The Oregon Scout

JONES & CHANCEY..... Publishers.

UNION, OREGON.

A LETTER FROM J. G.

He Is Earning No Money and Writes Touchingly to B. N.

THE following private letter and MS. have just been received, and though only signed with the initials of the writer, there are many reasons why I am led to believe that both are the work of an old friend, Mr. Jay Gould, who is at present in the country where the letter is dated:

"AFLOAT ON THE MEDITERRANEAN, IN THE GLOAMING, 1887.

"Mr. Wilhelmj Contiguously, World Office, New York, U. S. A.:

"SIR—Would you mind using your influence in trying to get the inclosed piece printed in the Sabbath World and send me whatever it is worth in currency by registered mail, care lock box 291, Rome Italy? I am not earning anything this winter, being disabled by neuralgia, and so it has occurred to me that I might write some pieces for the paper, telling of sights and sounds abroad. If you print this letter, or use your influence to that end so that it gets into the paper, will you send me two or three copies and I will pay you in a few weeks. But, if you do not use it, I wish you would avoid making memoranda on it with a blue pencil, as several other editors have done, for it annoys me very much.

"Please do not make fun of the piece if you do not use it, as I am threatened with heart disease, and anything that makes me very angry is apt to prove fatal. Atrophy of the heart is what it is called, and if I live forty-five years longer it will be about all I can expect, so please do not make light of my piece. Fraternally yours, J. G."

(Communicated.)

For some time we have been sailing o'er the unruffled bosom of the Mediterranean sea. It is a beautiful sheet of water, which has been plowed by many a keel as far back as history can inform us. It is from 20 to 200 feeth in depth, and is well located to do the principal traffic between Europe and Africa.

An enormous quamity of water flows into the Mediterranean sea, for a half dozen European rivers contribute to it, and the Atlantic ocean also discharges its waters into this sea. And yet, owing to the hot, dry winds which sweep across from the sandy wastes of Africa, the evaporation is very great and keeps the sea from overflowing its banks. This should teach us that even nature abhors a surplus. I would rather be roadmaster of a good yacht on the Mediterranean than to live upstairs in New York.

We visited Milan not long ago. It is an inland town whose southern wall is washed by the Olona river. Otherwise the place is entirely unlaundered. Milan, pronounced Me-laun by bearing down hard on the last syllable, is a railroad center in northern Italy. It is eight miles in circumference and has ramparts around it. Milan points with pride to her ramparts. I often think that New York would invite more visitors from abroad if she had a better line of ramparts.

The architecture of Milan embraces many types, but a good deal of it is mediæval, with a roof of the same. Florence, however, has some palaces that are mediævaler than those of Milan, I think. Milan used to have 240 churches, but 117 of them did not pay and were suppressed by Maria Theresa and Joseph II. Since that other churches that were doing well a few centuries ago have ceased to attract, and now there are not over eighty out of the original 240, and they have no trouble doing the whole business. I could have purchased a controlling interest in three churches here for $17. The cathedral at Milan is first rate in every respect and is doing well. I sometimes think that it is foolish for other churches to try to compete with a cathedral. They may succeed for a while, but sooner or later they will have to acknowledge that they cannot keep it up.

Everywhere we go we find the Caucasian race in the ascendant. I sometimes think that the blood of the Caucasian is more largely red and has a wider circulation than any other. But this is a deviation from what I was saying.

The newer streets of Naples are quite pretty, and extend several miles out beyond the town, like those of Fargo, D. T., where sidewalks several hundred miles in extent were built at the expense of the county. In this way Fargo had sidewalks that extended for miles in every direction through the neighboring farms, and the county paid for them. Fargo has been striving ever since to live up to her sidewalks. Aside from this there is little similarity between Naples and Fargo. The old streets of Naples are narrow and crooked, and the houses are so high that a ripe pomegranate dropped from the roof on the plug hat of a passing tourist is permanently impaired and the hat prostrated.

