

The Oregon Scout

JONES & CHANCEY, Publishers.

UNION, OREGON.

ELECTRICAL EXECUTIONS.

Experiences, Ancient and Modern, With Criminals in France.

Those who are in favor of the execution of murderers condemned to death by means of electricity, as being the quickest and least painful method of sending them out of the world, have been led to this conclusion by motives of humanity which do them the most credit. Strangely enough, however, it is precisely on humanitarian considerations that M. Beauchesne, the Governor, and the Abbe Faure, the chaplain of the Roquette jail, are opposed to such an innovation. It is to the Roquette that prisoners sentenced to death are invariably transferred after their condemnation by a jury sitting in the Seine Assize Court, and none are more competent than the Governor and the chaplain to pronounce an opinion on the subject, except, perhaps, "Monsieur de Paris," as the chief executioner is called, and even then his views might be regarded as biased, in a certain measure, on motives of a personal character—for the man who has gone about the country chopping off heads with his guillotine could scarcely be expected to deliver a thoroughly impartial opinion. Were he to express a preference for the electric system he might lay himself open to the reproach that he was not quite as skillful as he ought to be. The Abbe Faure, who for the past five years—with one single exception, that of Schumacher, who as a Protestant received ghostly counsel and advice from a *pasteur* of his religion—has accompanied to the scaffold all the criminals executed on the square in front of the Roquette, expresses the utmost horror at the idea of such a change. The worthy ecclesiastic says that he has the utmost sympathy for all scientific inventions, but he refuses to believe that French legislators will be so cruel as to protract by preparations which require a certain amount of time the sufferings of even murderers.

The Abbe Faure has attended during their last moments upward of sixteen criminals, and he says that scarcely two seconds elapse from the time when, after a farewell embrace, he gives up the prisoner to the executioner, to that at which the head of the murderer rolls on the ground. He remarks indignantly that he never can admit that men, however debased they may be, ought to be placed like common animals in a glass apparatus and struck dead with an electric spark. This is opposed to every principle of humanity. The chaplain of the Roquette is, after every execution, in the habit of writing notes of the ghastly scene which he has just witnessed, and he declares that not once during the whole of his experience has the condemned man offered the slightest resistance. This he attributes, in a great measure, to his own presence on the scaffold, and he says that if the electric system were introduced he would be unable to offer the prisoner the consolation of religion up to the last moment. Of Prado the Abbe relates that although he was generally regarded as a brazen-faced and hardened scoundrel, he spoke earnestly with him during his last minutes, and that his confidence in him was so great that he begged him to save his body from dissection at the School of Medicine. Of Goumay, the murderer of Mme. Roux-Couloumy, he wrote that he had died like a soldier, a Breton and a Christian. A few minutes before he was executed he asked the Abbe to convey his last farewell to his old mother. The Abbe Faure says that at the Roquette every thing is done to render the last moments of criminals as easy as possible, and, like M. Beauchesne, he is positive that, far from being a merciful innovation, the system of executing prisoners through the medium of electricity would really subject them to a decided increase of moral torture.—London Telegraph.

A NO-TIP WAITER.

The Knight of the Saphin Replaced by an Electric Servant.

Electricity played an important part at the ball and banquet of the Baltimore Cycle Club the other evening. Gwynn E. Painter, a young electrician, introduced some novel features in lighting. On the wall facing the musicians was a patent automatic indicator, with the names of the dances painted upon its face. This was operated by means of electric buttons which were placed in an adjoining room.

When the floor manager wanted a waltz, yorck or berlin he touched a button and the hand of the indicator flew to the dance wanted. But by far the greatest novelty was at supper, which was served in the ballroom. The table was in sections and at a given signal these were, in the presence of the guests, connected. In the center of the table was a track on which two brass rails were fitted.

On the track was placed an electric car about thirty inches long and a foot wide, which was operated by means of a cable hidden in the groove of the track and running over a roller at either end of the table. This car shot through a door in a closed window to the butler, who then placed upon it the courses in trays, and the car was then sent back along the table, the guests helping themselves as it passed along.

