UNION, OREGON.

GUY CARLETON ON GAME. Some Suggestions for the Rod and Gun

Club's Forthcoming Work. two largest varieties of game to be and in North America are table stakes and the grizzly bear. Both are easily obtained, but I would advise inexperienced persons to begin carefully on the bear, and gradually work up to the table stakes.

The grizzly bear does not rise readily to the y. He is sometimes taken with live bait in he early spring, but is in inferior condition. In December he retires to the depths of a pave, wherein he spends the winter, and, although the game law is silent on this point, It is considered by true sportsmen cruel to

collow the grizzly bear into a cave. It is great sport to pursue a large bear with Serce energy, occasionally stopping to rest when the trail gets too fresh. I once followed a bear four miles. I then sat down to lunchson, full of a sportsman's grim joy, for I thought the bear was not more or less than six miles ahead. Suddenly I heard a snort of surprise, and, turning, I saw the bear and snorted. I cannot express the gladness I felt. It was a beautiful scene. The broad sun laughed from the infinite blue; the birds sang, and all nature, including the bear, wore a tranquil smile. I climbed a tree hard by to enjoy the view, and the bear came for ward in a light hearted way, and my spirits rose as he sat down with the air of one who



In climbing the tree in my enthusiasmover the scenery I had forgotten my gun and likewise a small flask of liniment, useful in treating the bite of large and deadly serpents which infest that region. The bear found this liniment, and when I saw him lean back with dreamy eyes, emptying that flask into his countenance, I knew trouble was bruin. Nothing is more painful to a true sportsman than to sit for lonely hours on an uncushioned knot in the fork of a desolate tree, watching the gradual progress of a drunken bear toward feelings inclining him to bomicide. When the flask was empty and the bear was full. I noticed he plainly saw two sportsmen in the tree overhead and was trying to make up his mind which would be better to save for breakfast. A dozen yards away was a wild bees' nest, and in fetching the gravel a ewipe to sharpen up his claws a bit he attracted the attention of the colony, and they attracted his attention half a minute later. They likewise attracted mine, and between me, the bear and the bees, things began to freshen up. I never have seen a bear take so deep an interest in a subject on short notice. He clawed the air and floated lightly about in the wind, threw back somersaults and waltzed with great rapidity, and in less than minute, when I slid down the tree and took a bee line for camp, the bear took an ursaline for the woods and I saw him no more.

As it happened, I lost that bear and threw away a great opportunity, but if it had not been for those bees I think I may safely and without bragging say that there would have been plenty of meat under that tree in a few

Buffalo are a fine, large game, and their robes are highly prized in places where the climate is unfavorable to fleas. A large buffalo robe should be in every sportsman's room, but it is somewhat easier to get when the buffalo does not happen to be inside of it,

Elk are to be found in North America, but they will be twice as plentiful in the fall of the year when the "Wild West" show comes back with the other two.

The game fishes of North America are the brook trout, the black bass and the canned calmon. There is also the sucker. The trout and the bass are gamier when in the water, but the sucker is the gamest fish in the world one hour after you take him out of the water, and he gets gamier and gamier every minute. He is a fine, strong fish, and he gains strength

There is good and economical fishing in the Restigouche river, New Brunswick. The sportsman can purchase a membership in the Restigouche club for \$4,000, and his expenses while there do not exceed \$200 a week. He may return after a fortnight and ship fine large salmon to his friends from the Fulton market at 40 cents a pound.

The greatest difficulty encountered by the ingler is in obtaining the proper expression to be worn while coming home. The man who has taken a fish of the size known as a corker," comes home with an open countenance indicative of great joy, and though the oun and the black flies have given his complexion the general characteristics of an over-

sone waffle, he is proud and content, The saddest sight I know is that of the man in his prime, who left home by the early train, full of hope and applejack, for a quiet Sabbath, returning in the purple twilight with \$270 worth of tackle and one four-inch Ssh. He dare not look his fellow man in the eye, and he is thoughtful and introspective, goes across lots and concocts an ingenious anecdote about losing a fish which would weigh seven pounds.—New York World.

He Mixed the Children Up.

