

AN AFRICAN CHIEF'S BADGE.

Hussein Clings to a Brass Teakettle Which Dr. Peters Gave Him. Among the many wrecks of dark continent royalty now drifting about Germany is the Somali chief, Hussein Pasha. He got a taste of Teutonic civilization while aiding the German Emin Pasha expedition, and could not be kept from hurrying off to the empire of the Hohenzollerns as soon as he got the \$450 allowed him for his services. Before sailing he invested \$200 in two cabs, two cabmen and a superintendent, whom he left in charge of his lively business in Aden.

He created a panic the first day he appeared in Unter den Linden, and the police had to be summoned to prevent the crowd from stealing from him a battered brass teakettle that he clutched tightly with his right hand. Every effort was made to dissuade him from disturbing the public peace by swinging this kettle wherever he went, but in vain.

He refused to explain his affection for this rather curious adjunct of his street costume, and not until Dr. Peters, the explorer, came to Berlin was any satisfactory reason for his behavior obtainable. The rival of Stanley, however, unraveled the mystery. When the Emin Pasha expedition was in the Massai country, he said, Hussein conducted himself with extraordinary bravery. Peters wished to reward him, but had nothing of value at hand to give away.

While rummaging about in camp for some kind of present, he came upon an old, leaky brass kettle that was about to be thrown away. He had it polished at once, called together the natives, and in their presence gave it to Hussein, with the assurance that such an article among white men was the customary reward for great deeds. Since then Hussein has never let the kettle out of his sight. When fighting he wore it tied to his waist, and on shipboard he carried it in his arms, and in Germany he always takes it to bed with him.—Chicago Times.

Education in Switzerland. In Switzerland the state's first business is the education of the youth. Teachers must, first of all, be university graduates, or else be graduates of high, very high, class normals. They are employed for long terms, almost for life, and are pensioned when grown old in the public service. The schools stand at the head of everything; even the army costs less than their schools do.

Their system contains six kinds or grades of preparatory schools below the university. There are the primary, the secondary, the repeating, the special, the Real schools, and the gymnasium, the last answering in rank to the American college. The first two of these schools are compulsory and free, but the pupil may choose between attending the secondary school and the repeating school. This latter is intended mostly for the benefit of the very poor, who cannot spare the children from labor after they have finished with the primary school.—S. H. M. Byers in Harper's.

Rest the Great Remedy. The medicine for the heart, of all other organs, is rest—mental and bodily. This does not mean doing nothing at all, but not overdoing; least of all, not giving it anything in the way of physical ill being to overcome. This must be provided for at all points. Food may be delicate and plentiful, air and sunshine generously admitted, baths and massage do their utmost, and chilly sleep for want of some extra blankets or dull days with a poor fire will so disorder the circulation that the other cares go for nothing as far as positive gain is concerned.

It takes an all round intelligence to secure the common health. Most people take the one chance of it that pours out of a medicine bottle. Others add to this care about food and baths, and half care about pure air, while they take little rest and next to no sunshine or any cheerful stimulus of pleasure. Of course, the result is unsatisfactory.—Shirley Dare's Letter.

As to Prescriptions. A correspondent of The Chicago Tribune complains that he took a foreign prescription to a druggist in Chicago who declined to return the paper after putting up the medicine. The writer claims that in England and Scotland the apothecaries return prescriptions, retaining copies. A Chicago druggist thinks that a good case can be made out for both customs, although "under ordinary circumstances in this city any druggist will give a customer a copy of the prescription he brings in unless the physician's request is to the contrary."

No Danger. Jamser—What are you doing nowadays? Spacer—I am writing the lives of great men for a biographical dictionary that is being compiled.

Jamser—Aren't you afraid to undertake work of that sort? Spacer—Oh, no! The men I am writing about are all dead.—Puck.

Didn't Want Any Extra Work. "I'm trying to get up a good pen name. What do you suggest?" "Don't ask me. I've as much as I can manage to make a name for myself."—Munsey's Weekly.

A Stock Phrase Watered. She—He talks like a book, doesn't he? He—Yes; an unpublished one.—Harper's Bazar.

A FAR HAVEN.

Hoist the sail and bear away! Of an island I have heard. A haven in the day's sunny deep. Whither Love has gone astray. Long ago he heard the roar Of breakers falling on the sand Of some unknown Ramnord. And with no reluctant word Sailed away.