Three trips were necessary to supply all. In the car was an electric bell, which rang at the will of the operator. Connected with the butler's pantry was a speaking tube, through which all orders were sent. Not a waiter was in sight.

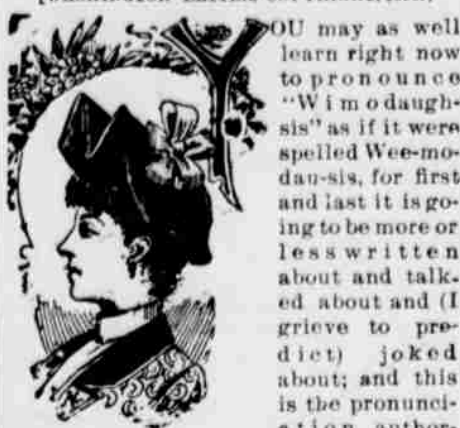
Under the middle of the table was a music-box, which was also operated by electricity, and whenever an air was wanted a button was pushed which set the machine in motion. The car ran very smoothly, and a cup filled to the brim reached its destination, not a drop being spilled. Five minutes after the banquet the tables had been again separated and run off into the side room and the floor was again in possession of the dancers.—N. Y. Journal.

WI-MO-DAUGH-SIS.

A Movement for the Advancement of Women.

A Stock Association of Women On "Wimodaughsis"—The Headquarters to Be in Washington—Graphic sketches of the Leading Organizers.

[WASHINGTON LETTER, COPYRIGHT, 1900.]



MISS FANNY NORRIS EDWARDS, a clerk in the Pension-office. "I was born in Ohio," she says, "and brought up in the Pension-office." She was very young when she entered this office at a salary of \$400 a year. She now receives \$1,200, which is a tip-top "woman salary."

YOU may as well learn right now to pronounce "Wimodaughsis" as if it were spelled Wee-mo-dau-sis, for first and last it is going to be more or less written about and talked about and (I grieve to predict) joked about; and this is the pronunciation authorized by the example of the Seven Wise Women. May be you don't know who the Seven Wise Women are. Well, be patient and I will tell you. But, first, let us see what the Wimodaughsis is.

The origin of the word is a profound secret in the keeping of the seven—a secret which nobody else, and especially no man, is ever to know. Therefore I am enabled to impart to you the information that it is a composite name formed by combining parts of the four beautiful words "wife," "mother," "daughter" and "sister;" and you will see at once that it is an evidence of their wisdom that the seven have decided to keep this fact forever a secret. For many years Miss Susan R. Anthony has cherished a dream of a central organization—a sort of National club—in which all the associations of women might meet on common ground and labor for those general interests which are related to the special works of all. And as Miss Anthony has a way of making her dreams come true, the Wimodaughsis has become a tangible reality—an organized and incorporated stock company, competent to sue and be sued (this is mere legal phraseology, in nowise intended to allude to the fact that the incorporators are all maidens), and having capital stock to the amount of \$25,000, divided into 5,000 shares of \$5 each. No share of this stock is ever to be sold to a man, so of course no man can ever become a director or an officer of the company. The general purpose of the Wimodaughsis is to provide for the education of women in political economy, in art, literature, science and such other fields as they must needs be familiar with in order to obtain and maintain acknowledged control of affairs; for it is now no longer doubted by the disciples of Miss Anthony that in the twentieth century the relative positions of man and woman, so far as government is concerned, will be reversed; and when they offer the argument of the long stride taken in this direction within the last quarter century, it requires a hardy man—perhaps a foolhardy one—to tell these disciples that they err in this prophecy.