"Do you want to laugh? Well, listen. I have just returned from a visit to Louisville; friend with me; stopping at a mutual friend's. He is the father of eleven children, all girls. One evening we were all seated in the reception room, when I turned to him and said:

"'Captain, how many children have you?" He looked a little puzzled at first and then maswered, 'Dick, I don't know. Out on my form there is a board on which a notch is cut every time a colt is born. I used to cut a sich in that same board whenever a new ber of the family was introduced to us, set of late years the notches have got so bady mixed that I can't tell which are colts and nich are girls."-Cincinnati Telegram.

"My neighbor has thrown ber dead cat over in my yard!" announced a female caller at police headquarters the other day.

"Yes'm."

"Can you do anything!" "No, ma'am, I'm afraid not."
"Well, I can! I've got a dog four times as big as her cat, and I'll poison him and throw the body into her yard this very night

-so there!"-Detroit Free Press.

INVENTOR OF THE COWCATCHER. A Farmer and His Plow Suggests the Local

If you should ever go to Columbus, O., said a railroad man, and should happen to drop into the model littered little office of the Novelty Iron works there, you will see a sharp eyed old gentleman, who will more than likely be poring over some works on mechanics, or sketching the design for a pattern for some piece of ornamental

iron work. The old gentleman is L. B. Davies, a native of Kennebec county, Me., who was the first locomotive engineer in actual service on the first railway built in Ohio, and the inventor of the attachment to the locomotive familiarly known as the cowcatcher, which is in use on every passenger and freight engine in the world today, but for which, invaluable as it is to railroad companies, he never re-

ceived one penny.

When Davies was 19 years old he was the engineer on Commodore Vanderbilt's famous old steamboat the Cleopatra. He ran there one season and then drifted out west. The little Miami railroad was then building between Xenia and Springfield, in Ohio. He went to work on the road as engineer of a construction train, and when the road was completed, three years afterward, he ran the first passenger train. Some years later he entered the service of the Columbus and Xenia railroad. It was while he was running a locomotive on that road that he conceived the idea of the cow catcher. The locomotives of that day had no cabs, and a row of iron spikes, four feet long and driven into the bumper of the engine a foot apart and a foot above the track, was the locomotive builder's idea of the proper thing for a pilot or coweatcher And it was a cowcatcher, and no mistake. There was no headlights on the locomotives in those days, and as the rail-roads were not fenced in, and as cattle and live stock had free run of the country, scarcely a night passed but some cow or horse or hog was impaled on these spikes, much to the peril of the train and its passengers.

The dangerous character of this rude and cruel pilot was a source of constant thought to Davies, and he studied daily how he might improve that attachment, and not only remove it as a menace to life and property, but make it a safety feature of the locomotive. One day, while he was run-ning his engine, and thinking on the subject of improving the pilot, he noticed a farmer plowing in a field near the railroad, and the manner in which the mold board of the plow threw the earth to a furrow on one side at once gave him the idea that developed the plan of the modern locomotive cowcatcher. The action of the mold action that was necessary to make a pilot a useful attachment instead of a dangerous one, but it was one sided. It did not take Davies long, however, to see that by putting together a device that was virtually a plow with two mold boards he would accomplish the desired result. He constructed such a device and attached it uccess was manifested. On the trip he ran into a drove of cattle that were crossing the track. The new pilot cut its way through them as if it were a plow turning the soil, and threw them right and left, clearing the track without any perceptible effect on the enwere at once fitted with the cowcatcher, and it was not long before the idea spread to other roads, and from that time no locomotive has ever been built for passenger or freight service without Davies' cowcatcher. Davies did not patent his device, and although it has saved the railroads of this and other countries millions of dollars and hundreds of lives, he never received a penny's benefit from it.-New York

Mail and Express. Indians Who Were Cannibals.

