

THE OREGON SCOUT.

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UNION, OREGON.

RELIGIOUS GLEANINGS.

The Methodist Episcopal general conference of 1892 will be held in Omaha.

There are said to be several churches in Illinois without a single male member.

The Reformed Episcopal church numbers 80 churches, 120 ministers and 12,000 communicants.

The New Jerusalem church of the United States at a meeting recently held in Boston, voted to form a national organization.

The Irish Catholic archbishops and bishops have issued an address declaring that the pope's decree affects morals only and does not interfere with politics.

The Presbyterian church gave \$800,000 for home missions last year, yet deducting the amount from this which represents legacies and it only represents a gift of 82 cents per member.

President C. H. Payne, of Ohio Wesleyan university, having been elected secretary of the newly created board of education of the Methodist church, will be compelled to resign his office.

The first American Sabbath school of which we have any definite knowledge was started in Ephrata, Lancaster county, Pa., about 1739, by Ludwig Hacker, a teacher in the common schools. It was carried on by him for about forty years and was attended with some remarkable results. This school was Robert Baker (1751) and David Blair (1759).

A new church is organized every two days by the Presbyterian church. Every three days a Presbyterian minister dies. The denomination imports from other Christian bodies sixty ministers per year to fill vacancies. The secretaries of the Home Mission board are not burdened to find places for ministers applying for service; they are burdened rather to find ministers to fill parishes now vacant and enter missionary fields already open.

Bishop Andrews, of the Methodist Episcopal church, whose episcopal residence hitherto has been in Washington, D. C., now goes to New York. Bishop Foss leaves Minneapolis for Philadelphia; Bishop Hurst, Buffalo for Washington, while of the newly elected bishops, Bishop Vincent goes to Buffalo, where he will be near Chautauque; Bishop Johnson to Minneapolis; Bishop Joyce to Pittsboro; Bishop Newnam to Omaha, and Bishop Goodsell to Texas.

SCIENTIFIC SQUIBS.

The Sheffield free library has adopted the plan of fumigating the books. They are exposed for fifteen minutes to the fumes of carbolic acid at a temperature of from 150 degs. to 200 degs.

One of the most remarkable mechanical changes of the day is the setting aside of steel and the adoption of iron for some of the most important parts of locomotives on many railroads. It is only comparatively a few years since the change was made, on most roads, from iron to steel.

Dr. Grundman, of Hirschberg, has patented a new process of making magnesia into a carbonate by exposing it to carbonic acid as produced by burning coke in close apartments. It thus forms a substance as hard as magnesite, and capable of taking a fine polish. Mixed with marble dust it forms an artificial dolomite; with soluble silicates an artificial stucco.

The power of various explosives has been calculated to be equivalent to the following pressure, the figures giving tons per square inch: Emmensite, a new explosive, for which important advantages are claimed in addition to great power, 283; nitro-glycerine, 964; explosive gelatine, 253; forcite, 250; oxonite, 240; piculastite, 203; gun cotton, 198; dynamite, 144; atlas, 133; rackarock, 117; roborite, 24, and blasting gunpowder, 23.

"Railway brain" is a term applied by Dr. Thompson to a neurosis or general derangement of the nerves produced by a shock received by the head on a railway car. In the particular case described no wound was received, and consciousness was preserved at the time of the injury. Afterwards the patient became melancholic and complained of insomnia, headache, spinal pain, weariness and failure of appetite. A hygienic and palliative treatment was given.

W. A. Lyman, of Milford, Conn., is making the smallest possible specimen of an engine. It will be made with a silver half dollar. The boiler is to hold about eight drops of water, but with four drops the engine can be worked several minutes. When finished it is to be placed under a glass case three-quarters of an inch in diameter and an inch and one-eighth in height. Some of the parts will be so fine and delicate that they cannot be made without the use of a magnifying glass.

TRACK TALK.

The stakes to be decided at the great Tennessee fair, Sept. 21-29, closed with good entries.

Two hundred and nineteen stallions have got three or more performers with records of \$300 or better.

The Oakland Trotting course and the Bay District association, San Francisco, are being consolidated under the management of J. W. Hutchinson.

Red Bank stock farm, Montreal, has bought from John Wilson, of Ottawa, the bay stallion, 4 years old, by Red Wilkes, sired by Shelby Chief, for \$2,600.