Naples claims to be the leading lazzaroni vineyard of the world. We try to imitate her in New York, but we fail. We have poverty enough in New York and fluent, extemporaneous beggars as well as more or less disease, but we have not been able so far to unite our poverty and disease in such a way as to successfully imitate the picturesque lazzaroni of the east. Our poor people in America are too robust and our invalids are too many of them wealthy. So long as it is that way Europe and Asia will do our lazzaroni business in spite of all we can do to prevent it.

We can get up a fair specimen to look at, but it lacks age and the air of travel as well as the pleasing malformations peculiar to the lazzaroni bijouterie of the old world. I sometimes think that the reason Naples so long retained her supremacy over other cities in this line was largely due to the stimulation resulting from the close competition between Vesuvius and the local talent of the lazzaroni in the matter of eruptions.

The population of Naples is nearly 500,000, but the annual rainfall I have been unable to obtain. If I can find out in time I will send it in my next letter. If you wish to send me the money for this piece and hold the article till I can ascertain what the rainfall is you may do so. J. G.

The foregoing is written in such a plain, straightforward way, and contains so much information, that I am in doubt whether Mr. Gould wrote it or not, but possibly he has been taking something for his memory. Whether he has done so or not, it is safe to say that he has been taking something. The only way to keep Mr. Gould from taking something is to nail it firmly to the floor.

In printing the letter I do it to help Mr. Gould, and wish to state that I do not hold myself responsible for any of the statements made therein.—Bill Nye in New York World.

SEVERAL PARISIAN DENS

RARE COMBINATIONS OF LUXURY, COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE.

The Sanctums of Scientists, Critics and Literary Geniuses of World Wide Reputations—Where the Bright Lights Retire to Do Their Chosen Work.

The sanctum of M. Louis Pasteur, for example, is one of the most simple in the high order of truly physical comfort. It is not encumbered with the scientific paraphernalia often met with in the houses of medical men. A large carved oak table stands by the side of the armchair in which the great scientist often sits in quiet contemplation of his past experience and future hopes. In that high stack of green cases at which he casts an occasional glance stores of valuable notes are classed in perfect order. They are ready for reference should a fresh problem arise in the course of his labors in bringing about the prevention or cure of that terrible affliction to the study of which he has devoted so many years of his valuable and successful life. M. Pasteur usually wears a close fitting skull cap when in his sanctum. He is grand cross of the Legion of Honor, member of the French academy and perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences.

THE GREAT TOWER BUILDER.

M. Gustave Eiffel, the engineer whose wonderful popularity has grown so rapidly, is accustomed to ruminate in a quiet looking but very comfortable sort of library. He is fond of walking about when in deep calculation, and frequently makes a halt in front of his admirable chimney piece, the shelf of which is surmounted by a very chaste and beautiful female bust. On each side of the chimney piece is a handsome Venetian mirror. It was in this sanctum, situated in the Rue de Prony, that M. Gustave Eiffel solved the last few serious difficulties which at one time threatened the completion of his Champ de Mars triumph; and there it is that he now meditates over the opposition formed by some of the members of the municipal council to his project for the construction of the Metropolitan railway for Paris. The main objections to the metropolitan scheme are that it would destroy the beauty of the boulevards and ruin the line of omnibuses running from the Madeleine to the Bastile. It is not at all unlikely that the engineer who triumphed so gloriously in the case of his tower will achieve another victory with the railway he proposes to construct. The man of the iron tower is an officer of the Legion of Honor.