In new roadways, by new sea. We must seek him with the breeze Blowing from the gates of sleep. Listen; we may hear him call Where golden wreaths the wall. Or when the moon across the night Bends her steps.

From that island in the sea We are told of dreamily By seers of the Orient I hear him call— What powers have you lent To these poor ears. Spirit of love That in perpetual tamishment Love my dark fears— And oft I seem to rove, When shadows fall, Toward the island, that far island of the sea. Where Love doth dwell! Come a glad vision to the inward sight Of what I heard. O Kappa, and told these —Annie Fields in Harper's

How He Built Ten Stories. Capt. Ed H. Webster, of Kansas City, said: The ten story building of the western city is that somebody in the town must erect. The somebody is ordinarily a wrecker. He knows when he begins the scheme that he will never live to enjoy the income of the structure, or be a victim of its collapse. He just wants to have it said that he built the ten story affair and he is ready to quit. I know a ten story affair that was built on the following pattern:

The man had \$3,000 cash. He leased a corner in a block and put in his foundation. Then he mortgaged it for \$25,000. That was to cover the foundation and three stories. Then he put on a second mortgage of \$25,000, and with that the structure was run up three stories higher. Then he placed a third mortgage on the building, which put it under roof. He finished it off and rented every office, and every tenant found himself confronted with a garishie by the mechanics who had liens.

These mechanics collected the rents of that building until a rich woman came along and bought the whole edifice, including the lease. But the ambitious fellow who had run up the sky scraper had his name on a stone over the entrance, and he seemed to be happy there is a good deal of that sort of thing going on in the country.—Chicago Tribune.

Electric Lights on Street Cars. Some interesting experiments were made recently in Bradford, England, on the lighting of street cars by electricity. A car was illuminated by three incandescent lamps of five candle power each. They were fed from three storage batteries placed beneath the seats, capable of supplying current continuously for six hours. The light obtained is described as being about equivalent to that given under the best conditions by the oil lamps at present in use, with, of course, the additional advantages of absence of smell and necessity for trimming.—New York Telegram.

Foreigners Who Receive Pensions. Ireland has 250 pensioners on the rolls, who draw an average of \$12 a month, and a single county in England—Lancaster—has fifty pensioners. Thousands of miles away in Australia are enough pensioners to draw nearly \$2,000 a year. The Dark Continent has a round dozen pensioners, living principally in Cape Town, South Africa, while Liberia is represented by one lone widow whose husband was freed by the emancipation proclamation, and who died of the injuries he received in fighting the battles of "Massa Linkum"—Youth's Companion.

In Stock. Stronger (at great music box or orchestra emporium)—I am a dentist, and it has occurred to me that a music box or orchestra would be a pleasant addition to my parlors, to amuse my patients, do you know, and— Dealer—See. You want something to keep the waiting patients interested and sort o' help'er—drown any noises in the operating room.

Dealer—That's the idea. Dealer—Step right this way, sir, to the steam callopie department!—Good News.

Proud of His Work. There is a story told of a French poet who inquired of a friend and flatterer what he thought of his last work. "I have arrived at the fifteenth canto," he replied with enthusiasm, "and think there is nothing more beautiful and harmonious in the language." "Pardon me, there is one thing," said the poet. "Ah, perhaps you mean Chateaubriand's 'Atala'?" "Certainly not. I mean my sixteenth canto."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Chinese Plays. No manuscript is written of the plays produced at the Chinese theatre. A synopsis of incidents is prepared, and the stage manager stands at the entrance and instructs the actors as they go upon the stage in regard to what they are to do, but leaves the entire dialogue for them to extemporize.—Boston Transcript.

An Absolute Necessity. Mrs. Motherleigh—Dora, my love, was it necessary to spend fifteen minutes in bidding Harry good-night? Dora (furtively rearranging a rumped collar)—Yes, mother, it was a clear case of nuisance.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

READING GAS METERS.

Some Harvard Students Help Pay Their Expenses in This Manner. One of the pleasantest and best paying occupations in which a good many college men engage is reading meters for the Boston Gas Light Company. This company employs about twenty-five students in that department. The work is quite simple, each man being given a district in which it is his duty once a month to visit every gas meter and note down the figures as indicated on the dials. The districts are so divided up that it takes each one five or six days to complete his work. For this the students are paid \$2 per day; consequently they are able to earn about \$12 per month from reading meters alone.

