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SOCIETY NOTICES.

Oregon Lodge, I. O. O. F. No 7

Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock P. M. in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main street. Members of the Order are invited to attend.
By order of N. G.
J. J. COOKE, N. G.

Multnomah Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M.

Holds its regular communications on first and third Saturdays of each month at 7:30 P. M. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend.
A. E. DAVIS, W. M.
I. ACKERMAN, Secretary

Meade Post No. 2, G. A. R., Department of Oregon.

Meets first Wednesday of every month, at 7:30 P. M. at Odd Fellows' Hall, Oregon City.
Commander.

Falls City Lodge of I. O. U. W.

Meets every second and fourth Friday evening in Odd Fellows' Building. All sojourning brethren cordially invited to attend.
J. G. PEARCEY, M. W.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Rev. O. W. Lucas, Pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School after morning service. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting of Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor every Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. C. Read Pastor. Morning service at 11:00. Sunday School at 12:15. Evening service 7:30. Regular prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Monthly Covenant meeting every Wednesday evening preceding the first Sunday in the month. A cordial invitation to all.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CATHOLIC.—Rev. A. Hillebrand, Pastor. Sunday high mass at 10:30 A. M. First Sunday of each month low mass at 8 A. M. second Sunday of each month a German service. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M. Vespers and Benediction at 7 P. M.

ST. PAUL'S P. E. CHURCH.—Rev. J. M. Donaldson, Rector. Services every Sunday at 11:00 and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School every Sunday at 9 o'clock. Weekly service at 12:30. St. Paul's Chapel, Canemah, service each alternate Sunday at 4 P. M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. I. D. Abney, Pastor. Morning service at 11. Sunday School at 10. Evening service at 7:30. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Class meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Strangers cordially invited.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. H. W. Gilfillan, Pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor meets every Sunday evening at 6:30. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7:30. Seats free. All cordially invited.

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MISCELLANY.

Garfield's Remains.

The Garfield monument in Cleveland, Ohio, is completed, and preparations are being made for the dedication, which is to take place early in the spring. At that time the remains of President Garfield will be placed in a permanent sepulchre beneath the monument. In view of the approaching transfer of the remains from Lakeview cemetery, it is now possible to relate an astounding story respecting the disposition which has been made of the late president's body for the last few years. When Garfield's remains were deposited in a vault in Lakeview cemetery it was announced that they would remain there until the time came to make permanent disposition of them. After the funeral the heavy casket was placed in the sarcophagus within a vault which could be viewed from a path outside through a massive iron grating. The suspicion which the robbery of the grave of Stewart had occasioned respecting the existence of an organized band of grave robbers induced the government to take special measures to prevent any such violation of the tomb.

By direction of Secretary Lincoln several guards of United States troops were stationed at the tomb, with instructions never to leave it unprotected. For five years the tomb was constantly under the eyes of soldiers, night and day. It was expected that this guard would be maintained until removal of the remains to the place selected for them beneath the monument.

About a year after Secretary Endicott succeeded Lincoln as secretary of war, he decided that it was unnecessary longer to maintain the guard. This caused personal friends of the Garfield family in Cleveland serious apprehension, for some intimation had been received from detectives that possibility of destroying the temporary vault had to be considered; so it was proposed to remove in the dead of night the remains of Garfield from the sarcophagus and to place them in some obscure place which would be known only to members of Garfield's family, and to those who undertook to carry out the plan. Four men, three of them prominent in business affairs, one known professionally in Cleveland, spent some time in looking for a proper location. They decided on an obscure vault in a remote portion of the cemetery. One night, not many days after the guard of soldiers had been removed, these four men went to the tomb. They undertook to remove the casket containing the remains. This was a heavy casket made of heavy oak and metal. It was very heavy, and it was with the greatest toil that the four were able to remove it from its place, and one of them never fully recovered from the effects of his night's work. However, the casket was finally deposited on the ground outside, and the lid of the sarcophagus was replaced and resealed so that it presented the appearance which characterized it before the removal of the casket, and the door of the tomb was locked. It was a task of vast difficulty to move the casket to a remote and obscure part of the burial place, and it took the greater part of the night to do it; but it was finally placed in this secluded spot, and all evidences of any recent treatment of the tomb were carefully removed.