During the siege of Detroit several murders and massacres were perpetrated, and one English woman, who lived with her two sons on the commons, was massacred and eaten-made into a soup. Shells were fired at the Indians from the fort, but the cunning savages soon learned to run toward them when they were coming and blow out the fuse, and so prevent their exploding. But few of us nowadays would suppose that the Indians ever had been cannibals, but we are positively informed in letters written from the Detroit post that in several instances Pontiac's braves ate their prisoners, dished up in various forms. In a letter dated July 9, 1763, the writer

was it not very agreeable to hear every day of their cutting, carving, boiling and eating our companions? . They boiled and ate Sir Robert Devers, and an Indian had the skin of Capt. Robertson's arm for a tobacco

pouch."-St. Louis Magazine.

Orange Wine. There is a man in Southern Florida who makes a delicate wine out of oranges. His process is a secret which he guards jealously. In flavor these wines, for there are two or three vatieties, are like a fine sauterns, and one has the suggestion of the white Rhine wine flavor in it. He has had made for the Paris exposition, to which he sends some of his manufactures, bottles shaped like oranges, with the leaves covering part of the fruit, the cork being made to imitate the stem.— Chicago Times.

Mr. B. C. Mitchell says that while he was a boy he had a friend named Bill Chandler; that one day several boys were in a crowd, and in going by a branch they all stopped and drank from it. Bill Chandler sucked a fish in his mouth and swallowed it before he could spit it out. He says that the boy could feel it flop around in his stomach several minutes after it went down, and the way it kicked and squirmed made Billy feel skittish and look squeam.sh.—Americus (Ga.) Re-

Swallows a Live Fish.

The Greek Actor

It was customary to increase the stature of the actors by the use of the cothurnus or buskin-a kind of high boot, ornamented in front, and having a layer of soles some three inches thick. The cothurnus was painted in the same color as the robe worn. In addition to this, masks covering the whole head and face were used. On the top, over the forehead, was a lofty frontlet of conical form, which must have added considerably to the stature and dignity of the actor; inside the mask there seems to have been some contrivance for strengthening the power of the voice to enable it to fill the immense space of the auditorium. Bell shaped vessels of bronze are said to have been placed in various parts of the theatre to reflect the sound, and the actors were subjected to a severe course of training both as to power and modulation of voice.

Many of the actors were men of position and influence in Attic society, and more than one had been intrusted with diplomatic and other missions. Sometimes the poet himself played in his own compositions, as Æschylus is said to have done. It may interest some of the craft of the present day to learn that as much as a talent (nearly £250) has been paid to an actor of note for two performances. There were only three performers in speaking parts, the others were silent; indeed they could not have spoken had they tried, for their masks had the orifice of the mouth closed, while those worn by the principal actor and his two subordinates were constructed with the

mouth open in the shape of an O. No women were allowed to act, the female parts being taken, as in Shakespearean times with us, by boys or young men, not only on the stage itself, but in the chorus. Sophocles, when a youth, was selected for his grace and beauty to lead the choral dance at the festival given in honor of the victors at Salamis. The dresses worn on the stage bore no resemblance to the ordinary Anthenian costume, but were probably a modification of the festal robes worn in the old Dionysiac procession, and consisted of flowing robes of purple and yellow and other brilliant hues, crowns or chaplets, and broad, embroidered girdles. These robes were so lengthy as to cover the feet, and were common to all characters, male as well as female. - Chambers' Journal.

Honey and the Bat. An amusing anecdote is related of George Honey, who, some years ago, while on a tour in the provinces, had taken lodgings in a house on the outskirts of a town. Soon after retiring, he was awakened by a fluttering noise, as of a bird, around the curtain of his bed. He sprang up, struck a light, board on the soil was just the and saw a small, dark creature, with wings, blundering about the room. Not being well versed in natural history, he did not recognize it as a bat; but thinking it a queer sort of a bird, he resolved to catch it, if possible, and examine it by daylight. So he took his felt hat and attempted, for a long time in vain, to capture the intruder; but at length he pounced upon to the locomotive "Paterson," of the it, carefully removed it from his bat Columbus and Xenia railroad, and on with his hand, shut it up in a drawer, the very first trip he made with it its listened while it struggled for a few nents to escape, and then bed and was soon asleep. But he was not destined to sleep long. Hardly had he dozed off when a further flut tering awakened him, and lighting another match, he found a second bat.

