UNION, OREGON.

DIVIDED.

If thou wert by my side, dear love, And I could walk with thee,

The path unto the mountain crest
No toil would seem to me. But now my feet walk wearily,

And heavy are mine eyes, And dread and dark the winding way That leadeth to the skies.

Yet if thou wert beside me, love, My hand within thine own, Perchance my weight would hold thee back,

Tho' thou canst win alone.

Thou mightest stumble, following me;

Or lostering by the way, Seeking the sweets and flowers, my feet

Might tempt thine own to stray, But now by different paths, my love,

We seek the self same goal, So far apart no check am I. No hindrance to thy soul.

And tho' my heart doth ache for the My lips for thy lips long,

I see thee toiling upward still, And hush my pain with song. And when upon the mountain crest

We stand where souls are free. The bliss that doth clude us now

Must come to thee and me. Not one brief thrill of joy, of pain-One smile, in tears to end

When soul with soul shall blend.

Why Suicides Were Buried at Crossroads. It has been suggested that suicides were buried at crossroads because that was the place where a cross or crucifix usually stood, and only second in sanctity to a church yard, and that the driving of a stake through the body was not at first intended as an insult. but to keep the ghost of the suicide from walking on the earth again. These plausible stories have gained many advocates, but it is more likely that burial at crossroads was intended as a mark

of indignation. The temples, or rather altars, of the heathen Teutons were mostly at the junction of crossroads. The place of execution was there, criminals being sacrificed to the gods, and hence suicides were buried at the crossroads to give as strong an impression as possible of a heathen burial. Probably, too, the publicity of such a spot, which insured the fact that a great number of people would become directly aware of the degrading consequences of the crime, had a good deal to do with its selection.—Chatter.

Patented Felines.

The illuminated cat was granted a patent in 1884, and it is a cat of pasteboard or tin for the purpose of frightening rats or mice. This cat is to be made in a sitting posture, and it is painted over with phosphorus so that it shines in the dark like a cat of fire.

Another cat, equally funny, is the patent cast iron cat which is worked in it which swells up its tail to the size of the maddest of felines. If properly set it will emit a noise equal to the wildest of living midnight Thomases, and it has in addition steel claws and teeth. You wind it up and place it on your roof and set it howling. All the ants in the neighborhood jump for it, and its poisoned claws kill every one it strikes.-Frank G. Carpenter's Letter.

Exercise and Rest for Digestion.

There are but few people who cannot eat good ripe fruits in season, provided they do so in the morning. Fruits, raw or cooked, if eaten with the supper, often cause digestive disturbances. "After dinner rest awhile," and the rest should be mental as well as physical. But in the course of an hour or two after eating, most dyspeptics are benefited by a walk of a mile or two, the distance being covered leisurely. This is usually the case if what is known as flatulent dyspepsia is suffered from. During the walk the "fullness" disappears, and the victim of it returns feeling buoyant, physically, as well as mentally.-Boston Herald.

Christians and Gentiles.

Christians are not Gentiles. They are a religious sect, a God fearing sect. They are the followers of the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, who was himself -aside from his peculiarities-a God fearing man. Gentiles were idolaters or pagans, who were called by the Hebrews by the name of Goim, and the Christians called them Gentiles. In the New Testament we find it repeatedly. Jews and Gentiles are often mentioned. Now it seems that the use of the word Gentile in connection with the Christian people is an unjust misnomer, and yet some of the best Christians call themselves by that name. -

Hebrew Journal.

The Buddhist Eats No Flesh. The superstrict Buddhist will not eat flesh at all, because the life that animated the creature is part of the universal life that animates all creatures. from which each in turn abstracts the supply for the purposes of its temporal existence. To eat of the creature is therefore a kind of cannibalism of the second degree, and your Buddhist will none of it. The commonalty of them do not go so far. They may eat meat between sunrise and noon.—New York Evening Sun.

A Real Case of Stupidity.

Koseiusko Murphy-How do you like Miss Jones? In my opinion she is not only handsome, but very intelligent.

