

The Oregon Scout

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UNION, OREGON.

THE COTTON SEED.

One of the Most Impressive Object Lessons in Political Economy.

Prior to 1860, Cotton was King. And yet, the last five crops of cotton raised by free labor exceeded the five antebellum crops of slave labor by several million bales. The great industrial forces in competition. The competition between the United States and the manufacturing nations of Europe, and especially England, in supplying the markets of Asia and South America with cotton goods has made it necessary that every labor-saving device be used, that the raw material be obtained at a low cost, and that every cent be saved in the process of manufacture. Political economists tell us that the traffic of the world turns on a half a cent a yard, a cent a bushel or a half-penny a pound on the great staples. Our exports of cotton fabrics consist mainly of coarse sheetings and drills, which go to China, Africa and South America in payment for tea, silk, sugar, spice, hides, etc. In 1860 the average year's product of one operative in a cotton-mill was 5,317 pounds of cloth. In 1880 the average year's product was, in round numbers, 8,000 pounds of cloth. That is to say, the average year's work of one operative in the New England cotton-mill will give 1,600 Chinamen 5 pounds or 16 yards each of cotton-drill.

Now, with greater competition in cotton there comes greater economy. Nothing is thrown away; every bit of seed has its uses.

After certain tests and experiments, it was found that a ton of cotton seed held some thirty gallons of pure oil, and this, in its crude state, is worth from \$12 to \$15 dollars to the ton. So that the whole crop of cotton seed is now worth not less than \$50,000,000. A great trust was organized some years ago for the purpose of controlling the trade. The American Cotton-Oil Trust certificates, representing millions of dollars, are now listed on the New York Stock Exchange the same as the stocks of any railroad or mining company.

Again, it was found that a certain quality of lard could be extracted from cotton-seed oil. The result was that Western steam lard was extensively adulterated. Still it can hardly be said that the mixture was, or is, very injurious. The kernel of the cotton-seed is said to be a nutritious food for animals, and upon the Southern farm it is the main stock food.

Once more, it has also been found that a ton of cotton seed, without its thirty gallons of oil, is a valuable fertilizer. Cotton seed supplies to the soil the elements which are needed to make it productive. The hulls of the seed are used as fuel for feeding the oil-mill engine. The ashes of the hulls have a high commercial value as potash, while the "refuse" is used as stock in the best and purest soaps. Lastly, the Italians place a caulk of cotton-seed oil at the root of olive trees for the purpose of fertilization and protection.

Thus, it is surprising to find how many of our new industries are concerned with raw materials which were once regarded as being of little value or use. For half a century cotton seed was burned or dumped as garbage. To-day it is at the basis of a great trade, a great manufacture and a great trust. Indeed, an account of the different uses of cotton seed is an "object lesson" in political economy.—Once a Week.

THE STYLE OF TO-DAY.

Never Were Women Dressed More Elaborately than at Present.

The present tendency of toward naturalness in form may be accepted, at least for a time, as strong and absolute, and seem likely, with the taste and the general knowledge of masses are gaining correctness and outline, that the wheel of fashion in its ceaseless revolution back the immense expansion or the frightful deformity of the fashions that descend to the minute details, revolutionizing underwear, and adapting every separate article of costume to one idea, then we certainly have reason to hope that it is destined to a more or less continued existence. For then the great business and mercantile interests become involved in its permanent acceptance, machinery employed in supplying great demands is modified in accordance with the new regulations, and such ponderous bodies can only be moved at certain intervals. The entire catalogue of women's garments has gradually undergone this transformation. A few years ago yards and yards of muslin or linen were gathered and tucked and gauged into clumsy articles of underwear which effectually destroyed all natural grace and outline. Now there is little superfluous material to be found among even the plainest and simplest of ordinary garments. They encase the form very snugly, hampering no limbs, and yet they have almost a tailor fit. This change did not take place in an instant or a month. It took many seasons to accomplish it, and it is years since the first attempt was made to bring about the result. When a tide in fashion as well as in other affairs sets strongly in one direction, it is useless to attempt to turn it. It must reach its flood. Fashions may therefore be considered pretty well settled for a year to come. Changes will be developed in style, and much variety in the detail of design adapted to diversified wants and purposes, but the smooth outline with the fullness massed low at the back will form the basis of them all, and all must be subject to such limitations as these conditions impose. The styles at present are most of them admirable; the only fear just at present is that the strong natural feelings against demi-trains on the promenade are to be overruled, and that clean and costly fabrics are once more to be trailed in the dust.—N. Y. Post.