The first specific purpose of the Wimodaughsis is to erect in Washington a splendid building with a large auditorium in which all the National conventions of associations of women may be held, a grand music hall, an art chamber, a library and reading room, a restaurant and reception room, a gymnasium, a natatorium, a bowling alley and billiard parlor, all thoroughly equipped and provided with instructors, ladies, of course. Can they do all this with twenty-five thousand dollars? Why not? Men can and do build magnificent clubhouses with as little cash capital as this; and they keep women out of them, too, by the way, just as the women now purpose to keep men out of this one. In parts of the building not otherwise occupied offices will be fitted up, but no man will be permitted to hire one of them. It is believed that there are feminine lawyers, doctors, claim agents, real estate agents, etc., enough to occupy all the room to be devoted to offices. But if there be not, why there are art teachers, music teachers, milliners and dress-makers enough, not to speak of the probability that many such organizations as the American Suffrage Association, the Woman's National Press Association, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Red Cross Association, the Woman's Relief Corps, the Indian associations and such will take rooms here for National headquarters. At any rate the Seven Wise Women entertain no fear that they will not be able to dispose of all their office room at good rental figures without admitting a man inside the portals, save such as may be employed by the feminine tenants.



MISS LUCY ANTHONY, the youngest of the Seven.

Miss Adelaide Johnson is the vice-president of the board. A few years ago—ten or twelve, perhaps—Miss Johnson, then a timid, delicate, but pretty and plucky girl of fifteen, left her father's farm near Plymouth, Ill., and went to St. Louis to gratify her desire for an artistic education. When she had been in the school of design two years she took the first prize offered by the agricultural department for the best original design in wood carving.

women to take the medical course in Boston University, is the only woman ever ordained by the Methodist Protestant church. The novel ceremony of ordination took place at Tarrytown, N. Y., in 1880. For seven years she preached at Dennis and Hingham, Mass. About three years ago she resigned her pastoral charge. She is at present superintendent of franchise for the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, but will on the 1st of August begin her salaried engagement as National lecturer for the American Woman's Suffrage Association. She is declared to be the most eloquent of all our women speakers, being the equal of Miss Frances Willard in every respect and having the advantage of a much fuller, rounder and more pleasing voice. Last year Miss Shaw traveled more than twenty-eight thousand miles and delivered an average of five lectures a week. She is now in South Dakota, where she will remain until the close of the fall campaign.

Miss Emma M. Gillett, still another of the Seven, was born in Wisconsin and educated in Ohio. She claims the distinction of having been the youngest girl ever graduated from the Painesville Academy. Her excuse for studying law was that she was "tired of the intellectual stagnation required of society women." After being admitted to the bar, she established herself in Washington, where she now controls a profitable practice. She confines herself almost entirely to the office work of her profession. She was the first woman ever appointed notary public by a President of the United States, her commission having been signed by President Garfield, and she was the seventh woman admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States. Miss Gillett is a member and the legal adviser of the Order of Chosen Friends, and has for many years invested its funds and transacted its business with marked skill and considerable profit to the order. In appearance, she is slender and delicate—timid, one might say, were it not



MISS EMMA M. GILLETT.

Not long afterward she set out for Chicago, determined upon earning her living by her art if possible. On the way she was cruelly robbed of all the money she had carefully hoarded for this risky enterprise, and when she arrived in Chicago she was literally penniless. Unwilling to be cared for by friends there, and unable to earn any thing immediately by her art, she worked at dressmaking until she had saved enough money to establish her art rooms in Central Music Hall. Here she taught and studied, and dreamed of a glorious future, for pupils came and work was ordered, and success seemed almost at hand when, entering the building one dark winter morning, she walked through the open door of the elevator and fell upon the stone floor some fifteen feet below, shattering her bones in such a manner that months were required for their mending, and even then one leg was more than three inches shorter than the other, and she had to go upon crutches. By many more months of toil and sacrifice she amassed a little money and set out for Europe alone. After a few months of study in England and Scotland and a year in Italy she returned to Chicago and resumed her work of modeling and of instructing classes. Soon after General Logan's death she came to Washington, bringing with her a relief portrait of that distinguished soldier-statesman which so delighted Mrs. Logan that she invited the young artist to Calumet Place and turned the conservatory into a studio for her. Here Miss Johnson modeled a bust of the General in clay, and here began trouble between Mrs. Logan and her protégée. According to Miss Johnson's story, Mrs. Logan was so much pleased with the bust that she ordered it done in marble, discussed all the details and matters of expense, and, in fine, gave an order for marble busts of the General and herself, which Miss Johnson was to make in Rome after incurring certain expense for further instruction in carving.