Gus de Smith-I agree with you as far as her looks are concerned, but she is not intelligent. I've been courting her for the last six months, and I don't think from the way she acts that she has found it out yet.—Texas Siftings.

Ages of Man and Wife.

It is always better for a man to be several years the senior of his wife, and I'll tell you why. The average girl Publishers. who marries-God bless her!-stays at home and makes a home a blissful abiding place for her husband and her children. The man goes out into the world and has the responsibility of caring for those who are at home, and yet time does not seem to set its seal on him as it does on a woman. The little cares of life ruffle her and too often make her look, as we say, "old before her time." Now, even when this does not happen she does proportionately grow old in appearance sooner than a man, and for that reason she wants to take the benefit of the doubt and let him have the added years to start with. Then, too, you should desire to keep your heart and mind young, to be his intellectual companion, and this is much easier when your husband is old enough to be "the guide, philosopher and friend." The love of a woman to her husband always has a little of the maternal in it-that is right and tenderbut she does not wish to be mistaken for his mother.

Be wise and marry a man older than yourself; one who has seen life in its many phases and who can guide you over the rocky place; one who has learned that it is not always wise to duty should be well thought over .-Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Jour-

How Camphor Is Made.

Camphor is made in Japan in this way: After a tree is felled to the earth it is cut into chips, which are laid in a tub over a large iron pot partly filled with water and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the tub steam slowly rises, and heating the chips generates oil of camphor. Of course the tub with the chips has a close fitting cover. From this cover a bamboo pipe leads to a succession of other tubs with bamboo connections, and the last of these tubs is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and oil to pass to the lower compartment. This lower compartment is supplied with a layer of straw, which catches and holds the camphor crystals that are being deposited as the liquid passes to the cooling process. The camphor is next separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs and is ready for the market. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and other purposes. -St. Louis Re-

Poisonous Effects of Nicotine.

It is said that Turkish tobacco contains prussic acid, and that Havana tobacco has another alkaloid called collidine, of which one-twentieth of a drop will kill a frog with symptoms of paraly-The half liquid matter that accumulates in the bowl of a pipe will by clockwork, and which has a bellows kill a small animal in three drop doses. A few drops of nicotine inserted under the conjunctiva of an animal will kill at once. Eight drops of nicotine will kill a horse with frightful general convulsions. It has been observed that the living systems quickly become tolerant of tobacco poison-an animal that is thrown into convulsions by onehalf a drop one day will require twice as much the next day, and so in four or five days four or five times as much. -New York Telegram.

Bound to Pay a Compliment. While at the races Mr. Guest, the tifully dressed and snow white. well known turfman of Kentucky, remarked: "Do you know what this sandy spot in here reminds me of? It reminds me of a fellow's farm that I saw once down in Kentucky. It was a terrible sandy place, and so poor that you couldn't raise a disturbance on the place. I stopped there one day, and of course I wanted to say something complimentary about the place, so I said to him, 'Colonel, I declare you have got the finest place I ever saw to scour knives."-St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Tit for Tat.

Mrs. Magnus Scott (prepared to go out)-Does this gold necklace match the white lace of my dress?

Mr. Magnus Scott-It does. Mrs. M. S.-Would silver look bet-

ter and cooler?

Mr. M. S .- It would not. Mrs. M. S .- How does my hair look?

Mr. M. S .- Comme il faut. Mrs. M. S .- Is my bonnet on straight! Mr. M. S .- Very. Can you see the

holes in my socks?-Jewelers' Circular.

The Chinese Dead.

The Chinese bury their dead in the fairest spots in the land. They are extraordinarily devoted to the dead, and the labor contract of every coolie emigrant specially stipulates that in case of death his body shall be carried back to China, that his dust may mingle with that of his forefathers and join their spirits in the flowery kingdom. Otherwise he believes that his soul will wander amid strangers unknown

and astray. -Once a Week.

A Little Farm in His Boot. It is not often that grain is found to grow in a man's boots, but such a case is reported. A farmer brought a pair of boots to a Guelph cobbler to be repaired. When the shoemaker commenced operations on them he found grain growing to the length of several inches. Such is certainly a curiosity .-Guelph (Ont.) Herald.

