The Daily Astorian.

ASTORIA, OREGON:

SUNDAY.....APRIL 27, 1890

THE ROMANCE OF IDAHO.

The State Was Named For a Pretty Little Indian Girl.

In the autumn of 1865 I resided in Twenty-second street, New York, says Dr. Edward P. Roche in the Boston *Journal*. A genial fellow boarder was a gentleman of forty-five years, who was putting some mining stock on the market. His name was Cole, and he claimed the distinction of having for initials three Cs—C. C. Cole—of being one of the first members of congress from the new territory and of receiving the largest mileage ever paid to a member of congress—over $10,000—his mileage being computed from Idaho to San Francisco, thence (around the Horn) by way of New York to Washington. He was a pioneer from New York, and for a time kept a trading store at Fort Walla Walla.

One evening the strange name of the new territory became a subject of comment, and Mr. Cole gave me the following account of how the name came to be adopted, and also the selected meaning, or rather the meaning which he and others concluded to give as the Indian word's translation. One bright morning about ten o'clock, in company with another gentleman interested in the government of the territory, while riding over some barren mountain tops, or rather hills, the road became so rough as to compel the slowest traveling. As they plodded on, the name for the new territory became the topic of conversation. While talking over the various names they suggested, they came to the top of a small plateau, on the farther edge of which stood an Indian hovel or cabin.

The utter loneliness of the spot suggested to the travelers that they had come upon the hiding place of some outlaw, of whom the country then boasted a great number. Just before they reached, but while in plain view of the cabin, an Indian woman came out and called out several times in a high spirited far-reaching voice the word Idaho. The tone was a combination of those of the Swiss yodeler, the Spanish Indian and Louisiana negress, and as was supposed, a call to the squaw's husband. The sound of the voice, as given by Mr. Cole, and he had been familiar with the Indians for some years, was Eh-dah-hoo-oo-oo; a drop from the first E, a long a, almost as if ah-ah, and a musical, long drawn out dwelling on the hoo, using the full force of the lungs in expiration and crescendo.

The squaw's call was answered by the sudden appearance of an Indian girl about 9 years of age. She was clean and better looking than most of her race. The inference of both Mr. Cole and his companion was that Idaho was the girl's name, and the idea of adopting it as the name of the new territory occurred to both men at about the same time, Mr. Cole claiming to be the first to speak.

All efforts to find the English of the word resulted in failure, and finally, in consideration of the sex and the surroundings of the Indian whose name had helped solve the difficulty in finding one for the territory, that of "Gem of the Mountains" was decided upon. The real meaning of the word Mr. Cole never knew. As the Indians name their children from physical peculiarities or circumstances occurring at their birth, and as the child was born about daylight, the translation of "Light on the Mountains" was first deemed a good one, but its fitness as a name for the territory had to give way to the more appropriate one of "Gem of the Mountains," which was given to congress as the translation of the Indian word.

I narrate the tale as I got it from Mr. Cole, and add what at the time I suggested to him—that the territory erect a monument on the spot where the name was selected—and as an amendment, that Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, write the inscriptions.

SYRIA'S BEAUTIFL SLAVES.

The Arduous and Barbaric Duties of the Wives of the Bible Lands.

There are grand women in Arabia; women of ability, keen in insight and wonderful capabilities. The duties of the wife of a Syrian to-day are as follows:

She brings all the water for family use from a distant well. This is accomplished by filling immense jars and bringing them upon her head. She rises early and goes to the hand-mill of the village carrying corn, enough of which for the day's bread she grinds by a slow, laborious process. This she carries home and cooks in an oven, which is made in the earth. It is a round hole, lined with oval and flat stones, and heated by a fire built in it. When the bread is mixed with water and a little salt, she removes the ashes and plasters pats of dough against the hot stones to cook. Could anything be more crude?

She cares for her children—usually a large family—and does all the rough work at intervals, while the husband calmly smokes his "argelle" or sits cross-legged upon his divan or housetop in converse with some equally hard-working member of Syrian society.