Racing a Steamer.

A correspondent of the Salem Journal relates with apparent approval the following incident of history. We would be loath to believe that the pioneer of Oregon shared to any extent with the contributor of this article in indorsing such dishonest acts. He says:

"There appears to be a disposition by parties who have recently passed up and down through the state since the railroad has suspended operations, to think they have had wonderful experiences, and the likes were never seen before. Old Oregonians have seen equal experiences, and looked upon them as an every day occurrence. An experience or exploit comes to the writer's memory which he believes was never in print. Yreka thirty or thirty-five years ago was a prosperous mining town, and in 1857 a telegraph line was first established there. A gentleman from Oregon who disposed of considerable interests in Yreka for checks on San Francisco was horrified one morning a few days after the transaction, to read in the morning paper that the bank, against which his checks were drawn, had failed and he was nearly bankrupt. A thought struck him, and seeing that the Oregon steamer left San Francisco that morning for Portland he resolved to beat it there if possible.

He drew his checks, bought a horse and began the race. The setting sun found him on Rogue river, where he changed horses, and by morning he emerged from the big canyon, where he again changed horses, and again at Roseburg at noon he made another trade. Night found him in the Calipooia mountains. He was frequently detained in making his "horse-trades," but the third morning found him in sight of Portland, and he saw that the dreaded steamer had not arrived. He put up his horse at Stephens's on the east side of the river and crossed over on the horse ferry. As the bank was not yet opened he walked impatiently up and down the street, fearing every moment the cannon, which announced the arrival of the steamer, would send forth the news. A few minutes appeared as many hours. Finally, the doors of the bank swung open, and he went in and drew his coin. He recrossed the river and was just lying down when the vibrations of the cannon rattled his windows and announced the arrival of the boat. Ten minutes afterward the doors of the bank closed, but he had won the race."

Seed Corn 4,000 Years Old.

During the season of 1889 a remarkable crop was raised by David Drew, at Plymouth, New Hampshire. In 1888 Mr. Drew came into possession of some corn grains found wrapped with a mummy in Egypt, supposed to be 4,000 years old. These were planted and grew. It had many of the characteristics of real corn; the leaves were alternate; it grew to be over six feet high; the mid-ribs were white; but the product of the stalk, there is where the curious part comes in. Instead of growing in an ear like modern maize, it hung in heavy clusters at the top, on spikelets; there was no tassel, no silk; each sprig was thickly studded with grains, each provided with a separate husk, like wheat grains.

Following Up His Prayer.

Elder John Stephens held a pastorate in the Free Baptist church at Gardiner, Maine, forty odd years ago. Nature had dealt generously with Elder John. His big heart was cast in an iron frame of mammoth proportions, and when he lifted up his voice in prayer or praise listeners were sometimes at a loss to tell which was the stronger, his zeal or his lungs. Remarkable alike for sincere piety and genuine humor, the good man so tempered his teachings as to make them equally acceptable to saint and sinner. Riding one day along the road to West Gardiner he overtook an ox team that was stuck in the mud. The discouraged cattle had refused to pull, and the driver, who had sworn until the air was blue and smelled of brimstone, was preparing to reel off another string of oaths, when the parson stopped his horse and said:

"Try prayer, my friend; try prayer."

"Try it yourself," retorted the vexed teamster.

"I'll do it," said Elder John, and without further ceremony he dropped on his knees in the wagon.

For awhile he prayed around his subject as if afraid to touch it. Gradually, however, his faith gathered strength, and in a voice which bade fair to arouse the neighborhood, he besought the owner of the cattle on a thousand hills to move the hearts and legs of those stubborn oxen. The prayer was unconscionably long, and no sooner had it ended than the impatient driver prepared to start his team.

"Stop," said Elder John, descending from his wagon. "As I have done the praying I feel that I ought to do the driving. You hold my horse and give me the goadstick."

