UNION, OREGON.

Not All Happy. We hall with joy the gentle spring,
The time when disappears the snow,
And farmers hear the robins sing,
And Sol with warmth begins to glow.

The poet then in costacies Of buds and early blossoms sings, Of babbling brooks and greening leas,

Of trailing arbutus and things. But while we hall the gentle spring, The budding tree, the greening plain, We must confess that it doth bring Some little drawbacks in its train

Our overcoats are thrown aside, When come bright morns and sunny noons, And then 'tis mighty hard to hide The patches on our pantaloons!



Sweet Girl-And do you really stand and watch my window every night before you go home, George, dear?

George-I have been doing so, my love, but I shan't any more, Sweet Girl (anxiously)-Don't you love me

as much as ever! George-Oh, yes; but last night a policeman thought I was a burglar, and took me to the station house.—The Epoch.

An Astonished Englishman.

A newly arrived Englishman was told that the editor of The North American Review would, that night, deliver a learned lecture, and that if he desired to become informed upon live issues in America he should attend, He did so, and the next day he wrote as follows to a London newspaper:

"The Americans are surely a very peculiar people. Last night I went to hear a well known gentleman lecture on what these people term live issues, and I must say that I never heard a more ridiculous discourse. The people laughed in his very face, but he did not appear to mind it. He talked about absurd things, and spoke of shoving his fist into the bosom of the night, and went on at some length to tell of a dog that had fleas. I did not want to be rude, but I really laughed. I actually expected to see the people mob the

fellow, he was so very, very queer. He had been "steered" against Bill Nye.— Arkansaw Traveler.

Defining The Use.

At the entrance to the National museum is a large stone sarcophagus, which was brought to this country some years ago from Egypt, and presented to the Smithsonian Institution. The other day one of the excurstrom northern New York, entering the building, stopped to look at it. Turning to the man who checks umbrellas and canes, whe said:

"What is that great stone affair?" "That's a sarcophagus, ma'am," he an-

"Where did it come from?" "From Egypt, ma'am."

"What do they use it for?" "To spit in, mostly, ma'am," replied the faithful public servant.-Washington Cor. New York Tribune.

A Woman of Talent.

"So your sister is making \$200 a week with an opera company, and your brother \$100 a "Yes, sir."

"Well, there must be genius in the family. There isn't much in ours, to be sure. But I'm glad to say that I have a sister so talented that she makes \$300 a week by appearing in "What is her specialty?"

"She is the bearded woman in a museum." -Nebraska Journal.

Blessings of Liberty.

Bill-Why don't yer git inter public life an' be somebody, Jim! Jim-I did try ter git a office, but these durned civil service rules kep' me out.

"What office did yer try fer?" "Janitor of a public buildin'. They asked me how much two and two made, an' 'cause I failed on the first answer they wouldn't have me."

"Never mind, Jim, I'll help yer git inter public life. I'll get yer elected school director; that don't require no 'xamination."-Omaha

A Reasonable Request.

"Papa," said a beautiful girl, brightly, "do you know that this is my 18th birthday?" "Why, bless me, so it is!" responded the old "It doesn't seem possible that my little girl has grown to be a young lady." "Well, she has, papa, and I want you to do me a very great favor," and the beautiful

girl hid her blushing face upon the old man's

"What is it, dear?" he asked fondly. "Please sell Nero."-New York Sun.

Hard on Chicago.

Mr. Wabash (on urgent business from the west, to servant)-Will you say to Mr. Gotham, that Mr. Wabash, of Chicago, would like to see him as soon as possible! Servant-Yes, sir. (Returned.) He is just changing his linen, sir, and will be down

Truth Is Mighty. Grocer (to boy)-What are you doing, Jamest

James-Puttin' sand in the sugar. Grocer-Well, that won't do. put the sugar in the sand, and then if a cusmer asks if we put sand in our sugar you can truthfully say no. You will find, James, as you acquire more business experience, that, in the long run, truth always pays.—New

A Large Sum. It is said that the French cook whom Mr. Vanderbilt has engaged at a salary of \$10,-000 a year, does not know how to make a mince pie. Perhaps this explains why he is paid such a big salary; but \$10,000 a year Perhaps this explains why he is seems like a large sum for even a millionaire
to pay to prolong his life.—Norristown IN A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD

Buying a Lot in the City of the Dead. Caste in a Cemetery.

