WOMEN DISLIKE STINGY MEN.

Especially When the Latter Invite Them to a Restaurant.

If there is one object of dislike to a woman, it is a stingy man. Now, by this we do not mean that the fair sex are anxious for a man to spend more than he can afford, but they do feel that it is due to them when they are invited out to have the privilege of seleting what they want from a menu without being prompted by their host to select what he prefers.

The man doesn't have to say, "You must take this, or you mustn't take that." A woman is quick to recognize the saving keynote when he says: "What will you have? I think I will have a sandwich," and though she may loathe sandwiches she feels it her duty to say, "Well, then, I will have one too." Some mean men know that they can easily bulldoze a woman this way, and it would serve them just right if their guest were to say, "Well, for my part, I prefer terrapin, some fresh mushrooms, a canape Lorenzo and some Nesselrode pudding."

Oh, no, we never do say that. We are guided by the inflection in the man's voice and take whatever he wants us to, whether we like it or not. Now, we don't object one bit to a man being economical. It is a praiseworthy trait, but for goodness sake don't have him practice it when he takes a woman out to luncheon, dinner or supper. If he really can't afford anything she might ask for, he has no right to invite her. Let him do the elegant less frequently and do it right when he is about it.

The woman of the world will perhaps order a more extravagant meal than he would desire, but she won't break him if he entertains her but once in decent style, instead of three or four times in poverty stricken fashion that makes his guest want to pass her purse across the table to him to help him out of his difficulty. There is no pleasure in eating under such circumstances, and a woman would feel much more pleased with a man if no such suggestion were made and she thus escaped an exhibition of his meanness. Let it be said right here that the really poor man is not the one to get into such a predicament. He knows he can't, and he stays out of trouble by not inviting you to a swell restaurant and then looking pained if you order something beyond what he had expected. It is the man who wants to make a show of being a "thoroughbred" who too often proves conclusively by some episode of this sort that he is not.

"My boy will know how to order when he grows up," said a young mother the other day, "if I have to write out the menu for him every time he takes a young lady out. There won't be any 'what will you have' about it, but he will select a dainty little meal that will relieve her from the embarrassment of selection, but won't be made up of the cheapest things in sight, and will, therefore, give her a chance, if she does not care for his choice, to make a change in one or more dishes without feeling that she is an up to date Jack Sheppard who has lured an unhappy victim into a restaurant just to rob him."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A French Chef Wanted.

There was an interesting episode one day in a well known Washington cafe. The proprietor has a French chef in his employ, and the result is that the menu cards can be guaranteed to puzzle any American.

Two gentlemen sat at a table. One was from the west, and his French education had been neglected. The other had but recently come to Washington from Paris. After reading the menu the westerner said to the waiter: "I can't read French. Bring me a good dinner."

Meantime the Frenchman was trying to figure out the words. "Pardon, monseer," he said, "ect ees not ze Francais. Eet ees not ze Eenglish. I know not what ect ees. Zere ees zo soup. Zat ees French for ze rat. I want not ze rat soup. Eet ees horreeble."

The proprietor heard it, and upon investigation found that his guest was correct. There is a new French chef, who understands the French language.—Washington Star.

Two Men In One.

A member of the Royal Chemical society, London, has recently demonstrated to the Society For Psychical Research a proof that man possesses two distinct consciousnesses. This he explains by the fact that persons under the influence of an anæsthetic, while not apparently conscious at the time of operations, are sometimes able, after a few days, to describe the exact details of the operation, instruments used, etc., although not informed as to these before or since. What he calls the "workaday consciousness" was absent at the time, but the "subliminal consciousness" is that which was present during the operation, and which not only felt, but saw, what was going on. Hence anæsthetics would seem to postpone rather than destroy the functions of the latter kind of consciousness.

An Obliging Irish Railroad.