He had an exciting scramble before he caught this one, but finally he succeeded and put it in the drawer with its companion, and again retired. Again, however, he was awakened in a similar manner; bats came not in single spies, but-if the expression be allowed-in "battalions." Each specimen was carefully deposited in the drawer. At last, after an unusally long chase, he was so heated that he opened the window, and having retired exhausted enjoyed a few hours When he awoke he jumped out of bed and opened the drawer very cautiously, to look for the prizes of the night; but lo! there were no bats there! He opened the drawer wide, and then discovered that it had no back to it. He had, in fact, spent his night in catching the same bat, which had flown out at the back of the drawer as soon as he had put it in at the front, and when the window was opened had finally escaped. -San Francisco Argonaut.

The Irish Sultan of Morocco. It is not generally known that besides being the lineal descendant of the prophet's daughter, Fatima, by her marriage with Mohammed's fa-mous general Bu Bekr, the present sultan has some Irish blood in his veins. In the early part of the present century an Irish sergeant of sappers, who had been detached from the British garrison at Gibraltar at the request of Sultan Sidi Mohammed, died in the latter's service. His widow, a pretty Galway girl, wishing to be sent home, sought an audience of his ma-It was granted, with the result that Sidi Mohammed, struck by her beauty, made her an offer of marriage, which she accepted. She be-came the sultan's favorite wife, and on his death her son, Muley Yezid, nicknamed "the Red Beard," assumed the power, and figures in history as the most sanguinary monarch known in the annals of Morocco. His favorite pastime was to roast Jews alive in the body of a bull or to play bowls with the heads of his attendants, freshly decapitated for the purpose. With strange inconsistency he would at other times perform acts of the most astounding generosity and kindness, thus causing his name to be cursed and blessed in turns.—Tangier Letter.

Deaths at the Eiffel Tower.

In talking with the workmen at the Eiffel tower I was surprised to hear of a number of fatal accidents which have never been made public. I was sure that these amounted to nearly a hundred; but the census would not be taken until all was over. As the French say, omelets cannot be made without the breaking of eggs.—Leeds Mercury.

HARPOONING GRIZZLIES.

Daniel Sexton's Remarkable Bear Stories.

Sworn to in Court. The title of boss bear killer of North America never has been definitely and finally conferred. Grizzly Adams achieved wider notoriety than any other man in his line, but that was because he caught the bears alive and made a show of them. Sylvester Scott of Sonoma county, with his rec-ord of 400 bears, seemed to be entitled to the appellation, and even Morgan Clarke did not dispute the claim, although he has been a mighty destroyer of bears.

But Daniel Sexton of San Bernardino, whose modesty has kept him in the background for many years, now comes to the front with some of the most remarkable bear stories ever heard. Mr. Sexton's claim to recognition is not based upon mere campfire yarns or country grocery experiences. All that he says is sworn to on the witness stand in the United States district court. Mr. Sexton was a witness in the suit

of John Morongo and others against Messrs. North and Gird, a case involving the title to the Potrero village and lands in San Bernardino occupied for thirty years by the Indians, who have failed, through ignorance, to conform to the land laws. Mr. Sexton was cross-examined about the condition of

nacious memory or a fertile imagina-Counsel, to test his accuracy, put the

things on the disputed land thirty

years ago, and developed either a te-

simple question: Were there a great many bears in those years?" and started Mr. Sexton on a series of reminiscences that were highly interesting. The following report is from the court stenographer's

Mr. Sexton-Oh, yes. I went out one evening from my camp and I counted fifty bears within gunshot of me,

eating cherries.
Q. – Wild?
A. – The bears? No, they were not wild; they didn't scare at anything. Oh, you means the cherries. Yes, they were wild cherries. But the bears didn't know anything about being hurt and were not wild. They weren't scared of the Indians, because the Indians never killed bears.

Q .- What variety of bears were

A. - Grizzlies. Q.—Did you see that sight more

than once? A .- Lots of times, Why, B. D. Wilson went up the mountain here to Bear lake, and he had twenty-two men with him-Californians. They counted 100 bears at one time. The mountain was what you might call just lousy with bears. The men divided into pairs and went for the grizzlies with their lassoes, two men to a bear. They lassoed eleven bears and brought them into camp-just naturally led em right in.

