

CAMPBELL BROS. Proprietors.

EUGENE OREGON.

Good for Spain! The Spanish wheat crop of 1900 is the biggest for a generation.

There is said to be a scarcity of monkeys in America. From a monkey famine good Lord deliver us.

They may change the character of the season's waltz, but young people will always find some pleasant way to get around each other.

The New York man who says that he left his wife because she earned more money than he could evidently doesn't know how to appreciate a good thing.

If St. Louis has attentively studied the financial history of the world's fairs of the decade now closing it has learned how not to do some things in 1903.

The Duke de Abruzzi is going to try again to discover the north pole. We wish to tender the Duke a heartfelt apology. We have wronged him. We thought he would stay and lecture about it.

The mosquito never shows apathy or indifference. She is always earnest and enthusiastic. This is doubtless the cause of her success. If it were customary for mosquitoes to vote none would ever be absent from the polls.

Through the stoppage of Japanese emigration to Hawaii since annexation there is now a call for laborers in that island. The young laboring man of an adventurous turn has a chance to see a little of the United States and judge for himself as to its annexation policy.

The young men of to-day are too finicky—too much given to self-analysis, self-pampering. Their shoes and neckties cost more each year than did the entire wardrobe of their grandfathers. They feel a sense of degradation in small beginnings and plodding and they wait for success ready-made to come to them. The young man of to-day cannot be president of a bank or judge of a court the first week he is from school, and he feels like the famous Eli Pussley, that he has "no chance."

The House of Representatives elected in November will doubtless be the last one chosen under the present apportionment of members to the various States. When the census returns are fully made up, Congress will decide how many Representatives shall be allotted to each State, and then the States will be divided by their legislatures into districts. Whatever changes the new apportionment makes in the States as such, it seems certain that the large cities will gain something at the expense of the rural districts.

Life insurance men say that within ten years the grip has come into the front rank of causes of mortality. One American company had 22 deaths from it in 1900. In 1902, it had 133, and in every year since from 20 to 40 deaths have been reported. The medical examiners add that the figures understate the fact, since many deaths ascribed to pneumonia, for instance, are really caused by this vicious influenza, which seems not only to strike at one's weakest point, but permanently to enfeeble the whole system. Probably the peculiar depression induced by the disease helps to swell the mortality list.

For months hundreds of young couples have been rushing off to St. Joseph, Mich., to get married. It does not appear that it was cheaper to get the knot tied there than elsewhere in Michigan, which is not an expensive State as a rule. But the place got a name as a Gretta Green and became a magnet for the victims of Cupid. Later these couples were startled by the news that sham clergymen have been taking advantage of the opportunity to earn fees, and many are asking whether or not they are really "applied" or will have to go through the agony over again. In choosing a Gretta Green it is evident that lovers should be very careful.

The Literary Digest translates a statement to the effect that the most recent statistics show a decrease of the birth rate in every European country, the average decrease being 3 per cent, since 1891. This is a curious fact, and seems to show that the Malthusian theory failed to take into account certain conditions in nature that tend to prevent the overpopulation of the earth. For some time it has been known that the birth rate in France has been unsatisfactory. But it was not suspected that every country in Europe was in the same declining condition, though to a less degree. There is still an annual increase of population by births, but the fact that this increase is diminishing is remarkable, because, should it continue, the crisis would be reached and populations begin to die out. Perhaps Macaulay's New Zealander may yet have the opportunity to view Europe as an uninhabited waste.