The houses are made of a coarse stone roughly hewn. The house tops are of clay covered with coarse gravel. In hot weather the sun bakes this mud-formed roof and large cracks appear. The rain comes, and as a natural consequence, the roof leaks. This is something of which the fastidious inhabitant of the Bible land does not approve. It does not add to his bodily comfort.

He remedies the difficulties—shall I tell you how? Not by any effort of his own; far from it. His wife comes, ascends to the house top, and in the drenching rain propels a roller of solid stone, backward and forward, much as we use a lawn mower. This rolls the sundried cracks together and prevents the entrance of water.

These are only a few of the Syrian housewife's duties. Her reward is not in this world, surely: She can not speak to her husband in public; she can receive no caress before her friends. She goes veiled and scantily clad. She has no time to make her own habiliments, for her hands must weave and spin and embroider artistically and abundantly for the husband and male children. In winter her feet are protected only by open wooden sandals, and drops of blood mark the way to the Syrian well. Of course this is among the lower and middle classes of society in Syria, but those who belong to a higher class are very few.

Ladlow's Ladies' $3.00 Fine Shoes; also flexible hand-turned French Kids, at P. J. Goodman's.

A GHOST ON SHIPBOARD.

The Adventure of a Spook as Related by Himself.

AN OLD SEA CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Scaring a Whole Ship's Crew, Including The Wicked Mate, and Having a Generally Good Time.

Coming down on the *R. R. Thompson* last Thursday night, several passengers sat smoking in the forward cabin long after the others had retired.

As the night wore on two of the number, old sea captains, got to telling yarns about ghosts, sea serpents and marine spooks generally. One captain said that he had once had a mate who had seen a ghost in the mizzentop one dark night. Another of the skippers said that he had known a captain who had a steward who had once been shipmate with a spook.

"I can tell you a better story than that," remarked one of the group, who had, so far, done most of the listening. "I was once on a haunted vessel myself. This vessel was really haunted by a ghost—I am telling you the truth. And, what is more, I was the ghost that haunted the vessel." This announcement gave rise to some expressions of incredulity, which the man who claimed to be an ex-ghost proceeded to answer by spinning his yarn.

"I was a tough youngster about thirty years ago," he continued, "so tough that my parents sent me to sea. I didn't particularly fancy life on shipboard at first, because they gave me lots of work, and I didn't like work; and because they didn't give me good victuals, and I was frightful fond of good victuals. The bark that I had shipped on went to Bordeaux. The third night in that port I asked for permission to go ashore, but was told that I would have to remain on board. This made me mad. I saw the captain's small boat alongside the gangway with the oars in it. I crawled down into the boat, unfastened the painter and shoved off from the bark. Then I rowed, as I thought, toward the shore, but it soon came on to be thick. As I couldn't see but a few yards from the boat, I had nothing to do but to sit quietly in the boat and let her drift. And she drifted all night. Soon after daylight I heard the swash of a vessel coming toward me. I jumped up and hailed her. She was a small outward-bound bark, sailing slowly, with the wind on her beam. There were people on her deck, and just as they passed one of them hove me a line, which I caught. In a minute I was on board the vessel, surrounded by several rough-looking Spanish sailors, who examined me from head to foot as if I were a curiosity. While they were still watching me the captain came up and, in broken English told me that his vessel had just left Bordeaux for Buenos Ayres. He could not put back to land me, and it would be unsafe for me to leave the bark in the fog. He had a spare berth and I could work my passage, he said. He then ordered the little boat in which I had been found to be hauled on board.

"I was placed in the mate's watch. The mate was a wicked looking fellow, who at once took a strong dislike to me. One morning I began to whistle while at my work. The mate heard me and gave me a sound thrashing. I took it from that, that the mate was very superstitious, like the majority of Spanish sailors then, and fancied that my whistling would bring the vessel ill luck. After that he always thrashed me on the slightest provocation. We had unfavorable winds and calms nearly the whole time. The mate and the sailors all seemed to regard me as the cause of the unfavorable winds, for I often caught them looking at me in a distrustful way, as if they thought I was a Jonah.

