.

THE SWALLOW FAMILY.

A Few of the Habits Peculiar to the Swift-Winged Chirpers.

Most of the swallows of Europe and America belong to the genus *Hirundo*. They are all noted for their speed. When after their food, which generally consists of insects, they fly after them with remarkable skill and grace, going at the rate of a mile a minute. They often drink while flying over a stream at a high rate of speed, and they often wash themselves by taking a sudden plunge. They live on the wing more than any other bird, and, it is claimed, feed their young in the air. Although quite graceful when on the wing, they are directly the opposite when on the ground, being very awkward and clumsy. This is caused by their wings being long and the legs short. The old belief that swallows foretell rain by flying low seems very logical. As their food consists of insects they would be liable to fly where insects are most abundant. Insects fly very low in damp weather, so it seems that it can not be very unwise to say that they foretell rain by flying low. It has been estimated that they eat 1,000 insects a day. This is a large number and seems too much, but the claim is made by those who have made the matter a study. Their nests are generally made of mud and clay, but throughout the South the people make them boxes. This is done more for protection than any thing and the novelty of the boxes warrants a description. The farmers cut a long smooth sapling, often being sixty feet long. He nails cross pieces on these saplings as on a telegraph pole. To each of these cross pieces he will add, say eight large gourds, which in their wild state in the South grow to be very large. He cuts these gourds so that the birds can get in, and before two weeks have past the gourds are filled with swallows. They always receive the best attention and protection, for they not only kill insects, but they are a foe of the hawk. No hawk ever appears where there are swallow boxes, for if he did, he would receive a good drubbing. The best known species of the swallow in the world is the chimney swallow. It is about six and one-half inches long, its back a bluish black with a band on the chest, and the throat ruddy. It generally has a white spot on the inner web of each tail feather except the two innermost. The tail is very long and forked. As the name indicates, it frequents chimneys, but it also builds its nest in old walls, shafts of mines and among the rafters of barns and sheds. The nest is very peculiar, being cup shaped and made of earth and straw, lined with feathers. This is attached to a wall or roof and makes a very strong nest. The parents are very attentive to the young and defend them bravely. They have two broods, but the second is sometimes left to perish, not being able to quit the nest in time of migration. The males are very courageous and are very sweet singers. The analogue of this species in America is not the one called the chimney swallow, but what is known as the barn swallow. It is seven inches long and thirteen inches between the tip of the wings. It inhabits nearly all parts of America, appearing in the Southern States from February to March. A few reach the New England States by May. Its nest is made of moist earth mixed with grasses and is attached to rafters of barns and buildings. The nest is about eight inches long and six inches in diameter. They have been found weighing as much as two pounds. Incubation lasts thirteen days, both sexes assisting, and both occupying the nest at night, until the young are hatched. This is the species that so often collects together in large flocks on telegraph wires, barns and sheds and they keep up a continual chirping all the time. They start for the South about the last of August or the first of September, selecting some fair morning. They do not fly very high, and follow the course of rivers. The cliff swallow is about five inches long and twelve inches in star extent. Its crown and back are steel blue, and are separated by a gray collar. The chin, throat and sides are of a dark chestnut, but the breast is white. The cliff swallow is found all over America, and is often called the republican swallow. The nest is generally built under eaves and cornices, where it is partly sheltered from the rain. The nest is made of earth and sand, and is lined with straw and grass. The sand swallow, which is the smallest of all, generally builds its nest in tubular gullies along the banks of rivers, often running them back three feet. The swallow, it must be admitted, does more good than harm, and it seems that it should be protected.—*Springfield (O.) Times*.

Not Sure on the Dodo.

"Kin I git a man arrested?" asked a colored man at the Sergeant's desk in police headquarters yesterday.

"What for?"

"Fur callin' me names."

"What names?"

"Well, sah, he called me a dodo."

"And what is a dodo?"

"I dunno, sah."

"Perhaps it means a great statesman."

"Mebbe it does, sah, an' so I'll let up on his callin' me names an' hev him arrested fur de way he jumped in an' giv me two kicks."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The waste slag from the basic converters, especially in those districts where the ores are of a highly phosphoric nature, is being extensively ground up for manure, and an English company is doubling its grinding plant in order to compete with the demand.—*Boston Budget*.