The Oregon Scout what to it that we work for, oh, my soul!

JONES & CHANCEY.

Publishers. UNION, OREGON.

SINGULAR SOCIETIES.

nual Dinners Where the Empty Chairs

Increase and the Diners Decrease. There was an informal organization formed about half a century ago by seven gentlemen of St. Louis, who agreed to have a social dinner once a year while any of the members lived; each man's chair was to be at the table, empty, after his departure from earth; all the survivors were to attend the obsequies of each dead member, and the last survivor was to drink a bottle of wine, duly preserved, after the death of all the rest. The idea is not new, and the narrative of a similar agreement, some years older than this, has been more impressively told.

A larger number of hale young Bostonians, a dozen or so, were dining to-gether, when suddenly some one be-thought him of the incongruous wonder what they would all be doing one hundred years from then; and another broached a proposal that they all form a club on the spot for an annual din-ner, which should take place on the anniversary of that day as long as any member survived. Somewhat warmed as they were with wine, the proposal was adopted with instant acclamation, and the final bottle of wine, to be uncorked and drank on a distant occasion, which seemed to them all hardly a thing to be realized, was put away immediately.

The dinner was followed by a pleasure party on the Charles river, and presently the subject of their agreement, an hour earlier, drifted again before their minds; one of the liveliest joked his nearest comrade about the infirmities of age, and playfully gave him a thump on the back. Both were standing in the boat. The sudden stroke caused the person addressed to lose his balance; he went overboard and was beyond recall before the stricken party could recover their

One by one the first gap in their number widened until more chairs were empty than occupied, and the dinner grew more and more somber as the heads became fewer and whiter. The last survivor, faithful to the compact, sat wearily down to the last anniversary dinner, surveying eleven empty chairs, and brought out the memorial bottle of wine from its dusty hiding. He broke the seal, drew the cork, decanted the contents, and paused in an overpowering rush of emotion. The eleven chairs seemed occupied by shadowy forms; the past years rolled back before him; he lived his life anew; his eyes brimmed over and mingled tears with the wine which he tremblingly held up.

Then a faithful attendant who had grown old in his service, and now stood behind Mr. A---'s chair, heard to his amazement his master pledging by name every one of the vanished friends who used to fill those chairs. He bowed his head in token of recognition to each name, and concluding with the words, "We'll soon meet again, friends," drained his glass to the dregs, and then sank back motionless in his attendant's arms. The last man had joined his comrades. This incident of real life has formed the sub-ject of many a narrative, and became especially popularized by the affecting little drama entitled "The Last Man." -Unknown.

Faithful.

The negro in the English West India regiments is remarkable for his obedience to orders, especially when a sentry. Lord Wolseley tells an amusing story of a governor of Cape Coast Castle, who was prevented from going out of his own house by a negro sen-

The governor had discovered that his servants were daily robbing him by carrying away bundles of things from his kitchen. He therefore had orders given to the sentry before his door that no one was to be allowed to go out carrying any parcel with him. Shortly afterward the governor, in

a hurry to consult the chief justice, put some papers into a dispatch box to take with him to the judge's house. On attempting to go out, he was stopped by the sentry, who, with bayonet at the charge, refused to let him pass with the box.

The governor remonstrated. urged that he himself had given the order. But the negro, instead of heeding him, replied that his "corpral" had told him not to allow any one with a bundle to pass, and the "corpral's" order was his law.—Youth's Companion.

A Playwright at Work.

Blakely Hall says that he once saw David Belasco in the throes of composition, and that "it was an odd sight to people who have preconceived notions concerning play writing. Mr. Belasco's hair was tousled over his brow. He was gnawing his nether lip with an air of intense absorption, his cravat was loosened, his coat cast aside and his legs were wound around his chair with nervous sinuosity. I had run in on him unawares and did not know he was at work. A large table at which he sat was littered with all sorts of curious odds and ends. There was a huge sheet of paper before him covered with cabalistic signs and marks, and he held a blue pencil tightly clenched in his right hand. Ink wells, match stands, calendars, pens, books, newspaper clippings and half a dozen other small objects were arrayed on opposing sides of the table. These, Mr. Belasco explained, represented characters in the play, and that he was trying to group them so as to make an effective tableau for the close of the third act. The idea was subsequently utilized in The Wife. 12 — Current Literature. of curious odds and ends. There was

A Lewiston man has invented a device for stopping runaway horses. It blinds the animal by clapping something over his eyes. The mechanism operates from the driver's seat.