Miss Johnson says that her mother raised the \$1,400 necessary to the trip and the work of mortgaging the farm in Illinois. The artist remained in Rome five months studying and working on the busts under the direction of Altini. When she returned Mrs. Logan is said to have denied that she ever ordered the busts and declined to take them. Subsequently she did accept the bust of herself and paid \$400 for it. Once more moneyless Miss Johnson opened a school of art in connection with which she teaches the Delsarte system of philosophy. She also holds a position in one of the departments and in the capacities of clerk and teacher works nineteen hours a day. She lives entirely alone in a small house on S street, where she carries out many peculiar ideas of life. Her house is now in summer garb, the walls covered from ceiling to floor with white cheese cloth gathered and tuted into a soft background for the few pictures and carved cabinets artistically disposed. Filmy white curtains are looped back from the windows, in one of which hangs a bird cage, in another a globe of water for a growing vine. A white-draped table and couch and a few white-painted chairs with a rack for photographs constitute the furniture of the studio. Here Miss Johnson lives her eccentric life, eating almost nothing (never any meat) and enjoying her enthusiasms with little hindrance. She is what people call a theosophist, and is a firm believer in and practitioner of Christian science, which she avers, has utterly eradicated all traces of the results of her fall down the elevator shaft in Chicago. She also declares that her Christian science has restored her eyes, which at one time were in a fair way to lose their sight. Since Miss Shaw, the president, will be absent from Washington most of the time, Miss Johnson, the vice-president, will be the resident head of the Wimodaughsis.

Miss Lucy Anthony, the youngest of the Seven, is the daughter of Captain J. M. Anthony, of Fort Scott, Kan., the youngest brother of the "grand old woman," and as the young lady's education has been directed entirely by Aunt Susan she is not only one of the most devoted of the illustrious spinster's disciples, but is in training to wear the mantle as she bears the name of that remarkable woman. She is as thoroughly acquainted with the business of the Suffrage association as her aunt is, and, since this business is done with few accountants, and nobody else knows much of the details of it, Miss Lucy is likely to be earnest in the work of raising her fellow-women to what she sincerely believes is their right and proper sphere of action.

Miss Fanny Norris Edwards is a clerk in the Pension-office. "I was born in Ohio," she says, "and brought up in the Pension-office." She was very young when she entered this office at a salary of \$400 a year. She now receives \$1,200, which is a tip-top "woman salary."

Miss Emma M. Gillett, still another of the Seven, was born in Wisconsin and educated in Ohio. She claims the distinction of having been the youngest girl ever graduated from the Painesville Academy. Her excuse for studying law was that she was "tired of the intellectual stagnation required of society women." After being admitted to the bar, she established herself in Washington, where she now controls a profitable practice. She confines herself almost entirely to the office work of her profession. She was the first woman ever appointed notary public by a President of the United States, her commission having been signed by President Garfield, and she was the seventh woman admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States. Miss Gillett is a member and the legal adviser of the Order of Chosen Friends, and has for many years invested its funds and transacted its business with marked skill and considerable profit to the order. In appearance, she is slender and delicate—timid, one might say, were it not

the Seven, is the daughter of Captain J. M. Anthony, of Fort Scott, Kan., the youngest brother of the "grand old woman," and as the young lady's education has been directed entirely by Aunt Susan she is not only one of the most devoted of the illustrious spinster's disciples, but is in training to wear the mantle as she bears the name of that remarkable woman. She is as thoroughly acquainted with the business of the Suffrage association as her aunt is, and, since this business is done with few accountants, and nobody else knows much of the details of it, Miss Lucy is likely to be earnest in the work of raising her fellow-women to what she sincerely believes is their right and proper sphere of action.

Miss Fanny Norris Edwards is a clerk in the Pension-office. "I was born in Ohio," she says, "and brought up in the Pension-office." She was very young when she entered this office at a salary of \$400 a year. She now receives \$1,200, which is a tip-top "woman salary."

