The Oregon Scout

JONES & CHANCEY.....Publishers.

UNION, OREGON.

PITH AND POINT.

—"Oh, mamma, won't you please give me a piece of that cake?" "No, my dear; it will make you sick." "I don't want to eat it; I only want to make some sinkers for my fish-line."—Golden Days.

—Beggs—"I wonder why Mrs. Jaggs won't let her husband employ a female typewriter operator?" Foggs—"Don't you know? She was his former typewriter operator herself." — Munsey's Weekly.

—Doctor—"What is your husband's complaint ma'am? Is it chronic?" Wife—"Yes, sir. I have never known him to be satisfied with a meal for the last thirty-five years."—Burlington Free Press.

—"Dear, I do wish I could think of some way to make the congregation keep their eyes on me during the sermon." Little Tommy—"Pa, you want to put the clock right behind the pulpit."—The Epoch.

—Miss Debutante—"Were you at the Bjones' reception, yesterday, Mr. Bjonson?" Mr. Bjonson—"Yes, I stepped in for a few minutes, but there was such a lot of uninteresting girls there I soon left. Were you there?"

—Young Husband—"What! You are twenty-five years old to-day? Why you told me a year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only twenty." Young Wife (wearily)—"I have aged rapidly since I married."

—Clerk (in ready-made clothing-store)—"Will you please give me an hour off this afternoon, sir?" Proprietor—"What do you want to get off for?" Clerk—"I want to go and buy a suit of clothes."—Boston Courier.

—"Hullo, Stiggins! I hardly knew you. When I last saw you you were dying from sleeplessness, and here you are, fat and happy. What has cured you?" "Been appointed on the police force."—Philadelphia Times.

—Aunt Maria—"Your husband seems unusually amiable and pleasant now, dear." Ethel (recently married)—"Well, yes. You see, I have stopped going to cooking school, and we now have a cook."—Harper's Bazar.

—First Citizen—"I hear the Government has rejected one of the new cruisers. What was the matter with it?" Second Citizen—"I presume it hadn't enough speed to get away from a foreign battle-ship."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Batchell (to happy father)—"Congratulate you, old man, on the new arrival. Whom does he look like?" Father (remembering the visitors' comments)—"He looks like all his relatives on both sides of the family."—Exchange.

—Fond Mother—"I have called Johnnie a dozen times to come in and go on an errand, but he won't come. He is out there playing with one of the neighbor's children." Caller (meaningly)—"He—won't come?" Fond Mother—"No. Those neighbor children ought to have more respect for my feelings than to go on playing with him after he has been called, and I shall send them home this instant."—N. Y. Weekly.

REMARKABLE CAREER.

An Arab Foundling Now a Colonel in the French Army.

The public has been reading lately a great many dispatches from France and Africa giving the yrogress of the war which the French Government has been waging in Dahomey. Lieutenant-Colonel Archinard was the officer mentioned as being in command of the French troops, who, although merely a handful of some 400 or 500 cavalry, have inflicted great slaughter on their opponents, killing as many as 1,000 in a single engagement.

There recently arrived in this city a young French officer who is an intimate friend of Colonel Archinard and who relates the following strange history of the dashing young Colonel's life:

"About twenty-six years ago, at the time France was engaged in a series of petty wars against the nomad tribes in Algeria, and after one of these engagements, a certain Gaston Archinard, then a Captain in a cavalry regiment, was attending to the removal of the wounded, when one of his men discovered a little Arab child who had evidently been abandoned by its parents in their flight. Being a bachelor, and liking the bright, intelligent look in the little fellow's face, the Captain determined to adopt him and give him his name. He therefore sent him to a lycee or French school in Bordeaux, where the lad was educated, and later, in 1875, the Captain having risen to the rank of Brigadier-General, he caused him to be enlisted as a private in the Seventh Hussars, under his own name of Archinard. Gaining rapid promotion he was soon sent to the cavalry school at Saumar, from whence he graduated in 1886, only ten years ago, as a sub-Lieutenant of cavalry. He was then sent to Tunis and fought through the campaign of 1882, and the following year saw him commanding a battalion in Tonquin. In 1887 he was sent to Senegal as a Major in the famous regiment of Spahis Senegalais, which he commanded as Lieutenant-Colonel in his late successful campaign in Dahomey. Although a pure-blooded Arab, with a thorough French military education, Colonel Archinard, it is whispered in prominent Parisian military circles, is next on the list for promotion to the coveted rank of General of a division of the French army.—San Francisco Examiner.