Why search we yet for songs that may be sung To put white milk into a hollow bowl? To lay brown bread upon a crimson tongue?

What is it that we seek for, oh, my brain, From coming forth of sun till dawn of gloom! The red marsh light of unstable gain, Or cold refuge of a famous tomb?

Kay, these are not for thee, thou weary one; Nor fame nor wealth shall follow in thy tread, Thy only gold is youder setting sun: And when thou sleepest, none shall know thy

Why is it that we work and faint for sleep! Why bring the scars of age upon our youth?

Lo, we shall stand beside the unknown deep, And drink the waters of eternal truth

Filled with the dreams that no fool's wealth car

buy, Clad in our rags, fed on our crust of bread, We'll sing our songs, nor tell the reason why, Bless God for rhymes, and journey toward the

-W. J. Henderson in Once a Week.

ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

The hero of Mr. Parkins' story, Lawrence Bryant, was a civil engineer in the south at the beginning of the rebellion. He had been there about five years, and had made many friends; he liked the country and its people, and did not wish to leave it— in fact, was determined not to leave it unless he took with him Miss Laura Peyton, to whom he was engaged to be married. But he was a northern man-a Union man-and that fact was certain, as he knew, to make his situation very unpleasant. His associate engineer, Tom Baxter, who was also from the north, said to him: "This movement means war-miserable, horrible, bloody civil war-and you've got to take your choice, our side or the other; if you remain here it must be the other." Bryant replied that he should stay, all the same—for what reason his friend well understood. "I wish you good luck, my boy," Baxter rejoined; "but she is a southern girl and you a northern man-God help you!"

Miss Laura's father, Judge Peyton, doubted the wisdom of secession, but when it was once decided upon he gave it his hearty support. His residence was near Columbia, S. C. As the days passed he saw regiment after regiment march by, en route to Charleston. His son Arthur enlisted, as did most of the other young men of the vicinity; and his house rang with Confederate songs. Under such circumstances, a sense of duty constrained him to refuse his consent to the marriage of his daughter and Lawrence Bryant. He said to Bryant: "You have my highest personal es-teem, but until the political horizon becomes clear, I wish you to forget entirely that Laura has given you rea-son to hope for her hand." At Laura's instance he finally agreed to let the engagement stand, but insisted that it must not be announced, and that the marriage must not take place so long as the pending troubles lasted. "It will be all right in a month," Laura gleefully declared to her lover, and he, made foolish by love, believed her

The next month made things worse etter, however. It was evident that the struggle was going to be a hard and prolonged one. Bryant was offered a place upon the staff of Gen. Beauregard, which he promptly declined. This was noted by the local papers and commented upon in no flattering terms. Even Laura remarked, with a sigh: "What a pity, Lawrence, that you are not one of us— one who loves the south." "As much as I love one of its maidens," he replied, laughingly; but the laugh was forced and hollow. He knew that the time was near at hand when he must take some definite action. The Confederate government had decreed that all persons remaining under its protection after the 1st day of July, 1861, should be regarded as its subjects and not be permitted to leave its borders without official permission-and that day would soon arrive. After a night spent in warring between love of county and love of Laura Peyton, he decided to return to the north-taking her with him as his wife, if possible, When he made known this purpose to her, she not only declined to go with him, but forbade him to go alone if he

expected her to believe in his love. Thus it happened that Bryant tarried in South Carolina until the 1st of July had passed, and became subject to military laws as a citizen of the Confederacy. He was again offered a staff appointment and again refused it; but no action was taken to force him into the service, probably because his experience as a railroad engineer was of great value just at that time. The Confederacy drifted along for two years. Then Arthur Peyton came home with an empty sleeve accompanied by Maj. Harry Walton, a rival of Bryant's for the hand of Laura. Miss Belle, Laura's sister, said to Bryant with flashing eyes:

"It was your friends who did this to my brother. How can you expect me ever to endure your sight again?"