A handsome monument has recently been erected at Pittsburgh to the memory of Stephen C. Foster, the popular song-writer. The design represents the composer in the act of writing a melody, and at his feet the figure of an old negro who cannot be mistaken for any other one of his race but "Old Uncle Ned." The monument is a graceful tribute to the memory of the composer whose songs have given pleasure to thousands and occupy a unique place in music. Originally written for minstrel performance, they are typical of the music of the negro race, and as folk songs take a high place. Though not belonging to the "higher music," they have been deemed worthy of performance by Parepa, Patti, Nilsson and other eminent vocalists, and have been used as themes by Dvorak in his symphony, "The New World." Foster died, leaving many imitators, but no real successor. His work is of such importance, humble as it is, that no history of the progress of music in America would be complete without extended refer-

ence to it. In this connection it is fitting to suggest that a similar tribute should be paid to the memory of F. Nicholls Crouch at Baltimore, the composer of "Kathleen Mayourneen," one of the most truly musical and popular of ballads, both in tune and text. Though an Englishman by birth, he came to this country in 1845, and remained here until his recent death. His ballad was written here, and may be fairly claimed as belonging to American music.

The question whether a workingman should marry or not was discussed in one of our daily papers by a regular contributor recently, and the statement was made that a Chicago contractor had declared the contrary—that workingmen ought not to marry. The reason given by the contractor for his belief was that wages were too low for laboring men to support families on. The writer cited an instance where a young carpenter secured work during the summer at \$2 a day, but in winter could get little or nothing to do, so that he earned only about \$300 a year, or less than \$1 a day, with rent at \$15 a month, \$180 a year; street car fare say \$20 for the year; groceries and clothing for the family, however small, would more than consume the remaining \$100. The day laborer, working say, 300 days in the year, gets perhaps \$100 more, but must live upon the poorest of fare if he has a family of five or more to feed. Let us figure for him. His bread or flour will cost not less than \$25 for the year; his meat bill, say, \$60, which is less than 20 cents' worth a day; potatoes and other vegetables half as much more—a total of \$115. Add \$120 for rent, and how does the poor man clothe himself, not to speak of wife and children? Verily, it is a serious question whether laboring men should afford to marry. It is not much better with office clerks in the city, salesmen in stores, etc. Few of them get more than enough for a fair living for themselves, and many can earn scarcely enough to pay board and clothing expenses and can not lay up anything for the future. Such facts show the folly of farmers' sons and daughters going to the city to improve their prospects. At home they are sure of food, shelter and clothing of some sort. In the great towns their very living is precarious. The superiority of the farm's calling is strikingly shown in this, that, however hard the times, however slack the labor market and low the wages in all the industries in the manufacturing or trade centers, on the farm there is always work to be done that either presently or remotely will pay well for the doing. It may be repairing, making improvements, sheltering the stock or implements, hauling out and spreading the manure, killing weeds, trimming the orchard, or any other of the thousand and one jobs about the farm. There is always something waiting for the improving hand of the farmer who has a mind to work, and his work, if intelligently and faithfully done, pays every time.

The Curse of Gold.
You see, there was absolutely nothing to start from. When the row with the works began he might have kept his candle going steadily for a week and left them clear out of sight; or, just as likely, he had closed his mandibles like the bivalves of an oyster and never let out a peep. And now, for all I knew, he might be giving me his idea of what time it had been some day last spring, or what time it was going to be next Fourth of July. Nobody could tell how far ahead or behind he was, and, as to telling whether he was ahead or behind, the man who hatched him could not have done that. All I could be sure of was that if he was slow it was in the ratio of one-half, or 12 plus one-half, or 24 plus one-half; if fast, 13 plus one-half, 25 plus one-half, or 35 plus one-half. And so I went to sleep.

The first thing I saw that bird do next morning was to step out at 8:30 and crow for 7 o'clock. Of course, that spoiled those ratios; now they would have to go to 10 plus one-half, 22 plus one-half, or 34 plus one-half, or else 1 plus one-half, 13 plus one-half, 25 plus one-half, that is, if he kept this rate, and he did, all day, never a variation from sun to sun. About 4 o'clock an idea occurred to me: He changed an hour every day. That would give a ratio twelve days' long, and to work out the details in one's head was something terrific. But I had the dew, and that was half the battle.

I found next morning that I was wrong. All my hypotheses about that bird were wrong. He was still running on yesterday's schedule, and as if he had never had any other.