Miss Emma M. Gillett, still another of the Seven, was born in Wisconsin and educated in Ohio. She claims the distinction of having been the youngest girl ever graduated from the Painesville Academy. Her excuse for studying law was that she was "tired of the intellectual stagnation required of society women." After being admitted to the bar, she established herself in Washington, where she now controls a profitable practice. She confines herself almost entirely to the office work of her profession. She was the first woman ever appointed notary public by a President of the United States, her commission having been signed by President Garfield, and she was the seventh woman admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States. Miss Gillett is a member and the legal adviser of the Order of Chosen Friends, and has for many years invested its funds and transacted its business with marked skill and considerable profit to the order. In appearance, she is slender and delicate—timid, one might say, were it not



MISS GILLETT.

for her keen, searching gray eyes and her calm, confident voice. Surely Miss Gillett is a convincing example of womanly modesty, combined with professional and business success. She is, of course, a suffragist, a temperance woman and a devoted partisan of her sex.

Miss Eliza Titus Ward's peculiar fitness for the pioneer work of the Wimodaughsis is her notable administrative ability and financial sagacity. She is one of the pillars of the District Suffragist Association, a working member of the Moral and Educational Society and of the Association for Social Purity. Miss Ward was born in Dutchess County, N. Y., and prizes as the most important bit of her family history the fact that her parents were schoolmates of the good Lucretia Mott.

These are the Seven Wise Women, under whose management the Wimodaughsis has been set upon its way.

WILLIS B. HAWKINS.

Not So Sure About It.

"Here's an item," ejaculated Mr. Billus, who was reading his newspaper, "about a superstitious crank that got up from the table rather than be one of thirteen at a supper."

"That reminds me, John," said Mrs. Billus, "that there were just thirteen that sat down at our wedding supper."

"Well, it didn't bring anybody bad luck, did it?" growled the husband.

"No, I believe not. That is, none of the others."

Mrs. Billus stared abstractedly at the "God Bless Our Home" on the wall, and Mr. Billus read his paper upside down in silence for the next ten minutes.—Chicago Tribune.

Captain Thomas Sherman, of Chelsea, Mass., can claim honors as an excellent swimmer, though he is eighty-three years old. He was visiting a friend, Dr. A. S. Davis, of Islesboro, Me., and when ready to take the Belfast steamer found that the only boat available from shore had its mooring line caught. He promptly stripped, swam to the boat, cleared her away, and rowed to the shore.

Servant—"Madam, the marquis is without and desires an audience."

Star Actress (surveying a nearly empty house)—"So do I."—America.

HUMOROUS.

—Jack—"I have a pressing question to ask you, Miss Amy." Amy—"Go on, Jack. Press ahead."—Leigh.

—"Do you believe in fate, Pat?"

"Sure, and what would we stand on without 'em?"—Kansas City Star.

—Debtor—"I want to pay that little bill of yours." Creditor—"All right, my dear boy. Debtor—"But I can't."—Somerville Journal.

—"Great Heavens, what a smell! You can almost hear it. What is it?"

"—Did my argument strike you forcibly?"

"—Yes; if you had continued ten minutes longer I would have had brain fever."—Munsey's Weekly.

—Prisoner—"Yer honor, would you be kind enough to discharge me. I want to go off into the country." Judge—"I am afraid to discharge you, Sullivan. You are too heavily loaded."—Texas Siftings.

—Mr. Bullion—"You are far too young to marry my daughter. You are only eighteen." Tom—"Yes, sir, but Miss Julia is thirty-four, so the two of us would average about right."—The Bostonian.

—"I can see now why you advertise rooms for single men," remarked an applicant to the landlady. "Why?" "Because the rooms are too small to hold double ones."—Judge.

—Little Miss Lily was paying her first visit to the country. Seeing some birds in a meadow, she exclaimed: "Poor little birdies of the field! They haven't even a cage to sleep in."—Judge.