Laura apologized for her sister as well as she could, but it was plain that she, too, was inclined to hold Bryant responsible for her brother's misfor-

"Think, dear Laura," he said, "in what a cruel position I am placed."

And she answered: "I will try to remember-if I can." In the course of the next two months Arthur recovered sufficiently to lounge on the veranda, but his empty sleeve was a constant reminder to his sisters of what he had lost, and a stimulus to their hatred of the north, which fell upon Bryant as its nearest representative. He was no longer re-ceived with cordiality, and Laura seemed to grow colder and colder to him, and to show more and more regard for Maj. Walton. A crisis was approaching manifestly. It came the day Maj. Walton left for the front again. His parting with Laura was of a kind that made Bryant decidedly jealous. A quarrel ensued, in which Laura said: "You have made me at last remember, Mr. Bryant, what my love for you made me forget—that I am a southern girl. God knows how I have loved you, and hoped to win

would be your country—but you never will become one of us; and it is not right that I should marry an enemy of my country." She took his engagement ring from her finger and decreased it at his feet. Then she fell dropped it at his feet. Then she fell fainting in the arms of her sister Belle, who shrieked, "You've broken my sister's heart! I'll make you fight on one side or the other for this, you

There was nothing left now to hold Bryant in South Carolina, an alien, Bryant in South Carolina, an alien, surrounded by enemies. He determined to leave at once. He remembered Miss Belle's threat. If he was to fight he would fight for the cause that he loved. He resolved to go north through the Confederate lines—at that time a very difficult undertaking. His departure was hastened by ing. His departure was hastened by the receipt of an order requiring him to report for active service in the Confederate army at Charleston within seven days. He had \$1,000 in greenbacks, one-half of which he sent to Laura, begging her to accept it as a loan from one who still thought her to be the only woman he would ever love. Then he boarded the cars, ostensibly bound for North Carolina and Virginia on railroad business. There were several Confederate officers on the train, but their suspicions were lulled by the fact that he was recognized by the conductor as a railroad official. But a certain Confederate detective, Pete Bassett, was not so easily satisfied. He kept his eyes on Bryant and followed him wherever he moved in a manner that left no room for doubt that it was a case of trailing and shadowing.

At the town of Graham Bryant succeeded in eluding the detective, and was thus enabled to reach Raleigh and secure from the provost marshal a pass to Richmond, on the pretext of securing some new rails to repair the road with which he had been connected. The next day he reached ()ldsborough and there he again encountered Bas-sett, who said, frankly: "I have got instructions to look out for you, and have a mind to arrest you at once.' Bryant produced his permit to go to Richmond, "on military business of importance to the Confederate government." Bassett was cowed and aston-ished. "But all the same," said he, "I will go to Richmond to see that you execute this important business." But again the detective was outwitted. A special train bound south suddenly ran into the station and Bryant contrived to board it without attracting any attention. His pass was now useless, of course, as he was going away from Richmond; but he got through to Wilmington without one by telling the conductor that he was on his way to Nassau after iron for the road. The passengers on the train included several captains of blockade runners, whose vessels were taking in cotton at Wilmington, and Bryant determined to take passage with one of them.

He induced two negro stevedores to put him inside of a bale of cotton and carry him on board of the Dart, which was soon to leave. The bale was stowed in the hold, and when Bryant was released be found barely space enough for his body between the cargo and the ship. Soon after a squad of soldiers came to search the vessel for runaways. They forced long poles between the bales of cotton, but did not reach Bryant; then they filled the hole with a dense smoke from burning rosin, and he was almost asphyxiated, and he clambered out upon the lower deck. There was a heavy white fog, and the blockade runner was boldly attempting to run unseen through the federal squadron that barred her passage. The experiment failed, and the vessel was forced to return. As it ran close to the federal flagship, Bryant cried out, "Ship ahoy! Stop this blockade runner!" A pattering hail of musket balls began to fall; the federal marines had opened fire. Then one of the officers struck Bryant with a belaying pin, and he reeled and fell upon the deck. There was a roaring of waves in his brain, and after that-nothing.