"The food was very poor and there was little of it. I slept in a little room in the deckhouse where some of the stores were kept. There was a small trap door in the deck in this room. One night when we had the first watch on deck, I saw as I passed the galley door, that there was something that looked like a can of preserved meat on a shelf inside the door. I watched my chance and seized the can and took it to my bunk, where I hid it. At midnight, when I turned in I found that the can contained pickled lobster. I ate the whole contents of the can, and then stole out on deck and threw the can overboard. I slept heavily after turning in, and later on I had an uneasy feeling, as if my stomach wasn't working rightly. It seemed as if I were climbing up and down precipices and groping along narrow ledges, and now and then crawling along in dark caves. Suddenly the scene seemed to change. I thought myself in a small boat, alone on the ocean. A vessel came rapidly in sight and hurried past me. 'Help! help!' I cried; 'don't leave me here to perish!' Then I heard an answering cry in Spanish. I replied with another cry for help. Then I awoke and found myself in the lazaretto of the bark, with my head sticking out of a small port hole. In my nightmare I had got out of my bunk, opened the trap door in the deck, gone down into the hold, opened the port and stuck my head out into the air and yelled for help. It took me a moment or so to realize all this. I then heard cries on deck, and I concluded that I had really yelled out and that the people on deck thought that the yells came from some one who had fallen overboard, or from some shipwrecked person in a boat or clinging to a raft.

"I shuddered when I thought of the thrashing that I was sure to receive from the mate if he discovered that I had been responsible for the alarm. I closed the port and started to retrace my steps. I had got through the trap door of the lazaretto when I stumbled and fell over a basket. As I did so I heard the clinking of bottles. I tore open the basket and found that it was filled with bottles of wine. I broke off the neck of one of the bottles, which I proceeded to empty. I felt very comfortable after it, and I lay down on some matting which had been placed over a portion of the cargo. I began to feel drowsy, and the next thing I remember was waking up. I must have been asleep for a number of hours. It occurred to me that I had been already missed, and that the crew probably thought that I had fallen overboard, and had mistaken my nightmare yells for drowning cries.

"I knew that when I appeared on deck there would be trouble, so I took another bottle of wine to brace up with. While I was drinking this it struck me that it would be a good idea for me to see if there were not some eatables at hand. I found near me a number of hams, several cases of fine biscuit, some boxes of raisins, and a quantity of fancy groceries packed in light boxes and easy to get at. I also found a few cases of champagne and a number of cases of light wines. After making a hearty meal I concluded that, with such ample resources at hand, it would be foolish of me to go on deck and get thrashed. I opened the trap door of the lazaretto, and, going to the port, I fastened this open. The open port and trap-door admitted a little light and air into the after part of the hold where my wines and provisions were stored. I took a spare sail from the lazaretto and made myself a comfortable sleeping place among the cargo. When the absence of light showed me that evening had set in I ate a hearty meal, which I washed down with a couple of bottles of wine.

"I then concluded that it would do me no harm if I gave the Spaniards a little scare. I climbed up into the lazaretto and, going to the port, struck my head out and yelled: "Ship ahoy—help!" several times. I could hear people talking and running about on the deck, and I had no doubt that the superstitious Spaniards thought that my ghost was after them. Next morning, when I awoke with a headache, I blamed myself for having alarmed the crew needlessly, but when I had braced up with a little wine I felt that by keeping the Spaniards under the impression that the vessel was haunted they would be very chary about venturing down into the hold, and that consequently the danger of my being discovered would be lessened. Every night, therefore, I went up to the port, and sticking my head out, yelled a few times for help. My cries were no longer followed by noises on deck, and I concluded that when the poor Spaniards heard my ghostly cries they remained still and trembled.