A Short Road to Wealth. An amateur editor in Indianapolis has made a fortune by his pen. His father died of grief after reading one editorial, and left him \$130,000.-Union Printer.

STRANGE LOUISE MICHEL

Her Sincerity and Courage-Joking the Bourgeois-Facial Ugliness.

Louise Michel is certainly a detraquee in politics; but if she makes detestable speeches and commits still more abominable acts, there can be no question as to her sincerity or her courage in defending her opinions. It is this sincerity and her self ahnegation that gives her a certain sympathy among people who detest her theories. Another cause of the general indulgence shown to this misguided woman is her womanliness. It may sound strange to hear that this vehement utopist, who is ready to kill and to de stroy, possesses any womanly qualities. Once away from politics she is kindness itself No one has a more tender love for children, greater pity for the aged or more devoted care for the infirm. She was her mother's good angel throughout her parent's life, although the old lady never believed in her daughter's utopian dreams. In private life Louise Michel is not at all

a disagreeable companion She is bright, always cheerful, and enjoys a good joke She likes to play jokes, above all on her sworn enemy, the bourgeois. One day, when returning to her home just outside the fortifications, she found herself seated on a horse car beside a respectable looking old gentleman whom she was sure was a Philistine Beginning the conversation about the inhabitants of the district, its needs, etc., she timidly remarked "But have you not in this quarter a terrible communist, a woman who wants to destroy everything? What is her name?" "Ah, yes," replied the old gentle-man, "Louise Michel" "That's the one." obey impulse, but that any important And then the old gentleman went on to say how much the presence of such a woman injured the reputation of the place, while she constantly encouraged him by putting in a word to show that she was entirely of his opinion, that it was regrettable the law did not permit the expulsion of such a dangerous character When the "red heroine" reached her destination she turned as she was leaving the car door, and with a diabolic smile replied to the old gentleman's polite bow "M'sieu, I'm Louise Michell" And off she

went, chuckling to herself Louise Michel lives at Levallois-Perret. a suburban town adjoining Paris. Two small rooms and a smaller kitchen comprise her humble abode There, surrounded by her cats and some stray dogs that she has picked up to save from the bound, she receives her callers and writes her books. Most of the money she earns she gives away in charity, retaining for herself only what is absolutely necessary at first glance Louise Michel is homely almost ugly looking. Tall and very lean, with frizzly gray hair floating wildly around her high and retreating forehead, an oval face with strongly marked features, large nose, wide mouth, false teeth and weak chin, she is repelling. This ugliness, added to teachings received from parents who know the woman from hearsay, causes the chilto mock at her when goes along But to a careful ob-server the ugliness of the revolutionary apostle is only momentary. Her eye is gentle and bright, her smile at once tender and malicious and her voice soft and sweet. In short, the general expression of the face is singularly intelligent and engaging It is only when she talks about the wrongs and sufferings of humanity that her eye becomes terrible conversation with those who are the furthest from her beliefs she is always polite, and it is easy to see that this virago of the political meeting is a woman who has received an excellent education breeding Notwithstanding her the ories and manner of propagating them. Louise Michel is one of the most curious and interesting figures of the present day -Charles Seymour's Paris Letter in The

Matrimony in Zuni Land.

In Zuni land the woman makes the first advances looking toward marriage. It is right. The woman raises the family. She transmits the name She sends to the youth she chooses a basket of meal or some peaches, and if he is inclined toward her he forthwith makes a present of "primary consideration," consisting of a pair of moccasins of a whole deer skin, beau signifies that she is provided with shoes for life. The skin is placed over the foot, and then rolled around the leg and strapped down with delicate thongs. can always tell a newly married Zuni woman by the large roll of deerskin, and by the small silver buttons that adorn the leggings. Whenever the foot piece wears out it is cut off and the roll is replaced. When the women become old the roll is

small. The only sanctification of the marriage is the formal adoption of the oung man after the acceptance of the bile. then the stepson of the gar's father When the youth desires to consummate the courtship he sends the girl a dress. which, theoretically, he weaves. That is to show that he can provide his wife with clothes. He works for her in the fields, to show that he can provide her with food. Each of those little things has a significance. They seem small, but they are of great importance. The Zuni In dians are a small tribe, but in them is condensed the history of the greatest people that has ever populated the American continent. - Frank Hamilton Cushing in San Francisco Chronicle.