My reflections were not confined merely to calculating the cuckoo's orbit. I thought of him also as an individual, sometimes with an impatient aspiration. Why didn't he end this feud with the works and stop the whole combination from making a fool of itself forty-eight times a day? He could easily enough if he had a mind to, and, anyway, the works were right and he was wrong.

But at other times I thought of him with that unmixered sorrow we all feel in contemplating genius misapplied. Here was this bird in the prime of life, evidently, to judge by the freshness of his plumage and the splendid mechanical action of his wings, running a regular job step-by-step through the whole calendar, prostituting the talents with which the clockmaker had endowed him in impudently attempting to induce a chronological chaos in which time would be no more.

It sounds a heartless thing to say, but I was glad he had no mate. A clock cuckoo would be at best a questionable life companion, considering the hours he keeps. Indeed that may be the reason why they are so generally single. But this one—yes, it was far better that there were no eggs hatching back there among the wheels.

But these were the reflections only of my leisure, so to speak. The serious business of life had become the discovery of that bird's combination. I was nervous that night. Every time the clock went off I counted the crows and then struck a match and looked at my watch. When I woke—just as I expected—had he again. He had run down. All the morning there was peace. I lay figuring on my ratios, and he (I know the word this time) kept his box and cooked up new things to do. He did not have to wait long. About 1, I sank into a lethargy of ab-

An Optimist.
The Deacon—Do you ever stop to think that each time the clock strikes you are one hour nearer eternity?
The Printer—No, I think I am one hour nearer pay day.

Even Later.
He had been talking and talking and talking and talking until the poor girl was so tired and sleepy she didn't know whether it was this week or last week or come next Sunday, and his clock on the mantel was holding up its hands, either in pity or in protest. Finally it occurred to the young man that an evening call had its limits, at least in a latitude where the nights were not six months long.

"Bless me," he exclaimed, starting up suddenly, "it certainly must be time I was going home."
"Oh," she said in a dazed kind of a way, "it must be a good deal later than that."—Detroit Free Press.

Queer Houses in New Zealand.
New Zealand has some quaint things in the way of houses. In places where flat land is scarce, there is sometimes a difficulty in securing space for a place on which to build a house. Here is a singular situation for a cottage, access to which is gained by climbing the rock at the back. In the back blocks of a new country some queer habitations are erected, and a bootmaker's shop in the wilds of the colony is rather a picturesque specimen. It is composed of sacking on a frame of saplings, with the chimney, from which his "whistles" is hung, is formed of "bungles," the stems of the handsome Punga tree fern.

Speculation sometimes empties a man's pockets and fills his hat with costly experience.

The Cuckoo Clock



In Berlin, in February, 1896, the writer had an experience with a cuckoo clock that he will never forget. He had sprained his ankle in getting off the train and so was unfit for sight-seeing. He was unfitted for society by an inadequate vocabulary and for reading by delayed baggage and a depleted pocket-book. There was nothing to do but study the clock, and that, as the sequel will prove, sufficed.

I saw, on his first appearance, that the cuckoo was no ordinary bird. Promptly at 12 he stepped out, and cooked or cooked (whichever is the proper word) once, then at 12:30 o'clock he emerged and delivered his entire repertoire, assisted by the whole force of the company.

The novelty of the proceeding was interesting, and just as one begins counting the figures in his wall paper, never dreaming that before he gets through it is going to set him to grubbing cube roots, rolling logarithms and blazing his way through all the tangled wilderness of the higher mathematics, so I began to speculate about this bird.

The hands, I found, were always right and the cuckoo was always a half-hour behind the hands—behind hand, so to speak. On, of course, it might be that he was eleven and a half hours ahead of them, but he was either half an hour slow or eleven and a half hours fast. In that conviction I was happy until about the middle of the afternoon. Then a cold chill crept over me. How did I know? If he were ahead eleven and a half hours, why not twenty-three and a half? Or, if behind a half hour, why not twelve and a half? Or twenty-four and a half?