"Your first real estate? Sad, sad! But we've all got to come to it. But isn't it a satisfaction to have a few feet in a well kept place like this? Why, I grow fonder and fonder of it every day. Surveyed to your liking? Pretty heavy. Ah, but it's lasting-no stained surfaces, no ginger bread work to crumble off. Take my advice, young man, and when you buy your monument don't invest in marble. Taint worth twopence a ton. except to the dealers. Nothing like granite.

The superintendent led the way along strange combination of business tact and harmless gossip made the reporter feel

burial spot. to save himself needless trouble. "You we have to sort of estimate a customer's ate even in the grave! If a negro comes also got to put him in his natural element. If I didn't there would be Ned to

you get around the matter?"

lot should erect a \$25 white bronze tombgranite monument? War in the camp right off! I tell you there isn't a popu-South Side and its West Side, its Michigan avenue and its South Clark street. inevitable, even in a graveyard."

"Well, show me a lot where a poor devil of a scribe would naturally belong," said the reporter.

"Yes, in just a minute. Going to bury wife or child? Oh, not married! But I suppose you're going to be. Now, here's some nice sightly lots at \$60. But then there's no provision for growth ever he wanted, generally the latter, of family or extensive local improvements. Being buried here is walk out. Now he has to perform the a good deal like having standing service of a waiter. Having taken his room in a theatre; you kind of feel refreshment he waits while the attendant as though somebody were going to tramp turns to a machine at the back of the inon your toes all the while. And if you closure, from which he draws a card, on should become as rich as Jay Gould you which is stamped the amount to be paid, couldn't put up a monument. The lot's which amount is shown in glaring letters too small; you'd have to be content with upon the machine as the impression is a headstone. I want to sell you a lot made. This the customer is compelled that you'll be satisfied with hereafter and your children be proud of."

"Let me see something a little better, then." interposed the apparent purchaser. division, where the improvements that is down town. New streets and sub-iivisions outshine the old ones. Now, here's a mound"—by this time they had arrived pretty nearly at the west side of the cemetery-"where the lots are large and open. There's plenty of room here; the grade is high and the drainage good. But I seldom bring the likes of you here, because it's a sort of foreign settlement. You notice how the 'sens' and 'oskis,' and 'dts' predominate. You'd scarcely feel at home here if I'd sell you a lot. Besides, the locality has one great and permanent drawback. Yonder are the single graves in plain sight. You wouldn't like to live always in sight of the poorhouse, and you'd scarcely want to be buried in view of potter's field. No. I know you wouldn't be satisfied here. You'd better put a little more money in your ground and get something that will rise in value rather than deteriorate. Ali, I have it. Just come over here."

The superintendent led the way to the southeast, near a pretty expanse of waa particular lot and pointed it out with satisfaction.

"Now, here you are," said he. "I couldn't show you anything better in the whole cemetery. Price moderate, neighbors of a high class, near public drive, where you know things will always be kept in order. This lot will be worth twice its present value a year know that, in spite of his dishonest tenfrom now, One hundred and twentyfive dollars and room enough for a dozen interments besides a monument. You can't do any better. Just let me put your name down for it now and you can arrange the details at the down town office. Look at the monuments going up all around you here. Can't have bet ter data by which to judge of the local ity. Right across the driveway yonder is one of the largest lots in the cemetery. We've put a fancey price on it just so as to induce some capitalist to buy it and put up an expensive monument. That'il lend additional tone to the neighborhood and all the lots around will feel the influence. It would pay to buy this lot purely as a business investment."-Chicago Tribune.

A Trick of the Bakery.

"Do you see that cake?" and the lady brought out a large cake, temptingly "What do you think that icing is iced. made of !