Picture Versus the Verse. Mr. Julian Hawthorne advocates the banishment of illustrations from the magazines in order that more space may be devoted to the writings of American authors. Mr. Hawthorne's suggestion does not tally with the notions that prevail among magazine publishers, who ought to know their business pretty well. happen to know of an eminent poet who was requested to furnish a poem for one of our leading magazines not long ago. He complied with the request, and an eminent engraver was employed to illustrate When it came to making up the pages of the magazine it was found that the illustrations required more space than was left on the page after the poetry had been put in type. Accordingly it became necessary to sacrifice a part of the poetry or a part of the illustration. Which had to to go? The illustration? Oh, no! It was one of the poet's beautiful verses .- Bos-

Humming Birds as Pets.

A young lady of New York amuses herself with humming birds as pets. They build their nests in the lace curtains and have raised little families in the parlor. There are plants for them to fly about in, and every day the florist sends a basket of flowers for them to extract the honey from They are like little rainbows fly about the room, and they light on the head of their dainty mistress with perfect freedom. She has an especial affinity for the feathered race, and pigeons, canaries and bullfinches are included among her household favorites.—Chicago Herald.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

A man always thinks he is on the wrong tack when he sits down on one.-Irish Weekly Times

It is queer that Queen Victoria did not confer the Order of the Bath on some of Buffalo

Bill's Indians.-Pittsburg Chronicle. Yan Phon Lee, the Yale Chinaman, is from Fragrant Hills, China. Fragrant Hills is probably the place where the dead animal man of Pekin runs his giue factory. Cities are cities, whether they be in China or America. - Louisville Courier-Journal.

This is the season of year when we are thrown into the society of the man who rocks the boat for fun if he goes out with you for a row on the lake or river. He never gets to be over 30 years of age, and generally participates in a double funeral. Beware of him .-Albany Journal.

Customer-Isn't it a trifle large, Levi? Levi-Larch, mine frent? Gracious! Uf you geeps dot sphring coat on, unt your wife sees it, your bosom vill schwell mit pride so dot she'll hef to set dem buttons forvarts.-New

"I can't come now, maw," said the high school girl, when her mother called her to assist in some household duties; "and wish you wouldn't interrupt me again. I want to finish 'The Model Daughter; or, a Happy Marriage, and then I must commence work on my graduat ng essny, 'The Duty Children Owe to Their Parents. "-Norristown Herald,

We are filled with astonishment at the report that a Boston boy recently spelled "hazardous" "bazardess," and defined it as "a female hazard." But the Bostonians are weak if you take them away from their native Greek-Pittsburg Chronicle.

"I want to be an angel," sang a female voice in a side room, and thereupon a heartless wretch in an adjoining apartment broke forth with: "Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun, gun, gun."-Detroit Free Press.

What are the wild skeeters saving,

Time takes of big lumps, A. M'ria,

Ever with buzzing and humming The air seems filled with their song. Why come the pesky old critturs A-bitin' poor sinners like me!

head to the pan of my knee. -New York Journal. Cheek is the tight rope upon which crafty rgen often cross the chasm of ignorance to

saccess-Washington Hatchet .. Politics makes strange bedfellows. And the bedfellows do not sleep. They lie awake vatching one another.—Baltimore American. It is used as an argument, either for temparance or the bicycle, that no bicycle rider

Heavune. Father of Fair One-We close up here at 10 c'clock. Brassheaded Beau-That's a good idea. It keeps fellows out who don't know enough to get inside earlier.-Tid Bits.

erer comes home drunk on his bicycle,-

Literary Lodger (to new servant)-Oh, you are the new servant; and what might your name be? "Anner, sir." Literary Lodger-Hannah or Anna! Servant-Tain't neither, sir; it's Anner, with two haitches.-Fun.