When he recovered his senses he was in an ambulance jolting through the streets of Wilmington, and Peter Bassett was saying to him, "You are the slipperiest customer I ever tack-led." From Wilmington he was taken to Charleston and placed in jail. A chance to take the oath of allegiance and enter the Confederate service was offered him, and he rejected it. Then he was placed with the criminal prisoners on the fortilizations. He made several efforts to escape, but they all proved futile. In the course of time he was sent with others to work on intrenchments in the rear of the city, and there one day he was discovered by Laura Peyton. She was permitted have an interview with him. He told her of his adventures, "and she did pity them," as Othello says. "You must end this martyrdom at once, she said. "Yes, by perjuring myself and becoming a Confederate soldier," he replied. "No, not that way," said "Though I am a southern girl, not that way. I should not respect you if you took that way now. In some other way I must save you-in some way I will save you." Heasked her if she still loved him. She held

up her finger, and he saw on it his en-gagement ring. "Yes," she said, "I love you and will save you."

Two days afterward the former body servant of Bryant, a trusty negro named Caucus, was added to the gang of workmen. He and Bryant managed to get away that night by crawling on their hands and knees through the underbrush, across a swamp, to the river, where the negro had hidden a boat. The Federal gunboats were not far away. "Where is Miss Laura?" Bryant whispered. "A mile or two up de ribber, at Judge Elliott's," said the negro; "I's to go back and 'port to her when I's got you safe up de ribber to de Yanks." Bryant replied, "Very well, I must see her before I go; turn the boat upstream." Caucus protested and entreated, but Bryant forced him to obey. They reached the place in safety. "For God's sake, Lawrence," safety. "For God's sake, Lawrence," said Laura, "why didn't you go! I cannot save your life if you do not leave South Carolina." He replied, "I will never leave South Carolina till

you are my wife. Do the only thing that will make me wish to save my life—marry me now!" She pleaded with him to go. "Not unless you promise to be mine," he said; and at last she said "Yes," just in time to prevent his capture by a troop of lurking

Several weeks later Bryant and

Laura were married in a remote part of the state, in the shadow of the Blue Ridge. Then Belle suddenly appeared to denounce the proceedings. "Oh, how I hate you!" she said to Bryant. home and her duty. A man who had disposed to view her not heart enough to fight us, but must through his partial eyes. destroy our family by making a woman will be wiped out by your blood." was plain that the girl meant to do pertains to his stomach. what she said. So Laura and Bryant the other side of the line," said Laura. | menial. "I will join you in the north whenever you tell me." He started, and at the gate met Peter Bassett, whom he shot, for he had no mercy now. Then he hurried on, soon to be overtaken by Caucus with a letter from Laura, urg-

The journey was a long, tiresome and perilous one, but at last it ended, and Bryant and Caucus safely reached the federal lines at Knoxville. Four days later they were in Illinois, at ing, viewed across a breakfast of Bryant's home. He immediately wrote muddy coffee and fried beefsteak as Laura via Bermuda, and waited anxiously for six weeks, but received no reply. It was now April of 1864. The pointed. blockade runners were often captured or sunk; the letter service of the Confederacy was very uncertain. His ing not at a fashionable cooking anxiety concerning his wife became school, but in your own home unbearable and he went to Nassau, from whence he forwarded another etter that he knew did not go astray, for the vessel came back safely, and the captain said he had placed the document in the Wilmington postoffice. Again he waited anxiously a month. Still no letter. He wrote to other parties and finally received word to the effect that Laura was alive and in Columbia, but that was all that could be ascertained. About the same time he received a letter from his old chum, Tom Baxter, who held a staff position in Sherman's army. It was dated at Atlanta, and told him to come on at once, and he could probably soon be taken very near to his wife.