"Usually it is made of sugar and eggs, but this isn't. I took a teaspoonful of gelatine-the stuff they make the coating for quinine pills out of-dissolved it in a half cup of warm water and stirred it hard in a cup and a half of sugar, then I added a little vinegar to whiten it.

"The gelatine does just as well as the white of eggs and is much cheaper and more convenient. It's a chance if half the cakes in the bakeries aren't iced that way. We boarding house keepers have to keep up with the times, don't you know?"-New York Telegram.

SYSTEMS OF "CHECKAGE."

Joe Howard Thinks They Are a Nulsance.

Policy of Honesty. Are we a nation of liars, thieves, cheats? If not, what is the meaning of the universal suspicion which poisons every brother's cup? Why these checks in street cars, these mechanical contrivances in barrooms, these private detectand built up most of it myself, you see, ive agencies? You remember what a There's a monument for you! How is it hubbub was created years ago when conductors were compelled to wear massive medallions, with intricate mechanism, supposed to show correctly the number of fares taken. They looked like so many Japanese gods with bungling, onerous, burdensome ornaments about them. The directors suspected that the conductors were stealing, and every time the conthe eastern limits of the cemetery and ductor pulled the spring that rang the then paused as if to get his bearings. His bell he challenged public scrutiny, and the suggestion came to every mind, "the company suspects this man to be a thief.' little like a grief stricken purchaser of a and so they did suspect every man to be a thief, and they doubted the accuracy "Now, let me see about what you'd of their mechanism as well, because conaturally want," said he, eyeing his com- verily and secretly they sent spotters, panion critically, as if sizing him up so as old men, young ladies, tender children, workingmen in every possible disguise, see everybody has his special likings, and to keep tally of the number of people who rode upon the cars and paid fare tastes before showing him a lot. All for the privilege. As it was in Boston sorts of people apply to us, and we have so it was in New York and in all the to use a good deal of tact and judgment great centers. The system of checkage so as not to offend present lot owners or in use upon our railways today is not new customers. We have to discrimin- only expensive to the companies and an intolerable nuisance to the traveling to me I've got to sell him a lot, but I've public, but a direct impugning of the integrity of every man in the emp. y.

I buy a ticket from here to Boston,

"But that, I should think, is a difficult ticket, and \$1.50, or whatever, for a seat and pay in advance. I pay \$5 for my task. Suppose such a person as you refer in a drawing room car. It should be to wanted a fine lot in what you call an quite sufficient for me to give up my aristocratic neighborhood, how would ticket to a gateman as I enter the depot, and my other ticket to the porter in "Oh, bless you, that's easy enough. charge of the drawing room car, as I Nobody knows what lots are for sale but enter the car. Instead of which, I am myself; and if a man selects a lot where stopped at the gate as I enter the I don't think he belongs, why, the lot's depot, in order that a gateman may already sold. See? It doesn't look just punch the ticket. I take my seat in the right, but it's got to be done. What car. In comes a train conductor, who would one of your wealthy aristocrats takes my ticket and punches it in three think if I should sell a little lot next to or four different places. I settle down his big one, and the owner of the little to read my paper or my book, and along comes the drawing room conductor, who stone right under the nose of his \$5,000 takes my ticket and gives me another in its place, on which he punches the year, the month, the day of the month, the lar cemetery in Chicago that hasn't its number of the train, the number of the car, the number of the seat, my destination and the amount paid, all of which You notice in laying out the cemetery takes my time and gives him unnecessary we group a number of big lots in the labor. We pass beyond New Haven, and most conspicuous places. Caste lines are another conductor comes, and he has to punch my ticket, and another conductor comes at Worcester, and he has to punch the ticket. Then they come along again

and take up the tickets. Come with me into any of our barrooms, our restaurants, our cafes. Time was when a man could go with his friend into a cafe, order his lemonade or whatthrow his money on the counter and to carry sometimes a distance of a hundred feet. At all events he must carry it wherever the cashier chances to be seated. He hands the check and the "I'd advise you to go into a new sub- money to the cashier, wipes his mouth and walks away. In other words, the have been made are good, and bide fu-ture developments. It is here just as it procedure that his employer has no faith procedure that his employer has no faith in him, and both he and the eashier is informed by this mechanism, which registers the amount, that their employer