You see, there was absolutely nothing to start from. When the row with the works began he might have kept his candle going steadily for a week and left them clear out of sight; or, just as likely, he had closed his mandibles like the bivalves of an oyster and never let out a peep. And now, for all I knew, he might be giving me his idea of what time it had been some day last spring, or what time it was going to be next Fourth of July. Nobody could tell how far ahead or behind he was, and, as to telling whether he was ahead or behind, the man who hatched him could not have done that. All I could be sure of was that if he was slow it was in the ratio of one-half, or 12 plus one-half, or 24 plus one-half; if fast, 13 plus one-half, 25 plus one-half, or 35 plus one-half. And so I went to sleep.

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solute exhaustion, and while I lay there helpless and unconscious some degraded creature (I think it was Anna, the maid) came in and wound him up. At 2:30 o'clock I started broad awake and that bird stepped out and went it thirteen times. I had been dreading that all along. He'd seen those twenty-four-hour clocks, and now he was going to ring all those changes on me. You see, of course, what it would do. It would double all those ratios; it would make every number almost twice as hard to multiply and divide, and would mix everything up just twice as much as it was before.

At 5 o'clock the doctor came. He felt my pulse and inquired if I didn't feel feverish. I told him what I wanted to know was how many crows would a cuckoo cook at 7:30 next Tuesday morning if it started in the first day either half an hour slow or eleven and a half hours fast, or fast or slow, as the case might be, in that ratio; and the second and third days, either an hour and a half slow or ten and a half hours fast, or fast or slow in that ratio, and the fourth day stopped five hours and then cooked thirteen crows at 2:30.

He asked what sort of liquid nourishment I had been having. I said I couldn't answer a simple question and not strike off on tangents that had nothing to do with the matter? Was I to use algebra or mensuration? He stroked my hair and gently said he wouldn't worry; that was all right.

He gave me some decoction when he went. It was to make me sleep. I judged, but it did not work very well. It went off duty whenever the cuckoo went on, and he came out every six or eight minutes all night. Up to 3 o'clock he was at the multiplication table, backwards and forwards, and after 3 it was division.

When the doctor came next day he said my condition was critical. I told him, if he would help me, we could work it out in no time. Simply put the whole clock into a geometrical progression—the first term the sum of the ratios, under the radical sign, D, 32 degrees Fahrenheit plus the difference in longitude; the quotient of the least common multiple of the exponents of the factors as the square of the hypothenuse and X as the cuckoo.

He took out his lancet and bled me. Then he mixed another draught and that did the business. For sound sleeping Juliet wasn't a circumstance. I awoke at length refreshed. It was just 9:30 and the cuckoo gave the half-hour right. All ineffable calm stole over me, it seemed as if the rest might all have been a troubled dream. Alas, I should have known by this time that it was only a stratagem to throw me off my guard. He never came again until 12 o'clock that night.

No need to tell me this time what that bird was up to. I knew it. He was going into fractions. I lay there with the cold sweat beading my brow, and saw him balance on his perch and clap first one wing and then the other, and go from halves to fourths, fourths to eighths, eighths to sixteenths, sixteenths to thirty-seconds and infinitum, and then, with redoubled fury, plunge into complex fractions and decimals.

When I came to I was in a long room, with two rows of white beds. They told me it was the City Hospital. I had become so violent it had been found necessary to remove me, and for a fortnight they had watched me night and day. My landlady called that afternoon, and by way of being entertaining, told me the clock had been stolen. It seems the former occupant of my room, now confined in the Berliner Lunatic Asyltsgesellschaft, wrenched the bars from his window one night and escaped. Next morning they found him back in his padded cell with the clock, hugging it to his breast in transports of joy. She said she hadn't the heart to take it from him.

In three days I returned to my lodgings, and by the end of the week was able to take up my studies.—San Francisco Chronicle.

HOW HE PASSED HIS SUMMER.
Truthful Recital of a Model Husband's Doings.
This sportive young criminal lawyer's wife went down to the seashore with

the children early in July. He saw his family off at the station at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. He strolled uptown and became mixed up with a number of his pals.