At Westport, on asking why the train did not start, seeing that it was a quarter of an hour after the time named for its doing so, the answer I received was, "The engine's gone cold"—doubtless during a warm conversation between the driver and some of his friends—and a lady who was in the same compartment with me, and overheard the remark, told me that on the previous day a station master had said to the driver of a locomotive as he steamed in and drew up at the platform, "Where's your train?" The man had come without it. I suppose these casualties cause inconvenience sometimes, but they contribute diversion to irresponsible travel. Moreover, one sometimes reaps advantage from a free and easy system of locomotion.

When going from Galway to Recess by the new light railway, I wanted at Oughterard to look at the river, but feared I should not be able to do so in the time allowed for our halt. "Sure, we'll wait for you," said a porter, and they did. In Ireland people like waiting. What they do object to is being hurried. They dislike "tedious haste." — Blackwood's Magazine.

Cold Blooded.

"There are several things in this book of mine that I think are particularly good," said the young writer.

"No doubt, no doubt," replied the man of many experiences. "Have you submitted it to a publisher?"

"Not yet. I wanted to get your advice."

"My candid advice? Well, if I were in your place, I'd go through the book and pick out what I considered the passages of striking excellence"—

"Yes?"

"And throw them away."—Washington Star.

Gold pens are now usually tipped with iridium. The bits of this metal are laid in notches at the point of the pen, then fastened on with flux, being afterward ground and polished for use.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

Showing the Ability of a Somnambulist to Use His Eyes.

A Star writer was asking the physician a great many questions and getting answers to them, while the physician wasn't getting a cent of pay for the part he was performing.

"By the way," inquired The Star man, "do you think that a somnambulist can see?"

"Do you mean when he is awake or when he is somnambulizing, so to speak?" smiled the physician.

"While he is somnambulizing, of course. I'm not talking about blind men."

"Well, I won't answer your question directly, but I'll tell you a story which may go as an answer. About ten years ago I had a roommate, a young fellow who was a student in the medical college, and a bright young fellow he was too. He was fond of shooting, and to keep up his practice he had a fine airgun, and he converted the hall on the third floor, which we occupied, into a shooting gallery. I used to take a hand myself every time I had a chance, and sometimes for an hour at a time he would be banging away at the target he had fixed at the far end of the hall.

"One morning I came in from a patient's about 3 o'clock and found the whole upper story dark. I lit the gas in the front room, which we used as a sitting room, and was about to go out and light the gas in the hall, when the young fellow came walking in from our sleeping room, attired in his nightclothes, and with his eyes wide open. I spoke to him, thinking something was the matter with him, but he did not answer, and in a minute I saw that he was walking in his sleep.

"This was not altogether unusual with him, but I had never caught him in the act before and concluded I would watch him. He came directly across the room, going around a chair and a table that stood in his path, and opening a drawer where he kept the airgun he took it out, and then he loaded it, getting the small bullets we used out of a box on the mantelpiece. This box he stuck into what would have been his coat pocket, if he had had a coat on, but as he hadn't the box fell to the floor, which he took no note of.

"Then he went into the dark hall, carefully avoiding all furniture in his way, and going as straight to the door as if he had been awake. I followed him cautiously into the hall, and when he had reached the usual point from which we did our firing he stopped, took careful aim and fired. The slight snap and shock of the gun seemed to have quite a different effect than either my voice or the bright light in the room, for on the instant he dropped the gun, made a half step forward and fell into my arms, just about as he would have fallen out of bed if he had waked suddenly on its edge.

"He was wide awake in a minute and began laughing and asking me what had happened. I told him, and we at once lit the gas in the hall and examined the target. The target had been repainted after we had had our last practice, so that we could see plainly where his bullet had hit, and I assure you he had made almost a center shot. Now," concluded the physician, "in the lighted room he missed all the furniture in his way, and in the dark hall he had hit the target. Do you think he could see, or couldn't he?"

The answer wasn't quite satisfactory as an answer, but it made a problem to wrestle with, and the physician kindly consented to let his questioner figure it out to suit himself.—Washington Star.