A LAMENT.

In the dreary, distant northland
Lo! a mighty oak did grow,
For a hundred peaceful summers
Through it did the soft winds blow;
For a hundred lengthy winters
On it fell the cold, white snow,
'Neath it roved the doughty chieftain
While his dusky love he woo'd.
Proud and stately grew the oak tree
In the northern solitude.

Lo! the mighty now have fallen,
Fallen from their high estate;
On the pavements of the city
Has the oak tree hanged of late,
Through the air in graceful motions
Does it circle and gyrate.
For the oak has been made into
Cases that are used by the dudes;
Fallen is the mighty monarch
Of the northern solitude.
—New York Herald.

DR. KEENE'S STORY.

Frank Howard was one of my most intimate friends. I met him one summer in the Catskills, whither I had taken myself for a week's change and fresh air. I put up at a lonely farm house, where Howard, stopping for a day to await the arrival of some friends, was so unfortunate as to sprain his ankle. It was nothing serious, but it compelled him to remain quiet for a few days. His friends, arriving, proceeded on their way, leaving him in my care. Frank was a cheery, happy young fellow of 20, and took his mishap with uncommonly good grace. I read to him from my small store of books and papers, and we had long and interesting talks. Frank was full of the enthusiasm of youth, and I, eight or ten years his senior, was, my steady going colleagues would have said, a visionary, romantic boy. Those few days made us better acquainted than we would have become in months of intercourse in the city. When Frank was able to rejoin his friends my time was up and I returned to town, regretting the necessity that compelled me to part with the pleasant young fellow.

He did not forget his promise to look me up when he returned to the city, and from that time on we were the best of friends. I had, I am sure, more of his confidence than did any one else, and I talked to him in a way that my medical brethren would have pronounced wild and unprofessional, but he took it in sober earnest, no matter how wild, believing in my theories just because I aired them.

My friend was a good looking young fellow, tall, well made as to figure, easy and graceful. He had blue gray eyes, a well shaped brow and rounded chin, dark hair which, however, was quite thin, giving promise of early baldness, a nose perhaps a trifle too long and an upper lip a trifle too short. His front teeth, though white, were not well shaped. Greatly to his sorrow he could not raise a mustache, try hard as he might, and he had tried very hard, indeed, investing many a dollar in nostrums warranted to produce the desired result.

Frank well knew what an improvement a mustache would be—he did not hanker after whiskers, a mustache was all he wanted—for he had worn false ones upon several occasions when taking part in private theatricals. He was quite clever, and played very well for an amateur, but often accepted a part, I verily believe, more for the opportunity it gave him to wear a mustache than for any other reason.

He was very well situated financially. His parents were dead. His father had left him a good business, which, however, had so far demanded little of his attention, as his father had also left him a partner, a shrewd, steady bachelor, without near kin, who was devoted to the young man. Considerable property outside of the business added a good deal

to his means, and he had few hosts of the in society girls Howard—he asked her. No, she did, he felt

was experienced and dropped in to a room some moments, evidently spent in deep thought, for he had not seemed to hear one of two of my remarks, Frank broke out: "See here, doctor, can't you transplant a bit of some one's scalp to my lip and make a mustache that will grow? You read or told me something one evening about such an experiment or else I dreamed it. I have been wanting to speak to you about it. I'd gladly spare some of my own scalp if the hair on it wasn't so awfully thin. I'll give you a thousand dollars if you can manage it and pay all expenses. Think it over and see if there isn't some way to do it, and now I must be off. Good night, old boy!"