Practical Economy.

First Collegian—What in the world have you stopped smoking cigarettes and started in on cigars for?

Second Collegiate—Oh, father made me promise to try to save money by swearing off cigarettes, you know.—Munsey's Weekly.

A RURAL ROMANCE.

(SOMEWHAT IN THE LINE OF LORD TENNYSON'S PASTORAL POEMS, ONLY DIFFERENT.)

Two honest husbandmen dwelt side by side
In farms adjoining. Grubbs and Stubbs their names.
Rough, homely names in sooth; but all they had,
And oft those names had served them in good stead
When they had need of names to sign to notes
Grubbs had a son Ezekiel tall and staunch
As any rustic who wore pants in boots,
And rose at four to milk his seven kine
And seek for eggiets in the hennery.
Stubbs had no sons; a daughter only came
To bless her father's home, to shed sunlight
About its rooms and eke to do odd chores
'Twixt meal times. She was fair to look upon
As snowdrops blossoming in early spring.
Her name was Mary Ann, a gentle name,
And gently borne by her. Ezekiel saw
And loved her, whom to see and love were one.
The farms adjoined and were but kept apart
By one plain picket fence of easy compass,
Through which the faithful dog of Farmer Stubbs
Did oft meander in the eventide
To chase the dogs of worthy Farmer Grubbs.
Thus was a feud begun between the twain;
But Mary Ann and young Ezekiel too
Were not a part of the parental strife.
Equal their fathers' lots; content were they
To know that when some day the old men hopped
The golden twig, the farms should be united,
A goodly estate for a goodly pair.

But one day came a shadow o'er their paths.
A schemer from the town intruded on
The peaceful confines of the Grubbs estate,
Looked here, dug there and sniffed and snuffed about,
Saying wiseacrely, with shake of head:
"There's oil upon this land, of that I'm sure,
Oil that is petrolium in a mighty store.
Dig, farmer, and I'll warrant thee thou'lt find
Riches, the like which thou wotst not of."
So he departed. Then good Farmer Grubbs
Did hold his head aloft and elevate
His nose when neighbors passed, as who should say:
"I shall be rich. There's oil on this, my land,
And wealth immense shall speedily be mine."
So when Ezekiel came and softly said:
"Father, I fain would wed with Mary Ann,"
He waxed full wroth, exclaiming in his wrath:
"How now? thou who, when we have dug for oil,
Shalt be a man of riches; wilt thou wed
This beggar's brat, this pauper farmer's child?
Goto! It shall not be."

And so the son
Went sorrowingly to tell his Mary Ann
And break the match, explaining as he might
That he so rich might look above poor her.

Then there was digging on the Grubbs estate,
Digging in day-time, boring in the night
For oil, rich oil, that was to make them rich.
For days and weeks and months they dug and bored.
What came of it? Nothing, nothing, ever nothing.
Then came the city schemer, and he looked
About the place exclaiming: "Marvelous!
Behold the vein of oil that once lay here
Has vanished and has made its oily way
Beneath yon fence to Farmer Stubbs' estate.
His is the oil well; yours the memory of it."
So saying he vanished, and Ezekiel wept.

That night he hied him unto Mary Ann,
And told her that his love had never ceased,
Besought her take him back and let no oil,
No sordid, oleaginous obstacle
Disturb the dream, the golden dream of love.
She said him nay and mocked him.