H. W. T. Mall, president of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders, has been confined to his bed since last November with a violent attack of gout, and his doctors have ordered him to Europe to take a course of baths at Royat, France.

By capturing the Kentucky Derby and the Kentucky handicap the Chicago stable heads the list of winning owners at Louisville with \$10,927 to its credit. The Melbourne stable is close on the heels of the other, having \$9,580 to its credit. Next come Mike Welch, with \$4,430; J. W. Guist, \$3,324; Bryant & Scroggins, \$3,183; Ed Corrigan, \$1,847.

The present Sam Ward, of the Washington lobby, is described as a tall, fine looking gentleman of courtly manners, a Virginian by birth, and during the war a Confederate surgeon.

The grand vizier of Turkey had to pawn some of the silverware belonging to the sultan to raise the sultan's contribution toward the expenses of the annual pilgrimage of poor Mussulmans to Mecca.

The first player to give his catcher and outfielders signs as to the kind of ball he was about to pitch was Harry Wright when he was change pitcher for the famous Red Stockings, of Cincinnati, in 1870. Harry worked the fast and slow ball, and would always let his catcher and outfielders know when he was going to toss a good one over the plate.

WHERE THIEVES CANNOT ENTER.

Interior of a Safe Deposit Vault—A Rich Man's \$3,000,000 Confidence.

"So you think it would be an easy matter for an expert burglar to break into our vaults?" said the president of a safe deposit company. "Come in with me and see for yourself."

Back through the office he led the reporter, through an iron lattice work partition, and thence into the stone walled iron lined inclosure, and this is how it looked:

The ceilings, walls and floors of the compartments are all lined with the heaviest railroad iron, the alternate pieces being inverted so as to present a solid mass, without any interstices. Heavy bolts running in each direction bind the whole firmly together, making the six sides impregnable.

Surrounding this inner iron frame are heavy layers of stone, cement and brick. This structure is a shell and protecting cover for the different iron money boxes, which contain more shakels and plasters than Corsica ever dreamed of. Each of the safes is built in the most approved fire and burglar proof style. The walls are double, the inner shell being of alternate layers of hard and soft steel, each one and a half inches in thickness, making a shell about three inches thick. Between the outer and inner walls is an air passage several inches thick, in lieu of the fire proof padding of plaster cement and epsom salts ordinarily used. The outer wall is composed of layers of iron about two inches thick.

There are two doors to each safe, one for the inner wall and the other for the outer shell. The outer door has a double combination lock and also a time lock. The latter will not allow the safe to be opened even if the combination be known until after the time limit shall have expired. The time lock will not allow the safe to be opened between the hour of closing in the evening and the time of opening the building the next day.

With all these safeguards the president said that the safes will defy all the efforts of the open, the flesh and the devil to burst them open and appropriate their contents. The outer door of the vault is opened by means of a large steel lever. Each of the safes is about eight feet in breadth, the same in height and twenty feet in length, and each will weigh 50,000 pounds.

"What do you think of that?" asked the president when the journey had been ended.

"It looks strong enough."

"Looks? Why, my boy, there isn't a burglar in New York, nor a score of them, who could break into these vaults inside of fifty-six hours. And we have not the only safe boxes in New York. There are a dozen or more equally strong. I know one box in Wall street that holds some \$5,000,000 worth of securities at their market value. They have been locked up for two years. Their owner has never once called for them, and I have no doubt that he sleeps as quietly at night as if his property were guarded by the whole United States army, and doubtless a great deal more so."—New York Star.

"Not Afraid."

An army officer had gone to see some Indian shoot bullets. The animals were confined in a large pen, and were killed, two or three at a time, as they were needed. Whoever did the shooting clambered over the fence, picked out his beast and shot him in the forehead. Suddenly our officer was surprised to hear the agent in charge say to him, "Come, now, show these Indians that we can beat them with the rifle."

I could not well decline, and having of late had some practice, I trusted to the steadiness of my hand for success.

I had to advance nearly to the middle of the inclosure before I could catch the eye of my intended victim, this being necessary in order that I might have a full view of his forehead. I had no sooner attracted his attention, however, than he lowered his head and charged straight at me.

My only safety lay in my coolness and deliberation, as I very well knew. I raised my rifle slowly, and as the curl in the forehead came upon the front sight of my gun I pulled the trigger. The furious animal fell, with all his four feet drawn close under his body. It was dead.