trusts neither of them. And, after all, do checks check? Thieving conductors were supplied by ingenious mechanics with little arrangements by which, while pretending to register, they in reality pocketed the fare without registering. Barkeepers, by collusion with cashiers, can, if they wish, defraud their employers. This very week one of our railroad auditors tumbled over a plan by which fares collected on steam railways were retained by conductors, they having duplicate slips furnished them by the accountant in the office. Human ingenuity is certain to be met by human ingenuity. In the long run, taking age after age, accumulated facts have crystallized themselves into a proverb, "Honesty is the best policy," and dishonest men know just as well as the good and true that the path to success lies in that direction, and that leaving ter. Consulting his book, he picked out all question of morals out of consideration, the best "policy," the truest way in which to serve one's selfish purpose,

is to be honest. There must be responsibility some where. Somebody must be trusted, and all this intricate system of checkage doesn't amount to shucks. If a man is dishonest and has not brains enough to dency, success can be obtained by honest methods alone, no power this side of heaven can keep him from cheating, and cheating for a while without detection.-Joe Howard in Boston Globe.

A Very Curious Case.

A highly intelligent tady known to one doctor related to him that one day she was walking past a public institution and observed a child, in whom she was particularly interested, coming out through an iron gate. She saw that he let go the gate after opening it, and that it seemed likely to close upon him, and concluded that it would do so with such force as to crush his ankle; however, this did not happen. "It was impossible, she said, "by word or act to be quick enough to meet the supposed emergency; and, in fact, I found I could not move, for such intense pain came on in the ankle, corresponding to the one which I thought the boy would have injured, that I could only put my hand on it to lessen its extreme painfulness. I am sure I did not move so as to strain or sprain it. The walk home, a distance of about a quarter of a mile, was very laborious, and on taking off my stocking I found a circle round the ankle, as if it had been painted with red current juice, with a large spot of the same on the outer part. By morning the whole foot was inflamed, and I was a prisoner to my bed many days."-W. H. Hawley in Boston Globe.

Study well the human body, the mind is not far off .- Carmon Sylva.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS' LEPROSY.

The Only Hope of the Native Bace-The Lepers' Colony.

It is now more than half a century since leprosy was introduced into the Hawaiian Islands. It would be quite impossible to point with certainty to the original case, but it is generally understood that the seed of the dreadful maiady came from Asia, and came in the person of an ill fated foreigner. He may or may not have been aware of the incalculable injury he was about to inflict upon a nation that had been, until the arrival of Capt. Cook, in 1790, almost entirely free from the numerous contagious diseases that prevail among civilized communities; but the life he led in Hawaii was such as to speedily communicate this mortal disease, and it was not long before its unmistakable symptoms were developing in every quarter of the kingdom. Leprosy develops slowly: one may be a leper for months or even years before the symptoms of the disease begin to discover themselves and at last become externally evident. Then they are unmistakable; but by this time great mischief may have been done, and done innocently enough, perhaps; for the leper will have but recently become conscious of his state. Thus leprosy spread through the kingdom, and spread to such an alarming degree that it became necessary to take public action in the matter. The disease is acknowledged by the

medical world to be incurable. It has ever been so considered; and as yet, though a thousand experiments have been tried, the most hopeful of the scientists have abandoned the field in despair. The Mosaic law was explicit in regard to the treatment of those afflicted by leprosy: they were to be set apart, without the gates, and to walk alone, crying, "Unclean! unclean!" Their garments were to be burned, their houses cleansed, and all direct communication between the clean and the unclean was expressly prohibited. In like manner, segregation was considered to be the only hope of the Hawaiian race. A suitable spot was sought to which the lepers might be removed, where they might be tenderly cared for and jealously guarded, and there they were to end their miserable days. The prospect of life banishment alarmed the natives, both the sick and the hale; they were not, and they still are not, afraid of the disease. They are a most affectionate people; they love their friends with a love passing the love of woman; moreover, they are fearless of death-at heart they are fatalists.