I laughed at the idea, but after he had gone I could not help thinking about it. A thousand dollars was certainly tempting. My practice did not increase so rapidly as I could have wished, and of course, like many another foolish young fellow, I had married a nice girl when scarcely able to keep myself comfortably, and the tiny olive branches had a dreadful way, sweet as they were, of appearing all too frequently for a poor man. I'm not getting my marriage or been willing to spare one of the boys and girls now growing up so fast around me; but money was very scarce in those days, and a thousand dollars seemed too much to let go without some effort to earn it.

I did a lot of hard thinking for a few days and spent all my spare time over some old books in a dusty, out of the way library down town. I finally told Frank that I would see what could be done if he would give \$500, the rest if I succeeded in the undertaking. He agreed at once, so I put a carefully worded "Want" in The Herald, offering \$500 for a bit of scalp from the head of a healthy person, a young woman preferred, and

naming an hour for applicants to call at my office.

Well, I had a good many answers, in person and by letter. The letters I paid no attention to, and those who called did not suit, until I began to think I would have a good deal of trouble to find the right person, when my small boy of all work ushered in a young lady. I knew that she was young, though she was heavily veiled, by her slight, girlish figure and low, sweet, tremulous voice. Her dress was neat and plain and fitted exquisitely. Her gloves and boots were not new, but they were the gloves and boots of a lady. Wavy dark brown hair was worn in a heavy coil beneath a little round hat, and I thought "Here's the very girl at last!"

I questioned her closely, and explained to her more fully than to the others just what I wanted. She was nervous, as was quite natural, but had evidently made up her mind to win the \$200 if possible. She was perfectly healthy, she said, and so far as she knew, came of healthy parents. Her father was dead. Her mother was usually quite well, though not very strong. She was just now suffering from injuries received in a fall on the stairs.

"The doctor says," the young lady went on, "that my mother will soon be as well as ever, but we need money very badly at present. On account of my mother's illness I lost my position in—that is, I am out of employment, and as I am the bread winner for our family I am willing to do anything honorable that will not injure my health to earn money. I must stipulate that my face shall remain covered, and that no effort will be made by any one to discover my identity."

"Can you endure the operation without the aid of an anesthetic?" I asked. "You must know that your confidence is sacred."

But, no. She insisted that her nerves were strong enough to endure the ordeal, so I appointed an hour next day for the operation, and bowed her out. I then rushed off to inform Frank of my success. He was charmed with my description of the girl and delighted with her luck.

"Give her \$500," he said, "whether the operation is successful or not. She is a brave girl to do such a thing for her family. Great, hulking boys, no doubt, some of them. Now I haven't much family, but I am sure I wouldn't part with any of my scalp for all of my relatives in a heap."

The young lady was promptness itself. I had just shown her into an inner room when Frank arrived. After the operation I sent him away first, and then put her into a cab, taking care to withdraw before she gave the driver his orders.

No. I'm not going to tell you how I transplanted two bits of scalp from the back of the girl's head to the lip of the young man. I have never told any one how it was done, but it was a success.

The young couple were as brave as possible. There was not even a groan from either. The girl lay face down upon a lounge, her luxuriant, wavy hair streaming around her. I could not but admire the dainty shape of her head and the pretty neck, with tiny rings of hair curling down upon it. Just below one shell-like ear a small star shaped spot showed white upon the now rosy skin.

It would probably not be noticeable usually. The young lady came to my office for some days until the wounds were quite healed. As she was young and healthy it did not take long, but I never got a glimpse of her face, nor did I try to do so, having too much respect for the courageous young creature. When I handed her \$500 instead of the \$200 she had expected she was quite overcome with joy. Her voice was fully of happy tears as she clasped my hand in both of hers and faltered:

"Oh, doctor, I do not know how to thank you; you cannot realize what a help this money will be to us. It is a perfect godsend, and I don't one bit mind the pain, which, I'll confess now, was rather hard to bear."

My own needs enabled me to quite understand her feelings. My thousand freed me from many a present worry, and before it was gone I had secured quite a paying practice.