The man consented to the arrangement, and with a grin waited to see the parson worsted.

At that moment another ox team was seen approaching from another direction.

"Hallo, neighbor!" the practical parson shouted to the new comer, "Lend me your cattle for a moment."

"Hold on!" cried the owner of the mired cart. "That's not fair. If you can handle this team better by praying than I can by swearing I want to see you do it; but no doubling up, mind you; no doubling up."

Elder John's robust figure was drawn to its fullest height, and his voice was like the roar of the ocean, as he answered:

"My friend, the Master I serve is abundantly able to move this load with a single yoke of oxen—or without any oxen at all; but when in direct answer to prayer he sends me an extra pair of cattle, I'm going to hook 'em on!"

No further objection was raised, and with the aid of reinforcements the loaded cart was easily drawn out of the road.

Gigantic Human Bones Unearthed by Workmen.

Wednesday morning of this week as Amos Riker and John Good were engaged in digging a well on the farm of J. Henley, about two miles from Kossuth, and six miles southwest of Spencerville, they exhumed an enormous human skull, and following up the discovery, they unearthed a gigantic human skeleton entire. The bones were found at the depth of 32 feet, embedded in a vein of gravel, and were in an excellent state of preservation. The skeleton was put together as soon as the workmen were somewhat recovered from their astonishment, and proved upon measurement to be nearly 9 feet long. The thigh bone measured 3 feet and 2 inches in length, and the spinal column was 4 feet 2 inches long. The skull measured 38 inches in circumference, and was fractured and crushed in several places, which would seem to indicate that this historic Goliath had met his death in battle or by some other violent means.

Several war implements were found buried with the remains. One weapon, a huge stone axe, weighed 27 pounds; and another, a flint spear head, weighed 18 pounds.

The weight of these weapons, although so great, must have been easily handled by this great warrior of ages gone. Along with these implements of war was found a copper medallion, on which was engraved several strange characters. The discovery is a startling one, and proves substantially the biblical assertion that "there were giants in those days." To science the discovery is valuable and may lead to some interesting developments and discussions. If the remains were buried to such a depth by natural causes, the giant must have lived thousands or tens of thousands of years ago; but, of course, this is mere conjecture.—Spencerville Journal.

Taught the Dog to Steal.

Contracting Agent Smith, of the Omaha railroad, claims to have discovered the plan by which a gang of boy paper thieves have been so successfully operating in upper town. Annoyed by the repeated loss of his Pioneer-Press, which the carrier was accustomed to leave on the doorstep of his residence on Walnut street, Mr. Smith recently arose in time to get the paper when the carrier arrived. He marked it on the inside with a blue pencil: "This paper was stolen from ——," left it in the usual place on the step and went back into the house to await the approach of the thief. Ten minutes later, having heard no sound of any one approaching, he looked out and was dumbfounded to find the paper was missing. He laid a similar trap the next morning and sat in the parlor window to watch. The carrier had not been gone two minutes before a big Newfoundland dog trotted into his dooryard, took the paper in his mouth and ran off. The gentleman followed the dog around the corner and saw three boys meet the animal there, take the paper, and direct the dog to another dooryard. After collecting the papers the boys took them home to their mother, had the creases ironed out, and sold them on the streets down town.—Pioneer-Press.

Another Infliction.

Besides the influenza, Europe is threatened with another epidemic which has probably before never invaded its territory. It has its cradle in the peninsula of the Ganges, and it is called the red fever of India. It is an eruptive malady, disclosing some of the characteristics of measles and scarletina. There are really two eruptions—one initial and the other final. The attack is sudden, with weakness, lassitude, pain in the head and affected eyes, and then the first eruption appears, in the form of red blotches, as in scarletina. The final eruption becomes apparent from the fourth to the sixth day, and resembles that of measles, affecting the feet, hands and limbs, and disappearing in its turn after a duration of twenty-four hours. Convalescence is rather slow. The disease has hitherto been confined chiefly to Asia, but it has recently appeared in Constantinople and at Prevesa. It it is extremely contagious, but the lateness of the season may prevent its general spread through Europe."