When the health agent of the government went forth in search of the afflicted, hoping to gather them together, house them, feed them and clothe them at the government expense, he found great difficulty in securing any of them. At the approach of this health officer the lepers would be secreted by friends, who were willing to brave possible contagion rather than part with those so dear to them. Sometimes the unfortunates were surprised and given into the hands of the police, who were to have charge of them until they could be shipped to the new settlement. Eye witnesses of the heartrending scenes that followed these captures will not soon forget the agony of the final partings. Terrible as was the emergency, the voice of the government Sun. could justly say, with Hamlet:

I must be cruel only to be kind.

It was a question of saving the remnant of the nation at the price of the hopeless few. The little lowland at our feet was found to be, by all odds, the most desirable locality in the whole group for a settlement such as was proposed.

There are few white people on the Island of Molokai. This lowland was seldom, perhaps never, visited; certainly, there was no necessity of its being visited by those who were not concerned in the welfare of the natives. There was ample sustenance both on land and sea; fishers were living among the foam crested rocks; the husbandman would find an immediate market for his produce, and he was alike fearless and hospitably disposed. Indeed, all things considered, no better refuge for the leper could be found; and so the little lowland under the great windward cliff of Molokai was speedily and permanently secured. Transportation began immediately, and for twenty years it has continued; it has continued in spite of the pitiful protestations of friends and relations, and in spite of the first instinct of humanitythe natural appeal of the sympathetic. It has continued-it must continue until the last vestige of leprosy has disappeared from the kingdom.-"The Lepers of Molokai.

New York's Chinese Laundrymen.

The Chinese tailors make the laundrymen their blouses and short petticoats, to save them from what they would consider the misery of wearing the tight fitting American trousers that prevent ventilation. The doctors bring their cases of Chi-Mayo, Neu Teah fa, Sin goopeh, and countiess other herbs, to prevent the washees from having the gout, dyspepsia, spiz and other kindred diseases that are co-existent with western civilization, and that were unknown to Chinamen until they began to feed like Christians. Yet, notwithstanding the merits of Chinese drugs, the Chinamen kept getting more funereal in face and qualmish in stomach, and continued to turn yellower in skin, until Mr. Wa Kee, an enterprising Hong Kong merchant, imported a cargo of all manner of curious canned, dried and preserved fruit from the far off "land of many flowers." Then the New York Chinamen began to revive, as the plants of an Egyptian desert brighten up after a refreshing shower, -- Wong Chin Foo in The Cosmopolitan.

Bursting of Steam Boilers. The boiler bursting record is a large and growing one. Over 200, all undoubtedly supposed safe, exploded during the past year. The invention of the safety seam steam boiler, which opens at the joints, and puts out the fire before the pressure reaches the bursting point, must save many lives in a year's time. More than 700 persons were stricken down, without warning, by boiler explosions within our country during the past year. More than half these persons were killed outright, and many of the re-mainder were maimed for life.—Boston Transcript.

Counting the chickens before the eggs are laid is the pastime of the modern prophet.—Vineyard Herald.

HE WANTED THE QUARTER.

The Father's Anxiety Was Divided Between His Child and the Coin. "I have seen some stingy men while

I've been in the medical profession, but the littlest game I ever saw occurred the reunion at Detroit, there were a few inciother day."

gaged in a large dispensary connected city. The doctor continued: "Much of our work is thankless enough. We experience the greatest difficulty in getting patients to take medicine as they are di-

They seem almost to have an idea sometimes that we ought to pay them for taking what is going to cure them. Frequently, when an interesting case comes in while a clinic is going on in college, we take it before the class and show the would be M. D.'s the procedure taken for its relief. The case in question was that of an Italian. He came rushing in with a child about a year old in his arms. Anxiety was depicted on his countenance. "The little thing had great difficulty

in breathing, but retained breath enough to make Rome howl. Calming the father somewhat, we managed to learn that the child had swallowed a quarter of a dollar, which had stuck in its throat. He asked if we could get it out. We promised to do our best, and, as a clinic was in session, took the child and the father into the pit of the amphitheatre, so that the operation might pe performed before the students.