He quickly obeyed the summons, and as soon as the trip could be made his hand was grasped by Baxter, who took him to the chief of Sherman's staff. That officer said: "Mr. Bryant, Maj. Baxter telis me you are an engineer and should be very well ac-quainted with most of the Georgia railroads?" Bryant replied, "Yes, I have assisted in building a good many of them," The officer remarked, "Then you should know how to destroy them." So he was assigned to duty as an extra aid-de-camp to Gen. ood, commanding the first division of Logan's corps. Then followed the famous march to the sea, and on the 16th of February, 1865, looking across the Saluda river. Bryant saw again the beautiful capital of South Carolina. He asked for leave of absence and the

use of a company of infantry to protect Judge Peyton's house, The general cheerfully granted the request, and the guard arrived just in time to prevent the sacking of the premises. But Laura was not there. The family had gone into Columbia for protection. Bryant reached the town in the evening and sought his wife without success. Suddenly, to his horror, he saw that a portion of the place was in conflagration. He hastened on, and soon reached the Pickens mansion, which was rapidly consumed. Then lie heard a shrick and, looking up, saw a servant girl holding a child and calling for help. He rushed into the flames and brought the child out. The mother soon came to thank him. At sight of his face she cried, "Lawrence," and fell fainting in his arms. The mother was Laura—the child was his own.—A. C. Gunter in Globe-Democrat.

Walter Scott's Pluck. Illness and intense bodily pain could no more deter Walter Scott from writing than could travel or pleasure. The greater part both of "Ivanhoe" and "The Bride of Lammermoor" was dietated, and in its composition was punctuated by the groans of the suffer-ing author. When the amanuensis, Laidlaw, besought him to spare himself, Scott replied, "Nay, Willie, only see that the doors are fast; I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be done when I am in woolen." Here, too, is again displayed that tender consideration for the comfort of others which built the little stairway at Abbotsford so that he might not disturb the rest of any of the household when he should happen to linger late at night over his work. These excruciating pains which, as he said one time, set him "roaring like a bull calf," had a curious effect; for when "The Bride of Lammermoor" was put into his hands in its complete shape, the only recollection he had of its contents was of the incidents in the original story with which he had been familiar from childhood. And when he now read his own creation it was with no more knowledge of what he had written than if the novel had been the work of some one else; indeed, while reading it he was in constant fear that every leaf he turned might reveal some inconsistency or absurdity. - Scribner's Magazine.

If you have a lady friend in the car always kiss her and ask her to "be sure and call" before getting off. This gives the horses a chance to rest and pleases the conductor. This urbane official will be particularly pleased if you stop to add a choice piece of gossip to your parting admonition.

Let me say, however, that it is nothing short of positive cruelty for mothers to allow their daughters to marry without a knowledge of the most homely details of household management.

I can easily realize that my own lot might have been the too common one of petty dissension and recrimination that has been the portion of many of my friends, who, taken from a life of comparative uselessness, find themselves compelled to live with perhaps You have lured my sister away from a mother-in-law who naturally is not disposed to view her son's bride

The outcome in the majority of love him, and she-my sister. I am cases is that the young wife suddenly going to the nearest military post to awakens to the fact that the lover who deliver you up as a deserter, that you feigned indifference to such prosaic may be shot to death. That's what matters as eating and drinking has they'll do to you. Then our disgrace suddenly developed what seems to her It an absurdly serious interest in all that

Too proud to admit her ignorance she drew her into the house and securely loftily tells him that "Mamma always locked her in one of the upper rooms, attended to the housekeeping. She Now, Lawrence, you must hasten to never allowed me to do anything

Then steps in John's well meaning but injudicious mother, or sister perhaps, with the stern resolve that his digestion and comfort shall not be sacrificed to the inexperience of a mere chit of a girl. Apres! The usual ing increased speed, as a party was being collected to pursue him. "Guard your life," the letter said, "for it is my life, my husband."

sequel of tears, appeals from both sides to poor John, who loyally trying to stand by his marriage vows, and protect and cherish the delicate creature who depends only on him; yet finds himself guiltily wondering why Arabella seems to have changed in some way, does not look as bewitchin her mother's pretty little cottage, where everything was so daintily ap-

Dear young wives, a little foresight some years before marriage, and trainkitchens, would smooth the inevitable difficulties in your married life so effectually that you could face undaunted even the dreaded lot of living with your relations-in-law.-Mrs. Edward A. Perpall in Good Housekeep-

The Dangers of Good Samaritanism.

