

THE OREGON SCOUT.

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UNION, OREGON.

TRAVELING IN COMFORT.

Patner Hayseed's Trip from Pumpkin Hollow, Kan., to Detroit, Mich.

The old man had just arrived at his son's house from the country. "Well, father," said the boy, "I hope you came through in the sleeping car, as I told you to, and had a good night's sleep."

The old man smiled a sickly, sarcastic smile. "O, yes," he said, "I had a good sleep, first-rate sleep; went to bed early."

"Did you wake up during the night?" "Only twice; only went to sleep twice."

"Say, father!" said the young man, "you've got two great bumps on top of your forehead. What have you been doing?"

"Them's the two times I woke up; passed another train both times, and when I heard the big engine whizzin' by an' the bell ringin' I thought 'twas a fire an' jumped up slam agin th' ceiling. It's lucky I was awake one time, though."

"Why, how so?" "The high an' mighty importer that laughed when I ast to go to my room early in the evenin' was sneakin' off with my boots."

"Why he was only going to shine them for you."

"Oh, go 'way," said the old man, "I never ast him to shine 'em. Any way, I took 'em to bed with me after that an' never slept another wink. Say, Henry, you ain't got an old pair of suspenders, have ye?"

"I guess I can find a pair for you, yes." "Busted mine tryin' to put my pants on layin' down. Done it, though, got all dressed layin' flat—boots, pantaloons, coat, collar, necktie—hull business."

"Why didn't you get out of the berth to put on your collar and coat?"

"Wimmin in the car. Got a handy place where I kin wash up, Henry? There was a well o' water in the car an' I pumped some, but the train was goin' so fast I couldn't stand up to the sink. Say, Henry, what time's dinner ready? I'm so hungry I bin eatin' my whiskers."

"Didn't you get breakfast in the dining-car as I told you to?"

"Oh, yes," said the old man, "Oh, yes, but I didn't want to get it too expensive, so I told the feller I'd just take a cup of coffee an' some buckwheat pancakes."

"Pretty light breakfast, that's so," said Henry.

"Yes," said the old man, "light breakfast; two pancakes."

"Well, come down stairs and we'll fix up something to eat right away. You mustn't wait for dinner."

"Charged me a dollar," continued the old man. "Feller set next to me eatin' grapes an' oranges an' oysters an' stewed chicken an' billed eggs, an' I don't know what all. When we got back in the bedroom car I told him I calc'lated that breakfast he'd cost \$13. An' then he told me breakfast was a dollar any way, w'eather you eat much or little. You'd oughter wrote me about that, Henry."

"Well, father, a man can ride pretty comfortably nowadays after he gets used to it," said Henry, as he started to lead the old gentleman to the bath room for a wash.

"Oyes, oyes, a man can ride all right now, replied the old man, and the smile lasted until he started to wash his face from the faucets over the bath tub. —Detroit Free Press.

A Man to Be Pitted.

Having lost his wife when his only child—a little girl—was about six years old, Sandy McPherson decided to venture again on the stormy sea of matrimony. His second wife was by no means a success. She was very kind to little Maggie, but she ruled her husband with a rod of iron. His club knew him no more, his latch-key was confiscated, his pipe tabooed, and his life generally made wretched. Rumors of the altered state of things soon spread abroad, and an old lady, meeting Maggie on her way for school, kissed the little mite warmly, bought her a big poke of sweets, and said:

"Pur we lassie, ye've only a step-mither the noo; eh bit I'm gey sorry for ye, dearie."

"Ye're no needin'," said Maggie, solemnly, "but I'd like ye tae feel awfu' sorry for ma pur father." —Scottish American.

Improving a Proverb.

"I've always admired proverbs, my dear," Mr. Dusenberry said, as he rubbed his chin in a contemplative way. "They are check full of significance. They are laconic and logical. Now, for instance, there is the saying, 'Straws show which way the wind blows.' What could more tersely—"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Dusenberry, with a twinkle in her starboard eye. "If you'd sift the ashes every morning, instead of letting me sift them, you'd know more about the direction of the wind than all the straws in creation would show you." —Detroit Free Press.

—It is a curious thing in New York local politics that undertakers have been singularly successful in that line within the last few years. Within the last three years six undertakers have been elected aldermen in New York City.

AMONG THE ZULUS.

How the Warriors Decorated Themselves at a Native Feast.

