Portland Laurel

A HOT NUMBER

Is the Heppner Gazette. Without it the Heppner hills would appear dry and barren. People read it; business men advertise in it.

OFFICIAL SEMI-WEEKLY PAPER

Heppner Gazette.

FOURTEENTH YEAR — HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1896. — WEEKLY NO. 707 SEMI-WEEKLY NO 474

A LARGE NUMBER....

Of Morrow County's citizens read the Heppner Gazette. Not much of an authority on agriculture or politics, but true to the interests of its neighbors.

SEMIWEEKLY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED

Tuesdays and Fridays

—BY—

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Train leaves Heppner 10:45 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Arrives 5:00 a. m. daily, except Monday.

West bound passenger leaves Heppner Junction 1:11 a. m.; east bound 1:33 a. m.

Freight trains leave Heppner Junction going east at 7:45 p. m. and 9:10 a. m.; going west, 4:30 p. m. and 6.15 a. m.

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Secretary of Navy.....Hilary A. Herbert
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County Judge.....A. G. Bartholomew
" Commissioners.....J. R. Howard, J. W. Beckett.
" Clerk.....J. W. Morrow
" Sheriff.....E. L. Matlock
" Treasurer.....Frank Gilliam
" Assessor.....A. F. Willis
" Surveyor.....J. W. Hornor
" School Sup't.....Jay W. Shipley
" Coroner.....B. F. Vaughan

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Councilmen.....S. B. Horner, E. J. Slocum, Frank Rogers, Geo. Conser, Frank Gilliam, Arthur Minor.
Recorder.....F. J. Hallock
Treasurer.....E. L. Freeland
Marshal.....A. A. Roberts

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Constable.....N. S. Whetstone

United States Land Officers.

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J. F. Moore.....Register
A. S. Biggs.....Receiver

LA GRANDE, OR.

B. F. Wilson.....Register
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RAWLINS POST, NO. 81. G. A. R.

Meets at Lexington, Or., the last Saturday of each month. All veterans are invited to join.

C. C. Boon, Adjutant. GEO. W. SMITH, Commander. tf

D. J. McFaul, M. D.

OFFICE:
AT J. M. HAGER'S RESIDENCE.

E. L. FREELAND,
MAKES COLLECTIONS,
WRITES INSURANCE,
MAKES ABSTRACTS.
U. S. LAND COMMISSIONER.
Land Filings and Final Proofs Taken.
STENOGRAPHER. NOTARY PUBLIC.
HEPPNER, OREGON.

National Bank of Heppner.

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TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

COLLECTIONS
Made on Favorable Terms.
EXCHANGE BOUGHT & SOLD
HEPPNER. tf OREGON

Ontario-Burns Stage Line
—AND—
BURNS-CANYON STAGE LINE
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ONTARIO-BURNS

Leaves Burns Daily at 6 p. m. and arrives at Ontario in 42 hours.

Single Fare $7.50.
Round Trip $15.00

Through freight 3½ cents per pound.

BURNS-CANYON

Leaves Burns daily, except Sunday. Connects at Canyon City with Heppner Monument stage. Best route to Interior from Portland. Connects with the Ontario, Prineville and Lakeview stages at Burns.

Good Accommodations for Passengers.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

DON'T READ THE NEWSPAPERS.

Men Who Don't Care for Things of Contemporaneous Interest.

It may seem strange, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that you occasionally find a man who, by his own admission, never reads the newspapers—not because he doesn't know how, nor of dimness of eyesight, but for the simple reason that he has no desire to. If an observing student of human nature will study the mental qualities of such men he will with few exceptions find them to be narrow-minded in the extreme. The horizon of their ideas is often circumscribed by their own dooryard, and seldom extends beyond the limits of the immediate community in which they live. Ask such a man what the distance is from Harvard to Chicago, or what state borders Illinois on the south, questions that the average schoolboy can answer, and the prospects are he has forgotten, if he ever did know. Why, I have in mind a person in Harvard who thinks himself a mighty heavy weight (I mean intellectually) who was heard to ask the question a few years ago, upon hearing a commercial salesman recount some of the daring deeds of the great confederate leader, Gen. Lee, in the war, "if the critter was still living." This is no fairy tale, but an absolute fact. The idea I wish to convey in the strongest possible language in this connection is that to deprive an enlightened man of his newspaper, whether it be the most obscure weekly in the state or the ablest metropolitan daily in the land, is to take away his mental food and he is in torment until it is restored to him. If "ignorance is bliss," the man who never reads may be as happy as the one who does, but the latter will find no pleasure in the former's society, for the reason that he finds it difficult to confine his ideas within the narrow scope of the man who never reads a newspaper.—Harvard Herald.