The Death of W. H. Skinner. "Bill Skinner is dead," said a man coming

into the office of a Dakota newspaper. "Moses and thunder!" yelled the editor, be ginning to jump around the desk, "that old thief hasn't died, has he? I begun to think the old fossil would live forever! He owed me four years' back subscription, but I am willing to lose it just for the satisfaction of knowing that the howling old hypocrite has gone where he will get what he deserves. Besides, if I went out and said a word about it, the old woman and the boys would chase me off the place with a pitchfork. Got to give him an obituary, though, I s'pose.

Then he sat down and wrote: "It is with a heavy heart and lagging pen that we make the announcement that William Horatio Skinner is no more! For many years he has been a leading citizen of this place; a man honored, respected, large hearted, able; a man who touched nothing that he did not adorn. This usually happy community is plunged in the deepest gloom by the sad event. But what is our loss is heaven's gain. Rest in peace! He was a kind husband and an indulgent father."-Dakota Bell.

He Got "Inside Figures." Scene in a real estate broker's office two year's hence. Enter man with money to

invest. Customer-Got anything good for a man to put a little money inter

Broker-Yes, sir. Have some fine corner lots on Sellington avenue, extended only thirteen miles from where the depot will be built when the railroad runs through Javesburg. The town's all surveyed and laid out. Here's

a plot if you'd like to look at it. Customer-How much is that ground worth? Broker-Well, I'll give you inside figures, Considering that you're an old friend, I'll let you have as much of it as you care to take at \$1.35 a quart. - Merchant Traveler.

A Detroit Arab. "Where are you going, my little lad?" "To see de baseball match, sir," he said.

"Have you got a ticket, my little lad?"

"Naw! I don't need one, sir," he said.

"How will you see it, my little lad?" "I'll shin to de fence top, sir," he said.

"Here's a dime to get in with, my little lad," "Hi! dis will buy smokers, sir," he sald.

And the little Arab scampered away. Nor stopped he a "thankee, sir," to say.
—Detroit Free Press.

Why She Wasn't There.

First Omaha Girl (just home from school)-It was too bad my friend Clara was not at the commencement to read her essay. It was beautifully written and she had a perfectly lovely graduation dress.

Second Omaha Girl-What was the title of your friend's essay?

"Those Beasts of Men." "She ought to have read it and let some of the beasts of men know what we think of

them. Why didn't she!" "Well, you see the night before commencement she cloped with one of them."-Omaha

Bad Luck in St. Louis. Omaha Man-I thought you went to St. Louis to start a dime museum?

Showman-I did, but all my savings were swept away by the loss of one curiosity. "Not exactly. I imported a South African

king at great expense and got everything started, when the man suddenly died. "Consumption f" "No; sunstroke."-Omaha World.

Taking Him at His Word. "Whar'd yo' git dat load er lumber, Br'er

Jimson F "Down ter de Healin' Ba'm chu'ch." "Dasso, Br'er Jimson! Why, has dey tored

the buildin' down?" "Oh, no, sah! Hit's dar yit, but I hearn Parson Blowhard say dat de pews was free, so I riz up 'ariy this mornin' an' went down dar an' ripped up a p'ar of 'em an' fotched 'em erlong."—Yonkers Gazette.

RURAL REALITIES

As Guy Carleton Found Them too Near New York.

It is now the golden time when the thoughtful man says unto himself, lo, it is hotter than beeswax in town, and I will arise and flee as a bird to the mountains; I will lay me down, languid with a midsummer night's dream, by the bank of the laughing waters, under the trees beloved by the slow stirring wind; I will view the coming of the chariot of day through the cates of nearl garlandes with roses: I will listen to the choir of happy birds, the drone of the wandering bee, th pipe of the nest mas under the eaves, the fiddle of the locust and the deep throated



boom of the bullfrog in his sedgy lair; I will watch the storm king build his towers and walls and battlements on high, burling cloud against cloud and thunderbolt against thunderbolt till his wrath is appeased, and then to me shall be blown the sweetness and the coolness of wet fields, and through the long and languorous purple hour shall come twilight and the peace of him who liveth well; and under the solemn dome of dusk, under the young eyes of the stars, under the broad sheen of the rising moon shall I float down the river of rest to an infinite calm.

