

The Oregon Scout

JONES & CHANCEY, Publishers.
UNION, OREGON.

ALL HANDS LIE DOWN!

The Fearful Sea Fight Between the Albatross and the Sassafras.

Now came the decisive moment, for by this action, which was in reality a maneuver of our commander, we had acquired a distance from the ram of about 400 yards, and the latter, to evade the Albatross, had sheered off a little and lay broadside to us. The Union ship was now on both sides of the ram, with engines stopped. Commander Roe saw the opportunity, which an instant's delay would forfeit, and boldly met the crisis of the engagement. To the engineer he cried, "Crowd waste and oil in the fires and back slowly! Give her the steam she can carry!" To Acting Master Boutelle he said, "Lay her course for the junction of the casemate and the hull!" Then came four bells, and, with full steam and open throttle, the ship sprang forward like a living thing. It was a moment of intense strain and anxiety. The guns ceased firing, the smoke lifted from the ram, and we saw that every effort was being made to evade the shock. Straight as an arrow we shot forward to the designated spot. Then came the order, "All hands lie down!" and, with a crash that shook the ship like an earthquake, we struck full and square on the iron hull.

Our ship quivered for an instant, but held fast, and the swift splash of the paddles showed that the engines were uninjured. My own station was in the bow, on the main deck, on a line with the enemy's guns. Through the starboard shutter, which had been partly jarred off by the concussion, I saw the port of the ram not ten feet away. It opened, and like a flash of lightning I saw the grim muzzle of a cannon, the straining gun's crew naked to the waist and blackened with powder; then a blaze, a roar and a rush of the shell as it crashed through, whirling me round and dashing me to the deck.

Both ships were under headway, and, as the ram advanced, our shattered bows clinging to the iron casemate were twisted round and a solid shot from a Brooke gun almost touching our side crashed through, followed immediately by a cloud of steam and boiling water that filled the forward decks as our over-charged boilers, pierced by the shot, emptied their contents with a shrill scream that drowned for an instant the roar of the guns. The shouts of command and the cries of the scalded, wounded and blinded men mingled with the rattle of small arms that told of a hand to hand conflict above. The ship surged heavily to port as the great weight of water in the boiler was expended, and over the cry, "The ship is sinking!" came the shout, "All hands repel boarders on starboard bow!"

The horrid tumult, always characteristic of battle, was intensified by the cries of agony from the scalded and frantic men. Wounds may mend, and blood may flow, and grim heroism keep the teeth set firm in silence; but to be boiled alive—to have the flesh drop from the face and hands, to strip off in sodden mass from the body as the clothing is torn away in savage eagerness for relief, will bring screams from the stoutest lips. In the midst of all this, when every man had left the engine room, our chief engineer, Mr. Hobby, although badly scalded, stood with heroism at his post; nor did he leave it till after the action, when he was brought up, blinded and helpless, to the deck. I had often before been in battle; had stepped over the decks of a steamer in the Merrimac fight when a shell had exploded, covering the deck with fragments of human bodies, literally tearing to pieces the men on the small vessel as she lay alongside the Minnesota, but never before had I experienced such a sickening sensation of horror as on this occasion, when the bow of the Sassafras lay for thirteen minutes on the roof of the Albatross. An officer of the Wyoming said that when the dense smoke and steam enveloped us they thought we had sunk, till the flash of our guns burst through the clouds, followed by flash after flash in quick succession, as our men recovered from the shock of the explosion.

In Commander Fogberg's report the time of our contact was said to be "some few minutes." To us, at least, there seemed time enough for the other ships to close in on the ram and sink her or sink beside her, and it was thirteen minutes as timed by an officer, who told me, but the other ships were silent, and with stopped engines looked on as the clouds closed over us in the grim and final struggle.—E. Holden, M. D., late U. S. N., in The Century.

How Big Bells Are Rang.

