The Polk County Itemizer.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY

—BY—

J. S. McCAIN.

Subscription Rates:

Single Copies One Year		$2 50
" "	Six Months	1 25
" "	Three Months	75
Single Number		10

SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

Devoted to the Best Interests of Polk County in Particular and to the Pacific Coast in General.

VOL. IX. DALLAS, OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1883. NO. 29.

The Polk County Itemizer

Rates of Advertising.

	1 W.	1 M.	3 M.	1 Y.
1 Inch	$	$	$	$
2 Inches				
3 Inches				
¼ Column				
½ Column				
1 Column				

Local notices 10 cents per line for each insertion. Professional or business cards (1 one-inch) $10 per annum.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. N. SMITH, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Dallas, Oregon.

Office on Mill St., North of Court House.

DR. W. H. RUBELL,

DENTIST,

Dallas, Oregon.

ALL WORK DONE IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE. Office one door north of J. D. Lee's White Brick.

N. L. BUTLER. JOHN T. DALY

DALY & BUTLER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WILL PROMPTLY ATTEND TO ALL LEGAL business entrusted to them. Office on Mill St. opposite Court House, Dallas.

E. J. DAWNE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

and Notary Puplic.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO COLLECTING and loaning money. Always prepared to loan from $100 to $2,500 on personal or real estate security. Office in Griswold's building, opposite the bank, Salem, Oregon.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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OFFICE ON MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE Court House. Collections made a specialty.

E. B. SKIPWORTH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

—AND—

Notary Public,

Albany, Oregon,

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS IN THE State. All business entrusted to him promptly attended to. Office in O'Toole's Block, Broad-Albin St.

Geo. W. Belt, Independence. M. L. Pipes Dallas

BELT & PIPES.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

☞ Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Office up stairs in Court House.

CHAS. P. SULLIVAN,

Attorney at Law,

DALLAS, OREGON.

Prompt Attention Paid to Business.

OFFICE-On Main Street, two doors north of Postoffice.

DR. J. B. JOHNSON,

Dentist.

Having returned to Independence to permanently locate, is prepared to do all kinds of dental work. Filling and treating a specialty.

Office in Vanduyn & Smith's new brick, up stairs.

TRUITT. C. A. JOHNS

TRUITT & JOHNS,

Attorneys-at-Law,

DALLAS, OREGON.

OFFICE ON MILL STREET, NORTH OF COURT House. aug15

DR. I. T. MASON,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

Dallas, Oregon.

(Late of Eugene City and Sheridan.)

Nitro Oxide or Laughing Gas administered. Office up stairs over H. Butler's store.

DALLAS, Nov. 17, 1882.

Z. F. VAUGHN,

Mill Street, Dallas,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Watches, Clocks and Sewing Machines Repaired.

All work Warranted.

Z. T. DODSON, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, OBSTETRICIAN.

Has permanently located in Dallas, Oregon. Office in Hyde's drug store. novl1tf.

W. H. HOLMES,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Salem, Oregon.

JOHN McDOWELL

Real Estate Agent,

DALLAS, OREGON.

PARTIES DESIRING TO BUY OR SELL REAL estate, will do well to consult me. Office two doors west of Jap. R. Miller's drug store.

J. L. COLLINS,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

HAS BEEN IN PRACTICE OF HIS PROFESSION in this place for about twenty-five years, and will attend to all business.

Office, opposite the Dallas Hotel, corner of Main and Court street, Dallas, Polk County, Oregon.

WILSON & RAY,

Dealers in

Drugs, Patent Medicines,

STATIONERY,

Perfumery, Fancy and Toilet Articles,

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS.

PERRYDALE, OREGON.

ROWELL & SON,

Blacksmiths,

DALLAS, OREGON,

ARE NOW READY TO DO ALL KINDS OF Blacksmith work in their line of business in the best style and on the live and let live plan. You will find them at their shop whenever work is wanted, day or night. Our shop is at the Elk-horn sign, one door south of Burns & Morrison's livery stable

We thank you for your custom in the past and hope you will continue the same in the future. We are yours truly, ROWELL & SON.

Dallas, November 24, 1882.

W. P. WRIGHT,

AUCTIONEER

And County Surveyor.

DALLAS, OREGON.

WILL ATTEND TO HIS BUSINESS IN any part of the county promptly. se30-tf

NEW PRICES. NEW GOODS.

The Largest Stock and Cheapest Goods ! !