M. Francisque Sarcey, the well known theatrical critic of The Temps, and one of the brightest of the galaxy of Parisian chroniclers, inhabits during his long working hours a library in which he is almost surrounded by his books. M. Sarcey is beyond what is usually considered the prime of life, yet he looks well as, "with spectacles on nose," and wearing a soft and smooth white beard, he poses himself carefully and closely over his table in front of the copy he is carefully preparing. He is reputed to be a model of gallantry toward the ladies; but the case might be reversed when it is considered that the lady artists whom it is his duty to criticise not infrequently call at his house to ask a favor or an act of justice for their professional requirements. There are two places where Sarcey may very often be met with; one is his library, and the other is his fauteuil d'orchestre, whenever a grand performance or a premiere representation is given at any of the principal Parisian theatres.

WEAVERS OF ROMANCE.

M. Georges Ohnet, the celebrated romancist and dramatist, still young and handsome, with his smooth dark hair carefully brushed and parted, usually sits in pensive attitude in one of those luxurious armchairs with which his study abounds. The sculptured chimney piece by the side of which he takes his place in winter is a work of art in three stories, surmounted by a beautiful clock and a looking glass out of old or young human reach. The author of the "Maitre de Forges" is one of the most amiable of Parisian litterateurs, as all who have visited him at his charming residence in the Avenue Trudiane can affirm. M. Georges Ohnet is as young in the Order of the Legion of Honor as he is in his age; but with time both may surely be expected to ripen and advance to a brilliant maturity.

M. Emile Zola dwells in the artistic quarter Clichy, where, in the Rue Ballu, he possesses a sumptuously furnished sanctum, provided with sofas, peacock pictures of the greatest beauty, statuettes, evergreens and objects of art in every variety. All these strikingly apparent comforts and delights combine to encourage that inclination for the dolce far niente to which the indefatigable pretender to academical honors does not for one moment yield. With his limpid hair falling in a loose style on each side of his head, after the manner of many popular knights of the palette, he continues to wear the same binocle as when he wrote "L'Assommoir" and "La Terre." In fact Zola, by his free and easy appearance, looks more like an artiste peintre than a literary man. He may be considered a painter also, since he writes pictures with his pen almost as vividly as those who paint them with their brushes. M. Emile Zola is a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and the red ribbon is well placed and well merited as the reward of his profound thought, bold imagination and vigorous expression that are sometimes severely criticised but invariably admired.—Galignani's Messenger.

The Phœnicians are amongst the earliest nations which are supposed to have used the saw. The scholar is not surprised to find a very pretty story accounting for the discovery of the saw in Grecian mythology. Here the inventor is said to have found the jawbone of a snake, which he imitated by jagging an iron plate.

A Winged Lizard.

One of the strangest of the many strange creatures that inhabit the wilds of southern Asia and India is the "flying flowers," a small, brilliant hued lizard of the order bracovolans. On the wing bracovolans resembles a richly tinted insect; when at rest it compares favorably with others of the lizard tribe, with the exception that it has an extraordinary protuberance on both sides of the body. These are the wings, which are formed by a cutaneous flap, winglike in shape, supported by a series of false ribs. In color these flying lizards are blue and gray, with intermediate tints of various kinds and shades.

The tail is long, slender and very snaky in appearance. A large double pouch extending below the head adds to the ferocious aspect of the little rainbow colored brute. The wings are not true wings, strictly so called, but are used merely as parachutes. When the lizard leaps from the limb of a tree into the air the upper current brings them out, and enables the possessor to soar away at an angle to a greater or lesser distance, according to the height of the starting point.

The lizard can change its direction while in the air, a power not possessed by our "flying squirrels." Hence the casual observer might readily believe that they had the power of moving the winglike appendages, which would, in that case, be true flight. Soaring is, however, the limit of their power, the height of the starting point regulating the distance traveled in the soaring flight, which is quite frequently several hundred yards, an aerial exhibition which strikes terror to the heart of a stranger wandering for the first time in the jungles of the antipodean wilds.—St. Louis Republic.

Cactus and Camel.