The twelve bells of St. Paul's cathedral in London are said to be the grandest ringing peal in the world. It is a matter of pride with the English that they always swing their bells instead of merely swinging the clappers after the fashion prevailing in Russia and other parts of continental Europe. The Briton swings even his largest bells in the good, old-fashioned way, and it is quite an undertaking to swing the sixteen-ton "Great Paul," which, with its five-ton brother, supplements the noble peal on the grandest Protestant cathedral in the world. On the day Gen. Garfield's body was carried to the grave, the writer stood in the square in front of St. Paul's, and heard these chimes peal in honor of the dead president. Dense crowds filled the neighboring streets, and the adjacent windows and housetops were black with humanity. All London was there to listen to the mournful requiem of the bells. It was a solemn spectacle when, as a stranger in a strange land, one saw those tens of thousands of Englishmen thus doing honor to the noble dead. It was an evidence of international sympathy, affection and brotherhood which one who saw it can never forget.—Boston Herald.

LIFE IN YOKOHAMA.

Curious Sights in the City—Native Character and Customs.

In visiting Japan from this country the direct course is to cross the continent to San Francisco, whence a three weeks' voyage will land the traveler in the commercial capital of Yokohama. When Commodore Perry opened this port in 1854 with a fleet of the American navy, it was scarcely more than a fishing village, but it has now a population of 130,000, with well built streets of dwelling houses, the thoroughfares broad, clean and all macadamized. The town extends along the level shore, but is backed by a half moon of low, wooded hills, known as the Bluffs, upon which are the villas of the foreign residents, built after the European and American styles. A deep, broad canal surrounds the city, passing by the large warehouse and connected with the bay at each end, being crossed by several handsome and substantial bridges. From the Bluffs there is a charming and extended view. In the west, seventy miles away, the white, cloud like cone of Fujiyama, the one volcanic mountain of Japan, can be clearly discerned, while all about the visitor lie the attractive villas, beautiful gardens and groves of ornamental trees belonging to the foreign settlers.

In looking about Yokohama, everything strikes us as curious; every new sight is a revelation, while in all directions tangible representations of the strange pictures we have seen upon fans, Satsuma and lacquered ware are presented to view. One is struck by the partial nudity of men, women and children, the extremely simple architecture of the dwelling houses, the peculiar vegetation, the extraordinary salutations between the common people who meet each other upon the streets, the trading bazars and the queer, toylike articles which fill them, children flying kites in the shape of hideous yellow monsters—each subject becomes a fresh study. Men propelling vehicles, like horses, between the shafts, and trotting off at a six mile pony gait, is a singular sight to a stranger. So are the naked coolies, working by fours, bearing heavy loads or hogsheads swung from their shoulders upon stout poles, while they shout a measured chant by means of which to keep step. No beggars are seen upon the streets. The people are neat and cleanly. The houses are special examples of this—very small, seldom over twenty feet square and one story in height. All persons, foreigners or natives, take off their shoes before entering upon the polished floors. The conviction forces itself upon us that such universal neatness and cleanliness must extend even to the moral character of the people. A spirit of gentleness, industry and thrift is observable everywhere, imparting an Arcadian atmosphere to these surroundings.

In the houses which we enter there are found neither chairs, tables nor bedsteads; the people sit, eat and sleep upon the floors, which are at all times as clean as a newly laid table cloth. Here and there upon the roadides moss grown shrines bearing sacred emblems are observed, before which women, but rarely men, are seen bending. The principal religions of Japan are Shinto and Buddhism, subdivided into many sects. The Shinto is mainly a form of hero worship, successful warriors being canonized as martyrs as in the Roman Catholic church. Buddhism is another form of idolatry, borrowed originally from the Chinese. As we travel inland, places are pointed out to us where populous cities once stood, but where no ruins mark the spot. A dead and buried city in Europe or Asia leaves rude but almost indistinguishable remains to mark where great communities once built temples and monuments, and where they lived and thrived, like those historic examples of mutability, Memphis, Paestum or Delhi, but it is not so in Japan. When it is remembered of what ephemeral material the natives build their dwellings, namely, of light bamboo frames and paper, their utter disappearance ceases to surprise us. It is a curious fact that this people, contemporary with Greece and Rome at their zenith, who have only reared cities of wood and temples of lacquer, have outlived the classic nations whose half ruined monuments form our choicest models. The Hellenic and Latin races have passed away, but Japan still remains, without a dynastic change and with an inviolate continuity.