FOR THE PEOPLE OF POLK COUNTY !

I take pleasure in announcing to the public that my

SPRING STOCK !

Is now open and ready for inspection.

In My Independence Store

You will find the FINEST GOODS and the LARGEST ASSORTMENT of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Kept on the West Side of the Willamette, outside of Portland.

My Millinery Department

Is complete in every respect and in the hands of a competent Milliner.

In my Perrydale store

You will find a COMPLETE ASSORTMENT of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Suitable for the Country Trade. You will also find a LINE of

Millinery of the Latest Styles !

Produce taken in Exchange for Goods at Market rates.

Give me a call before purchasing elsewhere, and SEE MY GOODS and GET THE PRICES ! !

EZRA POPPLETON.

ALL I ASK

Is that you do yourself justice by buying goods where you can get them the cheapest.

I know it is the practice among a great many merchants to sell a few leading articles at cost, but they must make it up on something else. I intend to strictly adhere to very LOW PRICES in everything I offer for sale, and in

DRESS & FANCY GOODS,

CLOTHING

—AND—

Furnishing Goods, Etc., Etc.

There is no doubt or question but I shall sell them very much lower than the same goods have ever been offered in this market.

☞ Please to call and price the goods and you will see that I am in earnest.

M. M. ELLIS,

Successor to W. C. Brown,

DALLAS, OREGON, MARCH 8, 1883.

BURNS & MORRISON,

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.

Dallas, Oregon.

HORSES, CARRIAGES AND LIVERY

At the Most Reasonable Rates!

Conveyance of commercial men a specialty.

BURNS & MORRISON, Prop'rs.

THE BELT HOUSE !

PETER COOK. - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.

Independence, Oregon.

THE BELT HOUSE HAS CHANGED HANDS AND will be run as a first-class house in every respect.

DALLAS CITY MILLS,

DALLAS, OREGON,

WILSON & HOLMAN, PROPRIETORS.

Having purchased the above mills, we are now prepared to do all kinds of

Crist and Custom Work

Promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Give us a call

WILSON & HOLMAN.

DALLAS, Oregon, Jan. 5, 1882.

MONEY TO LOAN!

We have money to loan on approved Real Estate Security, in sums from

One to Ten Thousand Dollars.

Time: From one to five years; Terms Easy.

Truitt & Johns.

August 24, 1882

H. M. LINES & LAWRENCE,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, SPRING BEDS,

And all kinds of

UPHOLSTERED WORK, ALBUM PICTURE FRAMES, WALL BRACKETS, AND WINDOW SHADES.

WE KEEP A COMPLETE STOCK IN OUR LINE and will sell as cheap as the same goods can be got in Portland. Do not take our word or other peoples word for it, but come and see our goods and learn our prices.

All kinds of Work in our line done on Short Notice.

We also keep a large and well selected stock of

Caskets and Cases on hand,

Which we will furnish at Reduced Prices.

Rooms on MAIN STREET, two doors north of Vandyke & Smith,

INDEPENDENCE, OREGON.

WM. STAIGER,

DEALER IN

Monuments, Tablets

AND

HEAD-STONES,

Executed in Italian and American Marble.

Also every variety of Cemetery and other Stone work. Granite Monuments, and enclosure to burial lots, furnished to order. Opposite the Opera House, Salem. Also Staiger Brothers, Albany, Oregon.

TIME'S REVENGE.

When I was ten and she fifteen—
Ah, me! how fair I thought her.
She treated with disdainful mien
The homage that I brought her.
And, in a patronizing way,
Would of my shy advances say:
"It's really quite absurd, you see;
He's very much too young for me."

I'm twenty now, she twenty-five—
Well, well! how old she's growing.
I fancy that my suit might thrive
If pressed again; but, owing
To great discrepancy in age,
Her marked attentions don't engage
My young affections, for, you see,
She's really quite too old for me.

—[The Century.

THE STORY OF A TEAR.

Imagine yourself to be present in one of the crowded green-rooms of the city of Paris. Many persons are there assembled—actors, actresses, managers, dramatists, and dramatic critics. Jest and story are passing in abundance, and all seem to be animated and merry. Yet a grave story sometimes flows from the lips of those who are there met together, and it would be injustice to say that it did not meet with sympathy from, or was unappreciated by the talkative party to which it was addressed. One such story we shall relate, as it was told in that temple of merriment.