Cancer Of the Breast.

Mr. A. H. Crausby, of 158 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., says that his wife paid no attention to a small lump which appeared in her breast, but it soon developed into a cancer of the worst type, and notwithstanding the treatment of the best physicians, it continued to spread and grow rapidly, eating two holes in her breast. The doctors soon pronounced her incurable. A celebrated New York specialist then treated her, but she continued to grow worse and when informed that both her aunt and grandmother had died from cancer he gave the case up as hopeless.

Someone then recommended S.S.S. and though little hope remained, she begun it, and an improvement was noticed. The cancer commenced to heal and when she had taken several bottles it disappeared entirely, and although several years have elapsed, not a sign of the disease has ever returned.

A Real Blood Remedy.

S.S.S. (*guaranteed purely vegetable*) is a real blood remedy, and never fails to cure Cancer, Eczema, Rheumatism Scrofula, or any other blood disease. Our books will be mailed free to any address. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta Ga.

SSS

STOCK BRANDS.

While you keep your subscription paid up you can keep your brand in free of charge.

Borg, P. O., Heppner, Or.—Horses, P B on left shoulder; cattle, same on left hip.

Chapin, H., Hardman, Or.—Horses branded C on right hip. Cattle branded the same. Also brands CI on horses right thigh; cattle same brand on right shoulder, and cut off end of right ear.

Cook, A. J., Lena, Or.—Horses, 90 on right shoulder. Cattle, same on right hip; ear mark square crop off left and split in right.

Douglass, W. M., Galloway, Or.—Cattle, B D on right side, swallow-fork in each ear; horses, B D on left hip.

Ely, Bros., Douglas, Or.—Horses branded ELY on left shoulder, cattle same on lefthip, hole in right ear.

Florence, L. A., Heppner, Or.—Cattle, LF on right hip; horses F with bar under on right shoulder.

Jones, Harry, Heppner, Or.—Horses branded JJ on the left shoulder; cattle branded J on right hip, also underbit in left ear. Range in Morrow county.

Johnson, Felix, Lena, Or.—Horses, circle T on left stifle; cattle, same on right hip, under half crop in right and split in left ear.

Keeny, Mike, Heppner, Or.—Horses branded KNY on left hip cattle same and crop off left ear, under slope on the right.

Kumberland, W. G., Mount Vernon, Or.—I L on cattle on right and left sides, swallow fork in left ear and under crop in right ear. Horses same brand on left shoulder. Range in Grant county.

Lofton, Stephen, Foy, Or.—S L on left hip on cattle, crop and split on right ear. Horses same brand on left shoulder. Range Grant county.

Leahey, J. W. Heppner Or.—Horses branded L and A on left shoulder; cattle same on left hip, waitle over right eye, three slits in right ear.

Minor, Oscar, Heppner, Or.—Cattle, M D on right hip; horse, M on left shoulder.

Rietze, S. N., Heppner, Or.—Horse, M) on left shoulder cattle same on left hip.

Osborn, J. W., Douglas, Or.; horses O on lef shoulder; cattle same on right hip.

Parker & Gilmore, Hardman, Or.—Horses IP on left shoulder.

Piper, J. H., Lexington, Or.—Horses, JE connected on left shoulder; cattle, same on lef hip, under bit in each ear.

Rector, J. W., Heppner, Or.—Horses, JO on left shoulder. Cattle, O on right hip.