As I looked at the lifeless mass before me a shout from the fence caused me to raise my eyes. To my horror I saw another steer break from the herd and with head down charge right upon me. I had a good distance to run to reach the fence. I reached it, however, and as I put my foot upon a lower rail a strapping big Indian, who had sprung to the top of the fence, caught me by the arm and lifted me as if I had been an infant, just as the infuriated beast struck his horns against the fence.

As the Indian drew me up to himself he clapped his hand upon my heart, and for a moment held it there. Then he turned to the agent and said in his own language:

"His heart is quiet; he was not afraid."—Youth's Companion.

Patti's Devoted Husband.

A Paris letter says: "Signor Nicolini does not sing with his wife. He is her devoted care taker. He watches to protect her from draughts the instant she quits the stage, watches that she does not talk between the acts after the carmine is laid on her lips, keeps intrusive boys away, and is attentive to all whom she wishes to treat as friends. If her throat is parched he drops water down it, so that no red paint will be swallowed with it. He sees that the water which is to wash off the face pigments is the right heat, and oversees the make up operations; and all this quietly, affectionately and without fuss. If Miss Patti were in the hands of an old nurse she could not be more tenderly used. When her gratitude wells over she stands up, takes her husband by the hand and lowers her head, the top of which he kisses, the face not being in a state to be kissed. He does not strike one, he is so unassuming and untheatrical, as being the husband of a star, or a professional tenor."—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

French Governments.

The present French republic has lasted as long as any government in that country since the first revolution. The consulate and the empire of Napoleon I continued from 1799 to 1815; the Bourbons were in power from 1815 to 1830; Louis Philippe reigned from 1830 to 1848; and Napoleon III from 1852 to 1870. The existing republic was proclaimed in 1871, so that according to the cycle theory it should expire with the present year.—Chicago Times.

THE OLD RAG CARPET.

A WEAVER OF BROOKLYN RECALLS THE DAYS OF ITS GLORY.

An Industry Which Modern Invention and Luxury Have Nearly Destroyed—The Old Loom That Our Grandmothers Used—The Changes of Forty Years.

Not long since, I had a pleasant interview with Mr. James Early, an old time Brooklyn man and a skilled rag carpet weaver.

"No, it's nothing like it used to be," said Mr. Early, pausing for a time from his labor in order to rest and also to answer the many questions which curiosity prompted me to ask. "Forty years ago, when I started for myself in this business!"

"What so long ago as that?" I interposed. "Law, yes, that doesn't seem so long to me. I came here just after the big fire in '48. It started below here where the feather store is now, just opposite the bridge. I remember it well. It was on Saturday night, Sept. 11, of '48, and when the alarm sounded I ran down to see the fun. It spread like forty, and before I got there the whole block back to Henry street was a roaring, crashing mass of flames over which the then small force of firemen had no control whatever. The wind was blowing up from the river and before the fire was checked it had swept everything clean on this side of the street clear up to Concord street. They finally stopped its progress by destroying the two corner buildings at Concord street by use of explosives—razed them to the ground—thus putting so much space between the approaching fire and the buildings beyond that they had a chance to work and so got the best of the blaze."

"But it was carpet weaving I was inquiring about," I ventured.

HOW THEY USED TO DO.

"Oh, so it was. Well, as I said, forty years ago it was one of the best trades a boy could learn and there was good money in it. It's different now. You want to know how the thing's done, eh?"

Mr. Early was seated before a frame work about five feet high, extending back about six feet, with a huge cylinder in under for the cord. Before him was a swinging wire screen, called a sley, which by means of a quick jerk with the arm forces the rags into position after they have been placed between the rows of cord which he now explained the use of. Swung over a shaft, in the center of the frame back of the sley, was a twine screen of perhaps fifty or sixty strands, and in each strand, between the shaft and the floor, was inserted a small copper eye. Each side of this screen connected with a separate pedal near the floor, and thus as first one pedal was pressed one row of eyes would be raised, the other lowered, and as this was released and the other one pressed the two rows of eyes would exchange positions. This was his machine, devoid of material.