A new performer was complaining of her inability to present herself before the public without the most distressing agitation. Some of those present encouraged the poor beginner, but the majority expressed an opinion of a different kind. "Such tremors are incurable," said the latter class, "nature has made us originally either bold or timid." "Yes," said others who concurred in the sentiment expressed, "just as she has made us cold or ardent, grave or gay. We remain what we were made at first. Show us an aspiring man cured of his ambition, or a miser converted."

Some of those who listened to these observations exclaimed against them as having a tendency to make men materialists or fatalists. One individual, however, gave the last remark a more decided answer. "You ask for a converted miser," said he; "I can show you one. There is such a being among us now; it is myself!" The person who said this was a popular dramatist noted for his generosity of feeling. "What!—you a miser?" said one of those who heard him; "nonsense!—it is impossible." "Not so," answered he calmly; "I speak but the truth. I *was* a miser, though now thoroughly cured, I hope, of the failing." "And what, pray, operated a cure upon you?" returned one of the auditors. "Listen and I will tell you," answered he, "it was an *infant's tear*." All present crowded round him immediately, and heard from his lips the following story.

"The incidents which I am about to relate," said the dramatist, "occurred in 1834. I had then just given to the theatre of the Porte Saint Martin one of my pieces—that which brought me the greatest share of fame and emolument. Two letters were sent to me at that period. One was from the manager of the Marseilles Theatre, informing me that he was anxious to bring out my new piece there, but that on rehearsal, such difficulties had been met with as to render it desirable that I should be present myself, previous to the production of the drama. The remuneration for my trouble was to be left to my own decision. The second letter was also from Marseilles. It ran in these terms: 'Sir, the wife and drughter of your brother are dying of want. Some hundreds of francs would save them, and I doubt not but you will delay no longer to visit connections so near to you, and make arrangements for their preservation and future comfort.' This letter was signed by Dr. Lambert of Marseilles.

I have already said to you that I was a miser, in the worst sense of the word, and it is an avowal which my latter conduct barely enables me to make without shame. The letter of the physician did not move my pity, but it renewed certain angry feelings which had formerly existed towards my sister-in-law in my mind. Some few years before this time, my brother, an honest sailor, who fell a prey to the elements he loved so well, had written to me announcing his intention to marry the daughter of a fisherman, a girl who had brought him the dowry of an excellent heart, two pretty eyes, and a total want of money. I was both proud and miserly, and I answered him saying that, 'since he chose to marry a girl without a shilling, he might be happy if he could, but that he was doing a very foolish and degrading action.' I had the brutality even to advise him to break with the girl, if he yet had it in his power. He, like a true-hearted and worthy man, wedded the girl he loved, according to his promise. My sister-in-law was a Briton, proud and honest. She never forgot my letter, and despised the sender. When she lost her husband, and was thrown into poverty and distress, it was long ere she could bring her mind to listen to the thought of petitioning for aid from one of such a disposition as I had evinced. But the sight of her girl, her only child, wasting away from sheer want, and the reflection that the poor thing must otherwise be cast heedless upon the world, made her at length disclose her connection with me to the benevolent medical man who attended her. The result was the letter I have alluded to.

The prospect of emolument being very great, it may be imagined that I was not disinclined to visit the Marseilles theatre. I answered the manager's letter immediately, and followed it in person without delay. When I arrived at Marseilles, the first person whom I saw was the surgeon who had written to me. He was in waiting for me at the principal hotel there. As I had not answered his request for money, the good man had said in his simplicity, 'he will be here in person,' and day after day he had looked for me. The words with which he saluted me were these: 'You have lost no time, sir. Doubtless you thought, and justly, that death might come in the way if delay took place. Ah! I am glad to see you; it is a proof of your unwearying kindness to your relatives.' What could I do? My purpose had been to visit Marseilles for the theatre only; but there was a degree of touching simplicity in the physician's manner, which had more effect in preventing me from disclosing the truth than would have been produced by an attack upon me for negligence. I felt it impossible to avow to such a man the real and sole purpose of my visit to Marseilles, and accordingly, instead of going straight to the theatre as intended, I walked away with the doctor to my sister-in-law's.

