VALLEY RECORD.

ASHLAND OR.....THURSDAY, May 22, 1890

The People's Paper.

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The circuit court for the First Judicial district sets in Jackson county on first Monday in April, September and December. In Klamath county on Second Monday in June and first Monday in November. In Lake county on the third Monday in May and the second Monday in October. In Josephine county on first Mondays in March and August.

For Jackson county the County, Probate and Commissioners courts meet every month, commencing with the first Monday; for Josephine county, the first Monday in January, April, July and September; for Lake county, every alternate month, commencing the first Monday in January; for Klamath county, the first Wednesday in March, June, September and November.

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Church, corner Main and Helman streets. Regular Services.—Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School, 9:30 A. M. Young People's Meeting, 6 o'clock P. M. Prayer Meeting, every Thursday evening.
REV. F. G. STRANGE, Pastor.

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REV. C. A. LEWIS, Pastor.

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Church, corner Church and High streets. Regular Services.—Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School, 9:30 A. M. Christian Endeavor Society, 6:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting, every Thursday evening. Covenant Meeting, Saturday before third Sunday in each month, 2 P. M. Ladies' Social, second Tuesday eve in each month.
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Church, corner Sixth and B streets. Regular Services.—Every fourth Sunday, 10 A. M. Sunday School, every fourth Sunday, 3 P. M. FATHER P. S. NOEL, Pastor.

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J R Casey, Adjutant.

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GRANITE LODGE, NO. 23, Knights Pythias, Ashland, Oregon, meets every Friday evening. Visiting Knights in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
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E T BARTLETT, K of R and S.

MASONIC.

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Regular convocations on the Thursday next after the full moon.
W H ATKINSON, H P.
E B Myer, Secretary.

ASHLAND LODGE, NO. 23, A. F. & A. M.

Stated communications on the Thursday of or before the full moon.
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I. O. O. F.

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Hold regular meetings every Saturday evening at their hall in Ashland. Brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
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PILOT ROCK ENCAMPMENT, NO. 16.

Meets in Odd Fellows's Hall every 2d and 4th Monday in each month. Members in good standing cordially invited to attend.
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Meets on the 2d and 4th Tuesday in each month in Odd Fellows's Hall, Ashland.
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N. A. Jacobs, Secretary.

A. O. U. W.

ASHLAND LODGE, NO. 66.

Meets in lodge room in Odd Fellows' Hall every first and third Wednesday in each month. All brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
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Meets the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month in I. O. O. F. hall. Members in good standing respectfully invited.
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THE OLD FRENCH STAGE.

ANECDOTES OF ACTORS OF TWENTY ODD YEARS AGO.

They Were All Put "En Vedette"—Trying to Be Accurate in the Matter of Costuming—Brunet Behind the Wall—Some of the Curious Blunders of Theatre Goers.

M. Frederic Febvre, sociétaire of the Comedie Francaise, has just published a volume to which, with questionable taste, he has given the punning title "On the Borders of the Scene" (Scène), the French word "scene" being pronounced exactly like the name of the river. Like most of the works written by famous actors, it is rather disappointing. Yet it contains some curious anecdotes. He tells, for instance, how the manager of the Theatre de la Gaite, when "Henry III and His Court" was to be revived at that house in 1856, remarked proudly, "I have just ruined myself for the costumes and furniture and accessories; they will cost me at least $1,000." "That sum," continued Febvre, "represents about what was paid for my costumes, armor and arms in the role of the Duc de Guise when that piece was mounted at the Comedie Francaise in 1889."

ALL WERE "EN VEDETTE."

He also cites a superb remark made by Frederic Lemaitre when "Henry III" was given at the Gaite. All the leading performers demanded the privilege of having their names "en vedette," that is to say, at the head of the programme, and in letters larger than the type allotted to the rest. In his embarassment Hostein consulted Lemaitre as to what he should do. "Put everybody 'en vedette,'" responded Lemaitre, "and stick me in with the rest. The public will find me out at the performance." So the entire cast was published with the names arranged in the form of a horseshoe.