"Late one afternoon I lay with my head out of the port getting some fresh air and watching the water, which seemed strangely calm. I had been having altogether too much wine, and I was now feeling the bad effects of it. I felt regularly melancholy, somehow, as I watched the smooth waves. I happened to look out to leeward and I saw a boat. In it were the captain and about half of the crew. They were rowing away from the bark. They soon drifted a little forward of the line that I could see from the port, and I lost sight of them. Then it flashed over me that they had deserted the bark because they thought she was haunted. Probably the mate and the rest of the crew had gone away in the other boat. I crawled through the lazaretto and over the cargo to the trap door in the little room where I had slept. I tried the door but it would not move. Some barrels of stores had evidently been placed over the trap door. I cried out several times, but every one had deserted the vessel. I felt that I was doomed to sink with the abandoned vessel. I crawled back to my resting-place and took a bottle of wine, but instead of cheering me up it depressed me. I went back to the port and found that the sun had set. My thoughts became so gloomy that I could not bear them. A feeling of terror took possession of me, and I deliberately crawled through the port and dropped headforemost into the sea.

"When I came to the surface I heard cries, and saw a boat dashing up to me. I was seized by the hair and dragged into the boat. Here I saw the captain and several of his crew. The captain had merely been to visit the master of another Spanish vessel, which lay becalmed a short distance from the bark, and on his way back had seen me plunge out of the port hole. I was hoisted on board. The captain and the mate had an animated discussion in Spanish, which was followed by the mate hurrying down into the hold. I awaited his return with trembling. I felt sure that, after discovering the hole I had made in the cargo, the mate would thrash me within an inch of my life. He came up on deck. I expected to be knocked down. But instead of that the mate ran to me, and, throwing his arms around me, embraced me in a delighted manner. It took me a moment or two to realize that the mate was delighted to find that his superstitious fears were groundless, and that the bark, after all, had not been haunted."

HIT THEM UNDER THE EAR.

How Some Railroad Fares Were Collected In The Lumber Region.

A railroad conductor who used to run up in the Marinette and Hurley regions of Wisconsin, and who is now cooling off in Chicago from the effects of some warm experiences which he had in that benighted section, entertained a party of friends Sunday in the following vein: "I had been told when I first took charge of the train I would have a tough lot to deal with. The first car I entered on the occasion I am telling about was full of the hardest looking customers I ever saw. There wasn't a sober man in the lot. I approached each man and said 'tickets' in a firm but polite way. They all give me a big laugh, and when I had gone through the car I hadn't a ticket or a cent to show for my work. I felt as though I was in great luck to be alive. I entered the next car and encountered an individual who was infinitely harder looking than the chaps I had left. I said 'tickets' to him and he shrugged his great shoulders.

"How much did you get out o' that other car?" he asked.

"I told him not a ticket, not a cent.

"'What are you going to do about it?'

"I told him I didn't know.

"'Kin you afford it?' he growled.

"I told him I couldn't.

"'Then you'll get bounced—lose your job, won't you?' he asked.

"I said I guessed that was the size of it.

"'Well, you won't,' he said. 'Gimme your cap. I'll get your tickets.'

"I handed him my cap and insignia, and he went forward. The first man he came to he hit under the ear and bawled out: "Gimme your ticket or your fare, or, I'll bury you in the floor.'

"The man recovered and handed the thumper a bill.

"'You don't get no change this 'ere trip,' said the acting conductor, and he hadn't much more than said that than he hit another man under the ear. 'Ticket or fare,' says the actual conductor, and that man unloaded.

"In less time than it takes me to tell it every man in the car was on his feet with money in his hand waiting to pay and every one of them did pay.

"The acting conductor brought the roll to me and said: 'You want to hit these chaps under the ear when you want fare.'

"But I never had the courage to do it, and I soon afterward resigned. I never knew who my benefactor was. I asked his name and he answered:

"You got your money, didn't you?"

"I said 'Yes.'