I found her in a most wretched hovel, scarcely penetrated by a single ray of the sun. Near the bed of the poor sufferer stood an object which drew my first attention. This was her little girl, with large black eyes, beautifully curling locks, and a countenance finely formed and intelligent, while marked at the same time by a degree of grave resignation, the result of the previous habitude of suffering. How interesting that creature seemed to me! I felt at first as if I could have taken her fondly to my arms; but sordid avarice suddenly interposed, and struck me with the thought that, if I allowed myself to be moved I must assuredly burden myself with new and heavy duties which might press upon me for life. I involuntarily shrunk back at this base suggestion of the demon within me. The physician saw the movement, and, good man, he ascribed it to pity. 'The sight of this misery touches you sir,' said he; 'but the physician must look closely into the ills which he would cure. It is you who must be the physician here. Come nigh you poor relative.'

When my sister-in-law noticed my approach, she made an effort to raise herself. There was upon her faded countenance a mixture of sadness and pride, which told me plainly that it cost her much to apply to me. She descended to no crouching entreaty, but, raising her finger, which trembled with weakness and emotion, she pointed to her little girl, and said, in low touching tones: 'See that sweet angel, that gift of Heaven! She will soon have no mother!'

Equally true and disgraceful it is, that this appeal did not counteract or wipe away the miserly fears which had beset me. I answered even in cold tones—'Why entertain such fears? You are young; you have a good physician. You despair unnecessarily.' Any man would have added; 'You have a brother-in-law, too, who will give you every comfort in his power.' I added no such words. My only thought was how to escape in the easiest manner. Meanwhile the little girl had been gazing on me with eyes which seemed to indicate that even she felt the want of cordiality in that relative who had come to her mother's side. At length while I stood in my uneasy uncertainty, she came close to me and said: 'sit down upon the bed, for you are too tall to let me kiss you if you stand.' I sat down, and the child climbed upon my knee. The Briton closed her eyes, and uplifted her hands, as if praying in aid of the child's possible influence.

Alas! feeling that my danger increased, I but hardened my heart the more, and clung more closely to the idol whom I worshipped. My brow even contracted a frown, and there was a drop of perspiration upon it as I gazed upon the child. She, however, was not deterred from kissing me. 'Will you be my pa?' said she; 'I shall love you well. How like you are to my dead papa! He was good, good; are you good also?' The touching grace of this infantile appeal was indescribable. I felt its influence, and it moved me—to what? to untwine the arms of the child rudely from my neck, and sit her down upon the floor. The effect of this repulse upon her was striking and instantaneous. She cast upon me a glance, in which surprise, disappointment, and fear were mingled, and a *tear*, gathering in her beautiful eye, rolled slowly down her cheek. Her silent sorrow did what her endearments had utterly failed to do. A sudden revolution took place in my feelings. As by an enchanter's wand, the utter brutality of my avaricious self love was laid before my eyes in all its nakedness. I shuddered at the spectacle, and yielding instantaneously to the better feeling awakened, I hastily took up the child, and exclaimed, laying my hand upon her head: 'Before Heaven and thy mother, I promise to be a father to thee, and never shall child be so tenderly cherished as I shall cherish thee!'

Ah, had you seen the Briton when these words were uttered! Such an excitement was produced, that the physician and myself were alarmed for her life at the instant. But joy seldom kills. 'Brother! brother!' murmured she, as soon as she was able to speak, 'I have done you wrong.' It may be suggested, that such an avowal could not be gratifying to me. I hastened to check such an unmerited flow of gratitude by addressing myself to the medical man on the subject of my sister-in-law's removal to a better dwelling. He readily undertook to look out for such a place, a thing which, a stranger in Marseilles, I could not do

For three months after that period I occupied a delightful cottage near Marseilles with my sister-in-law and her child. To the Briton these months were months of unalloyed happiness, though, in spite of all care, she slowly sank into the grave. To me that period was also a memorable one. The alteration in my sentiments being confirmed by the happiness I tasted from the hour of the change, I became a new being. When my sister-in-law died, my niece was left of course, with me. Since that time she has never been from my side. Of her joys I have made my joy, of her life my life. Ah! I owe her so much. That tear of hers—precious pearl gathered by my heart—has been to it what the dew-drop of morn is to the unopened flower—expanding it for the entire lay of existence!"

A teacher asked a bright little girl: "What country is opposite us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir," was the answer. "Well, now," pursued the teacher, "If I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir," replied the pupil, with an air of triumph.

PECULIARITIES.

Ladies are not afraid to fire off guns now, for they have become used to bangs.

The dude is to the human race, what a bicycle is to a wagon.