"Now, you see," said Mr. Early, "the twine is first put on that cylinder behind there, just below that stationary beam. That beam, you see, is on a level with the two rows of copper eyes hung in the center, and also duplicated on this side of the frame. Well, the twine is separated into two screens of as many strands each as there are eyes in the swinging screen, and being passed over the beam on that side is stretched directly across to this beam, each of the two horizontal screens passing through a different row of the swinging eyes, and from here it is passed to the cloth cylinder by my feet, where the carpet comes forth completed. Now, as each row of eyes has a different screen of twine passing through it, and as I can reverse the position of the eyes by a pressure of the foot, this must necessarily cross and recross the strands regularly as I work the pedals alternately. See Well, I take this shuttle and pass the rag narrow strips of cloth joined together into a continuous string through between the horizontal screens. Then I jerk back this sley, which has a wire passing between each strand, which forces the rag firmly into place. This done, I press the pedal, crossing the strands back as far as the rag, and then I return the rag between the screens to the side it started from. I continue changing the rag from side to side, each time crossing the strands and keeping the edge even and firm by means of the wire sley and thus, you see, each strand passes first over, then under the alternate rows of rags, throughout the entire length of carpet. The stripes are effected by alternating bales of light colored rags with those of darker and brighter shades. The twine cylinder holds 100 yards of cord and makes nearly as many yards of carpet."

"But what do you do when the twine runs out?"

"I never allow it to run out. As the ends come into sight I insert a fresh cylinder of twine and the end of the old lot to the ends of the new strands and thus make it an endless roll."

ONE HUNDRED YEARS IN SERVICE.

"This frame looks very substantial. Do they wear out quickly?"

"Well, not so very. I bought this second handed when I started to work forty-four years ago, and I reckon it's been in use right out to a hundred years and you can see it hasn't started to wear out yet."

"What is an average day's work—how many yards?"

"Ten yards is as good as I want to do now, though when I was younger I could turn out twelve or fourteen. I used to get from forty to fifty cents per yard for my work, but now twenty-eight cents is all I charge for my best grade and I haven't any too much to do even at that low price. Improvements in machinery have brought down the price of ingrain and Brussels to such a low figure that most folks have gone back on the good old fashioned rag carpet which was so popular in my time, and there's barely a living to be squeezed out of it now. The old fellows who laid the solid foundation have to stand back and watch you young ones with your modern improvements building higher and higher the monument of improvement over the remains of the rough but substantial modes of manufacture which served our purposes so well."

Mr. Early ascended the stairway with me as I was leaving, and wishing me a cheery good night, proceeded to close his little shop.—Brooklyn Eagle.

There is a widow near Milledgeville, Ga., who has seven daughters, but no sons. She owns some land, which she and her daughters cultivate. Last year one of the daughters went to the woods with an ax and cut out and made a plow stock, fastened on a plow, and with a little steel plowed for a crop of cotton, raising seven bales.

DREAMS GO BY CONTRARIES.

Experiments Made Upon a French Physiologist While Asleep.

From time immemorial dreams have been the wonderland of waking hours. Hope and fear have wrought them into their own fabric. Superstition has seized upon them and worked up a curious ritual of "dreams that go by contraries," of "dreams of the morning light," of dreams with significances, some of which seem natural enough, while to a few of those apparently most arbitrary, science herself has offered a certain amount of explanation.

Dreaming is an experience which may be called common to humanity, though it varies so widely in different individuals that, in a few exceptional cases, it is absolutely unknown. A French physiologist caused many curious experiments to be made on himself during sleep. These experiments took the form of trifling physical sensations, which produced almost invariably a wonderfully exaggerated effect on the sleeping mind. Thus a feather tickling the lips was converted into the horrible punishment of a mask of pitch being applied to the face. A bottle of eau de Cologne held to his nose sent him into a dream of a perfumer's shop in Cairo. A pinch on the neck recalled the days of his boyhood and the old family physician applying a blister to that region.

Scientific writers admit that there is a type of dream in which coming physical disease or disaster is shadowed forth—some bodily sensation, perhaps too slight to be noticed by the subject when awake, yet contriving to impress itself in some symbolic form on the sleeping mind. The more striking instances of this sort may serve to explain how, in some lesser degree, certain symbols are likely to attach themselves to certain painful sensations or conditions, until at last they are finally accepted as mysterious presages of evil.