A dozen magnificent long-horned cattle were run into the kraal and several stalwart warriors followed them in, assegais in hand. Crowding the cattle in a bunch up against the wall, each warrior singled out a victim and with a mighty thrust plunged the keen, bright blade right into the animal's heart. Generally speaking, the one swift, sure stroke was sufficient. But in two or three cases the stricken animals avoided the death thrust and gounded to madness by the deep wound, made matters exceedingly lively for the Zulus for the next minute, chasing them frantically about the kraal until some well-hurled assegai brought them to earth. One big steer, horned like a Texan, kept his feet and fought until a dozen assegai-blades were buried in his body, and in his blind rushing he knocked over a couple of men and ripped one very badly up the thigh. The whole affair was as exciting as a Spanish bull-fight.

When they were all killed the crowd, who had been enjoying the fun from the kraal wall, hopped into the arena and assisted in the work of skinning and cutting up. As many as could get around an animal assisted, and one could scarce imagine a more barbarous spectacle than a horde of Zulus skinning and dissecting a dozen cows. The blood was allowed to remain in the flesh, and men, women, and children were seen packing off huge pieces of red, quivering flesh slung over their shoulders, with the blood trickling down their sleek, dark skins to their heels. Children besmeared their faces and bodies for fun and about each carcass a group of tall, black warriors hacked and slashed like the savages they were.

While the women boiled the beef in big iron kettles, obtained from Natal, the warriors engaged in a big dance. You can never quite catch the spirit of a Zulu dance by merely hearing it described, any more than you can realize the exhilaration of wine without trying it. The warriors turned out about three hundred strong on this occasion, and the dance took place on a level bit of ground outside the kraal. The whole community were gathered in a black mass, squatted in irregular ranks on the ground to see the dance.

After the beehives had been cut up, the warriors retired to their hut. Then, very shortly, they came straggling out again, one by one, the blood washed off and their bodies decorated with all the gewgaws of war. Many wore kilts of Zanzibar cat-tails; or the tails of wolves and foxes, and around their calves and biceps were ornaments of bead and leopard skin. On each warrior's head was a discus of black mimosa gum polished until it looked like a circle of jet.

With ox-hide shields and bright assegais they trooped into the kraal until all were assembled. Then, forming into rank as natural as a company of grenadiers, they marched out on to the dancing-ground, singing a strange, weird chant in accompaniment to the rattle of assegai on shield and measured tramp of feet.

One could see at a glance, now, that every Zulu is a warrior born. Here they were, the veriest savages to all intent, naked as animals, yet playing soldier with a bearing and precision of movement that European troops, with all their scientific training, could hardly hope to beat. Forward they stepped, then filing off into a semi-circle, two deep they stood, proud and erect, the most splendid specimens of martial manhood I ever saw, their black eyes glistening with suppressed fire, their chests heaving and muscles twitching in anticipation of the signal to begin. For a minute they stood there, every foot in the crescent keeping time, and every assegai softly tapping time against the shield to a low, buzzing melody. —Boston Bulletin.

WOODCHUCK BURROWS.

Ending in a Spacious Living-Room Thirty Feet From the Entrance.

Many years ago, during my boyhood days, which were mostly spent in happy old New England, I did my share of both shooting and trapping woodchucks, and even helped out a rooster on an occasion. But I also did more than this, for several times I had them as pets, and closely studied their habits in nature and in confinement.

Through some parts of the State of Connecticut it would be hard to pick out a clover field of any size that did not have a woodchuck burrow in some part of it. Sometimes they choose a site somewhere under the stone wall which surrounds the field; or if there is a large rock, as is often the case, anywhere about the middle of the field the animal will burrow under this as a very choice location.

Finally the roots of an old apple or other tree are often chosen for its stronghold, the burrow being dug down among them, the owner seeming to possess a realizing sense that no one would ever dream of attempting to dislodge him from such quarters. As is the case with the excavations made for their habitations by more fossorial mammals, the burrow of a woodchuck at first descends obliquely into the earth, then passes nearly horizontally for several feet, rises moderately for the last half of its length to terminate in quite a spacious and round chamber, which constitutes the "living-room" of the entire family. In it the female brings forth her litter, and the young remain there until they pair off and dig their own home elsewhere.