Why He Ceased Whistling.

One day as Field Marshal Wrangel and the late Emperor Frederick were walking in Berlin they met an apprentice boy who was whistling a lively tune, but stopped as they came nearer and doffed his cap with a pleasant smile.

Wrangel was highly gratified with the civility of the lad, and said to the crown prince:

"There, your royal highness can see how loyal these apprentice lads are. How delighted they seem to be when they come across a member of the royal family!"

"Wrangel," said the crown prince, with a touch of merriment, "just ask the boy why he has stopped whistling."

"Here, my lad," exclaimed Wrangel. "Tell us why you ceased whistling."

"Whenever I see you," replied the boy, "I can't help laughing, and then a fellow can't whistle, you know." And, so saying, he took to his heels and promptly disappeared.—Pearson's Weekly.

Mother of Pearl.

Mother of pearl is the hard, silvery, brilliant substance which forms the internal layers of several kinds of shells. The interior of our common oyster shells is of this nature, but the mother of pearl used in the arts is much more variegated with a play of colors. The large shells of the Indian seas alone have this pearly substance of sufficient thickness to be of use.

A REMINISCENCE.

How Two Prisoners Used Their Brains to Save Their Heads.

The following is an incident of reconstruction days. Captain Rube Clark and his lieutenant, Reynolds, guerrillas, were cast into prison, sentenced to be shot. Clark had powerful friends, who were confident of his release, but Reynolds, from Memphis, was without hope of succor. The prison at Knoxville was a strong iron cage in a big room, whose window had no sign of a glass, and through the long winter Clark and Reynolds were confined there. For several months they suffered the agonies of the damned. At last, as the time for Reynolds' execution approached, it was noticed that he was going crazy. Clark declares to this day that Reynolds did not touch a morsel of food for three weeks. He would moan and sigh and twirl his thumbs after the manner of a crazy person, recognize no one and laugh insanely in Clark's face whenever he tried to console him. Clark was sure of his insanity. Army surgeons and local physicians passed upon the case, and Reynolds was finally discharged as a lunatic.

Clark's friends finally secured his release and hurried him out of Knoxville. Two entered a carriage with him—two of his old soldiers—and drove toward the mountains as hard as possible in the dead of night. Reaching a house in a dense forest, they stopped and asked him to follow them to a back room. The halls were darkened, and in the room there was only the light of a candle. On the bed in the corner lay a man, moaning, sighing, twirling his thumbs and giving other evidences of insanity. Clark recognized Reynolds.

"Poor, poor fellow," he said, leaning over the lieutenant to stroke his forehead. A tear came in his eye as he looked at the wreck of his faithful officer.

One of the soldiers shut the door, locked it and approached the bedside.

"It's all right, Reynolds; this is the captain," he whispered.

Reynolds tore off the blanket, sprang up with a glad cry, and threw his arms around Clark's neck.

"Great God, captain, didn't I do it well?" he said.

They made all possible haste and soon reached New Orleans, where Clark felt that Reynolds would be comparatively safe. One night as they left the opera and had reached a lamp in the street an officer touched Clark on the shoulder.

"I want you," he said. "Make no fuss about it, but come quietly."

Clark pinched Reynolds' arm and signified that he must fly. The lieutenant needed no second warning. Then Clark asked the officer what he was wanted for.

"Hanging," said the latter. "I have been on your trail for three weeks."

"But maybe you have the wrong man. My name is Reuben Clark."

The officer took from his hip pocket a photograph of Reynolds and examined it and Clark under the lamp. Instantly he saw his mistake and began to swear.

"That is a likeness of my friend who has just left us," said Clark coolly. "His name is"—

"Reynolds!" shouted the officer. "I've got the wrong man!"

Well, Reynolds was never caught. He is living in Memphis today, I believe, and has grown rich. Clark is rich, too, but that long term in the iron cage affected his mind, and he is the most absentminded man in America.—New York Press.

Why the Boiler Maker Called.