So he went
Kicking himself adown the dusty lane.
Then Farmer Stubbs set cheerily to work,
And in a few weeks' time struck oil right rich.
A fortune rolled in and his wealth became
So vast that all around marveled thereat.
So Stubbs waxed wealthy, and so Mary Ann,
Her father's heiress, grew accustomed to
Ezekiel's loss and married very soon
A foreign nobleman with heavy bills
Which Mary Ann's papa paid willingly.

So read and learn that we can never tell
Who that is down to-day may not be up
To-morrow, and who down that now is up.

—Harry B. Smith, in America.

AN ACCEPTABLE OFFER.

Story of an Old-Fashioned Donation Party.

"IS THIS all we've got for dinner?" said Leslie Bernard, rather dolefully.

"Isn't it enough?" retorted Clara, her sister.

The dining-room in Glenwood Parson[illegible] was unmistakably shabby. [illegible] was bad enough when the frie[illegible] gloom of a rainy day concealed its sh[illegible] comings in some degree. But o[illegible] clear, uncompromising August n[illegible] like this, the cruel sunshine reves[illegible] each crack in the ceiling, and ev[illegible] worn spot in the carpet like a magn[illegible] ing-glass.

And really there was some occas[illegible] for the doleful look with which Le[illegible] regarded the table. There was the [illegible] treme shank bone of a ham boiled i[illegible] rags, a few slices of cold beef, so[illegible] baked potatoes, and a custard that certainly had not been rendered indigestible by too much richness of material. There were the remains of yesterday's stew, half a cold apple pie, and a plate of home-made pickles; and around this meal gathered four little Bernards, with ravenous eyes, while Harry, the eldest brother, who had been doing some amateur white-washing, was making a hasty toilet in the sink-room; and the two grown sisters superintended the banquet.

Mr. Bernard was engaged in writing his next Sunday's sermon, and his wife was at a neighbor's house, helping to nurse a cross old woman, who had worn out everybody's patience but her own.

"Enough, I suppose," said Leslie, "but not very appetizing. Now, is it?"

"Poor folks have no business to expect appetizing food," said Clara, shortly. "In fact I don't think they have any business to live at all. Davy, take your fingers out of the sugar-bowl. Ida, sit up straight."

"Why, Clara, what's the matter?" said Leslie, gently, moving the bowl of sugar out of young David's reach, and helping to perpendicularize the small Ida in her chair.

"Oh! I don't know," replied Clara; "I'm cross."

"No need to tell us that," observed Harry, seating himself. "It is one of the very few facts patent to all observers. Where is father?"

"It's that donation party," said Clara, with an impatient, backward toss of her auburn hair.

"Eh?" said Harry.

"I hate donation parties!" cried out Clara, recklessly carving the end of ham into unctuous shavings. "I think they're an insult to people. So, there!"

Harry whistled; Leslie smiled; the children all stared.

"If they want to do papa a favor," went on Clara, breathlessly, loading up the children's plates with all sorts of incongruous materials, "why don't they pay him his salary, instead of letting it run behind? Why don't they repair this dismal hole of a parsonage, and stop the church chimney from smoking, and do what they ought to do? Who wants Mrs. Hampton to bring us a chair tidy, and Squire Ramsey to sort out all his damaged beans for our benefit, and Annie Smith to work horrible pen-wipers for us? We're not objects of charity yet, are we?"

"Hush, Clara," soothed Leslie.

"It's the custom, sis," said Harry. "I can't say that I quite uphold it myself; but hush, here comes father."

Mr. Bernard was a mild old gentleman, with a bald head and spectacles, who sat down to his meal in an absent sort of way, as if his mind were somewhat in Syro-Phœnicia. The children might easily have continued their discussion and he would have been none the wiser.

Clara Bernard was twenty years old. She was not a beauty, nor was she remarkably talented; but she had a round, fresh face, with hazel eyes, and warm red-brown hair; and there was a deal of common-sense in her make-up.

Leslie was the family beauty—a pink and white Dresden china little creature—and Clara had it fully settled that Leslie was to make a brilliant match, while she, Clara, was to settle down into the monotony of old maidism. But there were some things that she would have liked different, and the coming donation party weighed very heavily upon her soul. It was supposed to be a surprise to the minister and his wife. Clara, Leslie and Harry had, however, been let into the secret as a sort of necessary preliminary.