Such a burrow may be at least thirty feet in length—so long that one never thinks of digging a woodchuck out—but I have seen farmers bring up two

or three barrels of water on a cart and drown the occupants of this subterranean establishment at short notice, and rejoice most heartily if the pair, and perhaps seven or eight quarter-grown young, are caught at the same time. Very often I have captured them in steel traps set at the mouth of the burrow, taking the precaution to sprinkle it all carefully over with fine dirt. One old woodchuck, I remember, constructed his burrow almost in the center of a twenty-acre lot, and every attempt to capture him in any kind of a trap utterly failed. It was the rarest thing in the world to even catch him standing up at the entrance to his burrow during the day, but frequently we would see him just head and shoulders out of it. It seems to me I must have fired thirty or forty times at him under such circumstances from the outer side of the stone wall which surrounded the field, and that, too, with a heavy old fashioned muzzle-loading Kentucky rifle, which at seventy-five to one hundred yards was good nearly every time for small game. But here every shot failed; a cloud of dust would puff up at the very entrance of the burrow each time and I would confidently walk over to pick him out, but no, next day at noon he was there again, looking out as smiling as ever. He was captured finally by my tying a Colt's revolver to a stout stake driven down within a few feet of the burrow and training the aim down the entrance, and then tying a long string to the trigger. I waited behind the wall till he again showed himself, when the success of the device sealed his doom. —Cor. Forest and Stream.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

A Decided Improvement on the Pharos of the Ancient Mariners.

The "pharos" of the ancient mariner was a brightly-burning fire, set upon a hill or mounted on a tower, that it might be seen from afar. The fire was the sailor's candle, the tower his candlestick. No optical appliances were then used either to concentrate the rays or to govern their direction. In process of time the flame shrank in size to that of a tallow candle, or of an oil burner with a single circular wick, but to atone for its diminution two devices were employed. First, the flame was placed in the focus of a parabolic reflector, which gathered up the rays and sent them seaward in a parallel beam; second, instead of a single flame a number of flames, amounting sometimes to a score, were fixed upon the same frame and caused to act together. Close at hand the lights were seen separate, but to the distant sailor they blended together to a single light. Thus reinforced by number and reflection, the oil lamps did excellent service for a time; they, however, eventually gave way before the progressive genius of Fresnel. Instead of conserving and concentrating the light by reflection—the so-called catoptric system—Fresnel governed the rays, in the main, by refraction—the so-called dioptric system. Our coast lights divide themselves into fixed lights and revolving lights. The apparatus for the fixed lights consists, first, of a circular glass belt or drum—the lenticular belt—which, acting by refraction, grasps about three-fourths of the rays emitted by the lamp at its center, and sends them forth in an unbroken luminous sheet to the horizon. Above the belt is mounted a dome of totally reflecting prisms, which catch and send also to the horizon the rays which would otherwise be wasted against the sky. Below the belt is a second series of prisms, meant to catch and send to the horizon the rays which would otherwise impinge upon the earth or on the adjacent sea. The emission from the lamp was thus wholly utilized by Fresnel. In revolving lights the lenticular drum is displaced by a series of lenses, rendered light and handy by being formed each of a central thin lens, surrounded by carefully worked zones of the proper curvature. They are called "polygonal" lenses, or perhaps more frequently, "annular" lenses. These composite lenses are fixed in square or rectangular frames, and are usually placed together so as to form a hexagon or an octagon. They convert the impinging on them into vast luminous spokes, which, as the apparatus rotates, sweep over the sea and periodically illuminate the mariner. As in the case of fixed lights, the revolving apparatus has also its top and bottom prisms, which reinforce the lenses. Tablets, statues, and stained glass windows are, for monumental purposes, the order of the day. But I have often thought that the noblest monument which would erect to the memory of ephemeral man would be a light-house tower, surmounted by the majestic first order apparatus of Fresnel. —Prof. Tyndall, in Fortnightly Review.

A hunter who was returning from an expedition, and who had fired away all his bullets, met a wolf in the path and cried out: "Ah! but whoever had such ill luck. If I only had a load in my gun I could kill you!" "As to that," replied the wolf, as he gently scratched his left ear, "if I hadn't known your gun to be unloaded you would not have caught sight of me." Moral: No man at an auction loses any thing by not having his wallet along.