Q.—Did you kill any bears? A.—Well, I think I did. When Mr. Temple came out from Los Angeles to get some lumber. I had a pile of bears, and I showed them to him and asked him how much bear meat he thought there was in that pile. He succeeded in preserving it for fifteen said he thought there was about ten hundred years. tons. I think there was more than that, because there was more than fifty bears in the pile, and I think they weighed more than 500 pounds apiece.

Q.-Who killed all those bears? A. I killed them. I harpooned them. When I went to the rancherie, they didn't know how to set a harpoon. made some harpoons and set them, and I would have three or four bears harpooned every morning-three or four old grizzlies. If you had been there like I was, and seen three or four old grizzlies with harpoons in them, dragging logs and chains after them, you would never forget it.

Q. - Were there any California lions about there that were dangerous to

stock? A .- I never saw but one California lion in this whole country, and I killed him with an ax. May'be you think that isn't so, but the way I killed him was this: I didn't have a gun with me, and I went out with an Indian to cut some timber. I had the ax and nothing else, and the Indian's dogs ran a lion up a tree. The Indian told me to go back and get my gun, but I told him, "If I go you will let him get away." The lion was on a small limb, and I threw a stone at him and hit him between the eyes, and that stunned him. He turned tail and was going to jump, but I happened to hit him just right and dazed him. Then made the Indian fetch stones, and pegged stones at the lion for about an hour and a half, I should think. When he turned tail I stoned him on the end of the spine. I stoned him until he couldn't use his hind legs, and then I cut the tree down and killed him with the ax. -Banning (Cal.) Letter.

How Women Rest.

How differently men and women indulge themselves in what is called a resting spell. "I guess I'll sit down and mend these stockings and rest awhile," says the wife; but her husband throws himself upon the easy lounge, or sits back in his armchair, with hands at rest and feet placed horizontally upon another chair. The result is that his whole body gains full benefit of the half hour be allows himself from work, and the wife only receives that indirect help which comes from change of occupation. A physician would tell her that even ten minutes rest in a horizontal position, as a change from standing or sitting at work, would prove more beneficial to her than any of her makeshifts at resting. Busy women have a habit of keeping on their feet just as long as they can, in spite of backaches and warn ing pains. As they grow older they see the folly of permitting such drafts upon their strength, and learn to take things easier, let what will happen. They say, "I used to think I must do thus and so, but I've grown wiser and learned to slight things." The first years of housekeeping are truly the hardest, for untried and unfamiliar cares are almost daily thrust upon the mother and home maker. - New York

The City of Berlin. Frederick the Great worked hard to beautify this town of his choice, but it cannot be said that, with all his efforts and all the energy of recent years, it is a town which strikes a stranger familiar with London or Paris as one of grandeur or even of dignity. To begin with, there only exists one church of architectural interest-interest, because the beauty of the Klosterkirche has been destroyed by additions made about the middle of the present century. As for the cathedral, that is a late, domed edifice, no larger than a decent parish church in this country. This poverty is unique. Look where you will over Europe, and you will not find a single town of capital importance so void of that crowning ornament to a city, a fine ecclesiastical building. The defect can-not be exaggerated. Such buildings are the durable record of a city's life; each weather beaten stone has an interest no less human than scientific, no less romantic than artistic. We have our St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, the Parisians their Notre Dame, Vienna its St. Stephen's, Rome its St. Peter's: but there no such serbuilding to be admired for its beauty without Notre Dame. The effect is nothing short of robbing French literature of Victor Hugo! Nor is Berlin much better off for secular buildings. None of them save an inconsiderable fragment of the old Schloss date earlier than the Seventeenth century, and the bulk of the old Schloss is a decaying plaster faced pile of that unfortunate period. The palaces of the late Emperor William and of the Emperor Frederick as crown prince were built, the former some fifty years ago, the latter thirty, and, though both insignificant in size as compared with the Buckingham palace, may be admitted to compete with it in point of style .-

An Eternal Relic.