Searry, E. G., Heppner, Or.—Cattle W C on left hip, crop off right and underbit in left ear, dewlap; horses W C on left shoulder.

Thompson, J. A., Heppner, Or.—Horses, I on left shoulder; cattle, I on left shoulder.

Turner, R. W., Heppner, Or.—Small capital T left shoulder, horses; cattle same on left hip with split in both ears.

Thornton, H. M., Lena, Or.—Horses branded HT connected on left stifle; sheep same brand.

Wattenburger, W. J., Galloway, Or.; horses quarter circle JW on right shoulder; cattle quarter circle JW on right hip and right side, crop and hole in left ear. Range in Morrow and Umatilla counties.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

BEAVER FARMING.

A Unique and Thriving Industry of North Dakota.

The Animals Obtained from Trappers and Confined in Ponds Where They Multiply Very Rapidly—How They Are Dispatched.

The industry and sagacity of the beaver have often been commented upon. But those qualities have not prevented this animal from being looked upon as a fair object of capture, says the New York Ledger. Its fur is valuable, and, therefore, it is much sought after by trappers. Still, it may surprise some people to know that in one part of this country, at least, there are men who raise beavers for the market, just as they might do corn or cattle. It is in McLean county, N. D., that beaver farming is largely carried on. The soil is very poor and is not adapted, as are other parts of the state, to wheat growing. The Missouri river runs along the western border of the county, and numerous streams flow into it from among the hills to the north and east. Cottonwoods and elm trees grow on the banks of these streams, and it is there where the beaver farms are situated. A man who intends to start this industry purchases, say, ten acres of land through which a stream runs. A dam is built at a point where the stream is narrow and the banks are steep. All that is needed is to fell a few trees across the bed of the stream and fill in with dirt and stones. This holds the water back so that two or three acres of land are flooded, thus forming a pond. The next thing to be done is to erect a fence of wire netting, from two to three feet high, along the banks of the stream and around the pond, inclosing all the trees that can possibly be taken in.

Generally a colony of from twelve to sixteen beavers is put on the farm. They are, of course, obtained from trappers. They are placed in the pond in the spring and soon become accustomed to their surroundings. In a few days they begin to build their huts of mud and sticks and to show their wood-chopping abilities on the trees. There is no return from the outlay the first year, but by the fall of the second year the colony has largely increased in number and the farmer looks forward to having a regular income. It is on the last day of October or on the first day of November that the harvest, so to speak, begins. First the ponds are drawn off by means of floodgates that are covered with wire netting to prevent the animals from slipping through. The houses of the beavers are thus left exposed, and the farmer goes from one to the other, tapping on them with a club. Beavers are readily frightened, and the noise causes them to run out. They can only move slowly and are soon caught and dispatched. The beavers which formed the original colony are spared, and then the floodgates are closed and the pond is filled again. The beaver skins are dried, prepared and taken to market, the fur being used in the manufacture of coats and capes and trimming garments for women. A good deal of beaver fur goes to China, where it is made into shoes for women who can afford the luxury.

HANDY TO HAVE AN UNCLE.

How a Young Man Got Himself Out of a Disagreeable Scrape.