"Do you know," said Mr. Gratebar, "that for a long time I couldn't imagine what brought our neighbor, Mr. Anthony Hammerby, in to see us so often. Mr. Hammerby was a retired boiler maker. He had been a journeyman boiler maker and then a boss, and having made a modest fortune he had retired to enjoy it. He lived only two or three doors from us, and he used to come in often evenings. He seemed particularly to like to hear the children play on the piano, and if they didn't play he would always ask to have them. I used to wonder at this, because I never had any idea that Mr. Hammerby was especially fond of music, and one day I asked him about it.

"'Well, you see,' said Mr. Hammerby, 'I suppose that every man has a feeling of affection for the trade or profession that he was brought up in. I know that I have that feeling for my own, and when I hear your children play duets on the piano with the hard pedal on all the time, it makes me think of the dear old boiler factory.'"—New York Sun.

A Queer Perfume.

Several substances, whose odor is to western nostrils exceedingly repugnant, are highly esteemed in the east as perfumes. In Persia and Afghanistan, asafetida is considered a delicate perfume, and many luxurious persons carry a quantity of it in their pockets or in a bag suspended from the neck.

COVERED THE SHIP WITH BLOOD.

An Old Salt Beats the Record With a Yarn About a Whale.

The story of a whale as told by Mate Schlaiker of the good ship Amrum is as follows:

"The Amrum left Progreso, Mexico, with a cargo of hemp, bound for this port. For the first few days out we had such delightful weather that those of the crew who were superstitious declared that something remarkable would happen before we reached port.

"The officers, of course, paid no attention to them until we ran into heavy northeast winds and seas that ran mountains high. Then we began to think that perhaps they were right, and we felt that the remarkable thing had happened after one of the seamen was washed from the top of the deckhouse by a huge comber that broke over us and was carried the entire length of the ship, 210 feet and 3 inches, without being seriously hurt.

"That in itself was remarkable, but it was nothing as compared to an occurrence on Dec. 8, when we ran upon what the lookout thought was an unmarked island, but what we found to be only a school of whales.

"I've seen whales before, but I never saw such a sight as I saw that day.

"The weather had calmed down, and the sea had become smooth again, and when I took my observation just before going to dinner, at noon, I found that we were in latitude 34 degrees 41 minutes and longitude 47 degrees 34 minutes.

"I had just seated myself at the dinner table with the other officers when the ship received a blow that shook her from stem to stern, and threw us from our chairs. Then the ship ceased to move forward and we were filled with consternation.

"'Derelict!' some one shouted, and we all ran on deck, not knowing what had happened to us. We found the crew all forward, some busy with the lookout and others looking over the bow into the water.

"The vessel was covered with blood from the fore rigging to the bridge, and the lookout appeared as though he had been bathed in it.

"I ran to his assistance, and as I did so another great fountain of blood came over the bows. It was from a whale that we had struck. The whale was spouting gallons of blood, and as I looked at him, I saw that we had hit him broadside on and had cut a great gash in his side, the blood from which had discolored the water for hundreds of feet around.

"He was the largest whale that I ever saw, for he exposed fully 90 feet of his length. How much longer he was I had no means of knowing, for, as he went under our starboard bow and disappeared we forged ahead again and right into the midst of a school of whales that was so compact that one might have stepped upon their backs and walked from one to another without wetting his feet.

"It was a most remarkable sight, and one that is rarely seen.

"Just as we reached the whales they all spouted and went out of sight. The water that they threw into the air with their immense flukes came upon the deck and mingled with the blood of their poor, unfortunate mate, who undoubtedly was asleep when we struck him.

"They arose all around us, and in anger thrashed the water until it was covered with red foam. Some of them followed us for a long distance, but none charged on our ship, as we thought that they might do.

"You can appreciate the force of the ship's compact with the whale when I tell you that we were forced backward, although running eight knots an hour when we struck.

"The blood that covered the bridge and everything forward of it we were two days in removing, and I dare say that even then we did not get it all off.