"'Well,' he added, 'don't ask any foolish questions.'

"I saw him frequently after that, but never learned his name. He always paid his fare, and I never hit him under the ear for it either.—*Chicago Mail.*

WILL EXPLORE ALASKA.

The Frank Leslie Expedition Now on the Way.

NAMES OF THE EXPLORERS.

The United States survey schooner Patterson arrived in port yesterday morning from San Francisco on her way to Alaska for the regular summer cruise. The vessel left San Francisco on April 10, and is in command of H. B. Mansfield.

On board the Patterson is the "Frank Leslie" Alaska exploring party, which will make a tour of a portion of that unexplored region. The party was fitted out by W. K. Arkell of New York, and, it is thought, will be of much benefit to science and history generally. The expedition when completed will consist of twenty-five men, including scouts, guides, servants and Chilcat Indians. Tom Young, an old scout from Winnipeg, is with them.

Their course, in brief, will be: By the steamer *Patterson* to Juneau City, Alaska; thence by canoe up Lynn canal and the Chilcat river to Chilcat pass. Beyond, to the northwest, the country is a mystery, and in that direction the expedition will attempt to force a trail of hundreds of miles to Mount Wrangell and the headwaters of the Copper river. The sources of the latter are still a matter of doubt, but this question will now be settled, and when the river is found the expedition, on a "giant raft," will shoot the rapids of this turbulent steam to its meeting with Father Neptune. A United States revenue cutter will take off the party in 1891.

The personnel of the expedition is as follows: E. H. Wells, A. B. Schanz and E. J. Glave, a scout, a photographer, a prospector and three frontiersmen. E. H. Wells is chief of the expedition and correspondent. He is a western journalist, who makes his home at Cincinnati. Young, energetic, hardy and experienced, he is well fitted for his great responsibility. He traversed in former exploits 2,000 miles of the British northwest territory and central Alaska, and has mapped a number of previously unknown rivers for the United States government.

E. J. Glave, executive officer and artist, has already achieved a reputation as an explorer. Mr. Glave went to Africa in 1883. At the age of nineteen he had command of one of the stations far in the interior on the Congo, founded by his chief, Mr. Stanley. He and Mr. Stanley lived together six years in the wilds of Africa. Mr. Glave was decorated by the king of Belgium with the star of service. Alfred B. Schanz, historian and astronomer of the expedition, is a Californian, whose early life was passed in the wintry blasts of the northwestern states. His experiences in campaigning have extended through all our northwestern territories and the Canadian frontier. For the last four years he has been on the staff of the New York *Tribune*, and previously to that time he was assistant astronomer at Allegheny Observatory, Pittsburg, under the noted scientist, Professor S. P. Langley, now secretary of the Smithsonian institute.

The rest of the expedition are men picked out by the leader for their qualifications. Every care has been exercised to select the right men, nothing has been spared in providing a suitable equipment, and the work has begun under most encouraging conditions. The white men of the party will be supported in their work through the "mysterious territory" by a retinue of Chilcat Indians.

In speaking of the expedition to a representative of the *Morning Leader* yesterday afternoon Mr. Wells said:

"We have the steamer *Patterson* from here to Juneau, Alaska, leaving San Francisco on Thursday and Port Townsend April 23. We intend to visit those portions of Alaska that have never been explored. We will explore the Yukon and the White rivers and the unknown copper regions. I am of the opinion that there is located there the highest mountain on the American continent. There is certainly a range of gigantic peaks there which one might call the Andes of the North. Some of these I saw last year from the Yukon. The White river and its tributaries have never been explored and are not even mapped. The coast survey department utilized considerable of my material secured last year, which appears on a new map of Alaska issued three weeks ago."