In most cases, Dame Fortune is fickle to the person who does not know how to woo her.

The man who wished to borrow money to get his beared colored, said he wanted a tariff for a raven hue.

Even the beams of joy will some time shed slivers.

Cheek is the battering ram to man's life-boat.

The breath of scandal blows out many bright lights.

Many are obliged to scratch for their—itch relatives.

In the battle of life, the infantry make the first charge.

Giving fourteen ounces for a pound is a wrong weigh to get rich.

Tears turning into mist, form clouds that obscure the sunshine of joy.

The most unsatisfactory person to meet, is he who is wholly satisfied with himself.

Philosophy may not wholly overcome misfortune, but it can make misfortune cover its knuckles with padded gloves.

Economy is the road to wealth. To arrive successfully at its end, one must cut "across lots" and skip the toll-gates.

It is easier to do something some one else is at, than to perform your own allotted task.

The force of habit is so strong with some men, that when they die, they will walk to the bar of judgment and call for a drink.

It is getting time to prepare your revolver to take on boating expeditions to shoot the rock-the boat-young-ass.

Pugilists are generally considered plucky fellows, but none of them get through with a sparing match without feinting.

The taxidermists could draw a large crowd by placing on exhibition a stuffed Presidential boom.

Mark Twain is the name of a Colorado mine. Can't be, because they have to dig over a good deal of rubbish to get any metal out of it, can it?

Said the New Yorker who saw the wild steer coming down the street: "The police will begin to shoot presently. I'd better get out of the way."

Several Cincinnati papers, under the excitement of the festival, published synopses of the plots of "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar" and other dramas presented.

"What do you think of the stock company of the——theatre?" asked a young man of an old theatre-goer. He replied, "I should call it a laughing stock."

A Western woman who applied for a position as driver of a street-car, was asked if she could manage mules. "Of course I can," was the ready reply; "I have buried two husbands."

The other day a circus band in Wilkesbarre played "Old Hundred" during the performance. This was a reverential tribute to the ancient jokes of the kalsomined clown.

Said a loving wife to her husband, 'Do you know, dear, that butterfly ornaments are very fashionable?" "Perhaps so," he gruffly replied; "but grub is the great desideratum."

The body of a man with a pencil behind his ear, a pair of shears in his right hand and his pockets filled with gold has been excavated at Pompeii. He is supposed to have been a custom tailor.

In a lecture the other evening, Bob Burdette said: "Speaking of the telephone, 100 years ago it would have been thought an invention of the devil." They had some good ideas, even in those days.

Time, with a scythe, is pictured as baldheaded, so that it cannot be taken by the forelock.

Patti has gone home, but she is coming back next fall at $5,000 a night for fifty nights—the dear creatures.

Louisville journalists wear high hats. They think it is just as cheap to get trusted for a silk plug as for a felt Derby.

The other day J. T. P. asked J. G. P. why a certain saloon was like a ten-cent piece with a hole in it. Because you find it a hard matter to pass it.

A wild and wicked Western paper is impelled to assert that the coming coronation of the Czar looks as though it might result in a coronaration.

A pint of whiskey put in a fruit cake will keep it for six months, and the same amount put into a man will keep him down town till 2 in the morning.

Oscar Wilde loves applejack because its odor is indescribable and its effect too utterly bewildering to utter, so to speak, in a measure, as it were, you know.

Enquirer: Guano can be sent through the mail, and it is safe to say the postal men will hurry it along as rapidly as possible and deliver it promptly.

A scientist says that a discord struck violently on a piano will kill a lizard. It may be, but one can't always get at a piano so easily as he can grab a stick, which is just as good.

Princess Louise says she was very much pleased with Boston, and the Bostoneans are so proud over it that they think of building a wall around the city and charging an admission fee

French scientists are experimenting on how long it takes to smell. It isn't the length, but it's the strength that worries most people when they come within breathing distance of an unsavory odor.

Fresh from the Conundrum Club: Q. What is the difierence between a wandering fortune teller's predictions and a country clown under the influence of liquor? A. One is gipsy talk, and the other a tipsy gawk.

A RAT TERROR.

Remarkable Exploits of a Professional Rat Catcher, and the Long Voyage of Sea Going Rats.