"The professor began work at once for he saw that the child was in a fair way to suffocate. They use for these operations an instrument called a coin catcher, which is made like a crochet needle, only the material is rubber, and the hook on the end of the instrument is longer than that of a crochet needle. The instrument is to be passed down the throat, past the coin, and when withdrawn the

hook catches under the coin and it is

pulled up. At best, it is a difficult oper-

ation, for the child will kick and squirm, and it is not without danger to the surrounding parts. "The professor worked away, and as

his efforts for a time proved unsuccessful, the anxiety on the face of the father became intense. He fidgeted and seemed to think that all was lost, At length the coin was extricated and the boys stamped their applause. The professor laid the coin down on the table while he washed his hands. This was the Italian's chance. and while the professor's back was turned he quickly transferred the quarter to his pocket. The look of distress vanished

from his countenance.

"It became manifest that the loss of his coin had contended with the danger of losing his child to produce his anxiety; and that is why I say it was the meanest thing I ever saw. The boys had one on the professor, though, when he turned and looked for the quarter, and they made the old building shake with their appreciation. The professor caught on and got the man to swap off the recovered quarter for another, while he exhibited it to the class."-New York Evening

A peculiarly suspicious individual named Mack was in charge of the City hall cigar store, when two dapper looking young men entered. One carried in his hand an envelope, which was addressed, but not sealed. "Can you give me a ten dollar note for these ten bills?" he asked. "The old lady wants to send the money in this letter.'

The ten dollar bill was immediately given to the young man, who apparently put it in the letter. Mack counted the bills given in exchange and found only nine there. "There is only \$9 in this," said he.

"Oh, how can that be?" said the young man. "The old lady must have made a mistake. I put the \$10 in this letter and have sealed it. I don't want to open the envelope again. Will you just hold the letter with the \$10 and I will take the \$9 to the old lady."

Mack thought that fair enough, as he believed he saw the young man put \$10 in the envelope. He still holds it. It is addressed to "H. Ed Idme, Binghamton, N. Y." It was not long before Mack opened it, but blank paper was all it contained.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Prince's Antics.

The prince of Parma maintained great state in his small principality, and, by the aid of the Australians, very despotic authority. His little army was entirely under his own military code. His punishment of the officers was at times original. One of them consisted in compelling them to carry pails of water from one well to another, 300 or 400 yards distant. He insisted that the entire absence of any useful purpose in this disagreeable task added greatly to its unpleasantness, in which he was not far wrong. His practical jokes did not add to the dignity or comfort of his court. I was present at a grand ball when he ordered a large plate of strong mustard sandwiches to be handed round with his compliments at supper time to the most dignified of the great ladies, who coughed and gesticulated painfully when they tasted the pungent mixture.- Black-

The Bright Boy Knew. In one of the city schools a teacher.

with all the patience and powers of persuasion she could command, was endeavoring to instruct a class about a right angle triangle. After several attempts she called the scholars to account for inattention with the remark that what she was saying seemed to go in one ear and out the other. Again she repeated her description, following it by asking: "Who can tell what a right angle triangle is?" Up went a hand, and the bright boy to whom it belonged shouted: "Something which goes in one ear and out the other."-Worcester Spy.

Trees Below Ground.

While sinking a well at his new sawmill near Seymour, Ind., Jesse Cox came across some large chestnut trees thirty feet below the surface in a perfect state of preservation.-Chicago Times.

STORIES ABOUT MEN.

The Brilliant Idea That Struck Senator Palmer.

When Senator Palmer recently took a score of prominent men to the Michigan club dents of the trip that the senator has thus So spake one of our young doctors en- far kept quiet. Among the diversions offered to his guests the senator suggested a trip to with one of the medical schools in the his log house, a few miles from the city. A party was made up, and the keeper of the rural retreat was told to get up a dinner for fifteen persons. But in some way the word got round that Senator Palmer was going to give a "grand spread" at his log house, and when he and his guests started for their drive through the woods they were surprised to find other wagon loads going in the same direction.