"Have one," they all said to him. "No, fellows," he replied, "I don't believe I'll hit the stuff for a while. My wife's away and I've got to take care of the house, and if I got it throwing the Mapple Taylors in I wouldn't get home until all hours. Jus count me out."

"Say, Tom, Jim's going to have a little game up at his house to-night, and he told me to tell you to come up if I saw you. Coming?" "No, I guess not," was the reply. "Kind o' tired, and, as I say, the little woman's down at the beach with the kids, and it's up to me to take care of the shack. Some other night. Tell Jim, will you, for me?"

"Aho, there, Tom!" said another of the gang he met. "Say, Tom, we've got a hack and—(dow buzz-buzz)—going to take a little ride out to get the air. Understand you've got the family planted out o' town. Come on along—just get to start in half an hour."

"Nix, Ed, not to-night," was the reply. "Got an important case on hand to-morrow morning and want to get up early. Tell the bunch I'll be with 'em in spirit, will you?"

Then the young criminal lawyer boarded an uptown car, after having absorbed a chocolate ice cream soda with great relish, went to his lonely home, ate the dinner which the black hand maid had provided for him, read the papers for a while, played solitaire, wrote a number of letters, topped off the evening by reading twenty-seven pages of somebody or other on testimony and at 9 o'clock he was in bed and sound asleep.

This is virtually the way he passed all his evenings until his wife and child returned.—Washington Post.

Small Enemies.
Henry M. Stanley, in describing his journey through the forests of Africa, says that the most formidable foes he encountered, those that caused the greatest loss of life to his caravan and came nearest to defeating his expedition, were the Wambutti dwarfs.

These diminutive men had only little bows and arrows for weapons, so small that they looked like children's playthings; but upon the tip of each tiny arrow was a drop of poison which would kill an elephant or a man as surely and quickly as a rifle. Their defense was by means of poison and traps.

They would steal through the dense forest, and waiting in ambush, let fly their arrows before they could be discovered. They dug ditches and carefully covered them over with sticks and leaves. They fixed spikes in the ground and tipped them with poison. Into these ditches and on these spikes man and beast would fall or step to their death. One of the strangest things about it was that their poison was mixed with honey.

The Frigate Bird.
Many sailors believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether this is a fact or not has yet to be determined, but it is certain that the bird is the swiftest of the winged creatures, and is able to fly, under favorable conditions, 200 miles an hour.

Dairying in Great Britain.
British farmers and dairymen are to-day milking over 4,000,000 cows, and producing annually in their dairies \$190,000,000 worth of milk, butter and cheese.

It was found that the Society to Suppress Useless Noises had four preachers as members, and as some of them can be heard preaching two blocks away, the club has disbanded.

DICTION OF THE HOBO.

VERNACULAR IN USE AMONG THE TRAMPS.

Explanation of a Few Terms that Tramp Beggars Use—Some of Them Are Slang and Others the Exclusive Property of Their Profession.

A slim young man who was loitering along 42d street a day or two ago, killing a half hour before train time, was accosted at Madison avenue by a big, curly, healthy-looking chap.

"Say, gentleman," the big man said, in a buxkass voice, "I'm wantin' a lump or suthin' better right smart, an' a big one, too. I'm wantin' to lap like-wise, an' if ye've got a bone in yer pocket yer waater divvy with me, I'm yer friend. See?"

The young man faced the other curiously.

"I think I understand what you mean by a 'bone,'" he said, "and I suppose you desire to say you are willing to drink when you announce that you're 'wanting a lap,' but I'm not outo a 'lump.'"

The big man's face expanded into a grin of good-fellowship.

"W'y," he said, "a lump's a bit o' suthin' cold to eat. I druther have suthin' hot, of course, but I didn't want to bruce you too strong."

"Times hard with you?" queried the other.