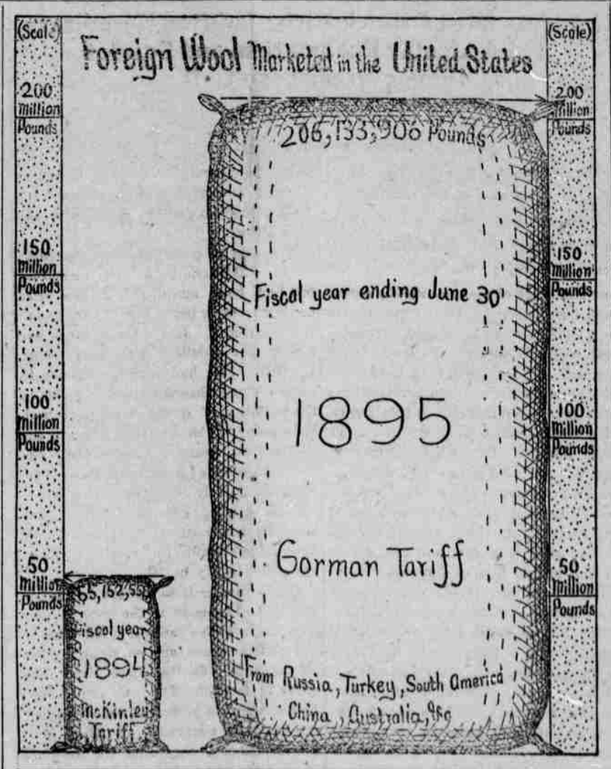
A young man employed at the courthouse found himself in an embarrassing position the other night, says the Cincinnati Times-Star. He had an engagement to take a couple of young ladies to one of the suburban resorts, and in donning his best suit forgot his pocketbook, which peacefully reposed in his every-day clothes. When he boarded a street car and the conductor demanded fare he became painfully aware of his unpleasant situation. He managed to find a dime and a street car ticket in his clothes and this afforded temporary relief. But the young ladies were new acquaintances and he could not well explain the situation and secure a temporary loan. Besides young ladies hardly ever carry pocketbooks for such emergencies. And he in vain looked around for a friend who would accommodate him. When the post office was reached a novel idea struck him. "We'll take another car here," he said. "I promised to mail two important letters for my sister, and she'll never forgive me if I neglect the matter." So they got off the car and the young man dashed into the post office and on to the nearest pawnshop. He carried a gold watch and soon had a loan on it, borrowing a cheaper watch to wear until he redeemed his own timepiece. Then he hurried back, and as the young ladies were patiently waiting he did not tell them about any trouble to get stamps. The young ladies thanked him for a very pleasant evening on their return, but they will not know everything until they read this. The watch was, of course, redeemed the next day.

Poisonous Leeches.

In India and Ceylon certain land leeches are apt to become perfect pests to man. They are no bigger than a knitting needle, are an inch in length, and when feeding stretch with great power. Horses are driven wild by them, and stamp the ground in fury to shake them from their fetlocks, to which they cling like bloody tassels. The structure is so flexible they can make their way through the meshes of the finest goods. The bare legs of the palanquin-bearers and coolies are a favorite resort, and it is asserted that a battalion of soldiers in India were put to flight by these small bloodsuckers.

Hood's Pills

Stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure biliousness, headache, dizziness, sour stomach, constipation, etc. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.



GLADIATORIAL SHOWS.

Festivities and Ceremonies Attending the Great Shows.

Undes the republic there were seven performances annually, lasting in all about sixty-six days. These were paid for by the state, and usually cost a couple of thousand pounds of our money, says Cornhill Magazine. Some times, however, games were given by some public-spirited individual who desired to gain popularity, or by sorrowing mourners at the funeral of friends or relations. Under the empire the time occupied by these spectacles was increased to one hundred and seventy-three days annually, and even more, while the cost of a brilliant show rose to seven or eight thousand pounds. These games, which usually began at sunrise and lasted until sunset, consisted of three distinct kinds—i. e., horse and chariot races, combats between gladiators and combats between men and wild beasts; but into these [illegible]

The gladiators were, for the most part, criminals or prisoners of war, but a certain number of volunteers took part—patricians, and even emperors, occasionally appearing in the lists. After a time schools for gladiators were established in Rome, and the champions were exalted into public idols. Their bonnes fortune were proverbial, their praises were sung by the poets, and their portraits appeared upon lamps and vases. The condemned criminals did not invariably meet their death in the arena. If they survived three years of fighting with men and beasts they were released from their gladiatorial duties, while five years spent in the profession gave them their freedom.

The performances were advertised by means of affiches pasted on the walls or buildings. On one of these placards discovered at Pompeii, it is announced that shelter will be provided for the spectators in case of rain; in another that the arena will be well watered, in order that the dust may be laid. The night before the spectacle began a great banquet was given to the gladiators, presumably the volunteers or hired champions. At daybreak these heroes marched in procession to the amphitheater, and, after the signal had been given by a blast of trumpets, the fun began. The emperor and public officers attended in state, great ceremony was observed, and the citizens were expected to appear in their best attire. In rainy weather a mantle might be worn over the toga on condition that it was removed when the grandees arrived. In the intervals slaves staggered round, laden with huge baskets of provisions, which were distributed gratuitously, while fruit, nuts and small presents were scattered among the crowd by wealthy patricians.