In journeying inland, we are struck with many peculiarities showing how entirely opposite to our own methods are many of theirs. At the post stations the horses are placed in stalls with their heads to the passageway, and their tails show in place of their heads. Instead of iron shoes, the Japanese pony is shod with closely braided rice straw. Carpenters draw the plane toward them, instead of pushing it from them. It is the same in using a saw, the teeth being set accordingly. The tailor sews from him, not toward his body, and holds his thread with his toes. The women ride astride, like the Hawaiians, manufacturing of various sorts is carried on to a large extent. We have evidence enough of this in the variety and quantity of native articles which are imported thence into this country. Yet the use of mechanical contrivances for the purpose of production is little known. Hand work is nearly the only process employed. The mode of husking rice which is common will illustrate this, being performed as follows: The grain is placed in a sort of mortar, into which a pestle falls, it being attached to a horizontal bar of wood supported in the middle by a fulcrum. On the end opposite to the pestle a man takes his position, and by stepping on and off the end of the bar he raises and lets fall the pestle upon the rice. Machinery is being gradually introduced from Europe and America, but is still regarded by the common people with distrust.—M. M. Ballou in Boston Herald.

Growth of the Brain.

The human brain reaches its greatest weight between the ages of 14 and 20 in both sexes; after that it grows continually smaller through life. While intelligence is rapidly increasing from 20 to 60 years of age, the brain is diminishing. The time that a man knows most is from 70 to 80; but then his brain is smaller than when he was a boy between 7 and 14, the age when he thought he knew the most.—Hall's Journal of Health.

THE PILE WORM'S HABITS.

Its Remarkable Ravages in Riddling Timber—An Importation.

Just at high water mark and extending a foot below it, I saw the stanchest timbers wasted away until I could have spanned their circumference with my hand. The constant friction of the waves alone could not have done this. It was the work of that dread enemy of wharf owners and ship masters, the teredo navalis. Now, I could account for the sinking in of the floor of the dock in many places. The worm would attack a pile and, with his numberless comrades, eat and eat away the wood until it was absolutely honeycombed. The waves would then complete the work. The point of attack chosen by these bivalvular pests, in a pile, is from about fifteen inches below up to high water mark. This generally breaks the timber at about midway between the wharf and the surface of the earth.

Imagine a stout pine trunk, of a diameter of a foot and a half, completely filled with long, tortuous channels varying from one-quarter to three-quarters of an inch, and running from outer edge to outer edge. Now, as thin as is this sheet upon which I write these lines, as thin as the transparent division against which the golden honey rests in the waxen comb, so thin are the walls between each of the fatal channels which mark the passage and progress of the worm through the doomed timber. As singular as it may seem, they never break through, they never disturb each other or trespass upon each other's territory. There may be a thousand of them in a single pile, but no instance has yet been found in which one of these passageways intersected another or trespassed upon another's right of way. They may all be boring at once—some up, some down, some laterally, some obliquely—and they may make their division walls as thin as it pleases them, but there is never an infraction of this law, of absolute inviolability of each individual's right of way. It will easily be apprehended, therefore, how quickly a timber thus riddled will be worn away by the constant attrition of the tides, until it finally breaks, and brings with it in its fall the beam above, of which it was the support.