M. Febvre quotes the following remark of Talma, which was told him by one of the sons of the tragedian. One evening, in his dressing room, Talma had just put on the costume of Manlius. After having cast a long glance on the draperies of his toga, he said to his son, "There! half of my part is played." Which proves the extreme importance attached by the celebrated tragedian to the details of his dress. Melingue, who was widely famed as a melodramatic actor, and who created several of the leading roles in the principal pieces of the elder Dumas, was also noted for the carefully studied details of his costume. The artistic draping of his classic robes rather worried the tragedians of the Rue Richelieu.

"I remember one day," says Febvre, "we were playing two Circassian chiefs in the 'Schamyl' of Paul Meurice at the Porte St. Martin. Melingue was accustomed to come to the theatre at 4 o'clock, though the performance did not begin till half past 7. On passing before his dressing room I noticed that he was very busy. I entered, and was struck dumb with amazement. He was shaving his legs from the knee to the ankle, as a man shaves his chin. Then, this operation finished, he painted his legs as he had painted his face, and put on his babouches. As may be imagined no tights, however fine, could have given a result similar to that obtained by this novel process.

"Yet, in trying to be too accurate, the actor may more easily attain the comic side of the well known phrase, 'A picture stepped from its frame.' Of this I will give two examples. In the drama of 'Oliver Basselin' at the Theatre de la Renaissance, Adolphe Berton was to play 'King Charles VII.' In his love of accuracy the actor had borrowed from the Museum of Artillery a real hemlet of the period. Had it become rusty during its long sojourn in the midst of all that historical ironware, or did it possess a hidden spring of which the actor knew nothing? At all events, in the midst of the most thrilling scene of the drama, the vizor suddenly fell, and Berton, in spite of all his efforts, could not raise it again. So he was forced to finish the piece in that unpleasant predicament, and Charles VII anticipated the legend of the Iron Mask."

Febvre gives an amusing instance of consciousness in costume on the part of an actor called Brunet. In a comedy called "A House as a Lottery Prize," he played the role of a landlord, who spoke on the other side of the wall, and in consequence was unseen by the audience. Nevertheless every evening Brunet dressed himself carefully, even to the wig and spectacles. The manager remarked to him one evening that he took a great deal of useless trouble, since none of the spectators could judge of the correctness of his costume. "No, no! it is not useless," answered Brunet. "With the dress of the landlord I assume his bearing, and with his bearing his voice. Besides, suppose the wall were to fall!"

Febvre also notes the fact that certain styles of dress are only suitable for certain kinds of plays. He remarks, for instance, that the Louis XIV costume is seldom employed for tragic dramas, but is perfectly suited for comedy, as are also those of the Regency and of Louis XV. The Middle Ages and the reign of Louis XIII are the most appropriate for the "cloak and sword dramas." The Louis XVI costume is reserved for calm and discreet plays, which cause more drawing forth of handkerchiefs on the part of the spectators than of swords among the actors. A costume often employed in dramas of a demi-tone and always with success is that of the First Empire. The hardest of all costumes for the actor to wear is without contradiction, that of the reign of Louis XV. The embroidered coat, satin breeches and high heeled shoes demand in the wearing a peculiar ease of manner and bearing.

COMMENTS OF SPECTATORS.

Febvre gives some amusing instances of the lack of comprehension manifested by spectators, certainly of average intelligence, concerning the plots and incidents of plays that they have witnessed. He once gave a young servant of his own tickets of admission to go see "The Courier of Lyons." He asked him the next day if he thought that Lesurques was guilty or innocent. "Of course he was guilty, monsieur," was the answer, "as the two men were only the same one disguised." Then in "The Children's Doctor," by Dennery, when it was represented at the Gaite theatre, Febvre played the part of the lover of the piece, a young officer who only appears in the second and fifth acts. There was also the role of a young mother whose death took place early in the action. In the last act the heroine was supposed to be dying, and her lover, forcing his way into her room, cried vehemently, "Let me pass—let me pass! Alive or dead, I must see her!" The girl revives, and the curtain fell on the happiest kind of denouement, namely, the approaching marriage of a youthful pair. One evening after the play, Febvre and several of his companions went to the cafe of the theatre to take some refreshments. Near the table at which they had placed themselves sat a party of old clothes dealers from the Temple, who had been present at the performance, and who were discussing the piece and the actors.