The cactuses are very peculiar plants—as peculiar structurally as they are bizarre and grotesque in outer appearance. They have spared no pains and shrunk from no sacrifice in accommodating themselves to their niche in nature. In the first place, they have no true leaves. What look like leaves in certain jointed cactuses are really flattened and extended stems. If this seems at first hearing a hard saying the analogy of the common stonecrops, where stem and leaf are hardly distinguishable, will help to make it a little less incredible. In other ways, too, the stonecrops (or sedums, as the gardeners call them) throw much light upon the nature of the cactuses.

All these rock haunting or desert plants naturally get very little water except at long intervals after occasional showers. Hence only those can survive which form themselves, as it were, into living reservoirs to retain all the moisture they once absorb. As soon as the rain falls in their arid haunts the roots and rootlets eagerly drink it up in a great hurry and store it away in the soft and spongy cellular tissue of which the main part of the plant is wholly formed. For this purpose, both in stonecrops and cactuses, the stems have become fleshy and succulent, and being also green and leaflike they closely resemble true leaves. But they are covered externally with a thick skin, which resists evaporation and keeps the moisture, once collected, at the plant's disposal for an unlimited period. In short, the cactus does as a plant just what a camel does as an animal.—Grant Allen in North American Review.

Foolish Consistency.

Emerson tells us that there is no particular virtue in consistency. How stupid a man must be, he says in effect, who is not wiser today than yesterday, and who does not accordingly have to change some of his opinions.

"A man will never change his mind who has no mind to change," says Archbishop Whately, and Faraday expresses the same idea when he charges us to remember that, "In knowledge that man only is to be despised who is not in a state of transition."

There is a medium between what a worthy old gentleman calls "whiffilin' about like a weathercock" and remaining rigidly in one rut of belief. Most of us know instances of men who cannot bring themselves to say anything which would contradict what they uttered last week or last year.

A certain Irishman once declared that he had owned a horse which was fifteen feet high. A few days after he referred to the same animal as being fifteen hands high.

"But," said a listener, "you gave it the other day as fifteen feet."

"Did I, thin?" said Patrick. "Well, I'll stick to it. He was fifteen feet high."—Youth's Companion.

A Remarkable Canal.

The most remarkable canal in the world is the one between Worsley and St. Helens, in north England. It is sixteen miles long and underground from end to end. In Lancashire the coal mines are very extensive, half the country being undermined. Many years ago the managers of the Duke of Bridgewater's estates thought they could save money by transporting the coal underground instead of on the surface; therefore the canal was constructed, and the mines connected and drained at the same time. Ordinary canalboats are used, the power being furnished by men. The tunnel arch over the canal is provided with cross pieces, and the men who do the work of propulsion lie on their backs on the loads of coal, and push with their feet against the cross bars of the roof.—St. Louis Republic.

Bound to Save Her Hat.

On a Western and Atlantic train that pulled out of Atlanta recently was a negro woman who had paid her fare to Chattanooga. When on the outskirts of the city her twenty-five cent straw hat was blown through a window. She jumped up and pulled the bell cord. The train stopped, and when the conductor rushed into the coach he saw the woman disappearing through the opposite door. While the woman was chasing her straw hat over the meadows the train pulled out and left her behind.—Exchange.

A YANKEE IN RUSSIA.

A CLEVER AMERICAN GETS GOLD FROM REFUSE SAND.

The Natives Astonished Beyond Measure. The So Called Crank Makes a Contract with a Prominent Mine Owner—Capital and Science Succeed.