A study of the history and habits of this singular worm will be found neither uninteresting nor unprofitable. Its habit was originally in the tropic seas, but being carried in the timbers of vessels into North American and European waters, it has become the terror and dread of wharfmen and captains of unsheathed sailing craft along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and in the harbors of numbers of Mediterranean cities. According to the classification of Linnæus, this bivalve belongs to the family of pholadidae, and genus teredo, so called from their habit of destroying ship or other timber. The shell is equal valued, and in form it is short, thick and round and widely open in front and rear. This shell is situated at the inner end of a tube, somewhat cylindrical in shape, and either straight or crooked, as the case may be; this tube being open at each end in the full grown specimens, and lined or coated with a white, chalky substance or substance, which seems to be its digestive apparatus.

The weapon of the teredo is not teeth, as might be supposed. This singular animal has still another peculiarity, dependent, however, upon the one last mentioned, for since its instrument is its foot, so it feeds itself not from the mouth, but from the foot itself. The valves above noted are simply appendages of the foot. In fact, if a teredo should have his foot amputated he would in a most vital sense "lose his grip." In the center of the circular opening of the valves the foot protruded, like the blade concealed in a spring cane, and the entire arrangement constitutes a boring machine of power inconceivable in so small an object. But the strength of this machine becomes apparent when upon a closer examination one notes the strong ridges of the valves, which can contract with great force, and the comparatively immense size of the great abductor muscle which enables the teredo to use its sharp foot with the ease of an angler passing through the softest pine.

This worm attains often a great length, but it is usually from one foot to a yard long, its size depending on the length of time it has been in the wood and frequently on the size of the wood itself. It is provided with two respiratory tubes, each of which has a siphon attached to a calcareous, flattened, triangular plate on the outside of the body. It has two heads—if such they can be called—each attached to the extremity of a tube much smaller than the main trunk, and which are each (the small tubes) about six inches long; or, in other words, the main body splits into two small tubes at about a foot or six inches from where the head is in a teredo, and where the tail would be in a snake. This worm is oviparous, and when the young are born (with a smooth shell) they swim around by means of a vibratile cilia; sometimes creeping with the foot until old enough to begin work on a piece of wood. A good, nice, new pile having been selected, they fasten themselves to the wood by means of the suction apparatus in their heads, strike in with their foot and bore inwardly until only the head remains outside. Then they fasten themselves to the opening, flush with its very edge, just as a clerk will fasten sheets of paper together by turning over the sides of a brass clamp, and henceforward their sole aim, object and ambition in life is to grow, bore and make sawdust. Small when they enter, they could no more creep backward out of their original hole after feasting a month or two on a rich pine log than a camel could go through the eye of a needle.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Asteroids as Comets.

Professor Daniel Kirkwood points out that seven of the twenty known comets of short period have disappeared, either by breaking into fragments, like Bill's comet, or by the transformation of the orbit by the influence of Jupiter, as in the case of Lexell's comet. He had already given reasons for thinking that two of the short period comets were asteroids drawn from their orbits by Jupiter's attraction, and he now advances evidence tending to show that the entire twenty were originally small planets.—Arkansas Traveler.

Sunflower Versus Malaria.

It is stated that since the sunflower has been cultivated on certain swamps of the Potomac malarial fever has decreased. At the mouth of the Scheldt in Holland it is stated that similar results have been obtained. The sunflower emits large volumes of water in the form of vapor; and its aromatic odor, as well as the oxygen it exhales, may have to do with the sanitary influence in question.—Boston Budget.

The Imperial Service—I use the expression recommended by the civil service commissioners because it covers both the civilians and the administering soldiers—have displayed for a century a rigid respect for promises and perfect pecuniary honor. Consequently, aided by the rooted Indian idea, that power being of God, any one, however hostile, may honorably serve a de facto ruler, they have always been able to hire Indian agents of all kinds—soldiers, policemen and minor officials—in any number required. That power, however, gives them no foothold. As 1857 showed, they have not secured even the loyalty of the Indian soldiers bound to them by oath, and while actually in the service, and outside the ranks of their paid servants, they have nothing to depend on. There is no nation or tribe or caste in India which is certain in the hour of trial to stand by the white man's side; which has, so to speak, elected him as ruler; which, were the garrison defeated or withdrawn, could be trusted to die rather than the empire should fall. There is no native army that the imperial service—which is, I repeat, the empire—could summon with confidence; no tribe whom they could arm en masse; no native city whose inhabitants would risk a storm to protect them from being slain.—Meredith Townsend in Fort-nightly Review.