I attended Howard in his own apartments. When he was sufficiently recovered he went abroad for awhile. He returned after some months, pleased with his trip, and delighted with his handsome brown mustache, which certainly added much to his good looks. He was so busy with social arrangements and I was so fully occupied that for some months I saw very little of him. The fault was chiefly mine, however, for Frank seemed to think more of me than ever, and I often found his card upon my return from a professional call. One evening he came and found me at leisure.

"So glad to find you in, doctor," he said; "I've come to be congratulated. I am going to marry the dearest girl in the world, and want you, my best friend, to wish me joy."

I did congratulate him heartily and asked if I knew the lady.

"No, I think not," he replied. "She is Miss Mildred Faye, a member of the company at— theatre. Don't look so surprised. Not a nicer girl lives. A breath of slander has never touched her name. Her father died when she was about 18—just out of school. He was thought to be very well off—the family had always lived in good style—but at his death his wife and two daughters found themselves almost penniless. Not even their home belonged to them. Mrs. Faye, a delicate little body, unused to work of any kind, had no idea as to how they were to make a living, so Mildred had to take the lead. Kate, three or four years younger than she, must be kept in school, and the three must be provided, somehow, with food, clothing and shelter. Mildred had been fairly educated, but not thoroughly enough to attempt teaching, so she determined to go upon the stage. She had had a good deal of experience in amateur theatricals, and had been warmly praised for her acting. I had heard of Miss Faye's talent, but never happened to see her. Good critics had said she would make a sensation if she would go on the stage

professionally. When she announced her determination her friends were much shocked and her mother quite overcome, but no one had anything better to suggest, so she had her own way. She knew that she was inexperienced and must be content with a small salary and a small part to begin with. She wished very much to get into a home company, but that seemed impossible, so she accepted a minor part in a very good company going upon the road.

"No one who has not tried it can understand what she had to endure. Tenderly cared for all her life, with plenty of money for reasonable needs, she now had to practice the strictest economy. She stopped at cheap hotels, did without fires, walked whenever it was possible to do so, all to save every cent she could for the loved ones at home. She was under study for the leading lady, who was neither young nor pretty, but who possessed what Mildred most lacked, experience. She also possessed a temper, and one night, not long before the rising of the curtain, refused to go on. The long suffering manager appealed to Mildred. She was letter perfect, and in spite of considerable natural nervousness made a great hit. The delighted manager gave her the part for the rest of the season, but tried to keep her salary unchanged. This she would not agree to, so they finally compromised on a fair sum, which enabled Mildred to take better care of herself and to send more money to her mother. The part suited her, and everywhere she was warmly praised for her acting. Everything looked bright and promising when a telegram called her to her mother's side. It was so worded that she was not much alarmed. It was Saturday night. They were near New York and she left, expecting to rejoin the company in time for the performance Monday evening.

"She found that her mother had slipped upon the stairs and dislocated her arm. This had been set, and the doctor said, would soon be well; but she was nervous and shaken, and would not hear of Mildred's leaving her, and kept the poor girl until her place in the company had long been filled. When Mrs. Faye, slowly recovering, came to her senses, the season was nearly closed and an engagement was not to be had. Their money was about gone, and times, if any, were pretty hard, when some good friend must have helped them with a loan. At the beginning of this season, Mildred got her present position. A very good one, if she was going to remain upon the stage, which she's not, you know. She is going to marry me two weeks from today. I want you and Mrs. Keene to come to the wedding. Only the family, a young lady friend of Mildred's and my dear old partner will be there. The rooms are too small to have any one else. We go away at once. Mrs. Faye and Kate will take possession of our house, which I am busy furnishing. You know I've never had much of a home, and feel awfully happy over the prospect of having such a nice mother and sister and the sweetest wife in the world. And now good-by. Don't forget the day!" and the happy fellow went away as if walking on air.