Macmillan's Magazine.

Asoka, believed to be the grandson of the Indian sovereign whose realms were invaded by Alexander the Great, became a convert to Buddhism, and in extending that form of religion enacted a part analogous to that of Constantine in establishing Christianity. About fifteen hundred years ago he distributed morsels of the bones of the saints to all kings with whom he was in alliance, and a prince in Guzerat resolved that his relic should last while time endured. He inclosed it in a bottle of gold, and that in a casket of silver, and that in a vessel of copper, and that in a bowl of baked clay-a substance as durable as the earth of the world-and that in a coffer of claystone, and that in a hollow square of sandstone, and that again, in a pyramid of brick more than eighty feet high, and at the base the same thickness; and finally, as we understand, a description only on this point obscure, faced the entire structure with stone blocks. prince did not spend all that thought and labor and treasure only to honor his relic; he meant to preserve it as long as India or Time itself should last, and so well did he plan that he

His dynasty ceased and was even forgotten, his people changed their creed and ceased to worship Buddha, his clearances were abandoned by human beings and the jungle spread its obliterating mantle over roads and plain and pyramid, and still the relic remained as safe in its golden bottle as it was when the prince placed it there. And there the British archæologist, Mr. Campbell, found it, the morsel of bone uncalcined, the gold of the bottle as bright as ever, the silver casket only tarnished, the copper covering only rusted, the bowl of baked clay unchanged, as it would be if left there till the world cooled, the clay stone coffer unbroken, the sandstone cavity unviolated, the pyramid still resisting climate and time and menwho had in some past age sought treasure in its interior.-London Tele-

Filling a Long Felt Want.

Some day or other every reporter will carry around a phonograph and when he interviews a man the latter's words will be taken down with an accuracy admitting of no dispute. Then when the interviewed gentleman comes around in the morning like a volcanic eruption to explain that his language was distorted and all that sort of thing the reporter can quietly pull the phonograph with one hand and a gun with the other and ask him what he is going to do about it. When this scheme can be successfully operated a long felt want will be filled. As it is at present when a man gets into trouble because of his remarks being faithfully printed, he at once swears with an egg beater and then run them newspaper worker frequently gains a reputation for lying which he does not deserve. — Lincoln Journal.

An Extraordinary Story. The police of Buda-Pesth are investigating a truly marvelous case. boy at the public grammar school has confessed to his father that he has, for some time past, taken money from the till in his shop, being ordered to do so by a man who had made him the subject of experiments in hypnotism. The father went to the school authorities, and it was discovered that a whole class of boys were in a similar plight. They acted as "mediums," and by a process known as "sugges-tion" were made to steal money from their parents and bring it to the ardent scientist in question.-Pal Mall Gazette.

A Pretty Slick Cat.

Norwich has many odd things, but the oddest one, perhaps, is a house-hold cat that visits the barn twice a day and gets two meals from a cow which "leaks her milk." The cat steps under the cow, holds her mouth open one who passes by stops under it for a for a period and the deed is done. moment's shade, and whenever the There are a number of people in town Cary sisters went to that part of the who would like to get a living as country they paid a visit to their tree.

-Pittsburg Dispatch.

JUSTICE WITHOUT LAW.

A Judge in Tueson Who Sent All Offenders to the Rock Pill.

Capt. Bourke, of the army, is an interesting story teller, and possesses a rich fund of reminiscence and anec-"Twenty years ago," said the cap-tain, "I was in Tucson. No place was