Together with the great awe the average Russian feels for the czar he cherishes a like respect for the clever Yankees. In 1885 the city of Ekaterinburg was visited by two strangers—a certain Russian capitalist, Zelenkof, and an American chemist. All efforts of the professional gossipers of the town to learn anything about the strangers were utterly useless. Nothing was known of them save that during their short stay they were frequently seen around the mines in the suburbs of the city in the adjoining forest, as though engaged in some geological research. One fine morning however, they were gone and nothing was heard of them until the spring of 1886, when they appeared again and at this time evidently fully prepared for business. Almost the very day of their arrival they were seen on the outskirts of the city and the number of various apparatuses which they had along soon exposed their secret. They were testing and experimenting upon some of the enormous quantities of iefel or sand spread all over the field, which is rejected by the mine owners as useless. Such an apparent absurdity was enough to arouse the whole town. The jokes, comments and general amusement at the expense of the "cranks" knew no bounds. "One may as well test the mud of the street—the result will be the same." Such remarks were heard on all sides. The "cranks," however, entertained a different opinion about the matter. After having completed all the necessary experiments, they called upon Novikof, one of the most prominent mine owners in Ekaterinburg.

"If you remember," said Zelenkof, "we had the pleasure of meeting you a year and a half ago, when, with your kind permission, we filled a bag full of your iefel."

"Of course I do, batiushka. Well, do you wish to have some more of it? You are perfectly welcome to all you can gather and more," sneeringly added Novikof.

"You are very kind, indeed. At the same time we should prefer to sign a contract by which we bind ourselves to pay you a certain amount, say 400 roubles per each pood of gold (a pood is equivalent to forty pounds), that we may obtain from your iefel."

Novikof stared at them for a moment, as though scarcely able to realize his whereabouts, and then remarked:

"Well, now gentlemen, I do not wish to be made fun of."

"Not at all," interposed Zelenkof. "We mean business. We wish to pay you 400 roubles for each pood of gold obtained from your iefel, and to that effect we wish to sign a contract."

MILLIONS IN THE SAND.

A few more words brought Novikof to terms. A similar contract was at the same time obtained from another prominent miner. The first step having been accomplished the next was to break the ground and erect a large factory with all the modern improvements. Men, women and children were frequently seen in crowds viewing the greatest wonder of the age—that of manufacturing gold out of iefel. Of course, opinions as to the success of the enterprise varied. Novikof himself thought, and he did not at all hesitate to express his thoughts, that the "cranks" would fail before long. He changed his opinion, when in the course of a year the strangers succeeded in producing eight poods (240 pounds) of the highest grade of gold, while he himself, after expending a fortune and using what he considered the best gold ore, produced only ten poods.

This occurrence created quite a sensation in Ekaterinburg. "Millions in the sand! Millions that no one ever thought of! Millions spread all over the field! What a discovery!" Both Zelenkof and his American companion, especially the latter, became the heroes of the day. They were frequently called upon by the miners of the surrounding towns and villages, who in the most simple manner urged them to disclose the "secret."

"Five hundred thousand roubles and a written agreement to keep the secret to yourself," was the discouraging reply which they received from the "heroes."

The successful enterprise of Zelenkof & Co has undoubtedly proved to many of the Russian capitalists that capital and science combined go much further than such an uncertainty as "luck." The success that this firm met is waiting for many. About five years ago a poor German graduate from the mining school leased a few desiatins of "worthless" land. He is said to be worth 200,000 roubles now.

And still the czar is in need of funds and his sole advisers are devising all sorts of means to borrow money and to tax his subjects.—Philadelphia Times.

Dishes at London Dinners.

Owing to the facilities for transport the fashion that prevails at large dinners of giving game, fruit, etc., coming from far countries is less difficult than it might at first appear, and you now meet with many curious dishes that hitherto the untraveled have only read or heard of. At a grand dinner it is not extraordinary now to have offered to you bear's ham from Russia, sterlets from the Volga or haunch of reindeer from Lapland. Among the fruits, the cokis from Japan are the best. This fruit is yellow resembling in form and color a mandarin orange, the inside is eaten with a spoon, like an ice. But all these dishes from afar are overrated and cost more than they are really worth, and your true gourmets prefer the produce of France, where the poultry, game and fruit can be had fresh and not spoiled by a long journey and being packed in ice.—London Queen.

Reading While in Bed.