This is the city man's dream of a country beaven, but I have not found it.

I found the trees beloved by the slow stirring wind, but I found, too, that a large colony of painful ants had got there before me and was disposed to quarrel with intruders. I have watched the coming of the chariot of day through the gates of pearl, and I noticed the thermometer throw one leg over the eightieth rung, and then reach up and pull himself up to the ninetieth before the chariot had got fairly going. I have learned to love the drone of the wandering bee at immense distances, having discovered that that pampered insect considers it quite a joke to poniard a slumbering stranger without Provocation.

I have seen an abundance of fresh vegetables in rural districts and miles of orchard briding under the wealth of pippin and cherry, but the frugnt and far seeing farmer had mortgaged the entire lot, and the stranger had to content himself with a snuffle for vellow peas just picked from a Baltimore can.

These things have made me sad. It seems to me the honest granger should have nobler aspirations than to paint his house yellow, his barn blue and his well tox green, insert a four line advertisement in the Sunday papers and steer unsuspecting citizens against his corned beef and malaria in the guise of health and economy. It seems to me somewhat unreasonable for a man to seek so far and fare so badly when he could just as well enjoy his flies and skimmed milk, his insomnia and profanity without leaving the city.

But the fact is every man bred in a city considers himself awardled unless he has two weeks of summer on a farm, just as the farmer thinks life not worth living without an annual tour through the joys of the Bowery in winter. It is an outbreak of inward polite little courtesy as would cause you cussedness, like the hives, and every man gets | to smile to see it. it. The whole pharma opesia can furnish no Owing to their peculiar habits and the remedy, and the only relief is to go and pursue the wayward fancy and come home full of sunburn, colic and renentance,

Go to the country, you tollers seeking for rest, but let it be country indeed, with no mingling of town. Seek your balm from sky and field, from sea and hill, from leaf and blossom and bird, and you will get it for the asking. Let the sun brown the cheek and hands of your daughters. Let your boys scurry through the tangle of woods, wild as the chipmunk they chase. Get as far as steam can carry you from the city and its worry, from the crowd and its tiresome apery; be a child of nature, a worshiper of laziness and sunshine-there is the sovereign healing you seek, and you will seek it in the gatherings of fasition in vain.-N. Y. World,

Very Sociable.

"The people of New York are not very sociable, are they?" said a western man, addressing an acquaintance who lived in the

"Well, I don't know but they are, although they may be a little poculiar in that respect, For several years I had my office in a very large building on Broadway. One day a fellow came in and asked if my name was J. W. McFiddleton. I told him it was, and then, after a few moments' silence, he said: 'My office is just across the ball, and ever since l saw your sign several years ago I have been intending to drop in and see you. I am your brother, you know, and-well, how are you getting along, anyway? Yes," tinued the eastern man, "they are a trifle peculiar, but after you get in with them you find them very sociable."-Arkansaw Trav-

Goodby, Goosy.

"Little do you know how we bartenders are imposed upon. Woe is our lot. Today a six footer entered our saloon and called for

brandy. He imbibed a large quaff. " 'Has Goosy been in? he asked.

" Whose Goosy f said I.

" Goosy walks like this. "The six-footer drooped on his haunches

spread his legs apart like a painfully bandyegged being and waddled towards the door, Suddenly straightening himself out, he howled at me 'Goodby, Goosy,' and fled a mile up the street before I found time to run from behind the bar."-Philadelphia News.

Dangers of Education.

Hotel Guest-I don't believe in this modern custom of tipping. I want yor to under stand that. Waiter-I's been to school, sah, an' I hap-

pen to know there ain't nothin' modern about

it, sah. The custom is as old as civilization,

"Oh, come now," "Fac', sah. I learned in history, sah, that one time a rich man like you named Caligula went somewhere to supper an' it cost him \$400,000 before he got through, sah. By the way, sah, all the things you ordered is out, sah."—Omana World.