"There is, in all probability, a mountain of copper in the undiscovered portion of the country, and many valuable mining locations. Alaska has never been explored overland in summer, and in winter only by means of dog sleds. The mosquitos and other insects are very ferocious, and to overcome, this difficulty we have head nets for protection. We will be in the interior for a period of five months, returning to the steamer at Juneau about September 15. We expect to go up the White river and return on the Copper river, and then explore the coast for 500 miles to Juneau in Indian canoes. We carry with us an outfit weighing fully a ton, which includes a sixteen-foot canvas boat and many scientific instruments. When we arrived at Chilcat our outfit and supplies will be divided and placed on the backs of Indians. At the start we will make a portage of twelve days from Chilcat to what is supposed to be the White river, 100 miles distant."

The *Patterson* will take several thousand feet of lumber at Hadlock for signal work and leave for Nanaimo to take on fuel.

A. B. Schanz said to the reporter that Lieut. Seaton-Karr wired from here about two weeks ago to his (Schanz's) party in San Francisco, asking when and where a mutual meeting could be had. Arrangements could not be made for the meeting, and it is now understood that the two parties will meet in June.

"Our work is separate and distinct, and we will not join forces," said Mr. Schanz. "Karr proposed to explore the Copper river. We will go overland to the Chilcat river and explore White river to its junction with the Yukon, thence to the source of the Yukon. Then we will cross the mountains, divide and go down Copper river.

"Karr's route will be separate from ours, and there is no probability that our forces will be united."—*Port Townsend Argus, 18.*

Not Fish Facts.

A Nova Scotia paper reports that a fisherman away down east recently while fishing for eels, fished up one with a pair of spectacles on.

A Wisconsin man bought a pickerel that weighed eighteen pounds the other day. The pickerel had swallowed a bass that would weigh two or three pounds, and when he dressed the bass he was rewarded by finding two good sized perch in him that he had swallowed, so he actually bought four fish instead of one as he supposed.

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

The Magnificent Structure That Replaces Solomon's Temple.

The Mosque of Omar is beautiful. Its walls are adorned with marbles of delicate colors, and the dome is roofed with tiles of a brilliant blue, and some blue and yellow. The effect from the Mount of Olives is of a turquois dome roofing, walls of pearl. It stands high; white pavements and tall cypresses around; steps lead down to other courts, once the court of the Gentiles, the court of the Great Brazen Laver, etc., and olives and grass of emerald green and abundant wild flowers cover the nakedness where Solomon's offerings had enriched the entrance ground between the golden gate and the eastern walls of the temple itself.

Inside the mosque is exquisite. A circle of marble pillars inclose the veritable rough rock of Mount Moriah, and support the inner part of the dome, which is rich in mosaic, worthy to be compared with that in Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. Portals and partitions, inlaid with tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl and ivory, divide the little side chapels from the central passage way between them and the sacred rock, the scene of Abraham's awful obedience and of the sacrifices which, interpreted to men, made them partakers of the one great sacrifice of the Son of God. We saw the opening cut in the rock for the escape o the sacrificed blood, and, descending into the excavation below, we found a similar opening communicating with a duct which discharged into a cesspool by the Brook Kedron. We crossed the outer southern court, and, passing the fountain supplied by the same water as its grander predecessor on the backs of brazen oxen, we descended beneath the present mosque, El Aksar, close to the Mosque of Omar, into the same gallery which led to the old temple from the south, and up which our Lord walked again and again when he was here. It is now half filled with rubbish and earth, but the ceiling is still so high above that we needed to be reminded that the ground level is far down under the rubble. The pillars in single, solid blocks, the round keystone in the roof, and the lintels of long single stones, are witnesses of the glory which has departed. Leaving this gallery, we climbed the city walls by the golden gate, and walking south at the angle of the walls, we descended underground into the stables of Solomon. That they may have been utilized by him, and certainly were by the crusaders, the halter rings declare; but it seems that the original intention was to raise the level of the valley, and the thick forest of pillars are chiefly for support.—*Quicer.*

DEATH IN THE PILLOW.

A New Danger to Alarm the Housewife.