As to reading while lying down in bed or on a lounge, I can see no objection to it so far as the eyes are concerned, provided the book is held in such a position that the eyes do not have to be rolled down too far. Unless the head is raised very high by pillows, however, it will be found very fatiguing to hold the book high enough, not to mention the danger of falling asleep and of upsetting the lamp or candle and thus setting the bed on fire. Many persons permanently weaken their eyes by reading to pass away the tedious hours during recovery from severe illness. The muscles of the eyes partake of the general weakness and are easily overtaxed. Persons in this condition may be read to, but should avoid the active use of their own eyes.—Professor David Webster, M. D.

A FREE CHURCH EXPERIMENT.

The Conspicuous Success Which a Boston Congregation Has Achieved.

When, nearly three years ago, the Berkeley Street Congregational church, in this city, made its pews free, increased its pastoral force from one man to three, opened its doors from Sunday morning until Saturday night, and inaugurated various lines of practical Christian endeavor, it was a new departure in church activity such as this city had never seen before on so large a scale. The movement had behind it, also, the support of several sister churches, not so well situated for the prosecution of people's work, and of the Massachusetts Home Missionary society.

The enterprise has now passed through the critical and trying period of its history, and seems to be on a permanent basis. It has had, of course, to feel its way into the heart of the problem of city evangelization; it has encountered difficulties and discouragements; but it has gone steadily on to larger successes, and commands today the respect and the confidence of the entire Congregational denomination.

Comparatively few of the Christian people in this city even realize what a large and varied work is prosecuted at Berkeley temple. Classes in dressmaking, bookkeeping, painting, elocution and stenography, reading rooms and young men's debating clubs, temperance guilds, a Chinese Sunday school—these are some of the special features. The temple is a home for scores of young men and women who otherwise might have to spend their evenings in the narrow quarters of South End boarding houses or upon the street. Persons in search of relief and sympathy and spiritual ministration are learning that Berkeley temple desires to be the friend and helper of every needy, distressed soul.

Without disparagement to the other churches of the city, it is worth much to have a downtown church in Boston of this type. The Berkeley Temple Year Book shows the scope and manysidedness of the work which lies within the province of a modern church in a great city. All these secular instrumentalities have an avowedly spiritual end, and while the church tries to carry on its philanthropic and humanitarian work, its workers keep steadily in view the purpose of bringing to men and women the help and the inspiration which are in the religion of Christ.

The influence of such institutions as Berkeley temple, in Boston, or of the now famous St. George's church, in New York, is widespread. Their methods are scrutinized and copied all over the country. Their spirit of practical helpfulness is a mighty impulse to aggressive Christian work in scores of places, east and west. The time in which we live is urgent in its demand that the church shall not only save the individual, but shall reconstruct society; hence the eagerness with which every effort in this direction is welcomed by multitudes of earnest souls.—Boston Advertiser.

Dan Lockwood's Great Effort.

Congressman-elect Lockwood away back in his school days at Hamburg was an orator of such note that he was chosen valedictorian of his class. He prepared for the event by ordering a new pair of shoes. Late in the afternoon of the great day the shoes came. But, good heavens! they wouldn't go on. Dan hadn't another pair fit for use. He summoned the shoemaker to a conference, and, while the perspiration rolled off his face, he explained the situation.

"That's nothing," said Crispin; "get a couple of eggs and break one into each shoe."

Dan did so, and the result was charming. He went into those shoes like a duck's foot in the mud. His valedictory was the greatest effort of Lockwood's career up to that date. The words were honeyed and the gestures as graceful as a snake swallowing a frog. All his friends and relatives were spellbound. But right in the midst of it the author stopped. Agony was incarnate in his features. His hair rose on end. He became pale and red in turns.

What was the matter? Had he forgotten his speech? No; he had just thought of those two egg omelets, and would have given all he had or ever hoped to have for a chance to laugh.—Buffalo Express.

Diamonds That Are Safe.