It would appear that some little time the road he met a poor creature evidently very ill and too enfeebled to walk. His appearance did not appeal in vain to the sympathy of the kind hearted driver, who generously undertook to convey the dying wayfarer to comfortable quarters. He assisted the man into his cart, and was proceeding along the road, when whom should he meet but an officer of the inland revenue. And a very lynx eyed officer he was, too. The law was not to be broken under his nose with impunity. Here was a clear case without a doubt. A passenger was being carried in an unlicensed conveyance, and so our ham petty sessions this week.

tenuation of this breach of the law it was stated that the passenger was in such a sore emergency that he died on referred to. The magistrates very properly refused to become mere automatic registers of the law and dismissed the case. Nobody ever suspected that the heart of an inland revenue officer was susceptible to sentiment. The one who prosecuted in this case is a man of authority, who will have no straining of mercy. Like Shylock, he claims that the "law allows it," and he is not going to be satisfled with anything less than the full pound of flesh. He gave notice of an appeal to the next quarter session. The owner of the spring cart, between trouble and expense, is being made to pay a pretty penalty for his compassion. It should be an awful warning of the danger of playing the good Samaritan with an untaxed cart.-Dundee (Scotland) News.

Poor Jones.

Mr. Jones had joined a French class, and was telling his wife how well he was getting along. "I am afraid," who would tackle a foreign language, expecting to know all about it in a month, and by the time they could translate, 'The son of the baker has the loaf of bread of the daughter of the gardener,' or some such rank nonsense as that, and had bought a few dollars' worth of foreign books, their convenient site. - London Times. enthusiasm would die away like the morning mist." "But that's not the case with me," replied Mr. Jones, confidently; 'I am progressing splen-didly. Professor Crapaud says that in a short time I ought to begin to think in French, and when one can accomplish that progress is always rapid." "Well," said Mrs. Jones, with a sigh, "I don't want to interpose any objection, of course, and if you can learn to think in French I shall be glad of it. It's something you have never been able to do in English."— Chicago Journal.

The Thirteen Superstition. "Do you know," said Manager Rogers recently, "that of all non-sensical superstitions this popular idea that thirteen is a fatal number is the worst. I always count it lucky. It evidences of guilt upon them. There has ever been so with me. That reminds me that Bill Nye and Whitcomb Riley stopped at the same hotel that we did at a western city. The clerk was going to give them room 13, but Riley wouldn't have it because of the number, so I took it. But Riley got room 6 and Nye room 7, which they occupied en suite and gave them a 13 in spite of all. You ought to have seen Riley; why, he was as ner-vous as a wet hen."—Buffalo Courier.

Archdeacon Philpot, of Mina Lodge, Oak Hill, Surbiton, is the oldest living clergyman in the Church of England. He is in his 100th year. He graduated as far back as 1812.

The problem whether a manager can or cannot compel a vocal artist to accept an encore has probably not been seriously considered hitherto. Per-formers are, as a rule, only too ready to respond to demands made upon them by an audience or portions of it, and it can hardly have occurred to any one to conceive that an occasion would arise in which a vocalist would be censured by his employer for not conceding an encore. Such an occasion, however, would seem to have arisen in connection with an English opera theatre, and the case, it is said, is certain to come into court. The singer has been fined one night's salary for his alleged irregularity, and, according to his statement, the fine has been justified by the management on the basis of a private regulation, to the effect that any artist in its employment refusing to take a "call" shall be liable

to a fine in question. We shall not attempt to anticipate the decision which may hereafter be given, but, apparently, much will depend upon the meaning attached by judge and jury to the expression "tak-ing a call." In ordinary theatrical parlance a "call" is simply a summons to the footlights, not a request for the repetition of a song or verse. It would, however, be almost a pity if the prob-lem named above escaped legal pronouncement because of the nicety of meaning here involved. It would be interesting to have it formally declared whether an artist has any choice in the matter of encores, or whether he or she must concede them willy-nilly. Should the latter conclusion be arrived at, some vocalists will feel that a new hardship has been thrust upon them, and salaries may rise accordingly. The general public also would be more than ever at the mercy of those whose passion for encores is undiscriminating.-London Globe,