Naked in 68 Degrees Below Zero.

"The coldest spot is probably around the magnetic pole. I myself found 71 degs. below—and moved camp twelve miles that day. Therefore it is quite possible that at the pole itself there is open water."

"How cold is such a temperature as judged by results?"

"It is pretty cold, but one gets used to it. There is a peculiar misunderstanding about such a low temperature in the scientific world. I remember reading in The Popular Science Monthly, which is supposed to be accurate, a statement to the effect that in such cold meat taken from a boiling pot will freeze solid before it can be put into the mouth. That is nonsense. Why, I have been naked in a temperature of 68 degs. below. It was inside a snow hut as I took off my clothes and got into a sleeping bag. It is the wind that plays the mischief everywhere; but, fortunately, the colder it gets the stiller it gets, and when it gets way down it's pretty quiet, I can tell you. But when you get back to the ordinary temperature, then comes the torture. When I got on the whaler and began to get south I suffered excruciatingly, and thought I should suffocate; a fish out of water was nothing to it."

Interview with Lieut. Schwatka.

Marriages Among Deaf Mutes.

The education of deaf mutes, and the teaching them trades, so that they become intelligent and productive members of society, of course induce marriages among them. It is not this calculated to increase the number of deaf mutes? Dr. Gillette thinks not. The vital statistics show that consanguineous marriages are a large factor in deaf muteness; about 10 per cent., it is estimated, of the deaf mutes are the offspring of parents related by blood. Ancestral defects are not always perpetuated in kind; they may descend in physical deformity, in deafness, in imbecility. Deafness is more apt to descend in collateral branches than in a straight line. It is a striking fact in a table of relationships prepared by Dr. Gillette, that while the 450 deaf mutes enumerated had 770 relationships to other deaf mutes, making a total of 1,220, only twelve of them had deaf mute parents, and only two of them one deaf mute parent, the mother of these having been able to hear, and that in no case was the mother alone a deaf mute.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine.

Disposal of Old Wooden Vessels.

Some Norwegian ship owners have hit upon a novel method of disposing of old wooden vessels with some profit. The work of breaking up such vessels being not only costly, but very laborious, vessels unfit for further service are towed across to the coast of Jutland, where there is great scarcity of firewood and timber. They are there loosely anchored some distance from the shore, which is here sand, and during the first gale the sea will perform the operation of breaking up and carrying the timber ashore. This is then collected and sold at very good prices. Of late scores of useless hulks have been disposed of in this manner.—Iron.

A Military Microphone.

It is reported that a young infantry officer of the French army has invented a kind of military microphone by means of which the approach or the movements of troops, as well as their probable numbers, may be gauged. The apparatus is described as being as simple as it is ingenious, and consists of a transmitting and a receiving machine, which are connected together by a metallic wire. The experiments made with the instrument during the recent maneuvers at Montauban before Gen. Vincendon and his staff were very satisfactory.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Wounds of the Abdomen.

Modern surgery, aided by antiseptics, has enabled surgeons to accomplish results which, twenty-five years ago, would have been deemed impossible. This is in no department more marked than in the abdominal surgery. While formerly a wound of the abdomen, either from a gunshot or a stab, was considered almost necessarily fatal, at the present day many lives are saved by an operation, which consists in opening the abdomen, tying every blood vessel that may have been lacerated, and sewing up any wound which may have been made in the intestines.—Science.

One Character Saved.

Lawyer—I wouldn't believe Blinks under oath. In the witness box the other day he admitted that he rode in the street cars at the most crowded hours, generally had to stand up, and got his ears, toes and fingers frozen in them every winter, and yet he swore that he had no prejudice against the street car company.