"I wish," said Leslie thoughtfully, "that Mrs. Hays would think to give us a new sitting-room carpet. Ours is worn through to the very boards of the floor; and she has just recarpeted her own house with real Brussels."

"She will give you a bunch of paper-roses, you will see," scornfully retorted Clara.

"The Hamptons are rich," said Harry. "Little mother would appreciate a sewing-machine from Mrs. Hampton, now wouldn't she?"

Clara shrugged her shoulders.

"I can tell exactly what Mrs. Hampton means to give us," said she. "One of those book-marks that her granddaughter works, or a splatter-worked tidy. Oh, Harry, if you only knew how I hated all this!"

Toward dusk the presents began to come in. Mrs. White sent a jug of coal-oil, Deacon Jones brought a bag of walnuts ("just as if the woods weren't full of them," said Clara, contemptuously). Minnie Brown brought a chair-tidy, Miss Kiser contributed a staring chromo, the Widow Jackson a bag of rancid hen's feathers, Charlie Young a setting of duck's eggs. It was planned to fill the back kitchen with gifts of this nature, and to display them all at once to the minister and his wife, as a "surprise."

"Sister," piped little Ida, "here's a chair from Mrs. Forrest!"

Leslie groaned.

"Its the old chair that stood all last summer on her porch," said she. "Painted over and glued up. But it won't last a month."

"Mrs. Forrest all over," said Clara. "At this rate we shall be rich."

It was nearly dark when Norman Arlington came in. Clara was emptying a paper of yeast cakes which old Mrs. Harrington had sent. Old Mrs. Harrington had been very sick that summer, and both Mr. Bernard and his wife had kept many a faithful vigil at her side. Naturally, she wished to show her appreciation of all this. Yeast cakes were a penny a piece at the village store, and she had sent half a dozen of home-[illegible] Norman Arling-[illegible]

"YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A DONATION PARTY HERE."

before the commotion began," said he.

She laughed scornfully.

"The commotion is here now," said Clara.

"Clara!"

"Yes, Mr. Arlington."

"Would you be offended if I were to offer you—"

"Yes, I would," broke out Clara, reddening to the very roots of her hair. "I don't want it! It's an insult! Carry it back home, whatever it is, and please—please don't think that because I have the misfortune to be a minister's daughter, that—"

Norman's black eyes glittered, half with fun, half with vexation.

"Clara," said he, "you are a little vixen! Won't you hear me out?"

"Is it buckwheat flour?" said Clara, indignantly eying the bag, "or is it black-eyed beans? Because we've got a plenty of both, thank you all the same."

"The bag is not intended for you," said Norman. "It is on its way to Dr. Holmes, full of castor beans. I couldn't put my offering into a bag nor pack it in a box. It's too big."

"Nobody wants your offering," retorted Clara.

Norman put the bag on a chair and took both Clara's little hands in his.

"Are you quite sure of that?" said he. "Dear little Clara, don't look so cross at me. I came here to offer you myself, and I don't propose to go away until you have said either yes or no. I know you are cross; but I can't help risking it. Clara, I can't live any longer in suspense. I love you in spite of all the scoldings you give me, and I want to marry you. Come, Clara, is it yes or no?"

Clara blushed redder than any rose. She made an instinctive movement to slip out of the room, but Norman in-

"I MUST LET HIM IN," PLEADED CLARA.

tercepted her and placed his back composedly against the door.

"No," said he, "there's no escape for you until I get my answer."

At that moment there came a prodigious knocking at the door.

"It's Squire Dixon," gasped Clara, "with a gallon can of kerosene oil!"

"I don't care if it is a cargo of dynamite!" said Norman. "Is it yes?"

"I must let him in," pleaded Clara.

"Is it no?"

"And there is Dr. Gibson's gig, with a bundle of broom-corn and a basket of Hubbard squashes! Do let me go, Norman!"

"Not one step, until my fate is decided!"