The appointed hour found myself and wife knocking at the door of Mrs. Faye's cozy little flat. Frank presented us to his future mother and the minister—Mr. Haines, Frank's partner, we knew already—and then stepped to the door of the next room and handed out the bride, who was followed by her sister and her friend. The bride wore a simple white gown with a veil falling over her face. Miss Duncan, a pretty blonde, was in blue. Kate Faye, a slip of a girl, dark haired and dark eyed, wore pink. The minister soon made the happy pair one, and after the bride's mother and the young ladies had kissed and cried over her a little while my wife and I stepped forward to be presented and offer our congratulations.

The new Mrs. Howard had all that her lover's fond fancy had painted her. A graceful girl of medium height, with soft brown eyes, a lovely complexion, a sweet mouth about which played pretty dimples, and wavy brown hair worn in a heavy coil at the back of a shapely head, and falling in tiny rings upon a low, white brow. When my name was mentioned she looked up with a deep blush, which quickly receding left her very pale. In a low musical voice, whose tones were strangely familiar to my ear, she thanked us for our good wishes.

After some simple refreshments the bride went away to put on her traveling dress, and as they were about to depart I stood beside her for a moment. She turned to speak to her husband, and I saw what answered my question. "Where had I heard that voice?" Just below the left ear was a tiny, star shaped spot, showing white through the rosy blush called up by her husband's tone and glance.

They went away a happy couple and returned home in love, if possible, with each other than before. I have been settled, as you know, in this place for a number of years. I don't see Frank Howard very often nowadays, but our friendship has suffered no change. I do not know though whether he and his wife, devoted as they are to each other, have exchanged confidences on the mustache question or no. They have made no sign. Neither have I.—Mrs. Juliette M. Babbitt in Gotham Monthly.

His Occupation Gone.
First Detective—You look blue this morning. What's the matter?
Second Detective—Did you read about a convict at Sing Sing confessing on his death bed that he murdered a man in New York?
"Yes, I read all about it."
"Well, that spoils a clew on which I have been working for a year and a half."—Texas Sitings.

Dainty Mosaic Work.
In the matter of daintiest handiwork think of a face wrought in mosaic in which 1,700,000 pieces were used, the largest of which was less in size than a millet seed! Such a trophy of patient labor is recorded of an artisan who in such minute detail has given the portrait of Paul V., who lived in the Sixteenth century.—Exchange.

An Unkind Cut.
Minister's Wife (Sunday morning)—Is it possible, my dear, that after all you have said about Sunday newspapers, you are reading one?
Minister (Very much hurt)—You ought to know me better than that, Maria; this is last evening's paper.—The Epoch.

A Humiliating Position.
Visitor (to convict)—What are you in for, my friend?
Convict—Bank burglary, sir.
Visitor—I suppose you must find your present position very humiliating.
Convict—Yes, very. When we march to meals, sir, I'm always sandwiched in between two older men boozers.—The Epoch.

More Interesting Matter.
Subscriber (to editor)—Don't see anything in your paper today about the heroic act of Smith, who saved the life of Brown at the risk of his own.
Editor—No; it was crowded out to make room for an account of the cowardly manner in which Jones took the life of Robinson.—Life.

Legislative Custom.
Anxious Tailor: By the way, Senator, how about that little bill of mine?
Solemn Statesman: In splendid shape, my dear sir; I will pass it to a third reading next week.—Jury.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

She Has a Vivacity and Wit Which the Older Civilizations Have Lost.