In Need of a Prefix. "Hello, old boy! Heard you're going to be

married-and a fine girl, too, eh?" "Well, yes, she has a very comely figure." "Oh, but that's aside from the question. How about the incomely figure?"-Detroit

Signs of Summer Flights. First Beer Garden Waiter-Mrs. De Goods is off for the summer again. Second Waiter—How do you know any-thing about that fine lady's movements! "Mr. De Goode has just come in."—Omahs World.

Free Press

A cypress dark against the blue, That deepens up to such a hue As never painter dared and drew;

AN IMPRESSION.

A marble shaft that stands alone Above a wreck of sculptured stone

With gray-green aloes overgrown; A hill side scored with hollow veins

Through age long wash of summer rains As purple as with vintage stains: And rocks that while the hours rup Show all the jewels, one by one, For pastime of the summer sun;

A crescent sail upon the sea So calm and fair and ripple free You wonder storms can ever be:

A shore with deep indented bays, And o'er the gleaming waterways A glimpse of islands in the haze; A face bronzed dark to red and gold

The freshness of the world of old: A shepherd's crook, a coat of fleece, A grazing flock-the sense of peace. The long sweet silence-this is Greece

With mountain eyes that seem to hold

Indefensible Injustice.

Apout one-fifth of all males in Massachusetts average less than \$1 per day. The females working at this low scale of wages comprise 72.94 per cent, of all the workers. No intelligent reader will fail to realize what this fact means. As the scale of wages rises the number of females enjoying them grows steadily less. Of a total of 7,257 workers receiving \$20 a week and over, only 268 are females. The figures simply show that in the employments in which the very lowest wages are paid women constitute over 70 per cent, of the workers, while in the employments where as high as \$20 a week are paid they constitute hardly

over 3 per cent. In addition to all this is the humiliating fact that in the same occupations, standing side by side with men, the females are paid less wages for the same work; or, what amounts to the same thing, a woman of 20 years or upward is made to work side by side with a boy of 10 at the same wages. Women are compelled, then, to fill most of the cheap places, and paid less wages for the same work at that. We have no hesitation in saying that this is an indefensible injustice, and one so gross as to shame civilization.

Why do legislators sit passively under such discriminations of sex in the matter of work and wages? Simply because they know that the women carry novotes, and that mere sentiment, however inst, can neither seat nor unseat a politician. But it will not always be thus. Boston Globe.

An Odd Bird That Likes Fishing.

Away up on the mountain side, where the numerous streams find their way through deep, dark canons down to the pulse beat of old ocean, is the natural summer home of the water ousel, the strangest of all strange birds. You seldom see more than one of them at a time. They are of a dark blue color. and are easily recognized by a peculiar. quick, jerking motion, which they never seem to tire of. And as they flit from rock to rock they are continually bobbing up and down, performing such a

isolated spots they select to build their nests no one but the most ardent sportsmen and naturalists succeeds in finding them. Hence a water onsel's nest, with two of their eggs in it, has a commercial value among nest collectors of \$25. They always build their nests just back of some waterfall or under some overhanging bank, where they have to go through

or under the water to get to it. Another strange habit of this bird is the deliberate manner in which they appear to commit suicide. They will start slowly, very slowly, to wade right down into the water until they disappear from view, but if the water is clear and you have a sharp eye you can still see their little dark forms clinging to the bottom in search of their morning repast, which consists of periwinkles.-Tacoma Led-

Coating for Plaster Casts.

Hitherto in the galvanic coating of plaster casts there has been a difficulty in stopping the pores of the surface so effectually as to prevent the galvanic bath penetrating into the interior of the plaster and there producing first crystallization and then disintegration. This obstacle appears to have been overcome by the discovery that saturation in tan not only closes up the pores of the plaster, but adds very considerably to its strength. Specimens so prepared have been covered with copper one millimeter thick, a thickness which is not only sufficient to resist atmospheric influences. but which enables the surface to be further worked up and finished by hand. The price of a cast coated with copper is said to be one-fifth of the cost of a copper casting.-New York Commercial Adver-

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