Well Posted Citizen—Oh, that's all right. Blinks is one of the stockholders.—Omaha World.

STORIES ABOUT MEN.

Something of a Liar, but Not for Forty Cents.

A number of members from the house of representatives have stolen away at various times and for short periods from their congressional duties. Most of them have enjoyed themselves, but none to a greater extent than did Wade, of Missouri, Lind, of Minnesota, and Sawyer, of New York. They invaded the state of Maryland and studied the unsophisticated natives until they got tired. The last place at which they made any stay was Leonardtown. From there they intended coming to the capital by boat, but that semi-occasional craft having departed, they were compelled to travel by rail. The train was started with a pinchbar and proceeded at a very deliberate gait. Occasionally the conductor would get off and gather a few peaches, with which he would treat the passengers. After the train had been crawling along for an hour and had covered at least six miles, the conductor collected the state of Maryland, for the congressional crowd, amounted to 85 cents each. When he reached Col. Wade, that genial "bald knob" remarked, in his innocent way: "Do you charge preachers full fare on this road?"

"No, sir," was the conductor's reply. "We only charge them half fare. Are you a preacher?" he added, looking squarely at the colonel's Methodist countenance.

"No, I am not," said the Missourian, "but that gentleman is," pointing to Judge Sawyer, who sat a couple of seats in front of him. The conductor at once returned to the judge, and after a searching glance at the sun kissed countenance of the New York statesman, proffered him 40 cents, with the remark: "We only collect half rates from preachers."

"Who in blank said I was a preacher?" asked the judge, with considerable show of anger.

The conductor threw his thumb back over his shoulder in the direction of Col. Wade, and looked as though he thought all the time that the colonel was garbling the facts in the case.

In the meantime the three times, the nickel and five pieces rattled calmly in the judge's fat palm. He regarded them in silence for a moment, and then handed them back to the official, saying: "I am a good deal of a liar, but I will not lie for 40 cents."

Then he relapsed into absolute silence and would not look at Col. Wade until Washington was reached.—Washington Post.

The Bill Was Passed.

An ex-member of the Virginia state senate told me the other day of an incident in his legislative career which I do not remember ever having seen in print before. A. L. Pridemore, not many years ago a member of the house of representatives from the Ninth Virginia district, was before he came to Washington a member of the Virginia senate. One day he introduced a bill for the relief of the squire of H. G. Wax, who was a collector of taxes in Scott county. He made a brief explanation of the bill, and when he sat down Edgar Allen, familiarly known as "Yankee Allen," who represented the Farmville district, rose and said:

"I wish to ax
If Mr. Wax
Has been too lax
In collecting the tax?
If such are the facts
I am willing to relax
And remit the tax.
Which the law enact
Of his squire's?"

It is needless to add, my informant says, that the bill passed by a unanimous vote.—New York Tribune.

Goodwin Had the Heat of It.

Nat Goodwin is pretty slick; and can get out of a scrape as clean as any man living. A gentleman in New York, writing to a friend here, made some comparative allusion to Chicago and the eastern metropolis. In concluding he wrote: "But I know your feeling toward Gotham," and then added: "Here is a little story on Nat Goodwin that is not malapropos: One day Nat Goodwin met young Mr. Henderson, a friend of mine. 'Hello, Nat,' called out Henderson; 'where have you been so long?' 'Oh, up in Boston, Montreal and Philadelphia,' returned Goodwin; 'and, Billy,' he continued, 'I am glad to get back to New York. All other places in the country are just camping out ones.' 'Goodwin has been playing here, and the Chicago man, meeting him one day last week, showed him the letter and asked him if he thought it was kind to speak that way after all the grand receptions he had had here. 'Nat looked at the letter, smiled, and said without hesitation: 'Well, he came to Washington, you don't think I would be guilty of mentioning Chicago in connection with those places, do you?' 'Naw! They can't trot in the same class with this city.'—Chicago Herald.

Accounted For.