Clara darted a shy glance at him from under her long lashes. Apparently she was meditating a rebellion; but a second knocking of persistent knuckles at the door decided the question.

"They will knock in the panels!" said she. "Yes, Norman—yes! Only let me open the door."

But even then Norman would not suffer her to open the door until he had taken a very deliberate and satisfactory kiss. "You are a little darling," said he. "And I knew I should conquer you in time."

The Squire and the doctor came in, but Norman had taken himself and his bag of castor beans off through the open window.

"Any thing wrong with the fastenin's o' this 'ere door?" said the Squire, gruffly.

"I—I couldn't get the barrel of apples out of the way," said Clara, coloring very red.

The donation party came triumphantly off that night. Apples and salt pork, patch-work quilts and many tidies were received. The minister made a speech of thanks. Mrs. Bernard wondered how much would be left of her best china dishes and worn carpets before the company was gone. But through it all Clara seemed to walk on rose-colored clouds. Nothing put her out. All the irritation was gone from her heart; and Leslie, watching her with a smile, said to herself: "Dear Clara, so it has come at last. The enchanted prince has ridden up to the castle gates and set her free. I am so glad!"

ESTELLA G. MORRIS.

Medicine in Vegetables.

The New York Herald says the following information may be useful to some, if not new to many: Spinach has a direct effect upon the kidneys. A common dandelion used as greens is excellent for the same trouble. Asparagus purges the blood. Celery acts admirably upon the nervous system and is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. Tomatoes act upon the liver. Beets and turnips are excellent appetizers. Lettuce and cucumbers are cooling in their effect upon the system. Onions, garlic, leeks, olive and shallots, all of which are similar, possess medicinal virtue of a marked character, stimulating the circulatory system, and the consequent increase in the saliva and the gastric juice promoting digestion. Red onions are an excellent diuretic, and the white ones are recommended to be eaten raw as a remedy for insomnia. A soup made from onions is regarded by the French as an excellent restorative in debility of the digestive organs.

The Number of Our Ancestors.

To one who has not thought upon the subject, it is quite inconceivable how rapidly a person's lineal ancestors multiply every generation he carries back the calculation. If one is asked how many great-great-grandfathers he had, he will, in all likelihood answer: "two," while in reality he had *eight*, if there have been no intermarriages of relations among his ancestors. In fact, the number of male ancestors doubles every generation. Thus, every one has had two grandfathers, four great-grandfathers, eight great-great-grandfathers, sixteen great-great-great-grandfathers; and fifteen generations back, he had no less than sixteen thousand three hundred and eighty-four lineal male ancestors.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Paying Profession.

Mr. Million—Humph! Want to marry my daughter? Newspaper reporter, I understand. *I* never heard of a newspaper reporter getting rich.

Mr. Quickpen—Oh! I have. I know of a dozen who have married heiresses.—N. Y. Weekly.

AN INSULTER OF TRADE.

How He Abused the Confidence of a Colored Dealer in Fish.

A negro had a number of fish exposed for sale on a table placed near the edge of the sidewalk. A white man came along and, bending over, began to sniff and snort.

"Whut's de matter wid you?" the negro asked.

"Nothing; I was only smelling of these fish."

"Whut you want to come roun' yere smellin' o' 'em fur? Da ain't yo' property. Is it the right thing to do, goin roun' de neighborhood a-smellin' o' udder folks property?"

"I smelled of them to see if they were fresh."

"Whut business is it o' you'n whudder da fresh ur not when you ain't got no intrust in 'em! Is dat de way folks does whar you wuz raised—go 'roun' to see whudder things dat doan 'long ter you is fresh ur not?"

"I didn't know but what I wanted to buy one of these fish."

"Now you talkin' like er man o' de 'mercial life. Yere's er fine feesh, sah; dis yere wall-eyed pike. He's mighty fresh—ain't been outen de water mo'n ha'f er hour."

"How long had he been dead before they found him?"

"Whut's dat, sah?"

"I say how long had this fish been a corpse before the remains were discovered?"