Sent It to his Mother in Germany.

Mr. Jacob Esbenson, who is in the employ of the Chicago Lumber Co., at Des Moines, Iowa, says: "I have just sent some medicine back to my mother in the old country, that I know from personal use to be the best medicine in the world for rheumatism, having used it in my family for several years. It is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It always does the work." 50 cent bottles for sale by Conser & Brock.

Don't Kiss on the Mouth.

Children can be trained with the greatest ease to offer the cheek or the forehead for the proffered caress, and to elude the attempt to contaminate the lips. The incubation period of any disease may or may not be infective in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Upon this matter our knowledge, so far, is by no means certain, while, on the other hand, recent investigations would seem to indicate that the infection of zymotic diseases in patients is of very much longer duration than used formerly to be supposed, enduring, indeed, long after convalescence has been established.

"It is immaterial, in my judgment, whether the sheep grower receives any benefit from the tariff or not . . . . Whether he does or does not I am for free wool."—Extract from the speech of William J. Bryan in the House of Representatives when the Wilson bill was under consideration.

USED A KNIFE WITH PIE.

Confusion That Came Upon a Smart Young Man by a Waiter's Stupidity.

They sat at his favorite table in an uptown restaurant. Both were dressed in the height of fashion. The attention of the other guests in the dining-room had been attracted to the couple by the evident anxiety of the young man to make a favorable impression upon his fair companion. He gave orders to the waiter with an air of self-styled superiority, and his tone of voice was warranted to reach the ears of all those present.

As the courses progressed the time for serving dessert came. The young woman was heard to confess a weakness for huckleberry pie.

"Ah," exclaimed the youth, "so funny, you know, I, too, am passionately fond of huckleberry pie. I have it almost every day here.

"I say, waiter," he called, at the same time snapping his fingers above the table, "bring two portions of huckleberry pie."

The waiter executed the order with due haste, and as he set the plates upon the table the final act of the little drama that was being enjoyed by the persons at other nearby tables began. The young woman frowned, then blushed, and leaning over complained to the young man in a stage whisper that the powdered sugar had been omitted.

"How stupid," he cried, as he beckoned the waiter again. "Brooks," he said to that functionary, "what is it that I always order with huckleberry pie and which you invariably forget?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the waiter after a moment's hesitation.

"Go at once, then," continued the youth, "and bring it to Miss ——"

By this time several new arrivals who had come in just in time to hear the last part of the conversation joined the rest of the audience in watching the couple. Everybody waited impatiently for the waiter's return.

In a few seconds he came back hurriedly, and, walking to the young woman's side, laid beside her plate—a knife.

The young man's face was a study in chromatics of high tints as he saw the expression of suppressed laughter about him. He hastily paid the bill and left with his fair companion, who showed by her countenance that he had made a lasting impression.—St. Louis Republic.

Karl's Clover Root Tea

is a sure cure for Headache and nervous diseases. Nothing relieves so quickly. For sale by Wells & Warren.

Walking One Thousand Miles to Church.

The history of Canada, especially its earlier history, preserves the story of many a deed of heroism and devotion on the part of Christian missionaries who worked and perished among the Indians, but there are few stories which reflect so much credit on Indian piety as that published from Quebec. Montagnais and Eskimos came from the southern shore of Hudson straits to worship in the province of Quebec. This involved a tramp on foot of 1,000 miles. No pilgrimage in the middle ages was ever made in circumstances of greater hardship. The citizen who is loath to walk a block to church along a smooth, dry pavement ought to think of these Indians plodding 1,000 miles through an inhospitable country, through forests, across rivers, mountains and lakes, to render a duty they owe to their religion.

From the Sands.