ever worse governed. Outlaws abounded and they did about as they pleased. Finally the good citizens of the place -merchants and men of propertydetermined to bring about a reform, and the way they decided to do it was to elect a judge who would deal honestly with the scalawags who were running the town and corrupting the courts. So they chose a man named 'Charlie' Meyers to be judge. 'Charlie' was a druggist, who knew nothing about law, but he was perfectly honest, and that was the only qualification the citizens desired. Accordingly, 'Charlie' set up a law dispensary in the same building with his drug shop, and dealt out justice and patent medicines with equal grace. In his court. he established a library of calf bound books, consisting chiefly of the Matemons in stone to be read in Berlin, no ria Medica and Somebody on Fractured Bones. He engaged as an officer of or revered for its age. Conceive Paris the court a man who was afraid of nothing or nobody - old 'Jimmy Douglas, who carried in his leg a bullet that he had picked up at Gettysburg, and who walked with some difficulty and with a peculiar though not graceful limp. The first thing that 'Charlie' did was to establish a chain gang and sentence to various terms in its service every offender that was brought before him. The shyster lawvers who had 'run' the town before 'Charlie's' incumbency protested against this as a violation of the constitution of the United States, but they protested in silence. In fact, the pro-test was useless. The process of the judge was rather summary, but the result was very gratifying to the good citizens of Tucson. The wild, rough characters who had ruled the town were now engaged in cleaning the streets, and Tucson was seeing an era of prosperity that it had not known since its foundation. But if the business men were pleased, the lawyers were proportionately disgusted. The court refused to recognize them and their business was gone. One day, however, one of them plucked up spirit enough to go before the court in behalf of his client and demanded a trial by jury. The court was about to sentence the prisoner to a term in the chain gang, when the lawyer interposed a demurrer. 'My client,' he said, 'objects to being tried by this court, on the ground of prejudice, and demands to be tried by jury. " 'By shury,' said Charlie. 'What

is dot shury?' "'He demands,' said the lawyer, to

be tried by his peers.' "Oh, he does, does he? said Char-'Vell I sendence him to two veeks in the shain gang and I sendence you to one veek. Now how you like dot trial by shury? and into the chain gang the lawyer went and there

he stayed until his term was up.
"One day a man named Wolf was brought before the court for cheating some Indians out of \$3. He was an unscrupulous man but a shrewd one law. 'Charlie' felt that in his case the Materia Medica was not sufficient authority and so he adjourned the court to get an opportunity to consult some books on the law or to obtain advice from somebody with a knowledge of it. As he declared the case postponed and the court adjourned, however, he turned to the prisoner and said: 'Volf, it is de unanimous opinion of dis community dot you are a — tief and this court coincides fully in dot opinion.

"Wolf lost color and raising his fist he said: 'Judge, I don't let any one speak to me in that way.

"Dis court fines you \$10 for raising your fist against it, said Charlie, and you stands committed to de shain gang until it is paid."

"Wolf knew that there was no recourse and he reluctantly paid the \$10. The judge gravely took it and after dividing \$5 between himself and 'Jimmy' Douglas, he gave \$5 to the Indians. And to this day, in the annals of that Indian tribe, 'Charlie' Meyers is the most righteous judge that ever held court, for did they not sue for \$3 before him and recover \$5?' -Washington Telegram.

Planting the Flag on Mount, St. Elias. The groups of snow clad peaks visible to the naked eye were countless, and to the northward, in which direction the view was barred, their number is doubtless quite as great; only a few of them, however, impressed us as being very high or very striking in shape. Some of them rose out of the snow in such a manner as to lead one to believe that they had that the reporter mixed his words been recently buried and were waitwith an egg beater and then run them ing to be dug out. When I say that in. In such a manner the guileless but few appeared very high or striking, I should except Fairweather and Crillon, which were plainly visible above the clouds, though 140 milesdistant. The ocean was covered with. a fog; it frequently is in these latitudes; in fact, it would often be raining for a whole day at the beach, while about St. Elias the sky would be cloudless. At 3 o'clock we thought it best to begin our downward jour-

ney, as we did not care to be caught

out over night. A small American flag presented to the expedition by a

lady of Sitka was placed in a tin can and left at Flag Rock, a point about 10,000 feet high.—Scribner's. The Cary Sisters' Sycamore Tree By the Hamilton turnpike, in Hamilton county, O., and on the way from College hill, stands a large sycamore tree that was planted there in 1832 by Alice and Phoebe Cary. They were then 6 and 12 years old, and coming home from school one day they saw a small tree a farmer had grubbed and thrown away in the cond. thrown away in the road. This they planted and cared for as children will, and now the tree flourishes, and every