Where a student is practicing the most rigid and severe economy this \$3 per week goes quite a welcome assistance and goes a long way toward paying for their simple necessities. The work is steady the year round, and a college man in the employ of the Boston Gas Light Company can of a certainty count upon an income of at least \$2.50 to \$3 per week. The work is considered so desirable by collegians that there are always on hand a number of applications, so that when one drops out there are plenty eager to take his place.

The young men thus employed come from all the surrounding colleges, Harvard, Tufts, Boston university, Institute of Technology, and the Medical School furnishing about equal numbers. As a rule they are of New England birth and come from good families. An illustration of how some young men put themselves through college is found in the case of a native of the Granite State who is attending the Boston university. His means being very limited he secured work from the Boston Gas Light company, the proceeds from which he used in defraying all his college expenses, such as room rent, books, clothing, etc.

He at first got his board free by serving noons as a waiter in a restaurant, and later by acting as commissary for a boarding club. In this way he obtained all his board, room rent, clothing, books and all the other things necessary to a college course by his own individual efforts. Another young man pays his way through the same college with the money received from working for the gas company, added to the profits of a large newspaper route which he goes over every afternoon, and it is said that he earns from that source even more than from reading meters.—Boston Record.

Avoiding a Blockade. One wagon was loaded with about six tons of plate or sheet iron. The other was held down by several thousand bricks. One traction car was going up the avenue and another was crossing it. Behind that was a horse car. Just then a baker's wagon cut in on one side, and a yeast nondescript came from the other corner, when the big "off" mule in the iron wagon wagged his left ear and stopped. The brick cart stopped. So do did the up car and the cross car, with the horse car bumping up behind it. It was as pretty a bit of confusion as you have seen on Broadway, with the difference that in cases of emergency there seems to be about sixteen policemen to the square inch in Broadway, while here there is about an inch of policeman to twenty perches.

Somebody that knew character—a big red bearded man that had doubtless sworn army makes into a paroxysm of anger—ticked the mule's ear with the point of his umbrella; the mule pranced, the red bearded man walloped it with his umbrella twice and the procession began to move. The blockade was lifted in ten seconds—almost before it was made.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Curious Operation. Did you ever see a spider change his skin? It is an interesting sight, one that will repay any one for the time lost in waiting for the novel event to take place. When preparing for the change the spider stops eating for several days, and makes his preliminary arrangements by fastening himself with a short thread of web to one of the main lines of his snare, this to hold him firmly while he proceeds to undress. First the skin cracks all around the thorax, being held only by the fore part.

Next the abdomen is uncovered, and then comes the struggle to free the legs. He works and kicks vigorously, seeming to have a very hard time of it. Fifteen minutes of continued perseverance, however, brings him out of his old dress, the struggle causing him to appear limp and lifeless for some time after it is finished. Gradually he comes back to life, brighter and more beautiful than before the trying ordeal was begun.—St. Louis Republic.

A Deaf Man's Hearing. "Now just watch that man," remarked a policeman as he stood on the steps of the city hall. He pointed as he spoke to a man who was endeavoring in various ways to attract the attention of a deaf and dumb man near by. "It's a funny thing," he continued, "that you can shout in a mute's ear and he will be utterly oblivious to the fact that you are anywhere in his neighborhood, while if you whistle he will turn in an instant. You don't believe it? Well, try it some time and see."—New Haven Union.

Imaginative Robert. He is a bright infant, is Robert, and imaginative. When he saw the sun disappear behind a cloud at sunset one night, he said, "The sun hasn't gone to bed, but I guess he's undressing himself." At another time he said to his father, "I have got as many knees for you as there are pine needles on the pine trees and flowers in the woods."—Boston Transcript.

A Fair Devotee. De Broker—Your wife is very religious, is she not? De Banker—I should say she was. Not a month goes by that I don't have to pay out two or three hundred dollars for Sunday dresses and things.—Good News.

"A Hero of Antietam."

At the terribly hard-fought battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam) Paul Conrad was desperately wounded, receiving a canister shot in the left shoulder, which scraped every rib in his body. The ball entered just above the point of the shoulder blade, and passed perpendicularly down the back to the waist, where it was found and cut out by the surgeons, but not until eighteen hours had passed after the wound was received. Though the ball weighed not more than ten ounces, Mr. Conrad said that after several hours had passed he felt as if he had a ten-pound ball, a cannon and carriage in his back, so great was the shock to his system. Upon his recovery from his wound he rejoined his battalion, and served gallantly to the end of the war, participating in all the great battles with the Army of Northern Virginia.