Conrad Gesner, the eminent naturalist, dreamed that he was bitten on the left side by a venomous serpent. In a short time a severe carbuncle appeared on the very spot, terminating his life in the space of three days. It is a most singular fact that under certain combined conditions of fatigue, discomfort and malaria, whole bodies of men—such as companies of soldiers—have been seized by the same terrific dream, and have awakened simultaneously, shrieking with terror. Such an instance is related by Laurent, when after a forced march, 800 French soldiers were packed in a ruined Calabrian monastery which could ill accommodate half that number.

At midnight frightful cries issued from every corner of the building as frightened men rushed from it, each declaring that it was the abode of the evil one—that they had seen him, in the form of a big black dog, who threw himself upon their breasts for an instant and then disappeared. The men were persuaded to return to the same shelter on the next night, their officers promising to keep watch beside them. Shortly after midnight the same scene was re-enacted—the same cries, the same flight, as the soldiers rushed forth in a body to escape the suffocating embrace of the black dog. The watchful officers had seen nothing.—Argosy.

A Chance Silhouette.

Treasury clerks in Washington are being treated to a free exhibition of high art on the walls of one of the corridors, the product of chance. Of late workmen have been kept busy on the walls, scraping off the old paint, filling up the holes with putty and repainting again. One of the men at work on a panel of wall opposite the office of the fourth auditor in the first floor, west wing, happened to scrape the old paint in such a way that the uncovered portion made a perfect silhouette of a woman's head, with the face turned toward the ceiling. The patch is long and irregular in shape, and the resemblance to the northern half is covered by some means, when the face is distinctly recognized in a moment.

The head is covered with a jaunty, stylish bonnet, of the genus known as "poke," and the hair is coiled in a bewitching knot at the back of the head, the features are beautiful, pure and classic in their outlines, the nose rather Grecian, and the lips and chin delicately turned. Altogether, it is quite a striking production of countenance, and many a longing, wistful glance has been cast at this dull brown patch, as though the gazers thought it a pity that such a face should be but the chance product of a wall scraper's knife. When the head is covered and the other end of the patch is shown, a neatly booted foot appears, as perfect in its outlines as the head. The scraper says that this queer combination of outlines was done entirely unconsciously by him as he removed the paint.—Washington Star.

Lungs and Air.

In the course of twenty-four hours about 2,000 gallons of air pass through our lungs, and we have seen that the air thus expelled from them is unfit to support life—may, even that it is highly poisonous. It not only contains carbonic acid gas, but some other organic matters that are much more deleterious. It has been ascertained by direct experiment that air containing respiratory impurity, measured by an addition of only two parts of carbonic acid per 10,000 of air, is the limit of such impurity that can be allowed to be present if we are to remain in health. But in order to attain this standard, no less than 3,000 cubic feet, or 10,000 gallons of air per hour must be available, and well mixed with the air breathed. In other words, by our breathing we spoil 120 times more of air than we can use in our lungs, and instead of only 2,000 gallons, we need 340,000 gallons of air every day of our lives.—Herald of Health.

Polly as a Reformer.

Last summer there was a parrot on Third avenue that used to stay out of doors the greater part of the day. In the next house was a scolding woman. She used to scold every minute, either her husband, or the children, or the cat, and soon the parrot began to mimic her. Between the two, the neighbors nearly went distracted. But pretty soon the woman stopped. She could hear the parrot scolding her. Cries of "Stop your noise," "Shut up," "Mind me, sir!" "I'll strap you," made the air vocal, but as soon as Polly found out that she was having the fun all to herself she stopped, too. Now, not a word of scolding is heard in the Third street house, and Polly sings and whistles her old time ditties. She is looked upon as an apostle of peace by the neighbors.—Detroit Free Press.

TIRED OH SO TIRED.

"AMBER" REELS OFF A LIST UNTIL SHE'S TIRED OF THAT, TOO.

Enough of So Called Civilization—Of Dudes, Egotists and Humbugs She Is Weary. Especially Tired of Being Told That Woman Can't Take Care of Herself.

I am tired of civilization and all the so called improvements of modern science. I am tired of sewer connections, steam heat, furnaces and double windows. I am tired of people who believe in all the gospels but the gospel of fresh air, and who count the first and only aim of mortal existence to be to keep warm! I am tired of the evolution of the "hired girl" and the embarrassments consequent upon meeting her on the new foot ing. I am tired of having to wear twenty pounds of clothing when one would suffice. I am tired of trying to compromise on dress reform, and the consequent scorn of the low minded. I am tired of paying for dead horses, and of being cheated in special bargains. I am tired of encountering the merciless woman with a dead bird on her bonnet, and the idiotic woman chewing gum. I am tired of the cat which lies in wait for the spring robin, and of the good little Sunday school boy who is also lying low with his sling shot.