—It's a shame, sir! I'll never write another line for your paper. Here was my article headed in my copy 'Suburbs and Environs.' 'Well?' 'Your compositor made it read 'Soap-suds and Andirons.' —Chicago Ledger.

THE FRAUDULENT PRESS.

Why Elisha W. Botts Has Lost His Respect for American Journalism.

An old fellow called on the manager of the Western bureau of press clip-pings.

"Look here," said he, "some time ago I heard of your institution an' I think that it must be a good thing I jined it."

"What is your name?" "Elisha W. Botts."

"Yes, I remember, we have your name."

"Yes, wall as I ain't hearn nothin' from you I 'lowed that I mout have misunderstood the workin's of your establishment."

"It is perfectly plain," the manager replied. "We look over several thousands of papers every day and whenever we find any thing relating to a subscriber we clip it out and send it to him."

"But you ain't sent me nothin' yet."

"Let's see (turning to a book), you live down in Southern Indiana?"

"Yes."

"Are you a prominent man down there?"

"Wall, I reckon I orter be. I run fur justice of the peace last year an' wa'n't beat by more than fifteen votes."

"Are you much known in a business way?"

"You air talkin' to the p'int, now. Year before last I was appinted administrator for the Widder Benson's estate. Known much? Why, I reckon I am."

"Yes, so I see, but the papers haven't said any thing about you."

"How many of them air there, anyway?"

"Some fifteen thousand in all, I believe."

"And not one in all that number has said any thing about me?"

"Not that I have been able to discover."

"Wall, that's strange. Did you tell any of 'em that I had jined this society?"

"Oh, no; we do nothing in that line."

"Then you don't make the press talk about a feller?"

"No, we can't do that."

"You say there are some fifteen thousand of them?"

"Yes."

"And not one of them has mentioned me?"

"Not one."

"Do you want to know what I think about the press of this country? I'll tell you. I think it is a blamed fraud. I told my wife that after I jined this thing she could fill a scrap-book full of things about me and her and the children, an' not a line have we got, an' the neighbors air droppin' in ever once in a while waitin' to know what the newspapers have said about me. The newspaper press of this country is a blamed fraud, sir." —Arkansas Traveler.

STORIES OF TENNYSON.

The Poet Laureate's Well-Developed Dislike of Publicity.

Lord Tennyson's dislike of publicity is well known, and many curious tales could be told of the stratagems used in order to get a look at the poet laureate. On one occasion, when at Freshwater, it came to his knowledge that two men were hiding behind trees on either side of the drive, presumably to have a look at him when he went out for his usual walk. Lord Tennyson at once seeing a chance of some fun, called in his gardener, an old man. He told him of the two men, and made him put on his coat and wide-awake hat. Then the old man sallied forth and made his way to the drive, down which he walked as though deep in meditation. He had not gone very far when he heard a man's voice come from behind, with a strong Yankee twang, say: "Now I've seen Lord Tennyson, I guess I'll go home to America."

Another good tale is told in connection with the Prince of Wales. Lord Tennyson was in the grounds, while walking in his grounds, was informed that some enterprising tourist was looking down on him from a tree almost over his head. The enthusiast was soon brought down from his lofty vantage. The laureate, however, secured a page boy to keep off all such intruders in future, he being too short-sighted to notice them. Soon after this youth had commended his duties it happened that the Prince of Wales walked over from Osborne to see Mr. Tennyson. Arriving at the poet's house at Freshwater, he asked the boy whether Mr. Tennyson was in. The boy, thinking he smelt a rat, said: "And what's that to you, if he is?" "Tell him, said H. R. H., 'that the Prince of Wales wishes to see him.' The knowing youth wherewith, not to be caught, said: "You don't take me to be so green as that?" and to emphasize his remark he "placed his finger to his nose and spread his fingers out." The Prince, however, had parleyed sufficiently, so taking the young hopeful by the collar he placed him aside, and walked into the house. —London Star.

—One of the evidences of deterioration in foreign silks which is most recognized by the public is the difficulty of obtaining a silk umbrella that has lasting qualities. The rapidity with which these articles split in the fold and resolve themselves into sticks and rags has been of late years quite abnormal. —Dry Goods Chronicle.

—In digging for bait the other day, it is related, a Californian unearthed four dozen curiously shaped spoons. "Local antiquarians think that the mound builders had some ice cream parlors in the vicinity."

ALPINE REPTILES.