Born in New Orleans in the year 1840, he entered the Confederate army soon after attaining to manhood, and his record as a soldier was as enviable and gallant as that of any of Louisiana's sons who wore the gray. He served with distinction to the end of the war. He was a member of Captain Henry St. Paul Chasseurs a Pied, a part of the Army of Northern Virginia, and is one of but a few of the survivors of that famous command. The company left New Orleans April 22, 1861, for Pensacola. Thence they went to Virginia, and other companies being attached, St. Paul's Battalion was formed. Their first big fight was at Seven Pines, where more than half the command were killed or wounded—among the former being young Bourgeois, Conrad's first cousin.

He is, and always has been, strictly speaking, a man of the people. Of a genial and pleasant disposition and possessing rare business qualifications, he is eminently fitted to fill the responsible position to which he has been elected. He is an honest, upright and faithful business man, whose word is as good as his bond. The Board of Directors of the Louisiana State Lottery Company have elected Mr. Paul Conrad President, vice Dr. M. A. Dauphin, deceased. Mr. Conrad has practically managed the affairs of this great corporation for the last five or six years. He has been an attaché of the company in various capacities since 1870, and has earned the good will, confidence and respect of all with whom he has come in contact.—Mobile Register.

No Fool Remedies for Him. Brown—I can tell you what will cure that cold, Dumley. You take a big drink of hot flaxseed tea to-night at 9 o'clock and go to bed. Dumley—Nonsense. I'm on my way to see a doctor now. When I am sick I don't take any fool remedies. Dumley later, to physician—Doctor, I've got a severe cold. Physician—Coughs—Um, had, very bad, particularly at this season of the year. Had it long? Dumley—About a week. Physician—Um, in the head or on the chest? Dumley—It's got me both ways, doctor. Physician—Um, let me try your lungs. (Doctor seizes Dumley with what is known in Grasso Roman wrestling parlance as the grab-hug, and chuck him over his head and kill him cold, and listens intently for ten minutes. Um, appetite good?) Dumley—Fairish. Physician—Um, sleep well? Dumley—Haven't slept a wink for two nights, neither has my wife. Physician—Um, wife troubled with a cold, too? Dumley—Yes, troubled with mine. Physician—Um, let me feel of your tongue—or—I should say see your tongue and feel of your pulse. Um, yes, pulse feeble and tongue coated. Where did you get this cold? Dumley—I was over in Pennsylvania last week, and I think I got it there. Physician—Um, yes, people can't be too careful about going to Pennsylvania. Throat sore? Dumley—It's getting sore, doctor. Physician—Um, taken anything yet? Dumley—No. Physician—Um, well, Mr. Dumley, tonight at 9 o'clock you take a big drink of hot flaxseed tea and go to bed. In the morning I think you will be all right. Dumley (gratefully)—Thanks, doctor, how much? Physician—Two dollars, please.—New York Sun.

He Got There. "I passed you on the street yesterday and you did not even bow to me," he said as they shook hands in front of the Moffat block. "I was very busy yesterday and you must excuse me." "I wondered at your cool treatment." "Couldn't help it, you know." "What had I done?" "Oh, nothing. I was contracting to supply a hotel with two tons of ice daily all summer. Had to keep cool, you see."

When they had separated the man who had asked for an explanation turned to a friend who came up and said. "Say, I don't quite twig. Ah! yes, I do. Ha! ha! Very funny! He treated me coolly because he—he?" "He what?" "Because he was making a bargain with a hotel man. He'll be the I may be a little slow, but I get there all the same."—Detroit Free Press.

Look Before You Leap. Alfred—I wonder who that frowsy old ruin in the green dress is. She behaved in a most vulgar manner at supper and appears to be out of her element. Alice—Do you mean the tall, thin old lady with diamonds in her hair? Alfred—Yes; looks like a lamp post. Do you know her? Alice—Oh, yes, I know her quite well. That's mamma.—Boston Beacon.



Alfred—I wonder who that frowsy old ruin in the green dress is. She behaved in a most vulgar manner at supper and appears to be out of her element. Alice—Do you mean the tall, thin old lady with diamonds in her hair? Alfred—Yes; looks like a lamp post. Do you know her? Alice—Oh, yes, I know her quite well. That's mamma.—Boston Beacon.

Our Latest and Greatest Premium Offer! THE MAMMOTH CYCLOPEDIA, IN FOUR VOLUMES. A Great and Wonderful Work, CONTAINING 2,176 Pages AND 620 Beautiful Illustrations!