SOME OF THE HUMBUGS SHE HATES.

I am tired of cultivating people in whom I take far less interest than I do in carrots and cabbages. I am tired of excessively candid people whose frankness is the outcome of boorishness and ill breeding. I am tired of being told that money does not bring happiness, when I know that the statement is a fallacy and long to prove it. I am tired of dudes, ye gods! how tired I am of them, and of the cackling voices of loud mouthed people everywhere. I am tired of looking through crowds for faces to take on trust. I am tired of law makers who cannot tell the distinction between freedom and license, between the American eagle and the low flying foreign buzzard. I am tired of the devil turned monk, and people who steal "the liver of heaven to serve the devil in." I am tired of men who mistake this great breezy globe of sunshine, as it spins through snow daze and summer blossom, for a cuspidor and live in it but to defile it. I am tired of a law that does not justify homicide in the case of the hansom cab driver and the brute who carries a black snake whip to torture his horses with. I am tired of the patient despair written in the faces of lost dogs and in the eyes of horses slowly suffocating in nose bags. I am tired of hearing people blame Providence for the loss of friend or child when violated laws of hygiene killed him and Providence had naught to do with it. I am tired of ear muffs, and of awaiting the day when the mills of the gods shall grind their wearers into fine dust. I am tired of egotistical people who see no particular merit in even the plan of redemption because they were not consulted in regard to it. I am tired of doing things because the rest of the world do them, and of being considered a crank if I preserve enough individuality to refuse to be a conformist. I am tired of being labeled with the "great alike," like charity bids at a fair. I am tired of being served with vinegar and tannin when I call for claret, and with bottled thunder and lightning when I ask for whisky to take home to an invalid parent.

TIRED OF SEX DISTINCTIONS.

I am tired of all the impositions put upon me because I am a woman. I am tired of waiting for the day when I can have an equal chance with the men, and can be a gentle mannered politician, a coroner or a noble county commissioner with "the rest of the boys." I am tired of folks after they get too old to turn a coffee mill expecting to stay at the ship's helm and guide her through the breakers. I am tired of last year's flower pots in this summer's garden, and of all two legged donkeys. I am tired of expending sympathy upon book agents, cripples, burly gurdy grinders, and tramps. I am tired of the brakeman who night after night and year after year cries "Evington" on the suburban train. I am tired of the mother who allows her boy to be a little rowdy because it is a "boy's way," when he might be a Little Lord Fauntleroy with proper training. I am tired of seeing children sent to parents as recklessly as though one should send pearls to swine or garlands of summer flowers to Bedlamites. I am tired of people who never mean what they say or say what they mean. I am tired of waiting for death to prove how good a fellow a man was, or how noble a saint and martyr a woman has been. I am tired of hearing that our girls cannot go abroad without chaperons, when the fashion is only a toyism borrowed from European society. I am tired of being asked to believe that a sweet and true American girl may not be trusted the world over without a keeper. I am tired of people who make long prayers while their fingers are twisted in the collar of an employe or a debtor, and of men who talk about Heaven when they are unfit to live in the best circles of Hades. I am tired of injustice that gives the golden cup to the pretender, and places the crown upon the impostor's head. I am tired of extortion and unrelieved wretchedness. I am tired of tearing through life kindling flames that do not pay for the matches and candles used. I am tired of tear shedding and the great, voiceless supplication of dumb brutes and little innocent children in pain. I am tired of trying to keep cool and calm in storms that constantly send brave ships onto the rocks. I am tired of big troubles and of little facts, of roaring lions and little foxes. I am tired of lots of things besides, with no time to enumerate them.—Amber in Chicago Tribune.

Getting a Night Off.

The lights of a well known electric light company having fallen into the bad habit of going out oftener than well regulated lights should, the electrician won the confidence of a simple minded Irish hand and learned from him that when some of the laborers wanted a night off they disarranged the machinery. The electrician pretended to sympathize with his confiding friend and unfolded a plan by which any employe could get a night off. At the proper moment one of the men took his advice and talking with him an iron bar snote the wires close to a dynamo. A strong current leaped from the lines, flashed up the bar and knocked the astonished Hibernian flat on his back. He had to take the night off to recover from the effects of the shock, and the machinery ran better thereafter.—Philadelphia Times.