Another note of domestic alarm is sounded this week by a correspondent of a medical journal who bids us take note of the fact that disease and death lurk in the very pillows and bolsters on which we lay our heads at night. It is easy to talk of down and feathers; but, as a fact, if they were cut open these articles would be often found to be more or less stuffed with the most heterogeneous materials. Pillows, bolsters and beds have been examined and found to contain portions of filthy coarse, black serge, apparently parts of soldiers' old coat-sleeves, pieces of dirty greasy silk dresses, old worsted braid from the borders of women's gowns, soiled linen rags and colored calico, and even nuts and walnut shells and pieces of crinoline wire. The bedding in this case was bought new, we are assured, a few years ago, of an expensive and respectable upholsterer. Moreover, a woman who was employed to do the unpicking work of the trade informed the lady of the household that the practice of stuffing bedding with dirty rubbish and rags was very general, and that few beds or bolsters contain only the material of which they are supposed to consist. This is very terrible, and the worst of it is that it is only the last, for the present, of a long list of kindred discoveries which of late have contributed to give ironical force to the question, "Is life worth living?" Fortunately, in this case, the remedy involves nothing more difficult than ripping a seam or two and stitching them up again as soon as we have ocular proof of the contents. Bedding, as all good housewives know, ought to be opened periodically, so that its contents may be beaten with sticks. In France bed-cleansing in this fashion is followed as a regular trade. It is more than probable that the neglect of such sanitary precauaions is, as the *Lancet's* correspondent suggests, the cause of many of the mysterious outbreaks of infections disease in schools and families.—*London News.*

Who Can Best be Spared.

Young men, this is the first question your employers ask themselves when business becomes slack, and when it is thought necessary to economize in the matter of salaries. "Who can best be spared?" The barnacles, the shifts, the makeshifts, somebody's proteges, somebody's nephews, and especially somebody's good-for-nothing. Young men, please remember that these are not the ones who are called for when responsible positions are to be filled. Would you like to gauge your own future for a position of prominence? Would you like to know the probabilities of your getting such a position? Inquire within. What are you doing to make yourself valuable in the position you now occupy? If you are doing with your might what your hands find to do, the chances are ten to one that you soon become so valuable in that position that you cannot be spared from it; and then, singular to relate will be the very time when you will be sought out for promotion for a better place.—*The Medical Record.*

Made Him Feel Small.

A story is told of a man who was out hunting and met with little success. Just as he was about returning a heavy shower came up, and having no shelter he crawled into a hollow log which was barely large enough to admit his body. He remained in this cramped position until the rain was over, but to his surprise the rain had caused the log to swell, which made the hole too small for him to get out. The predicament made him review his past life and think of his sins of commission and omission, and when he thought he was not a subscriber for his home paper he suddenly felt so small that he crawled out without any difficulty.—*Ex.*

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker Mouth. At J. C. Dement's

A FOOL HUSBAND.

But Wasn't the Girl Just a Little to Blame As Well?

Directly in front of me, on a recent journey, sat a pretty girl, perhaps twenty years of age, and across the way was a fine looking, middle-aged man with a sweet faced wife, two lovely children and a nursemaid. This party was evidently returning from some prolonged visit to the country and was heading for "grandma's" to stay until the holidays. The conversation of the children told all this to every one in the parlor car. Presently when mamma was deep in a new book, and the nurse had the babies on a sofa at the end of the car, the scamp of a husband opened the capaign by surreptitious smiles in the looking-glass at the pretty girl. During the day he flirted with her.

Finally he went to a rack in which telegraph blanks were deposited, took one and retired. After a while he adroitly laid a folded paper on miss's knee. It was the telegraph blank and written on it was this:

"I am strangely interested in you and desire a further acquaintance. Will you write me on your return to New York? A note addressed to Jno. Johnson, 964 Beaver street, will reach a delighted man. Give me some signal before I leave (at the next station) that I may know my fate."