Henry James' witty sketch of Daisy Miller, while it offended some few Americans who did not understand it, has helped innumerable other Americans, who learned through his delicate satire more than they would through a volume of well-intentioned maxims. So there are few, if any, sinners who commit the gross error of too great familiarity with a courier, or who walk to the Coliseum by moonlight attended only by a gentleman. The sins which American girls commit in European eyes are the sins against the public manners, like loud talking and laughing in the hotel parlors, in the salle a manger of a watering place, in the casino at Monte Carlo, in their attitude and manner at a cafe in Paris and so on. In the matter of dress the American girl sees to the situation at once. She is very rarely, if ever, badly dressed. Given such an amount of prettiness as she has, such quickness of eye and so long a purse, Paris dresses her a raver, and she wears her clothes like a queen, or as queens but seldom do. It is astonishing, when one sees such taste in one direction, that one can see such limitations of taste in the matter of manners; but it is quite evident that some young American girls think, if the outside of the cup and platter is clean, it is no matter about the inside. They neglect their speech, which is a matter of vital importance. For wherever we live, whether in Yorkshire or Rome, Peoria or Paris, there are such things as a cultivated and agreeable voice, a correct pronunciation and a pretty accent. No one is so dependent upon this charm as a woman. It has made many a plain woman attractive—this gift of speech. And the Venus of Milo would become a fright if she could open that glorious mouth of hers, and if from it should issue an uncultivated voice, saying "ho!" for "heart," "mamma" for "mamma," or, defiling her classic features for the moment, she should give an unmusical cackle and launch into slang. It will not help the American girl to say "she does not care." She does care. There is a native born American aristocracy, to which all should aspire to belong. The original and beautiful American women have a vivacity and wit which the older civilizations have lost. She should never lose her originality. But she should study to be low-voiced, sweet-voiced, calm, quiet and thoroughbred.—Mrs. John Sherwood, in North American Review.

MIDSUMMER TOILETS.

Exquisite Draperies For Silk, Lawn, Lace and Other Charming Gowns.

Marvels of delicacy are the exquisite draperies of crepe de Chine and silk which are the favorite evening toilets of the watering place belle.

Ribbon-striped crepes are draped over India silk foundation skirts in the less elaborate, most artistic ways, and edged at the bottom with finger wide Alencon, Oriental or Chantilly laces, while the waists are sculpturesque drapings of crepe over smooth fitting foundations of silk. Transparent sleeves or no sleeves are popular, unfortunately even with those whose arms do not always justify their absence of covering; but even the dressiest of toilets may be made with half-long sleeves, and waist drapery drawn up full around the throat.

With the warmest days the usual summer fancy for all-black and all-white toilets crop out, and lovely mistle gowns of white tulle and shadowy robes of black drapery net are brought out. Some of the prettiest are tufted with flowers, and white and pink daisies on black net are a favorite decoration. Other flowers are white hyacinths, and pink and white orchids on white are charming.

Ribbon garnitures are used quite as much, and a pretty way of disposing them to advantage is to place them under, not over, the drapery. Ribbons about an inch wide, contrasting with the net under which they are placed, are attached to the foundation skirt in any preferred style, sometimes falling from the waist, sometimes arranged in Vandykes, and gleam through their railing of lace. Green or butter-cup yellow with black, and lilac or old-rose with white or cream, are artistic combinations.

A simpler style of dress is the plain India silk trimmed with velvet bands and sometimes with gilt braid, and this is adapted for the youngest of young ladies who do not care for the fuller-blown effect of voluminous draperies.

The French lawns now to be had in exquisitely flowered and colored designs are not made up as "wash" gowns, but as toilets for ceremonious occasions. They are made up over glass silk of the color of the flowers,—lavender, blue, rose, green or yellow,—to match the lilies, forget-me-nots, roses, jonquils or leaves as the case may be. Delicate embroidery, lace and ribbon are the garnitures.

For the women no longer young, black lace is the most beautiful dress, imparting a charm and a dignity no other fabric possibly can; but it must be fine and good in fabric and design, and profusely draped, and can be decorated with cut steel and fine jet ornaments.—Demorest's Magazine.

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POP WAS UNLUCKY.

He Went Out to Drop Smith, But Smith Dropped Him Instead.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon I came along to a Kentucky "squat," which differed from a hundred others only in the fact that a woman and boy sat on a log in front of the opening in the brush fence, which might be termed the gate, and because six dogs were lying in the sun instead of the usual three or four. I asked after the man of the house, and the woman replied:

"He un hain't home just now."
"Be back soon?"
"I reckon. He 'un has gone down the road a piece to drop that Dave Smith."

"To what?" I asked.
"To drop Dave Smith."
"Do you mean he has gone to shoot Smith?"
"Sartin. They 'uns has bin wantin' to pop at each other fur a long time."