—"This is the season when you ask the bartender to mix you a drink to keep out the heat, and he gives you the same prescription you took last winter to keep out the cold. P. S.—So we've been told."—Norristown Herald.

—Little Tommy had spent his first day at school. "What did you learn?" asked his auntie on his return. "Didn't learn any thing," said Tommy. "Well, what did you do?" "Didn't do any thing. A woman wanted to know how to spell 'cat' and I told her."—Louisville Tilt-Bits.

—"Now look here," said the Professor to the infuriated Bull, "you are my superior in strength, I am your superior in mind. Let us arbitrate this matter and see which should by right get the better of our controversy." "Oh, no," replied the Bull, "let's toss up for it."

—Later.—The Professor lost.—N. Y. Sun.

—Each has its good and evil side;

A Jekyll, alternate with Hyde,

To tickle or to trouble,

Thus history repeats itself;

The apples green the small boy eats

Are sure to make him double.

—Philadelphia Press.

—"Now, my friend, what will you do with all that money?" said an old gentleman to a tramp to whom he had given a nickel. Tramp (grazing at the coin):

"Well, I guess I'll go to the races and bet some of it. If I lose I reckon I'll spend the summer at Asbury Park instead of going to Saratoga."—Texas Siftings.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—General Longstreet is understood to be writing his military memoirs.

—Mr. Robert Barrett Browning has given the MSS. of his father's poems to Balliol College.

—Henry M. Stanley's manuscript is very legible, and scarcely an alteration is made in a folio.

—The Emperor of China has sent the German Emperor a large box of playthings—little dragons and things—for his five little sons.

—The Confederate Memorial Literary Society has been formed in Richmond to collect literary works and relics relating to the late war.

—Those who advocate spelling reform in the English language argue that one letter out of every seven, used according to the present practice, is absolutely useless.

—Cardinal Lavigne has an extensive acquaintance with modern literature, especially history and polemics, though he is known to the world more as a man of affairs than an eloquent preacher and student.

—Dinah Salifu, an African King, was so impressed by the splendors of civilization at the Paris Exposition that, when he returned home, he ordered all his male subjects to wear trousers. So they have killed him.

—Like many other wise elderly men, Francis Parkman, the historian, has taken to gardening, and is as successful at it as was Evelyn. He is particularly fond of roses. He is writing again, having in a great measure recovered his health.

—John Ross Ward, the British Admiral whose death was recorded recently, organized the working department of the National Life-Boat Institution, and during his thirty-one years of service as General Inspector of Life-Boats that institution saved more than twenty thousand lives.

—The newest and most select club about London is the Two Pin Club, composed chiefly of Punch's young men, with the addition of a few persons like Sir Charles Russell and Lord Roseberry. The two pins in question come from the names of Dick Turpin and John Gilpin.

—Dr. Heinrich Schliemann is a member of the Grocers' Company, of London. Before he unearthed ancient Troy and dug up Agamemnon's tomb at Mycenae the irrepressible excavator sold herrings and butter, potatoes and milk for over five years in a little shop in Furstenburg, where he was a grocer's clerk.

—It is an interesting fact that Goldsmith's Deserted Village has been translated into the Hindu tongue, by Sari Dhara. It is said to have done with much skill. It is an almost line-for-line translation, and preserves nearly all the ideas of the original.

—The Princess of Wales uses a cosmetic, the nature of which the ladies in her court would willingly pay dear for. Although nearly fifty years of age, her Highness has a complexion as smooth in texture and as delicate in tint as the beauty of a schoolgirl. It will stand the closest scrutiny, the test of sunshine and the electric lantern, and is proof to handkerchief and loggatie.

STORIES ABOUT MEN.

Governor Joel Parker's Success in Crawling Out of a Small Hole.