"I think," said the senator, "that it would be safe to raise that dinner order to twenty-

Accordingly he stepped into a store that had a telephone and raised his order to twenty-five. When the log house was reached, the senator was appalled to find about 200 hungry and thirsty individuals awaiting his dinner. They were not interlopers, but men of distinction in Michigan attending the club reunion, and the senator's natural hospitality inclined him to treat them well.

"But what shall I do?" appealed the distracted steward. "Dinner for twenty-five and here are 200!"

"Can't you kill a Jersey cow?"

"There isn't time." But here a brilliant idea struck the senator. "Why, I'll tell you what to do," he said.
"We'll call it a lunch, not a dinner. Dinner for twenty-five ought to make lunch for 200," And thereupon the "lunch" was spread. That it was a success is indicated by the remark of one of his Washington guests.

"Palmer," said he, "as a 'dinner' this is a trifle light; but as a 'lunch' it's the finest thing I ever saw in my life,"-New York Tribune.

He Got the Job.

When Amos Cummings arrived in New York, after the war, he had a most excellent opportunity to be a tramp. All he possessed beside a job lot of ragged clothes on his back was twenty cents' worth of postage stamps badly glued together. He wore a pair of battered cavalry boots and about threequarters of a pair of trousers. The place where the missing parts of the latter should have been was concealed by a sunburned army overcoat. In this garb he climbed up to Horace Greeley's editorial den and asked Mr. Greeley for a job. He did not ask to be appointed to either the position of managing editor or foreman. He was willing to do any

"No place for you," squeaked Mr. Greeley, without turning from his desk to look at the applicant, "don't you see I'm busy? G'way! Scat! Damit!"

"But I tell you I must have a job." Mr. Greeley turned around his revolving chair, and glaring at Cummings, said: "Must? For what reason, young man, do you say mustf" "For this reason," replied Amos, turning

his back on Mr. Greeley, lifting the drapery of his old blue overcoat and exhibiting the vacant places where the wild winds had whistled through his trousers. He got the job .- J. Amory Knox.

He Had a Winning Way.

A few years ago the Episcopal diocese of Kentucky appeared to be torn up with dissensions about high and low church. The bishop unfortunately allowed his sympathies to be drawn out to one party as against the other, and thereafter becoming disheartened and discouraged, resigned. The presentbishop, when called to the diocese, was determined to ignore these dissensions, and if possible to harmonize his people. For some time no one was able to discover whether his sympathies were with one or the other party until, an occasion presenting itself in a social circle, a lady (with the curiosity of her sex) said: "Bishop, what are your views? We can't find out. Are you high church or low churchf" Instantly the bishop replied; "Madam, I am high, low, Jack and the game." There are no dissensions now .- Pitts-

burg Post. Two Very Different Relations.

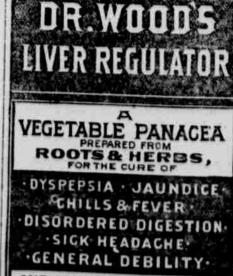
He said that Col. Smith, of Missouri, had twice been an unsuccessful candidate for congressional honors before the people. A local politician of some note, whom the colonel had time and again assisted financially, was: opposed to him in politics, and thereforeworked and voted against him. A few days after the second defeat of Col. Smith for congress he met his friend, who asked him for a loan of \$50.

"Look here, Sam," said the colonel, "how is it that when I run for office you always oppose me, but when you want money you never fail to come to me?"

"I'll tell you, colonel," replied Sam. "Politically I am opposed to you, but financially I am your friend,—Denver News,

Antiquity of Artesian Wells.

The artesian well was known to the agriculturist ages ago. The Chinese, the Hindoos and the Egyptians must have learned to develop "blind springs," and from this beginning went on experimenting with rude dug and piped wells, which in favorable situations brought the water to the surface. In the heart of the Sahara, in Asia Minor and in Persia, travelers find unmistakable evidence that flowing wells were obtained long before the province of Artois gave its name "Artesian" to these artificial well springs. -Charles H. Shinn in Overland Monthly.



AND ALL OTHER DISEASES ARISING FROM A DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH INACTIVE. LIVER.

DRUGGISTS & GENERAL DEALERS