Col. "Dick" Whitesmith, of Kentucky, is probably the best story teller in Washington today. If he doesn't always confine himself strictly to the truth, nobody will find fault with him, for he tells his little anecdotes with such a serious mien as to carry conviction to the minds of those of his listeners who do not know him so well as some of his friends do. He was speaking the other day at Chamberlain's of the way in which adverse luck will sometimes pursue a man, and remarked that he once played at the White Sulphur Springs and never held a trump. Some one in the company suggested that that was impossible, because he must have held at least one trump every time he dealt the cards.

"But," replied the colonel, bringing his fist down on the table in front of him, "every time I dealt it was a misdeal."—New York Tribune.

Had to Be a Venus.

"You are looking lovely to-night, my dear," said Grace.

"I must be," she replied, "because while coming home in a car this afternoon a Philadelphia gentleman gave me his seat."—New York Evening Sun.

Inducements.

Said a persuasive Egyptian guide to a traveler who refused to climb the pyramids: "Carry up one side, down 't'other, twenty minutes, no bone broke, and you very happy, only two shillim."—Youth's Companion.

A Good Patient.



"How do you feel this morning, grand-mamma?"

"I don't know, child. The doctor has not come yet."—Life.

Knocked Out.

Col. Tragedy Walker moved to take from the table the following resolution:

"Resolved, That de washin' machine is a greater public benefactor dan de railroad."

Samuel Shin supported the motion, but Brother Gardner passed it by and asked:

"Bradder Walker, didn't you start fur Toledo a few days ago?"

"Yes, sah."

"Started to go on de railroad kyars?"

"Yes, sah."

"You was put off becase you couldn't pay yer fare?"

"I was put off becase I'd forgot my money, sah."

"Exactly; an' dis resolushun is in de way of revenge!"

"Y-yes, sah."

"Do object ar' to weaken confidence in railroads?"

"Y-yes, sah."

"An' build up a feeling of security in de washin' machine, which nobber jumps de track or goes frow a bridger?"

"Dat's it, sah."

"Well, de resolushun will be taken from de table an' placed in de safe. If you want to be revenged on de railroads you mus' lie in ambush an' lick a conductor. No man kin use dis club to grind his private axes."—Lime Kiln Club in Detroit Free Press.

No Chance with the Small Boy.

One way to worship Buddha in the temple of Kioto, Japan, is to chew "prayer paper," and when soft throw it in the form of a pellet at the god through a wire screen. If it goes through and sticks on the god the prayer will be answered; if it hits on the screen it is no good. The American school boy, who can hit a mark on the ceiling every time with a paper ball would never miss having his prayer answered in the temple at Kioto; nor would it be so difficult to persuade him to "engage in prayer" in that country. The god would have to hump himself to answer all the prayers.—Norristown Herald.

Too Much to Stand.

American (in Canada)—As I was coming along the street I saw Mr. De Thief, the great American embezzler, being taken to the police station.

Canadian—Yes, Mr. De Thief is a very valuable addition to our society as he spends his money freely, but he must learn to obey our laws even if he is rich and generous.

"Eh! What has he been doing?"

"Driving faster than a walk on Sunday."—Omaha World.

Real Estate Deal.

Dairyman—Got any dairy farms for rent? Agent—No, but I have a few acres which might do for you.

"Grass on it?"

"No, nothing but clay."

"Humph! Hasn't it ever been cultivated?"

"No; it used to be a brickyard."

"What is there on it, anything at all?"

"It has a never failing spring."

"I'll take it."—Omaha World.

The Prodigal Father.

"Have you strawberries?" he asked.

"Yes," said the dealer, with a shudder. He had invested his all in the mad speculation and two pint and two half pint baskets.

"Eh! What has he been doing?"

"If you will, it's my little girl's birthday, and I promised her something choice." And he laid down a shining piece of gold.—New York Sun.

Liberal.

"What do you want?" he inquired of the man who held the subscription book.

"One dollar."

"And what for?"

"To bury a policeman."

"The sport fished out a \$5 bill and handed it to the man."