An incident which illustrates Governor Parker's readiness in extricating himself from an unexpected dilemma was related by him to the writer some years ago. While he was a member of the house of assembly, in 1848, a question of some local and political importance came up, and the then young and rising statesman decided to oppose its passage. To this end he prepared an elaborate speech, in which he let his patriotic fire burst into flame. He was so well pleased with his effort that he told a friend what he was going to say. To emphasize one portion of his speech he referred to an oil portrait of Washington, which hung on the wall at the right of the speaker's desk. When he got to that portion of his speech, he exclaimed: "And even the Father of His Country!" He raised his hand and lifted his eyes toward where he supposed the picture was. It had been removed by his waggish friend. He instantly added, "has been taken away in fear that he would blush for shame at the passage of this iniquitous measure."—New York Sun.

Forgot Himself.

Once when Edwin Forrest went to Detroit he produced "Metamora." Supers were engaged to personate warriors, and among them was a bright Irish lad who had a lurid admiration for the great tragedian. At that point in the play where Metamora asks, "Am I not the great chief of the Pottawatomies?" the supers are supposed to grunt, "Ugh! Ugh!" The stage manager had carefully drilled them in what they were expected to do, but on the night of the performance our young friend was so transported by Forrest's acting as to quite forget that he was impersonating an Indian. When Forrest turned to the assembled warriors and thundered forth, "Am I not the great chief of the Pottawatomies?" the Irish boy's enthusiasm broke all restraint. He leaped into the air with a wild shout, and twirling his tomahawk about his head, replied: "Yees air! yees air!"—Boston Traveler.

Our "Tim" Enjoyed Mrs. Whitney's Dinner.

Congressman Tim Campbell is a quaint figure in the halls of legislation. If there is anything that will ruffle his temper more than another it is to be talked in his efforts to get an office. He has been having some trouble with Pay Director Stevenson, lately, and Secretary Whitney has had his hands full keeping Tim within bounds. Now, though ago he hit upon the idea of inviting Campbell to dine with him. He was careful to make Tim the sole guest of the evening, perhaps not as a distinguished honor, but rather as a precautionary measure. Campbell came and had a good time without making any particularly queer remark. When he got into his overcoat he suddenly turned to Mrs. Whitney, and in a burst of enthusiasm over her entertainment he said: "There were no flies on that dinner. You can bet your life on that."—Washington Letter.

Where It Touched Him.

In his youth the late Charles Darwin was passionately moved by music. He often spoke of a peculiar sensation of coldness or shivering in his back on hearing beautiful music, and an old friend quotes a remark made on the occasion of their hearing a fine anthem. At the end of an exceedingly impressive part he turned to his friend, asking seriously and with a deep sigh: "How's your backbone?"—The Argonaut.

On the Force.

People who have been clubbed by policemen naturally seek court plasters.—New Haven News.

A Baltimore policeman has for a recent amendment that he walks in his sleep.—Yonkers Statesman.

Policemen are mysterious creatures, and frequently express themselves in a cross sticks.—New Haven News.

It is said that Diogenes could sleep soundly even in a tub, and it is hinted that the old man had policemen's blood running through his veins.—Yonkers Statesman.

No Equaling Chicago.

Omaha Child—Did you see the eclipse of the moon? I did. You ought to have seen it. It only happens once a year.

Chicago Child—Don't you have them oftener than that in Omaha?

"Why, no."

"Such a place! Pooh! Why in Chicago the moon gets eclipsed 'most every night."—Omaha World.

Higher Education.

Mrs. Biggs—Now that your son has returned from college, do you feel repaid for your outlay for his education? Did he take any prizes? Mrs. Squiggs—Oh, yes, mum, yes, indeed. He got a medal for what he calls sprinting, and he must be high up in mathematics, for he says he's learned four new curves.—Scranton Truth.

A Talented Girl.

He (to Miss Breezy, of Chicago)—Your friend, Miss Shawsgarden, of St. Louis, is something of a linguist, is she not, Miss Breezy?

Miss Breezy—Yes. Clara speaks French, German and the Missouri languages.—New York Sun.

Variety's Piece of Life.

He (after having slipped the engagement ring on her finger)—Are you pleased with it, darling?

She—Delighted, George. It is different from anything of the sort I've ever had before.—Texas Siftings.

DR. WOOD'S LIVER REGULATOR

PREPARED FROM
ROOTS & HERBS,
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.