"It was a most wonderful experience, and one that I do not care to go through again, although there was no danger connected with it."—New York Times.

Wife—Here's an account of a man who shot himself rather than suffer the pangs of indigestion. Husband—The fool! Why didn't he take De Witt's Little Early Risers? I used to suffer as bad as he did before I commenced taking these little pills. W. E. Brock.

The different phases of a question brings out quite different conceptions and different methods of dealing. One of the papers said recently that when Emperor William rattled his sword in its scabbard, Uncle Sam shoved back his revolver into its holster. The idea may be expressed somewhat crudely but it is there When Germany began to take an active interest in the Transvaal, Great Britain changed its tone regarding Venezuela and the Monroe doctrine, and the latest information is that Salisbury is willing to listen argument regarding the Schomburgk line. The naval demonstration of Great Britain must have been magnificent, but, as they say in the Wild West, it doesn't cut any ice. The latest however, bringing into view the possible attempt to absorb Cuba, may possibly cause Uncle Samuel to again draw out his pistol with the purpose of actually using it.—Herald-Disseminator.

One Minute Cough Cure is rightly named. It affords instant relief from suffering when afflicted with a severe cough or cold. It acts on the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, and never fails to give immediate relief. W E. Brock.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

It was the night before the wedding, and he was bidding her good-night, and softly whispered: "To-morrow eve, darling, we begin our journey bride and bridegroom, pilgrims of life together; hand-in-hand we will journey a down life's rugged road. We shall want to set out with a glorious equipment of faith and hope and courage, that neither of us may faint and fall by the wayside before the journey is ended; will we not, darling?" "I—I—oh, yes, to be sure, only I realy am so worried about the train of my dress! It didn't hang one bit nice to-day when I tried the dress on, and I'd die with mortification if it hung so at the wedding to-morrow. Go on with what you was saying, dear!"—Philadelphia American.

The best Cough Cure is Shiloh's Cure. A neglected cough is dangerous. Stop it at once with Shiloh's Cure. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

Albany college has about 200 students this term.

NEW PHEASANT IN AMERICA.

Doubts that may have existed as to the value of the Mongolian pheasant as a game bird in this state are in a fair way to be dispelled in the next few months. The Massachusetts fish and game commissioners started in breeding the birds for the state less than a year ago, and have bred them successfully. It remains to be seen whether the pheasants can endure the New England winter, but there never was much fear on that score, and so far, the pheasants are all right.

It will be recalled that the Chinese or Mongolian pheasant was protected for five years by a statute of 1894, and the game commissioners set to work to stock the state. The Mongolian was selected for the purpose on account of its extreme hardiness and toothsome qualities, as well as for a wild wariness that made it a most desirable game bird. The only light of experience on the matter came from Oregon, where thirty-four pheasants were turned loose less than ten years ago, and now the state is overrun with them. It has been found out there that the pheasant is a destroyer of the insect world rather than of grain, and the farmers take to him kindly.

Chairman Brackett, of the Massachusetts commission, secured twelve pheasants last spring from Oregon, which, added to a few he had left over from a consignment the previous year, made up the ancestors of the coming pheasant population. What knowledge was at hand about pheasants had to do with the English variety, and the year's work has been an experiment in every way, as it was found that the Mongolians required different treatment altogether. New ideas had to be developed, and the net result appears to be a method calculated to produce Mongolian pheasants ad libitum. Nearly 150 birds were bred, of whom fifty were distributed, fifty in the aviary at Winchester, and the other fifty escaped or were caught by cats.

This last element is not only a disturbing factor, but an annoying feature as well all through the year. It can not be said that the cats were an unforeseen danger. Mr. Brackett had a cordon of traps set around the aviary, and they "worked" beautifully. Feline wanderers make a fine fertilizer, as the appearance of some fruit trees in the yard will attest, and by a wonderful example of retributive justice their bodies were fed to the chickens in an indirect way, as will be shown later on. With all the precautions taken, however, pussy managed to get a few birds. It is believed that about twenty pheasants were caught by cats and skunks, and about thirty escaped altogether.