One of them, a stout old woman, whose reddened eyes showed how much she had enjoyed the play, remarked: "There was one scene that I liked immensely; it was that at the end, where the mother disguises herself as an officer to get to see her dying daughter." It was in that way she had comprehended the sudden entrance of the soldier lover.—Letter in Philadelphia Telegraph.

The republic of Brazil is not yet firm. Its legs seem shaky.

The new south could ill afford to lose Henry W. Grady.

If Portugal had guns equal to her gall there would be war between her and England.

In the three weeks' session before Christmas, President Harrison sent to the senate 1,429 messages. They were mostly about postmasters.

New Orleans has done in 1889 the largest business for many years. Her manufactures are greater than ever before, and her receipts of cotton have been proportionately large.

Christmas, 1889, will be remembered as a day when ladies in some parts of the north used parasols to shade them from the sun rays while walking. In Jersey it was so warm that the mosquitoes which had been left over tuned up their pipes again.

A PIECE OF TOBACCO.

The Strange Story That Was Told by an Old Georgia Detective.

A piece of plug tobacco,
A life sentence in the penitentiary.

Not a very striking analogy, surely, but thereby hangs a tale.

"I followed the business of a detective for a long time," said an old hand at the business as he puffed his cigar in a snug corner of the station house, "but one of the most peculiar cases I ever struck was in a Georgia town not more than a hundred miles from Atlanta.

"One day I received a telegram from a prominent young man of the place, notifying me that his father had been murdered and robbed in the streets, and asking me to come and work up the case. The next train bore me to the town, and as I stepped off the cars I met the town marshal. He had a badge and a sort of club stick, and I asked him if he was the marshal.

"'Yes, and I am looking for an Atlanta detective.'

"'I guess I'm your man.'

"'All right. Let's get into the 'bus and drive up town.'

"'No. I'd rather walk up and talk about the case.'

"'Well, I'm in a hurry. The coroner's inquest is going on, and I am the first witness.

"That remark struck me at once, and put me on my guard.

"'Who do you think did it?'

"'Well, I have no idea. I have not heard any guesses made yet, but I think you had just as well turn your attention to the negroes. No white man did that deed.'

"'Why do you think so?'

"'Because no white man would have taken everything from a man's pockets, as the murderers did from his.'

"'What did they take?'

"'Everything. They even took a little piece of tobacco, about that long—measuring on his finger—and you know no white man would have cleaned him out like that.'

"'Did you search the body?'

"'No; his son told me about it, is how I came to know.'

"By this time we had reached the place where they were holding the inquest, and cautioning him not to reveal my identity, I left him.

"On the next day I met the murdered man's son. He did not know that I was a detective, and I began to ask about the murder, and among other things casually asked what the robbers had taken.

"'Why, they took his watch, his knife, the buttons out of his shirt and his pocketbook. Just cleaned out his pockets.'

"'That all?'

"'So far as I know. They just took everything they could find, it seems.'

"'Did he have much money?'

"'He must have had a considerable sum, as it was Saturday night.'

"'What did you say just now about that piece of tobacco?'

"'I didn't say anything about it, but since you have mentioned it I remember, now, that he must have carried a small piece of plug tobacco. He was a very economical man, and he always kept the crumbs cleared out of his boxes in the store during the week, but on Saturday night he would cut off a little piece and put it in his pocket to chew on Sundays. That was his practice, invariably, and he must have had a piece with him, but none was found when we searched his pockets.'

"'That is a little strange, and maybe the murderer or murderers took that also.'