Children that Tease.

It is a misfortune to a child to suppose that teasing is essential to his gaining a point he wants to gain. A result of such a view in his mind is that he looks not to his parents' wisdom and judgment, but to his own positiveness and persistency as the guide of his action in any mooted case of personal conduct; not to principles which are disclosed to him by one who is in authority, but to impulses which are wholly in his own bosom.

Such a view is inimical to all wise methods of thinking and doing on a child's part, and it is even more of a misfortune to the parent than to the child for the child to have the idea that the parent's decision is a result of the child's teasing, rather than that of the parent's understanding of what is right and best in a given case.

No parent can have the truest respect of his child while the child knows that he can tease that parent into compliance with the child's request contrary to the parent's real or supposed conviction. For the child's sake, therefore, and also for the parent's, every child ought to be trained not to tease and not to expect any possible advantage from teasing.—Sunday School Times.

A Bullet Rattles in His Head.

For over twenty-five years Fletcher Wright, who lives near Dawson, Ga., has carried a bullet in his head, from a wound received in one of the battles in Virginia. This Minnie ball shifts around at one time in the front of the head, at another time in the back. At times this bullet gives Mr. Wright much uneasiness while at work in the field by its shifting about and the rattling noise it makes in the head.

Oil of Peppermint.

When it is said that nine-tenths of all the oil of peppermint used in the world comes from one little county in New York state, it seems quite improbable, yet such is the fact, and at that, the best quality only. But a short distance east of Rochester is located Lyons, the county seat of Wayne county. It is a small county, but is one of the leading in point of agriculture in the great Empire state. Over 150,000 pounds of the oil is now distilled in Wayne county each year in favorable seasons. The crop is one that returns a fancy profit to the farmer, who never gets below $2 a pound for his oil, and from that price to $4 and $5. Twenty-five pounds to the acre is the lowest average of the crop, and frequently it is double that.

Can Never Be President.

There are four members of the United States Senate who can never be candidates for the Presidency of this Republic, under the constitution, because of alien birth. Senator Jones, of Nevada, was born in Herefordshire, England; Gen. McMillan, of Michigan, in Hamilton, Ontario; Senator Beck, of Kentucky, in Dumfrieshire, Scotland; and Senator Pasco, of Florida, in London, England. While it is the exception rather than otherwise that a senator was born in the state he represents, sectional lines have been closely observed. Of the northern senators only two were born in the South—Senator Cullom of Illinois, in Kentucky, and Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, in North Carolina. Not one southern Senator is of northern origin.

The Stitches in a Shirt.

The following singular calculation of the number of stitches in a plain shirt has been made by a Leicester seamstress: Stitches in collar, four rows, 3000; cross ends of same, 500; buttonhole and sewing on button, 150; gathering neck and sewing on collar, 1,204; stitching the wristbands, 1,228; ends of wristbands, 68; buttonholes in wristbands, 248, hemming slits, 264; gathering sleeves, 840; setting on wristbands, 1,498; stitching on shoulder straps, 1,880; hemming the bosom, 393; sewing in sleeves and making gussets, 3,050; sewing up side seams of sleeves, 2,554; cording bosom, 1,104; "tapping" the sleeves, 1,526; sewing all other seams and setting side gussets, 1,272; total number of stitches, 20,649.

A Strange Illinois County.

A citizen of Calhoun county is in the city as a United States grand juror. He boasts that there is not a railroad, a telegraph, an express office or a bank in his county. The county jail has not had a criminal inmate within the last five years. The grand jury of the county has found only three indictments within the last two years, and these were against persons who had illegally sold liquor. The county has only two terms of court a year, and a term never lasts over three days.—Chicago Herald.

The Postal Law.