A MATRIMONIAL CATECHISM.

It Is Sometimes Well to Practice What You Preach.

He was very practical, and in order to have everything fair and square beforehand he said:

"You know, darling, I promised my mother that my wife should be a good housekeeper and a domestic woman. Can you cook?"

"I can," she said, swallowing a great big lump in her throat.

"Can you make good bread? That is the fundamental principle of all housekeeping."

"Yes, I went into a bakery and learned how to make all kinds of bread." She added under her breath "may be."

"And can you do your own dressmaking? I am comparatively a poor man, love, and dressmakers' bills would soon bankrupt me."

"Yes," she said frankly, "I can make everything I wear, especially pattern bonnets."

"You are a jewel," he cried with enthusiasm, "come to my arms!"

"Wait a minute—there's no hurry," she said coolly. "It's my turn to ask a few questions. Can you saw wood and carry in coal?"

"Why, my love, I should hire that work done."

"Can you make your coats, vests, trousers and other wearing apparel?"

"But that isn't to the purpose."

"Can you build a house, dig ditches, weave carpets, and—"

"I am not a professional."

"Neither am I. It has taken the most of my life to acquire the education and accomplishments that attached you to me. But as soon as I have learned all the professions you speak of I will send you my card. Au revoir," and she swept away.

And the disconsolate young man went to the nearest drug store and bought a two-four-quarter cigar, with which he speedily solaced himself.—Detroit Free Press.

How He Can Learn.

Boncault says it is of the highest importance, before trying to act, that an actor should know how to walk. Let the actor go out with a snap company; by the time he gets home he will know how to walk.—New Orleans Picayune.

Life at Mt. Desert.



Ho (who has just been accepted)—Were you ever engaged before?

She—Only once this summer.

Ho—What! And here it is the last of August!

She—But I only came last week.—Life.

One Way to Become Famous.

Author—You say the story has merit. Then why do you hesitate about taking it?

Book Publisher—Why, you see, sir, you have not an established reputation. You are not widely known yet. The announcement of a story by you would not of itself be sufficient to make a spontaneous demand for it.

Author—I've fixed all that. I have a friend that is a book reviewer, and as soon as my story appears he is to brand it at once as a plagiarism from one of Zola's earlier works.—Chicago Tribune.

Profitable Employment.

Vigorous Friend—Well, George, how do you feel today, and how do you employ your time?

Confirmed Invalid—Oh, I'm feeling as miserable as usual, but I'm profitably employing what time I have.

V. F.—What are you doing?

C. I.—I'm writing a series of articles on "How to Always Enjoy Good Health."—Boston Budget.

The Merciful Man.

Father—Johnnie, I was very much grieved last evening by seeing you abuse the dog. Cruelly to animals is a sin which I cannot pardon. But why are you staring out of the window when I am speaking to you?

"I see that Dingley's cow has broken into our garden."

"It has, eh? Get me the gun, quick, and I'll fill the darned brute with buckshot."—Lincoln Journal.

Not a Fair Trial.

First Wheelman—I can make it from here to Jugville in three hours.

Second Wheelman—Stumper says he can do it in two.

First Wheelman—Oh, well, he is a professional.

Second Wheelman—Bicyclist, do you mean!

First Wheelman—No, Lar.—San Francisco Examiner.

To Finish Off With.

Lady (angrily to tramp at the back door)—You can't get anything to eat here.

Tramp (politely)—I beg your pardon, madam, I don't want anything to eat. I have just eaten a good dinner at the house of your neighbor, but if you could give me a small cup of coffee and a cigarette you would place me under many obligations.—Washington Critic.

A Slight Difference.

A physician reports that he was saved a two mile ride one night by having the patient, a child, brought to the telephone and held there until it coughed. He diagnosed croup and prescribed therefor. In order to collect the bill, however, he found that a personal call was necessary. The telephone can do everything.—Norristown Herald.

Almost Necessary.

A "literary society" in Hampton is to give a concert to raise funds to purchase a library. This is a new departure for a literary club, but it is not a bad idea. A few books will not hurt a literary club. They are almost as necessary as a pool table, chess board or a banquet.—Norristown Herald.

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