And apropos of sea bathing, an amusing incident happened on the beach one morning. The girls were drying their bathing suits while sitting a la Turque on the sand, and one who was hatless and stockingless was holding a parasol over her to keep the sun from burning her bare legs and freckling her nose. With hardly a moment's warning it commenced to rain, and there was a gathering up of wraps and a scampering for the bathhouses from all except the maid with the parasol. She danced out into the breakers, parasol and all, and was going to finish her bath in spite of the rain, but she wasn't going to get her "hair out of curl."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

VARIETIES OF COURTSHIP

The Antique, the Progressive and the Ephemera.

A Chaperon Gives Some Interesting Observations Upon the Workings of the Tender Passion in Young Girls of To-Day.

"You see," said the chaperon of a quartette of lively girls at Long Branch, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, "there are now three kinds of courting—the antique, the progressive and the ephemeral. Odd, isn't it, where the heart is concerned? Both the antique and the ephemeral kind are found among the old girls and boys and the debutantes, while the progressive sort is confined mostly to those who have been in society a half dozen seasons or less.

"The antique is the kind which has for its password one life, one love. The ephemeral lends to the fancy of the hour without further reflection. The progressive is one with which we have to deal in answering the query: 'Where are the old favorities, and why are the younger set so popular?'

"It is most natural that the matured bachelor and the rosebud should enjoy each other's society. This is ephemeral, no responsibility, no care; but the rosebud has a decided advantage over her courtly gallant; for, while she is becoming skillful in the use of Cupid's weapons, he is losing time and ground and some day will awaken to the truth that he is growing old, bald and ridiculous.

"What does the young girl see in her old escort? Mostly attention, which is very flattering to her in her first season out. And the bachelor—what does he see in her? He is lonely. The women of his set have disappeared somewhere, and he is willing to buy candy, kiss lap dogs, do anything to be entertained and entertaining. In this capacity the bachelor is a most useful member of society. He has even been known to walk around with grandmamma and to carry the married sister's baby and luggage to the train.

"Progressive courtship is curious. When a young woman begins to entertain serious thoughts of her future, whether in choosing a profession, a business or a husband, she rises above driftwood and marks a tree that will shelter her. Her time, also, is a consideration. She cannot waste years dallying with an old beau, a perennial.

"These perennials are many of them good souls, nice for escorts, but not up to date enough for ideal husbands. So the marriageable women, those who can preside with dignity over neat homes—the belles, in short, of past seasons—leave the ranks and form new ties.

"When a young woman becomes indifferent to parties, likes distant friends, protracted visits and can't be located, keep a sharp lookout among the marriage notices. The out-of-town men secure most of the home prizes. The only chance for home bachelors is to emulate the example of the girls—that is, to go out of town, too, where they are not known as everlastings.

"Suppose, however, that they cannot give up the old favorites; suppose that there is a great tugging at the heart when they think of losing them. In such cases, if the men value their happiness and wish to wager on their chances, they must become specialists in love and ply their skill increasingly as the summer season approaches. 'Good by, sweetheart!' if said idly, will be detected by no one more quickly than by the young lady herself, and the chance will be greatly in favor of that London, Philadelphia or Baltimore man."

COMEDY BY THE SEA.

The Forward Folk—Garrulous Mothers—The Conceited Dancer.

It's good fun to sit apart and notice the people at swell summer hotels, though sometimes it's a little sad, too, says an eastern correspondent.

The forward folk, who try to get acquainted with each newcomer of pretentious appearance, and who gets dropped as frequently as they are taken up, are amusing, as the newly rich, who fancy the ready road to elegance is gained by assuming a fierce haughtiness, the maintaining of which makes them as uncomfortable as it does their inferiors.

The garrulous mothers who have to talk all day long about the charms and perfections of their daughters are pretty trying.

Then there are the two or three lonely creatures who have drifted in somehow and are out of their element, and are quite conscious of the fact. They mournfully sit out the concerts and eat their meals almost tearfully.

There are, as a rule, so few men at the summer resorts that the few who linger longer than over Sunday get so swelled with their own importance that they are unbearably saucy.