A paper in Ohio recently brought suit against forty-three men who would not pay their subscriptions, and obtained judgment for the full amount in each case. Twenty-eight at once prevented attachment by making affidavit that they owned no more than the law allowed. Under the decision of the supreme court they were arrested for petty larceny and bound over in the sum of $300 each. Six of these did not give bonds and went to jail. That is the result of the new postal law, which makes it larceny to take a paper and refuse to pay for it. The World has about come to the conclusion that it will try the plan on some subscribers who owe this paper from three to five years' subscription, and have returned the paper marked "Refused," thereby endeavoring to defraud us. When subscribers get dishonest, we propose to call upon the law to protect us, and when we do that we'll get what we sue for. Forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. The publishers of this paper deal fairly with all, and they positively will not be bulldozed. Those who desire the paper continued, will not be pushed for their subscriptions, but it is those who deny an honest debt that we propose to call up for a reckoning. We are not in the business for our health by a long shot. This paper is conducted for a livelihood, and we propose to have what is justly ours.—World.

A Washington city correspondent says: "Postmaster-General Wanamaker at 8 A. M. is on his way to his office. He is at work before many of his clerks have left their breakfast tables, and he, Assistant Postmaster-General Clarkson and Private Secretary Cushing are, as a rule, the first three to enter the department in the morning. At 9, the corridors are echoing under the feet of the hundreds of clerks as they hurry in to their morning's work."

A promissory note contained a clause inserted by the maker in these words: "Should suit be commenced or an attorney be employed to enforce the payment of this note, I agree to pay the additional sum of five per cent, on principal and interest accrued as attorney's fees in such suit." The supreme court of Cal., (Adams vs. Seaman et al.) held that the insertion of the clause in question rendered the note non-negotiable.

The Boston Herald says that the poet Longfellow drew a line with red ink through a clause in his will and interlined above this erasure a different wish as to the disposition of the property named in it. This had the effect of revoking his entire gift to the person indicated in the clause, and, as this new wish was not signed after being written, that person took nothing whatever under the will.

Minnie—I wonder who was the young man in the fur-trimmed coat and silk hat that we just passed?

Mamie—Oh, he is a Chicago traveling man.

Minnie—Then you know him, do you?

Mamie—Me? No. But didn't you hear him say "I have saw?"—Terre Haute Express.

"No," said she with the complacency born of knowing that she had the prettiest and most striking costume in the ball-room, "I don't care much for dress. I like to feel that I, for one, am above such vanity, you know?"

"You are, indeed," said her admiring companion, "head and shoulders above it, as everybody here will say."

Montana Pete (looking at his overdone beefsteak and jabbing his bowie-knife through it)—I'd like to see the scoundrel that cooked this meat!

Large Woman (cross-eyed and red-headed appearing a moment later)—The waiter tells me you wish to see me, sir.

Montana Pete wilts.—Chicago Tribune.

"This hand," quoth a congressman, extending his right hand to a group of Chicago fair boomers, "never took a bribe. But of this one, he continued, holding out his left, "I have lost control." The congressman, however, was only joking—we have his word for it.—Kansas City Journal.

Some Sunday School Information: Mamma—Well, Nellie, what did you learn at Sunday School to-day? Nellie—That I must sell three tickets for the concert next week, give twenty cents to buy a present for the superintendent, and —that Noah built the ark.—N. Y. Herald.

Judge—The prisoner denies having created any disturbance as stated by you.

Indignant witness (a night watchman)—But, your Honor, if he did n't raise the biggest kind of a disturbance, how the mischief did I come to wake up?—Texas Siftings.

"I see," said Mrs. Henpeck, "that the new Brazilian government has established civil marriages." "Well, I wish you'd go down there and learn something about them; I'm getting mighty tired of this uncivil affair of ours."

Clipper (the jockey)—Sorry, boss, but I can't ride to-day.

Owner—Sick?

Clipper—No, sir. I was swipin' apples, and the measly farmer filled me so full of bird shot that I'm half a pound over weight.—Life.

Portugal (dodging a right-hander from John Bull)—I'm not in your class as a slugger, but here goes for a blow at your pocket.—Chicago Tribune.

John G. Whittier, the aged poet, recently refused $2000 from a magazine publisher for a short Christmas poem.

It is said that Barnum has offered General Boulanger $1000 a week to travel with his show.