The instinct of the birds is to lie close when danger threatens, and with a dog they have somewhat better chances of escaping in that way. Cats can creep up, however, and land on them with a spring. The birds learn fast, and of the escaped pheasants that have been observed, their rule seems to be to keep out of reach at all times. Unlike the grouse, the pheasant flies a considerable distance when flushed, and in hunting them the best plan, when a shot fails, is to hunt up another bird.

Raising pheasants is much like raising bantams, with a few novel exceptions. In fact, bantam hens are used for hatching. The pheasants must have animal food during the first three or four weeks of life, and maggots are the correct thing.

A way to get maggots enough is to put some bran mixed with putrefying meat in the bottom of a barrel, hang some pieces of liver or dead cats in the top of the barrel, and then let it alone for a week; flies do the rest. They lay their eggs on the liver when it is ripe enough, the progeny drops into the bran below, where in a few days they may be scooped up by the quart and fed to the chickens. The maggots don't make a bad looking dish, even if, like Mrs. Tanqueray, they have an unsavory past. It is proper to say that the maggot nursery should be at a respectful distance from the house, and to the enemy's windward. The young pheasants sail into them with a gusto that stands on no ceremony, and they wax and grow fat. Mr. Brackett's apparatus is more elaborate, of course. He has a little shed, with a system of pans and drawers and other things, so that maggots can be produced suited to all tastes. One would think there are flies enough in the world already, but the commissioner found the breed would die out unless some of the maggots were allowed to mature. Putting them on ice arrests development, and by adjusting things between the nursery and the ice house there was a square meal for the pheasant chicks every day.

Grain and green stuff, like lettuce and cabbage, is fed to them beside the maggots at the end of a month, when the critical time of the youngster's life is past. At four months of age it was found the pheasants would fly out of anything that didn't have a roof, and that is how some escaped. There was no such thing as catching them, and of those which got away, one shows up now and then along the roadsides and in the woods, usually at a respectable distance. After the snow storm last month several made their appearance at the aviary, looking for a meal. They got it all right, but could not be tempted to come within reach. It is not expected that the first crop of birds will solve all the problems of living in their first year of freedom, but their broods, brought up in the wilds of nature, will know where to get a living.

Game associations and public-spirited citizens in various parts of the state have been supplied with pheasants from the 1895 broods, and many of these persons will breed them with as much care as does the commissioner, turning loose the surplus birds in the autumn. A supply of breeding birds is to be kept at the Winchester aviary, where it is hoped that next year there will be enough birds to distribute, so that in a few years more Massachusetts ought to be teeming with Mongolian pheasants.—Boston Herald.

If suffering with piles, it will interest you to know that De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. This medicine is a specific for all complaints of this character, and if instructions (which are simple) are carried out, a cure will result. We have tested this in numerous cases, and always with like results. It never fails. W. E. Brock.

Great Britian may look with longing eyes upon the island of Cuba, but she will hardly buy it with the understanding that with it comes an inevitable war with United States. Really the year 1896 of this century is opening up with a rapid succession of grave diplomatic questions, the settlement of which may call for considerable trouble before the end is reached, and the resuls become far reaching and important to civilization.—Albany Herald.

No excuse for sleepless nights when you can procure One Minute Cough Cure. This will relieve all annoyances, cure the most severe cough and give you rest and health. Can you afford to do without it? W. E. Brock.

Small Items.

Hubby. When I first got married I determined to have no large items of expense in housekeeping; but I find after all that it is the little things that count.

Batch. How many have you?

Hubby. Four.—Detroit Free Press.

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ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY:

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9.25 P M	Ar	Roseburg	Lv	8.40 A M

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4.00 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	10.15 A M
6.15 P M	Ar	Salem	Lv	8.00 A M

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6.05 P M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	7.13 A M
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