"I've got as high as $100 for taking two rats from a ship," said the rat catcher. "Dock rats live at the piers in colonies of from 500 to 2000. Like bad tenants they leave their old habitations for new about once a month. On the 1st of May they will move by thousands. Constantly uneasy, they go around from dock to dock seeking where the lowest tide is. They have a navy. It is made up of floating pieces of wood and floating chips. They are all pirates or wreckers. When scraps or slops are thrown overboard from a ship's deck they put out in their craft and seize it.

"Tourists going to Europe board a ship in two ways. The passengers go up the gang-plank. The rats climb up the anchor-chain and enter the ship at the anchor port hole. Dan Stingsby, the great rat-catcher, says he has seen an old rat, carpet-bag in hand, bid his family good-bye, and then walk up one of the ship's cables. Dock rats go to Europe whenever they feel like it, and usually make four or five trips a year. They are the third-class passengers. The first-class go in the cabin, the second in the steerage, and rats in the hold. Going over they live on exported American flannels and rosin. Coming back their food is imported fruits and delicacies. They do not get off the vessel when it touches Liverpool for fear of being left behind. They are able to climb the rigging like old sailors. In wooden ships they sometimes eat through the planks and set the vessel leaking.

"There are English rats in America and American rats in England. The Cockney rat is coarser than the American, and is not generally able to stand up four rounds against an American rat. The 'bon-ton' New York rats imitate the customs of the British rats.

"Rats mate. In a year a newly-wedded pair of rats will raise an interesting family of 120 offspring, not counting descendants of the third and fourth generation. This is why at the moment a pair of rats set up their household goods on board a ship its owner will give a rat-catcher $100 to serve a writ of ejectment on the prolific rodents Some vessels keep 20 cats to hunt vermin.

"The hotels in New York are greatly annoyed with rats, and they infest private houses. The Windsor pays $200 a year, the St. Nicholas and a large number of others $100 each to a professional rat-catcher, who hunts rats in them twice a week the year round. Some private houses pay $20 a month to be protected from the vermin. Harry Jennings, the king of the New York rat-catchers, is said to have an income of $6000 a year. The captured rats are sold at $15 a hundred."

"How do rats reach private houses?"

"They go from the docks six or seven miles through the sewers, stop opposite some house and mine their way into its cellar. A banquet at a residence will bring a whole colony of them. We can always tell when there is a great supper at the Union League Club by the movement of the rats toward the upper part of the City.

"There are about a dozen kinds of rats. The common rat is a brindle gray. There are white and black rats, white and gray, and pure white ones with pink eyes. I never saw one. I once caught a rat with two feet. The largest one I ever saw weighed two pounds and six ounces, and was as big as a half grown cat."

"What is the best time ever made by a terrier in a pit?"

"A little black and tan, weighing 11 pounds, about the beginning of March, in a place not 100 miles from New York, killed 100 rats in 13:28. That is the fastest time ever made in New York. Mr. Foster's fox-terrier, Pigeon, weighing six pounds, polished off 10 rats in 58 seconds, which is the best time on record in Europe or America. In the pit the rats sometimes show fight to the dog. I have seen a terrier covered with rats so that you couldn't see a hair on his body. They bite the dog so severely sometimes that he is covered with blood. The noble sport, I am sorry to say, is declining. In its palmy days I have seen $5000 or $6000 change hands around the pit in a few minutes."

"What is the best time made by a rat-catcher?"

"Prince Jennings once picked up a rat a minute for five hours at a stretch. That's the best time I know of."

"Are rat-catchers ever attacked or bitten?"

"Stories of them being killed by rats have been printed, but they are sensational. When rat-catchers are bitten they cauterize the wound at once. Rats seem to know them and hardly ever try to hurt them. I have often put a dozen rats inside my shirt when I had filled my bag and had no place else to put them."

"The rat-catcher's guild is held in high repute?"

"Yes in England the rat-catchers wear belts on which pictures of cats and rats and dogs are wrought. They ought to do so here. They are toc modest."

The Providence *Journal* tells the following crow story: "A few days since a man living in a town just over the Connecticut line went hunting for crows. He discovered a nest in a tall tree, and climbing up found therein eggs, which he secured, putting some in his pockets, but one he placed in his mouth, descending the tree very carefully lest he break his fragile store. He slipped, his jaws came together and crushed the egg in his mouth, and oh horrible, it contained a very young crow. Report doth not say whether the man can eat crow or not, but it is safe to bet he does not hanker after it.

A treaty of commerce between Germany and Spain has been agreed upon.

HOW TO LOOK STUNNING.

All dressy mantles are short.