"That she clatters!" shouted the boy as the report of a gun reached our ears, and he was off down the road like a deer.

"Reckon the ole man dropped him," calmly observed the woman as she went on with her work of patching an old woolen shirt.

I expressed my unbounded surprise at this sort of man-hunting, but she said it was one of the customs, and had to be lived up to. In about ten minutes the boy reappeared, and, sitting down on the log to get his breath, he said:

"Pop's a-comin'."
"Drop Smith?" she queried, without even looking up.
"No; Smith dropped him. Pop's got buckshot in the shoulder. Better git things ready."

"Reckon I had, Jim," she shouted, getting up, she folded her work and moved into the house without the least sign of excitement. A few minutes later the husband came up at a slow walk, with the fresh blood dripping from his shoulder, and halted long enough in front of me to say:

"Evening to you, stranger. Sort o' make yourself to home. I went out to drop Smith, and the ornery varmint was waitin' behind a bush and dropped me. Git the blood washed off and the shot picked out, and we'll hev a visit. You, Jim, take his knapsack and show him whar' to wash up."—N. Y. Sun.

BOBBY ON "JOMMETRY."

The Secrets of an Obtruse Science Described in Lucid Terms.

Jometry is a study which treats—an mighty dry treat it is—of dividin up surfaces. On the first page is axums. A axum is a thing you can guess without askin, or see without lookin, as. A elephant is bigger than a rat. Only they don't have any animals in jometry, and that's why it's so stupid. One of the easiest axums to remember is—"A strate line is the shortis distance between two points."

This is pretty true, but it depends on how the walkin is, and on what lays between the two points.

There is two kinds of Jometry—plain and solid. Plain jometry is any thing but plain; but solid jometry is ortfully solid.

Figgers come next. They have sides and angles, like old maids. A square is a figger with four ekal sides and four ekal angles. The angles are called right angles, because you generally make them wrong.

A triangle has three sides, and comes to a point. I always come to the point when I want money for shootin crackers an so on; and then mother tries anglin for me with her slipper, or her hair-brush, witever is handiest.

After awhile you learn theorems. You draw lines, drop perpendiculars, and all that. Every thing is A. B. C. and D. E. F. One of the first you learn is that a strate line drawn through two parallel lines cuts them at the same angle.

It looks easy, but it's no fool of a job to prove it. By and by you learn about the square on the hippopotamus of the right angled triangle, otherwise known as the pawns as honorum. (Them last three words is Latin.)

Solid jometry is more interestin than plain jometry. It is fun to make cubes an polygones out of pasteboard and gun arabic. It keeps you so busy you can't run errands; an' the boxes is jus' the thing to keep flies in. I see Billy Adams outside with a stray dog, an' I guess I'll go out an' chin him awhile.—Jonas Longlow, in Santa Claus.

Bound to Stay.

"There is one solace left me at least," remarked the old farmer. "After all my boys leave and go up to the city, after the pigs and the cattle die, and every thing else forsakes me, there is at least one thing that will stick to the old farm."

"And that is—?"
"The mortgage."—Lawrence AmERICAN.

Remarkable Woman.

Kajones—To-day is my thirtieth wedding anniversary.
Kersmith—Wife still living?
"Yes."
"Lived with you all that time?"
"Certainly."
(Admirably)—"What nerve that woman must have!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Curiosity.

Polite clerk (showing goods)—Here is something I would like to call your attention to, lady. It's the very latest thing out.
Mrs. Rounder (absently)—If there's any thing out later than my husband I'll take it, if only for a curiosity.—Life.

Had Learned the Motto.

Teacher (in spelling-class)—Johnny, spell fall.
Johnny.—I can't.
Teacher.—You can't spell that simple word? Why not?
Johnny.—Cause there's no such word as fall.—Lippincott's.

Legislative Custom.

Anxious Tailor: By the way, Senator, how about that little bill of mine?
Solemn Statesman: In splendid shape, my dear sir; I will pass it to a third reading next week.—Jury.