Venomous Snakes to Be Found in the Southern Part of Switzerland.

The commonest and worst form of venomous snakes in the southern Alps is one of two forms of the viper. Both are frequent in many districts, but generally one predominates. The viper is not a pleasant companion, though he does not seem to be intentionally vicious. He is fond of lying on banks of sand and shingle that face the south. There he suns himself luxuriously, and if you do not disturb him, he will not disturb you. Now and then, however, he wanders into the woods and over the meadows, in search of lizards, field-mice, and "such small deer." It is then that he becomes dangerous, not out of pure wickedness, but because the worm that is trodden upon will turn. Cows and sheep browsing on the grass will put one of their feet, quite unconsciously, on a viper, or disturb him with their muzzles when he is only going about his regular and lawful business, and as they have no language in which to beg his pardon, a sharp bite follows either on the legs or the lips, which involves a long and painful illness, sometimes death. The country people, who go about barefooted or in low wooden shoes, are sometimes the victims of a similar accident.

The other snakes which are common, particularly the long black adder, are perfectly harmless and pleasing in their movements, both on the earth and in the water, if you are content to watch instead of murdering them. A lizard is not a snake; but, in spite of the naturalists, popular fancy confounds them with each other. A herder will tell you that four-footed serpents are to be found there or there and he keeps his cattle as far as possible from such places. The large green lizard which abounds in certain places, though it is not generally distributed, has the worst character—why, it is hard to say. It would be difficult to imagine a more loathsome creature, and it has neither the will nor the power to hurt any large animal. When basking on the stones or darting over them it seems a living jewel. Yet it is pitilessly slain by the peasants whenever an opportunity offers.

As a certain compensation for the bad character they generally bear, and the ill-treatment to which they are exposed, popular imagination has invested snakes with a number of supernatural qualities. Some of these are mere errors in natural history, which in the last century were common even among the learned. Thus almost all gamekeepers believe that the viper, if suddenly disturbed, will swallow its own young; in order to protect them, and some will even declare that they have seen this done, and describe the whole process with the utmost detail. The viper utters a sharp sound, between a hiss and a whistle, and then open her jaws to the widest extent, the children creep in, head foremost, and then she glides rapidly away. Such vipers, of course, belong to the same mythical region as the swallows which wind themselves by swift flying into a ball, and then sink to the bottom of a lake, in the way described by Dr. Johnson in "Boswell's Life." This error is easily explained. Several snakes are viviparous, and a rough dissection of a female by an unpractised hand might easily lead to the belief that the young had sought refuge in their mother's stomach. On the other hand, though serpents are not generally affectionate parents, it may very well be that for the first few days the mother may take her brood to sun themselves on the shingle. In such a case she would not venture far from a safe refuge. Her cry may really be one of warning, and her open jaws a threat to her enemy. Her offspring would under such circumstances find it easy to conceal themselves among the stones. This is a mere theory; but Dr. Johnson did not condescend to explain how his swallows managed to wind themselves into a ball, and it is difficult to imagine any means by which they could have done it. —London Saturday Review.

A Mississippi Doctor's Error.

Two agents for a new kind of churn came to the house of Dr. L., of Panola County, Miss., in the evening and were invited to spend the night. While one was curing for the horses, the doctor conversing with the other found the men were from a place where he had practiced medicine in his youth. Inquiring about different persons heat length asked: "And the Misses Brown, where are they? They were without doubt the most ugly women I ever saw."

"Yes," said the agent.

"What became of them?"

"One is my wife."

There was silence.

The doctor presently left the room. Going to the stable he saw the other agent and made a confidant of him, winding up with: "Well, they were uncommonly ugly women. Did you ever see them?"

"Yes."

And he had married the other.

Dr. L. claims that this is the only break he ever made in entertaining strangers. —Detroit Free Press.

Teacher—"Tommy may tell us what shape the world is." Tommy—"It is round." Teacher—"How do you know it is round?" Tommy—"Cause you told me yourself." Teacher—"Yes, but my telling you the world was round doesn't make it round. How do I know it's round?" Tommy—"I s'pose somebody told you." —Harper's Bazar.

ORIGIN OF WORDS.

Many in Common Use Which Came Directly From the Gypsies.