"Bury five," he said.—Chicago News.

Hardly a Decent Burial.

Jones—Look at Brown over there in the corner.

Smith—Yes; buried in thought.

Jones—Mighty shallow grave, ain't it?—Washington Critic.

A Delicate Compliment.

Miss Clara—Young Mr. Sampson paid me such a pleasant compliment last evening.

Ethel.

Miss Ethel—Oh, did he?

Miss Clara—Yes; I was complaining about being compelled to do some shopping in that dreadful rain storm yesterday. He thought I must have found it delightful because it was such fine weather for ducks. He has such a delicate way of putting things.—The Epoch.

The Son of His Father.

Here is a story about the son of the late bishop of Illinois. Mr. Whitehouse had some business in New York with a large law firm, wherein a son of Rufus Choate is a partner. It was Mr. Choate to whom Whitehouse addressed himself. "All right, sit down," said the New York lawyer. "I'll see you in a moment or two."

"But," said the visitor, "I am Mr. Whitehouse, of Chicago."

"All right, all right," said the lawyer, scribbling away like mad; "take a chair; I am busy just now."

"But," again said Mr. Whitehouse, "I am the son of Bishop Whitehouse."

"Oh! well, take two chairs then," said Choate, without looking up.—Chicago Herald.

Had to Be a Venus.

"You are looking lovely to-night, my dear," said Grace.

"I must be," she replied, "because while coming home in a car this afternoon a Philadelphia gentleman gave me his seat."—New York Evening Sun.

Inducements.

Said a persuasive Egyptian guide to a traveler who refused to climb the pyramids: "Carry up one side, down 't'other, twenty minutes, no bone broke, and you very happy, only two shillim."—Youth's Companion.

Accounted For.

Col. "Dick" Whitesmith, of Kentucky, is probably the best story teller in Washington today. If he doesn't always confine himself strictly to the truth, nobody will find fault with him, for he tells his little anecdotes with such a serious mien as to carry conviction to the minds of those of his listeners who do not know him so well as some of his friends do. He was speaking the other day at Chamberlain's of the way in which adverse luck will sometimes pursue a man, and remarked that he once played at the White Sulphur Springs and never held a trump. Some one in the company suggested that that was impossible, because he must have held at least one trump every time he dealt the cards.

"But," replied the colonel, bringing his fist down on the table in front of him, "every time I dealt it was a misdeal."—New York Tribune.

Had to Be a Venus.

"You are looking lovely to-night, my dear," said Grace.

"I must be," she replied, "because while coming home in a car this afternoon a Philadelphia gentleman gave me his seat."—New York Evening Sun.

Inducements.

Said a persuasive Egyptian guide to a traveler who refused to climb the pyramids: "Carry up one side, down 't'other, twenty minutes, no bone broke, and you very happy, only two shillim."—Youth's Companion.

Accounted For.

Col. "Dick" Whitesmith, of Kentucky, is probably the best story teller in Washington today. If he doesn't always confine himself strictly to the truth, nobody will find fault with him, for he tells his little anecdotes with such a serious mien as to carry conviction to the minds of those of his listeners who do not know him so well as some of his friends do. He was speaking the other day at Chamberlain's of the way in which adverse luck will sometimes pursue a man, and remarked that he once played at the White Sulphur Springs and never held a trump. Some one in the company suggested that that was impossible, because he must have held at least one trump every time he dealt the cards.

"But," replied the colonel, bringing his fist down on the table in front of him, "every time I dealt it was a misdeal."—New York Tribune.

Had to Be a Venus.

"You are looking lovely to-night, my dear," said Grace.

"I must be," she replied, "because while coming home in a car this afternoon a Philadelphia gentleman gave me his seat."—New York Evening Sun.

Inducements.

Said a persuasive Egyptian guide to a traveler who refused to climb the pyramids: "Carry up one side, down 't'other, twenty minutes, no bone broke, and you very happy, only two shillim."—Youth's Companion.