The Handsome Women of Connemara

The women of Connemara are picturesque in attire and shapely in form to a remarkable degree. Their limbs are long and graceful. They are erect and spirited in carriage, and the immense black braideens, or cloaks, with which all shortcomings in clothing are shrouded, fall in truly classic folds about them. Bare limbed as the men, ago a man was driving a spring cart at all seasons, you will not infrequently in the neighborhood of Hexham. On catch glimpses of legs as exquisitely catch glimpses of legs as exquisitely molded as those of the Venus of Cos: while the most voluptuous types of southern Europe, or languorous, tropical Cuba, furnish no more perfect examples of tapering, dimpled arms, beautifully formed shoulders, and full but lengthened neck with dove like double curve. The broad, large faces are still superbly oval. The chin has strength, the full, shapely mouth is red and tenderly, expressively curved; the regular teeth are charming in pearl white glint and dazzle; the nose is large, well cut, with thin, sensitive nostrils; the eyes, under long, heavy lashes, look straight and honestly at zealous officer hurries off and lodges a you out of clear, large depths of gray charge. For the offense the owner of or blue; the eyebrows are marvels of the spring cart had to appear at Hex- nature's penciling; the forehead is wide and fair, and such heads of hair It was not denied that he had given crown all that were they unloosed the a man a "lift" on the road, but in exlustrous black immeasurably surpassing her sloe black braideen. Not a thread is on them besides the Connethe very next day after the incident mara flannel. It is spun from the wool of the mountain sheep,-Irish Letter to Pittsburg Dispatch.

Felling Trees by Electricity.

Hitherto machines for felling trees have been driven by steam power, but this is sometimes inconvenient, especially in thick woods, and electric power has been adopted in the Galician forests. Usually in such machines the trunk is sawn, but in this case it is drilled. When the wood is of a soft nature the drill has a sweeping motion and cuts into the trunk by means of cutting edges on its sides. The drill is actuated by an electric motor mounted on a carriage, which is brought up close to the tree and shackled to it. The motor is capable of turning round its vertical axis, and the drill is geared to it in such a manner that it can turn through an arc of a circle and make a sweeping cut into the trunk. The first cut made, the drill is advanced a few inches and another section of the wood removed in she said, "that it is nothing but a the same way until the trunk is half 'spasm.' I've known people before severed. It is then clamped to keep severed. It is then clamped to keep the cut from closing, and the operation continued until it would be unsafe to go on. The remainder is finished by a hand saw or an ax. The current is conveyed to the motor by insulated leads brought through the forest from a generator placed in some

Changing Their Beat.

People often wonder why policemen are suddenly transferred from one section of the city, where they may have walked a beat for years, and know every dark alley and hiding place as well as every crook in that particular locality, to a part of the city where they have never been save as a citizen. At first glance it does look like an injudicious thing to do, but it is not, Take a patrolman from the West End or South End and put him down in the heart of the city and he's pretty certain to make a few good captures. West End or South End crooks feel secure when they get away from the locality where they are well known, and the first thing you know they will run right into your arms with all the is another advantage in these changes, which I believe should be more fre quent, and that is that the policement become familiar with all sections of the city, and thus are rendered more valuable in any emergency.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The First American Silk Dress.

The first silk dress made in America was one presented by Governor Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, to the queen of George III. Oglethorpe expected his colony to become rich on silk raising and viniculture, and the first silk raised in Georgia was spun and woven for the royal spouse,—New York Telegram.