"Say, you wouldn't 'tink so, seein' I'm so fat an' happy lookin' in de face, would yer? But, honest, 'tings is on de ding wid me. I got a poke out dis mornin', all right, but me bread basket is all hollow ag'in, now, an' I ain't had any slops all day."

"Well," said the young man, looking at his watch, "if you'll—"

"Ye needn't say no more, young feller," the big man broke in. "I see ye'd look o' yer mug yer' goin' to say ye'd put up a chew fer me. An' I'm goin' to say it goes. Gee! Wot er graft! Then yer' goin' to ask about me vocabulary, see? I'm a fly 'bo, I am, an' at first I took you for a fly bull—anyway, fer a plug. But w'en I got a good look at yer I seen yer was all right. Lead me ter de car and watch me stuff!"

A "car," where quantities of food may be bought for a quarter, was speedily found, and the "fly 'bo," as the intelligent tramp described himself, was soon noisily "stuffing" corned-beef hash and bread and butter, which he washed down with liberal "laps" of coffee. When he stopped to take breath the young man assured the hobo that he was right in assuming that a few words about his vocabulary would be welcome.

"Er fly bull," the hobo paused to say, "is er detective. Er plug is er feller that's ag'in de hobo push. Slops is strong drink which is er ragin'. As I'm gittin' to know you better, I see you're a getherup, an' that's w'y yer was excitin' yer lookers so sharp while yer was er mopin' along. No body but fly bulls and getherups does that. Gee, but ain't this punk good!"

"What in heaven's name is a 'getherup' and what is punk?"

The hobo stopped a bowl of coffee midway between the table and his lips and gasped.

"Say," he said, "I guess I must er been off me nut, but I ought you was one o' dem fellers dat gethers up de news and writes it up in pieces for de pape. I begs yer pardon humble if I was off. Punk is wot you calls bread."

The young man admitted that he might with more or less propriety be termed a "getherup."

"Wal, ye've got a getherup's ally-scoops all right enough," said the other, "an' now I s'pose ye want er men-wars. I'll give 'em to you on de level, too."

"In de first place, I'm on de bum all de while, an' dat's no fake. I ain't kipped in a pad—wot's dat? W'y, slep' in a bed, of course—fer I dunno how long, till de cold weather comes on. Most of me winters has lately been spent in de balmy South. An' I ain't er chew as good as dis since I got er Mulligan. Hay? Oh, er Mulligan's an Irish stew—an' I had one in Cleveland last fall."

"De worst 'ting I ever done was ter lift suthin' fer er chew a few times, but I ain't had ter do dat often, fer you kin get pokesoots most anywhere, an' I ain't never worked none, only w'en I've been plieved an' had to."

AN AMBASSADOR'S PRIVILEGES.

His Intercourse with the Sovereign is Peculiar.

A curious privilege of an Ambassador is that he, and he alone, when dismissed, may turn his back to the sovereign to whose court he is accredited. The mode of procedure is as follows: When the Ambassador's audience is over, he waits to be dismissed by the sovereign. When dismissed, the Ambassador bows, retires three paces, bows again, retires another three paces, bows a third time, turns on his heels and walks to the folding-doors.

But it is felt that more polite methods should obtain when the reigning sovereign is a woman. To turn his back is to be discourteous, to walk backwards is to resign a privilege; the Ambassador retires sideways, like a crab; he keeps one eye on the sovereign, and with the other tries to see the door. He thus shows politeness to the sovereign and at the same time retains one of his privileges. As the Ambassador is usually an aged man, often short-sighted, he sometimes fails to reach the door, and comes into collision with the wall.

Another privilege of Ambassadors is the right of being ushered into the royal presence through folding-doors, both of which must be flung wide open. No one except an Ambassador can claim this privilege; the most any non-Ambassadorial person can expect is

that one of the leaves shall be turned to him. The reason for this privilege is not known.

Another privilege, capable of great inconvenience, is the Ambassador's right of admission to the minister representing some bankrupt state could go down to the shore and demand an audience o'clock in the morning. The state could be delayed by the extreme generosity.—Chambers' Journal.