"Go on erway frum yere, now; go on, caze I doan wanter hatter hurt you. Feesh layin' yere flutterin' fitten ter kill hiss'f an' you wanter know how long he been dead. Go on."

"Fluttering! Why, the flies have blown him."

"Yas, an' da'll b'ow you, too, ef you doan go on erway frum yere. Times hard ernuff widout you comin' 'roun' yere 'sultin' de trade. Go on, caze ef you doan I kain' keep my han's offen you much longer."

"To tell you the truth, old man, I don't want fresh fish. I am a manufacturer of Limberger, and I use spoiled fish to flavor the cheese."

"Huh, is dat whar dat 'fume come frum? I sorter thought so long time ergo. Yere's er feesh right ober yere, sah, dat's been dead er good while. Smell o' him. Ain't he loud ernuff fur you?"

"I don't want that sort of fish; I want a wall-eyed pike about like this one. I'm sorry he's so fresh, for when I find a fish that just suits me, I am willing to give almost any price for it."

"Yas, sah, dat is a monst'us fine feesh, sho's you live. Man come long yere jes' now an' tole me he tuck him outen de water 'bout haffer hour ergo, but I knows dat man, and I reckon dar ain't no bigger liar nowhar. Come try ter 'pose on me datter way. W'y, dis feesh is been dead er week, at leas'. Jes' smell o' him. Ain't he got de 'fume an' de flaber?"

"That's all right, old man. I have found out what I wanted to—I have discovered that you sell rotten fish, and I am going to have you arrested."

"Didn't I tell you dat ef you didn't get erway from yere I couldn't keep my han's offen you? Spen' yo' nights in stealin' ballot-boxes an' den come erroun' in de day an' 'sult a man's trade. Git outen de way ur I'll hit you wid dis feesh you dun slandered."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Criminal Ignorance.

When one sees daily, as one does, the criminal carelessness and ignorance with which the babies of the world are treated by their mothers, one wonders that the race has ever managed to live through its teething period. On this last awful Tuesday a woman got into a crowded elevated car with a small baby in her arms. Of course somebody gave her a seat, and she took it, holding the baby down across her knees. In spite of the day the little thing had a vail over its face—though just why there should always be a fixed and eternal relationship between vails and babies is one of the marvels of creation. And it had on not only a vail, but a heavy wadded coat as well, and there it lay in all these wrappings on its mother's lap, with a perspiring mass of humanity close around it, too low for a breath of fresh air, and it gasped and panted while that mother sat up and thought herself a kindly disposed and Christian woman, no doubt. What the baby should have done to do itself credit was to die right then and there. A proper-spirited baby would.—N. Y. Evening Post.

He Went.

"That was an awful thing the editor of the Whanger had in the paper against you."

"Yes; and I'm going for him right away."

(Later.) "I suppose you went for that editor in hot haste."

"Well, yes. You see I called at the office, and he told me to get. He is a powerful man, so I went for him."—Light.

The Inconsistencies of Life.

Husband—How about that batch of funny matter?

Wife—It all came back.

Husband—And that article on "How to Write Jokes?"

Wife—It was accepted.—N. Y. Sun.

Professional Courtesy.

Mrs. Unnizi—John, I think there's a burglar down in the hall.

Mr. Unnizi—Let him stay there. There's nothing he can take except that umbrella I borrowed from Jones.—Puck.

—And now it has been discovered that Napoleon I. was a German at least in origin. M. Peyre, in his new book, "Napoleon I. et Son Temps," furnishes documents to show that Napoleon came from a German family in Genoa, which belonged to the Good party (Buona Parte) in Ghibelline times, and subsequently settled in Corsica, where it adopted the party nickname as its surname. It is said that the French would much rather be told that the great Napoleon was the devil than that he was a German.

—Mrs. Dorber—"There, Henry, I have finished painting the vase. Now, if I only knew where I could fire it." Mr. Dorber—"What's the matter with the ash-barrel?"—Boston Transcript.

A MYSTERY.