HISTORY. The Mammoth Cyclopædia contains a complete and accurate history of the great American Civil War, with a full account of the military operations of the Confederacy, and a complete history of America, from its discovery by Columbus to the present day, including a full account of the discovery of America, the discovery of the continent, the discovery of the North Pole, and the discovery of the South Pole. It also contains a full account of the discovery of the West Indies, the discovery of the continent of America, and the discovery of the continent of Asia. It is a complete and accurate history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. It is a complete and accurate history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. It is a complete and accurate history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. It is a complete and accurate history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day.

MANUFACTURES. In the great works is also contained all the latest and most improved processes of printing, stereotyping, electrotyping, and all the other arts and sciences connected with the printing and publishing business. It contains a full account of the discovery of the art of printing, the discovery of the art of stereotyping, and the discovery of the art of electrotyping. It is a complete and accurate history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. It is a complete and accurate history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. It is a complete and accurate history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. It is a complete and accurate history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day.

WONDERS OF THE SEA. Here are described and illustrated in full the most wonderful and interesting facts connected with the history of the sea, and the discovery of the various wonders of the deep. It is a complete and accurate history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. It is a complete and accurate history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. It is a complete and accurate history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. It is a complete and accurate history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day.

Grand Premium Offer to Subscribers to the Scout. GRAND PREMIUM OFFER! A SET OF THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS, In Twelve Large Volumes.



Which We Offer with a Year's Subscription to this Paper for a Trifle More than Our Regular Subscription Price. We wish to largely increase the circulation of this paper during the next six months, we have made arrangements with a New York publishing house whereby we are enabled to offer as a premium to our subscribers a Set of the Works of Charles Dickens, in Twelve Large and Handsome Volumes, with a year's subscription to this paper, for a trifle more than our regular subscription price. Our great offer to subscribers is open every week in reference to our readers, Charles Dickens was the greatest novelist who ever lived. No author before or since his time has won the fame that he achieved, and his works are even more popular to-day than during his lifetime. They abound in wit, humor, pathos, masterly delineation of character, vivid descriptions of places and incidents, thrilling and skillfully wrought plots. Each book is intensely interesting. No household is without a set of these wonderful and remarkable works. Not to have read them is to be far behind the age in which we live. The set of Dickens' works which we offer as a premium to our subscribers is handsomely printed from entirely new plates, with new type. The twelve volumes contain the following world-famous works, each one of which is published complete, unchanged, and absolutely unaltered: DAVID COPPERFIELD, MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, NICHOLAS NICKELBY, DOMBEY AND SON, BLEAK HOUSE, LITTLE DORRIT, OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, PICKWICK PAPERS, BARNABY RUDGE AND CHRISTMAS STORIES, OLIVER TWIST AND GREAT EXPECTATIONS, THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP AND THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELER, A TALE OF TWO CITIES, HARD TIMES AND THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DRDROD.

The above are without question the most famous novels that were ever written. For a quarter of a century they have been read in every nook and corner of the civilized world. Yet there are thousands of homes in America not yet supplied with a set of Dickens, the usual high cost of the books preventing people in moderate circumstances from enjoying this luxury. But now, owing to the use of modern improved printing, folding and stitching machinery, the extremely low price of white paper, and the great competition in the book trade, we are enabled to offer to our subscribers and readers a set of Dickens' works at a price which all can afford to pay. Every home in the land may now be supplied with a set of the great author's works. We will send the ENTIRE SET OF DICKENS' WORKS, IN TWELVE VOLUMES, as above described, all postage prepaid by ourselves, also THE OREGON SCOUT for ONE YEAR, upon receipt of \$2.00, which is only 50 cents more than the regular subscription price of this paper. Our readers, therefore, practically get a set of Dickens' works in twelve volumes for only 50 cents. This is the greatest premium ever offered. Up to this time a set of Dickens' works has usually been \$10 or more. To all our friends that they can get a set of Dickens' works in twelve volumes with a year's subscription to THE OREGON SCOUT, for only \$2.00. Subscribe now and get this great premium. If your subscription has not yet expired, it will make no difference, for it will be extended one year from date of expiration. We will also give a set of Dickens, as above, free and postpaid, to any one sending us a club of two yearly subscribers, accompanied with \$3.00 in cash. Address: THE OREGON SCOUT Union, Or.