GIRL RECALLED AN ACCIDENT.

Crowded Corner Reminded Her Experience that Was Terrible. "I met with a terrible accident once," remarked a little woman who stopped with a shudder and a gasp around the corner of State and Madison streets. She was one of those childish, inconsequential women everybody feels like taking care of. She wore a dainty tailor-made of a big black hat.

"Oh, that is too bad," said her companion as she seized the little woman and hurried her away from the scene of the past tragedy. "There was me all about it," he added, "expecting to hear that she had been dragged out from the wheels of a car."

"Well," she said, "I was along here with a lovely new hat on. It was the first time I had ever worn it, and it blew off and ran over it."

"Well," ejaculated the man, "yes," continued the little woman, she put her finger on her lip like a tell-tale fairy story. "And—wot do believe it—I picked it up, and it was ruined. I took it home and made it off and the next morning it looked nice as ever again!"

The man said that he had never seen of a more miraculous escape.—Sister Ocean.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS

One day in presiding at table in a country home in Windsor, Vt., the swarms of grandchildren and great-grandchildren about the table had asked: "What is the difference between this goose before dinner and after?" After much fruitless plucking, he answered, in quietude, "The goose is stuffed with sage and soon the sage"—pointing to the bird—"will be stuffed with goose."

The Rev. Mr. Abbott of Dips, one of Abraham Lincoln's Springfield acquaintances, tells of seeing the old man away from church one Sunday morning. "The old man could not have been more in the way through," says Mr. Abbott, "son 'Tad' was slung across his arm like a pair of saddle-bags and the old man was striding along with his deliberate steps toward his home. One of the street corners he entered a group of his fellow-townsmen. Lincoln anticipated the question was about to be put by the group, taking his figure of speech from the text with which he was studying military said: 'Gentlemen, I am a soldier, but he kicked around so I withdrew him.'"

When Senator James S. Rollins of Missouri boarded at the Hotel at Washington, D. C., he was very popular with the guests of the hotel. Chairman R. H. Hill of the committee of foreign relations, found that Rollins was not much of a talker, and insisted that the Senator should send his ways in that direction. The women asked him why he had been attending divine worship. He replied the Senator gave the church to go, Senator's wife, a woman, "I don't know," answered courteously Missourian. "The women they asked, 'I don't know,' but 'I walked up the avenue, turned Fourth street, and entered a church on the left-hand side.' This was Episcopal church. 'How did you like the service?' asked another woman. 'It appeared to me,' answered Senator, "that there was no reading of the journal and no debate."

In the early days of steamboating the Ohio river they had only one wheel boat, and old Commodore Cullough of Cincinnati conceived a scheme to build and launch a "side-wheeler," which would be of her beauty and size "run the wheels out of the trade." Cullough's idea was to build a successful river steamer, and sent her on a successful trip, and she came back with the natives along the river. The ship on her, nor would live with her, nor trust her live with her. They "couldn't see the river steamer round." So the Flora Belle was after trip, burning from 800 to 1,000 worth of coal and taking in \$200. The newspapers took it. It was street talk about what the Flora Belle was. At this time the old National Theater was the theater of Cincinnati, and the men and lovely women through performances. One night the Flora Belle attended a performance of those "Gertie," the Sewing Machine Girl" dramas, with a "hypocrite" line, and there was one scene in the lower proposed marriage of the heroine. "I can never be a millionaire, while I am a poor sewing girl. If I marry you, my friends will say it was for the money, and I love you, darling, myself. Get rid of your money, darling, and I will be your own. She made her exit in tears, and walked up and down the stage, holding his hands. "How," he asked, "can I win her? How can I get her money?" That was in the old Flora Belle. He rose up in the audience's cue. He rose up in the audience's cue and shouted: "Flora Belle!"

All a man has to do in order to get other men believe he is wise is to give them advice corresponding with their own individual opinions.



DRESSING GOWN OF GRAY CASHMERE. SERGE COAT AND SKIRT.