The girl read over and over this impudent communication. Then, as she felt the eyes of half the passengers upon her, she got afraid of the result, and she turned to a lady, passed the paper over and asked: "What would you do were you in my place?"

And old gentleman in front spoke up: "Give that paper, whatever there is on it, to that insulted wife."

Well, bless me, if she didn't place the open communication on her lap and say: "The gentleman with you gave me that a moment ago. I don't quite understand it." Nearly the whole carload watched the developments with intense interest. The lady quietly read it through. She was as pale as ashes, but she turned a glance of such contempt on the man that we all knew that there was trouble in store for that delusion and snare. Then she faced about and said pleasantly to the pretty girl: "Thank you; you have rendered me a very great service." The cars stopped and the party withdrew, the flirting husband making a desperate attempt to look unconcerned, but the look-out for one fool of a traveler was by no means pleasant, if we could read faces.—*N. Y. Letter.*

RELATED TO ROYALTY.

The Claim Set Forth by a Railroad Hand.

A singular incident is revealed concerning one of the parties of engineers that the Manitoba company has just disbanded and the identities of two members of the party. These are Mr. Grandall, the transit man, and the head chainman, Harold Vegreuse. The two joined the party as companions, and are Norwegians. They were inseparable companions, and yet would be hardly two minutes together until into a war of words. Yet they seemed to really think everything of each other. It became apparen after a while that the friction invariably arose at one or the other giving anything like an order to the other. Harold was the younger and Grandall was his superior by virtue of his position as transit man. If the engineer, who seemed confirmed in the habit of eating large heaps of sugar on his Boston beans, said to Harold, "Pass the sugar," the latter wouldn't do it. Being questioned, Harold said:

"Only peasants eat sugar on greasy food, and Grandall in the old country would not dare to command me at all."

Then both agreed to the following explanation:

The father of Harold Vegreuse was of royal descent, and in the emergency of a certain number of deaths would have become king of Sweden. Grandall is of lowly or subordinate extraction. At home Vegreuse would be master and Grandall, servant, but Grandall by pushing at school, educated himself and became an engineer, while his possible king and master is not yet so far advanced, and thus very naturally everything like a command from the peasant falls harshly on the ears of "the king."

Tribulation of a Bride.

Every woman who has been a bride will sympathize with the sorrow of a young lady who was married in Omaha a few days ago. She had almost reached the church when it was discovered that she had forgotten her bridal veil in her nervousness and haste. She went back after it. On the way to the church again she sneezed and split her satin bodice from belt to shoulder. The carriage stopped at a shop, needle and thread were procured and the rent repaired. As she stepped from the carriage the lace bottom of an underskirt caught and the button at the waist gave away. In consequence the skirt began to slip as she walked up the church aisle, every eye, of course, bent on her with a coldly critical look. With her disengaged hand she clutched desperately at the slipping garment, managing to hold it through the side of her dress until the ceremony was over and she was once more in the carriage. Her next entirely natural act was to fling her arms about the panic stricken groom's neck and give way to a torrent of tears, the reason for which she did not then impart.

All Easily Hit.

At a recent gathering of ministers one speaker recited an anecdote which admits of large and varied application. It was a story of a minister who preaching on exchange, said some strong things about fast horses. He was told after the sermon that he had touched one of their best members on a tender spot. "Well," said the preacher, "I cannot change my sermon for him." In the evening the man was introduced to the minister, who said: "I understand that what I said this morning touched one of your weaknesses. I assure you that I was altogether unconscious of the weakness when I said it." "Oh do not trouble yourself," said the man. "It is a very poor sermon that does not hit me somewhere."

Lost their Sand.

For the third time little Tommy Figg had asked his father what was the cause of the desert of Sahara.

Finally the old man laid down his paper and answered: "I reckon it was formed when the Israelites lost their sand. And if you don't quit asking me so many questions, I'll see that your mother puts you to bed before I get home hereafter."

"But paw, how can you see her put me to bed before you get home?"

And that question was Tommy's last for that evening.

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