At the hop the other night I noticed that the manner of the dancing men was as full of conceit as is a pudding of plums.

They lounged up to a girl, held out their arms, smiled a sickly smile, as who should say:

"I'll give you a turn or two, poor thing."

I'd cling to the wall till I took root before I'd dance with them, but girls aren't all alike, and the conceited chaps had only to "drop the handkerchief."

A QUEER NAME.

Ezekiel Godbepraised Registers at a Philadelphia Hotel.

The register of a Philadelphia hotel recently recorded the arrival of Thomas Godbepraised, of Barrow-in-Furness, England. Being approached by a Times reporter upon the subject of the oddity of his surname, Mr. Godbepraised said:

"Yes. I suppose the name does sound very odd to Americans, although such names are not altogether unusual in England and especially in Lancaster, which was a stronghold of the roundheads or puritans in Cromwell's time. My home is in Barrow-in-Furness, which is in Lancashire.

"My ancestors prior to Cromwell's time were all royalists. The family name was Elliott. A younger son renounced the religious faith and political opinions of his forefathers and became a puritan. As was usual in such cases, he abjured the carnal name of Charles Elliott and took the inspired one of Ezekiel Godbepraised.

"There is quite a romance connected with this ancestor of mine. He fell in love with the only daughter of a Col. Fielding in the cavalier's army. Not being able to obtain her father's consent to their marriage Ezekiel abducted her and for two years kept her hidden in a dreary house that stood near the little town of Formby, where a son was born. After a battle a little to the south of the river Morsey between the cavaliers and the roundheads her brothers discovered her and carried her off to old Furness abbey. In the hurry the child was left behind, but as the result of the mother's pleading one of the brothers returned to Formby after it.

"In the meantime Ezekiel had discovered his loss and removed the child. Then he followed his brothers back to Furness abbey, but arrived too late. The brother and sister had set sail from Barrow beach for the Isle of Man. A storm came up and Ezekiel arrived in time to see the boat founder. He returned to his child more bitter against the royalists than ever, and brought the child up with the same sentiments.

"At the close of the war Ezekiel adopted the trade of a weaver, and his name was perpetuated, the stern commands of the father forbidding the son to throw off the fanatical nickname when the heat of puritanical zeal had given away."

ONE OF CHINA'S CITIES.

Canton, Where the Plague Comes From, and It Isn't Surprising.

A line or two from Mrs. Archibald Dunn's new book gives a striking picture of the horrors of life in Canton. "The circumference of the city walls measures from six to seven miles, and within their inclosure there exist one million Chinese people. I had been in many oriental cities and had smelt many oriental smells, but those of Canton," says Mrs. Dunn, "were giants to them all. The passage-like streets are open sewers, every description of refuse being cast into them and forming continuous heaps on either side of the way. The water supply is raised from wells in the streets, the mouths of which are on a level with the ground, and a shower of rain, or drippings from the buckets in which they lift it must carry back the surrounding filth in a way horrible to think of. Through miles and miles of these high, narrow alleys did we travel, through the most fetid, airless atmosphere that human lungs could cope with, through the most evil and noisome odors that could assail human nostrils, past the most loathsome sights in the shape of abnormal butcher meat—such as dogs and cats, skinned and dressed ready for cooking; rats, both dried and hanging alive by the tails; frogs and unnatural-looking fish in tubs of water, alive, and awaiting death and consumption."

Uncomfortable Corean Houses.

The "kang," the Corean house furnace, renders the atmosphere of the inns where travelers take their rest, almost insufferable. It is pictured as a primitive, though effective, means of heating the houses throughout the kingdom. A small fire of brushwood is lighted in the small furnace at one side of the house, thence numerous flues under the mud floor conduct the smoke and hot air to an upright chimney or hole in the wall at the opposite end or side, and a little fire suffices to thoroughly heat a large house. Capt. Cavendish says he is not surprised to find coughs and colds common, for an indoor temperature of seventy or eighty degrees and an outdoor one of zero form trying extremes. Moreover, the constant warmth seems to keep alive the numerous flies, fleas, bugs and cockroaches with which most of the houses swarm.

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