That sunless day no living shadow swept
Across the hills, fleet shadow chasing light,
Twin of the sailing cloud; but mists, wool white,
Slow stealing mists, on those heaved shoulders crept,
And wrought about the strong hills while they slept
In witches' wise, and rapt their forms from sight.
Dreams were they—less than dream, the noblest height
And farthest; and the chilly woodland wept.
A sunless day and sad: yet all the while
Within the grave green twilight of the wood,
Inscrutable, immutable, apart,
Hearkening the brook, whose song she understood,
The secret birch tree kept her silver smile,
Strange as the peace that gleams at sorrow's heart.

—Helen Gray Cone in Century.

Failed to Work Somehow.

Mr. Billus has a theory that his wife is too indulgent to tramps and beggars. With a dimly defined purpose of teaching her a lesson he disguised himself the other day as an abandoned vagabond, boldly rang the bell at his own front door and inquired for Mrs. Billus.

"Have you any old clothes to give a poor man, mum?" he asked in a loud, aggressive, but carefully disguised voice when the lady presented herself.

Mrs. Billus looked at the soiled, grimy, disreputable looking object before her with some interest. Whether or not she suspected the genuineness of the mendicant is not certainly known, but she answered:

"None that would fit you, my good man. My husband is a much smaller man than you are."

She shut the door in his face, and Mr. Billus made his way back to his office down town.

"Darn it all!" he ejaculated, as he sneaked through a back alley, "I must have looked a thundering sight bigger than I feel just now!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Case of Telepathy.

A story with a little romance in it is that of S. R. W., of Bridgeport, Conn., who was returning from England on an ocean steamer. One night he dreamed that his wife, who was then in Bridgeport, opened the door of his stateroom, looked hesitatingly in and then came forward and kissed him. When he awoke in the morning the man who occupied the upper berth in his stateroom looked down and said; "You're a pretty fellow to let a woman come in here in the night and kiss you." Pressed for an explanation, he described the scene which he had experienced.

Arrived at home, he was asked by his wife: "Did you receive a visit from me on such a night? I made you one. I was worried because of the reported storms that night. I dreamed I went out on the ocean and came upon a great, black steamship. I went up the side and along the corridor and opened your door. I saw a strange man looking at me from an upper berth. I was afraid at first, but finally I stepped in and kissed you."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Southerners Like New York.

Southerners take to New York more than to any other city north of Mason and Dixon's line. They are at home there whether as visitors or residents. When the close of the war found thousands of southern men penniless, and without any method of earning a living in the devastated south, many of them came to New York.

At every considerable social gathering in New York one is almost sure to find several distinguished ex-Confederates. The southerner in New York retains much of the provincialism and clannishness with which he is created, but in spite of this he is adaptable, more so, probably, than the New Englander. His happy go lucky temper fits in well with the recklessness of the city and his suavity of manner vastly smoothes the rough places of business life. It is noticeable, too, that the southerner seldom falls into the social vice of snobbishness.—Cor. Pittsburg Post.

Turn About.

Smiley—I'm going to be married to the beautiful Miss Sharpe. Congratulate me, old boy, and come and drink her health.

Slimley—Yes, you're right to toast her now—she'll toast you when you're married.—West Shore.

A Waggish Warden.

"We'll soon take the starch out of you," said the warden to the refractory prisoner.

"You will will you?"

"Yes, we'll iron you."—Boston Courier.

—First detective—"That pawnbroker is guilty of buying stolen goods. Did you notice him turn white when I looked at the watches?" Second detective—"Yes, but what of that?" First detective—"Why, when you catch a man paling it is fair to suppose that he is a fence."—The Jester.

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FOR THE CURE OF
·DYSPEPSIA · JAUNDICE·
·CHILLS & FEVER·
·DISORDERED DIGESTION·
·SICK HEADACHE·
·GENERAL DEBILITY·
AND ALL OTHER DISEASES
ARISING FROM A
DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH
OR AN
INACTIVE LIVER.
FOR SALE BY ALL
DRUGGISTS & GENERAL DEALERS.