Many of the English words of the last century come from the Gypsies. This kidnap comes from the napping or stealing of a kid, Gypsy for child. When we talk, therefore, of kidnapping an old gentleman for his money, we mistake the etymology of the word, unless he is in his second childhood. One sometimes travels so far to find out the meaning of a word. No one thinks he is speaking Italian when he says he "has made a fresco." Yet it is the Italian for *fresh*. Why does it mean *fresh* then? Because the glass-blowers of Murano, trying to make a piece of window or mirror glass, and failing in the attempt, merely blew or made a common flask, a "fiasco," with the bit of glass. So with fresco, which simply means fresh. The paint must be put on for a fresco when the lime is fresh. Fresco painting is fresh painting.

The common slang word "mash" is from the beautiful Gypsy word *ma-fado*, which means "to charm with the eye." These vagabonds by the wayside are responsible for much beauty as well as dirt. The word *laufer* comes from the German "land lauter," a vagabond and unsettled roamer over the country.

The word *boss* comes from the low Dutch. The word *boss* means master. A "rum chap" is simply a Gypsy lad; it has no relation to the product of the still.

The far-famed beverage which inebriates more frequently than it cheers has not to answer to the phrase, "he's a rum un to look at." It simply means he is a manly man. Certainly it is not by literary dignity that we have to measure language in these days, and yet it is curious how many slang terms are from the most classic of sources. To "nig at whist" means to *reving*, that is Saxon for *drury*. Pal is a brother, and "conk" for nose comes from the spouting fountain, the *coucha* of the Romans. "Powwow" comes from the Indians. It is curious we Americans have no more of this hereditary language of the red Indian tribes.

A few years ago a wit declared that his antagonist was not "worth a tinker's execution," which was thought very funny until some other wit exclaimed, "What is a tinker's dam?" It has nothing to do with swearing. It is merely the dam or stoppage made of flour and water, with which the tinker stops the gap he is mending, until the tin or the pewter has cooled. When his bread pill is thrown away it is a very worthless piece of dough. Hence its name and fame. It passed into a proverb for worthlessness. It is much harder to trace the origin of a proverb, or to find out a quotation, than to follow up a word, because both are frequently quoted wrong. For instance, the "goose hangs high," is entirely wrong. It should be, "For every thing is lovely and the goose whangs high," meaning if the goose flying south utter their peculiar "whang," then the weather is sure to be fine. —Mrs. Sherwood's Letter.

TO CURE BALDNESS.

A Course of Treatment Sanctioned by the Medical Fraternity.

A few words about one of the most common forms of skin disease among us. Baldness is so widely spread, and so universal among us, that it is quite fashionable. Nevertheless I shall give a couple of recipes for that form that is accompanied by falling of dandruff, which is technically known as dry seborrhea of the scalp. In nine-tenths of these cases a cure is possible, that is, hair may be restored if sufficient patience is allotted with other treatment. Owing to barbers' failure to give back to a man his hair, a general impression exists that it is no use to try; once bald, always bald.

This is scarcely ever true of seborrhea, not in fifty per cent. of cases from other causes, and whosoever will try these recipes will be convinced of their efficacy.

For a week, at the outset of treatment, the scalp is to be thoroughly washed with a reliable tar soap, such as any apothecary sells, drying the hair thoroughly, but not rinsing out the tar. If hair has vanished let the lather dry upon bare spots. Then begin with a wash composed of resorcin pure, one dram; castor-oil, one-half ounce; bay rum, seven and one-half ounces. Mix.

This is to be applied morning and night, and well rubbed in. After two weeks of lotion, have the following pomade prepared, and rub into scalp and hair a portion the size of a hazel nut every morning: Salicylic acid, ten grains; ammoniated mercury, five grains; cold cream, one ounce. Mix. After one week's careful attention to this treatment, the bald spots will be covered with a fine, thick, silky growth, that is forerunner to a crop worth having. Try it. —Dr. Hutchison, in American Magazine.

Funny at the Wrong Time.

"Can you tell me," inquired the anxious-looking man of the bank cashier, "if there is any way of disposing of plugged nickels?"

"Certainly," replied the cashier, facetiously. "You can drop them into the contribution box at church. Any deacon will take them. He can't well help himself."

"Yes, sir," said the anxious-looking man. "I know that. I'm a church deacon. I have half a bushel of them I would like to dispose of." —Chicago Tribune.

—Strange to say, a man keeps late hours when he spends them outside. —Boston Courier.