Embroidered pongee pattern dresses will be much worn this summer.

The Alpine hat will be revived again this summer for wear at the seaside.

Gloves and mitts now contrast with, instead of matching, the costume.

The red-dotted veils now worn are extremely dowdy and unbecoming.

A tiny omnibus of gold, with diamond windows and horses of rubies, is the latest conceit in lace point.

Pompons will be fashionable all summer for the crescent hat.

High shoulders are the rule in spring wraps.

White will be worn extensively this summer.

Very little false hair is worn by the most fashionable people.

Cashmere has become the proper demiseason stuff for the first spring days.

Ecru and Havana brown shades are favorites for cashmere dresses for street wear.

The pompadour front is fashionable for gray hair, but should not be rolled very high.

High coiffures are in vogue, although the low coil is not abandoned by any means.

Jerseys are again imported and are very popular for wearing either with skirts of the same color or in contrast.

Sleeves are made to fit the arm smoothly, are curved high above the armhole, and have very simple small cuffs.

One of the novelties for overskirts is the cook's apron. It forms a square across the front and side breadths and has various arrangements for the back.

The trimming most seen for the tops of sleeves is slashed open spaces showing a puff of satin, or of ecru lace or embroidery, and sometimes ecru lace edges the slashed lengthwise parts.

The invisible net that formerly flattened the hair above the forehead is now little used, bandoline is abandoned, the curls are loose and unconfined, and the hair has its natural gloss heightened by much brushing instead of by the use of pomades.

The low-priced wool Jerseys make useful waists for wearing out skirts that have worn better than the basque to which they belong. These come in serviceable brown, black, blue, green, or red wool webbing, and may be worn perfectly plain, or else cut in tabs, and lightly embroidered or braided.

When the entire dress is of cashmere a darker Havana brown shade is used for three box-pleated flounces on the lower skirt and the paler ecru cashmere forms a wrinkled apron front, with its edges sewed on the lower skirt; this may be round, or else droop low on the right, and be caught up to the hip on the left side, and a knot of the cashmere be tied there, while the back forms two-deep points.

The *Bazar* says: "For the cashmere suits a pretty little pleated cape is added for the street. This has a standing collar of velvet, below which is more velvet three inches wide shaped to sit smoothly below this collar, and attached to this velvet is a finely pleated fall of cashmere about two fingers deep, merely hemmed on the edges, and pressed into pleats that are held by stitches on the wrong side."

Black, white, and red Jerseys of silk webbing beaded all over are those most used for dressy toilettes. They are imported in the close shape that is to be passed over the head, but modistes cut them open down the front, and add small buttons and button holes, and if necessary a very narrow vest of velvet is added. The neck and sleeves are finished by thickly quilled lace, and a deep beaded fringe is on the edge. A very low bow and end of wide satin ribbon is placed behind to give bouffont effect.

Narrow bands of bright yellow velvet are now fashionable, tied tightly around the throat.

The silliest use to make of a fine cashmere shawl is to cut it up for a wrap. There are very few women who can wear these wraps gracefully.

Bonnets and hats of pure white are not to be worn this summer. The nearest approach to these are the cream-yellow hats, wreathed with a profusion of gracefully drooping white feathers.

The most fashionable traveling dresses are braided. They come in all the dark blue, red, green and brown shades, and although simple, are very elegant.

Long-looped ribbons of satin and velvet are worn with white dresses in cardinal, gold color, strawberry pink, raspberry-red, pale-greenish gold tints of lune and dark-red brown. Ox-blood red, so called from the dark reds seen in Chinese porcelains, is the favorite color for the wide satin sashes of white mull dresses. Sashes of yellow and Ottomon ribbon will also be quite popular.

A little boy in town has been so thoroughly taught by his mother to take off his hat to every lady friend he meets in the street that the other day when he met his teacher he stopped to pull off his hat, although engaged in the operation of "licking" another boy at the time. After he had performed the necessary act of courtesy he fell upon his opponent with renewed vigor, and finished the beating which had been temporarily suspended.

Grow tomatoes on a moderately rich, deep soil. Grown in a poor or shallow soil, they do not produce well, the fruit is small and of indifferent flavor. In a very rich soil they grow too much to vine and foliage, then also they are not inclined to be fruitful, and what fruit they do produce is small and of inferior quality. With the moderately rich, deep cultivation and a full exposure to the sun, the best results may be obtained.