Extremely valuable diamonds are almost perfectly safe property. A gentleman who possessed one valued at $50,000 passed it freely from hand to hand in a large commercial establishment, and even allowed a man whom he knew nothing about to take it out of the room.

"I should think you would be afraid that it would be stolen," some one said.

The owner of the diamond smiled.

"Its value is its protection," he said. "A thief, in order to realize anything upon that diamond, would have to take it to a large dealer, and the diamond is perfectly well known to every such dealer in America or Europe. It would be recognized and held at once."

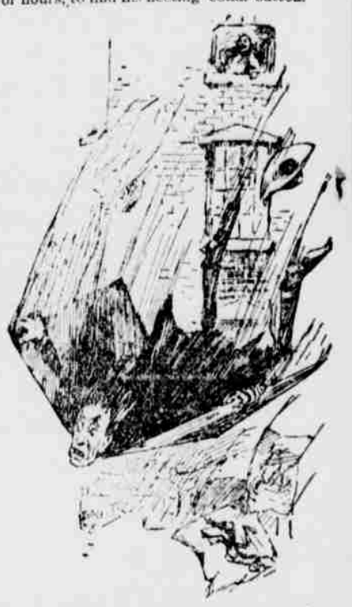
"But could not the thief have it cut up into small diamonds, and sold in that way?"

"To be cut, it would have to go either to Amsterdam or to one of two or three men in America. In either case it would be found registered, with my name as its owner. It would be of no more real value to the thief than a lump of coal."—Youth's Companion.

A VERY AGED TALE.

This artist lacking money, has made a drawing
funny, and with hope his face is sunny;
Dear me,
What glee!
For in his hungry mind he fancies he has dined,
Say on a meal of vegetables and mutton.

His wonderful creation portrays the perturbation,
and the innermost vexation,
Oh, my!
Don't sigh,
Of the man who vainly seeks, with the carpet on his cheeks
For hours, to find his fleeting collar button.



But alas for him, poor chap, he appears to be unhappy, for he little knew the trap he
Sprung when
His pen
Led him to the door on the journalistic floor,
Where he found an editorial lion caged.

He thought the sketch was witty, but look on him with pity, for this happened in the city,
Oh, dear!
How queer,
A long, long time ago—a century or so—
For even then this joke was very aged.

TOM MASSON.

A Day in Bristleville.

One day Death assembled his grisly court and demanded a report from all his terrible agents. "Who best has done my work upon mankind?" demanded the monarch. Up rose the Kerosene Lamp, but before she could speak the Toy Pistol put her down and stood before the King of Terrors. "I"—he began, but was kicked clear out of the presence by the Empty Gun. "I am here, oh king," he began, but an American Pie choked him in the act of speaking. "Away, thou sudden death!" exclaimed a haughty voice, and as the speaker strode into view, all the court prostrated itself with fear, and even Death made ready to vacate his throne. "And who art thou?" asked the monarch. "I am a Fire Escape." But with the applause that greeted his name a dark shadow fell upon the court, and as a figure of ghastly terror loomed in view, the court took to its heels, and Death, gathering his bones together for a good start, asked with trembling jaws, "And thou?" "I?" replied the new comer, "I am the Boss. I am the Life Boat." And with a horrible shriek Death fled.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

In Payment for the Paper.

How you may get The Herald without money. Bring us:

Twenty pounds of pork; or
Ten pounds of pork sausage; or
Two bushels of sound Irish potatoes; or
Five bushels of sound turnips; or
Ten good chickens; or
Ten pounds of good lard; or
One bushel of good onions.

Any person bringing us any of the above in the quantity named will receive the paper until Jan. 1, 1889; for half the quantity we will send it half the time.—Hazel Green (Ky.) Herald.

But Gets There All the Same.

The aeronaut doesn't want the earth.—Washington Critic.

It ain't de man dat is hard ter whup dat gins you de mos' trouble. It is de feller dat won't stay whupped.