"'They must have done so, for it was such a rule with him that I know he did not leave the store without his Sunday piece of plug tobacco.'

"I left the young man and set to work in good earnest then. The marshal came to my assistance, and was very solicitous about catching the criminals. We scoured the town and community for some elew, but the more we sought the more the mystery deepened.

"For two days we worked like beavers, and at the end of the second day I became fully satisfied in my mind that I had the thing dead. Going down town I found the marshal and placed him under arrest. Then I arrested a barkeeper as his accomplice. The news spread like wildfire, and the citizens were almost ready to mob me, but I had the two men committed to jail.

"When the trial came on the twelve jurors were not out twenty minutes before they brought in a verdict of guilty of murder with a recommendation for mercy. The recommendation was urged and carried by the twelfth man, who would not agree to render a verdict of murder pure and simple on circumstantial evidence.

"In delivering sentence the judge told the marshal that were it not for the recommendation, which left him no discretion, he would put the extreme penalty of the law upon him, so well satisfied was he of the guilt of the prisoner at the bar."

"And he went up for life?"

"Yes, and spent six years in the penitentiary. But Governor Stephens pardoned him out as soon as he was elected. You see he believed in the innocence of his client, so he used the pardoning power to set him at liberty."

"And the piece of tobacco was the first clew?"

"Yes, as soon as the marshal mentioned it, the idea occurred to me that he must have known a great deal about it to have been able to describe even the size of it, although he did not search the pocket, and had no reason for knowing that the murdered man carried such a piece unless he took it from his pocket after the murder."—Atlanta Constitution.

Quite a Large Dinner.

The Paris correspondent of The Inquirer, in describing a dinner that recently took place in Paris, presents these interesting figures: The kitchens were installed in the cellar, near Cours-la-Reine. Nothing can be more astonishing than the size of the kettles for the vegetables. For soup there were four kettles, two containing 250 quarts each, one 300 quarts and the fourth 330 quarts. Each kettle for vegetables would hold 125 quarts and the three coffee pots were capable of furnishing 800 quarts of coffee. There were served 2,500 quarts of soup, 6,000 pounds of fish, 5,000 pounds of tenderloin, 1,200 turkeys, 800 ducks, 27,000 bottles of wine, 4,000 bottles of mineral water and 3,000 pitchers of ice water. There were employed 109,000 plates, 20,000 forks, 20,000 knives, 16,000 tablespoons, 15,000 coffee spoons, and 52,000 glasses. The service required 1,000 butlers, 100 chiefs to command this battalion, 75 cooks, 90 scullery boys, 50 men to superintend the wines and 150 assistants.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Swearing in a Hurry.

"Say, here's a bill to be sworn to," said a young man, rushing into a busy merchant's office in the wholesale district yesterday. The merchant began to fume about loss of time, but the young man cut him short with, "That's all right; there's Mr. ——, he's a notary, at that window across the street, and he says all you'll have to do will be to shake the paper and hold up your hand, and he'll know what you mean and put on his seal." The merchant went to the window and held up his hand according to orders, a young man across the street nodded and smiled, and the oath was recorded here below, whether the recording angel got track of it or not.—New York Sun.

An attempt is being made to establish a Spanish school at Belleview, Fla. One reason why we are falling so behind European nations with the South American trade is that we are such poor linguists. Our merchants and commercial travelers who go to South America almost never understand Spanish, while those from Europe usually make it a point to learn that language before going to South America. There are few schools in this country where a student can learn South American Spanish. It is proposed to found at Belleview such a school, and to make it also an institution in which Cuban and South American students can get a thorough musical education, to obtain which they now go to Europe.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has in The North American Review a paper on "The Art of Giving." He tells benevolent people how they can spend their money to do most good. If, now, Mr. Carnegie will write another article telling people how to get something to give, he will confer a great favor on nine out of every ten of his fellow men.

LIFE'S BETTER INFLUENCES.

Better the song and the smile, my dear,
Better the song and the smile.
Brief is the time we may linger here,
Little avails either sigh or tear;
Better the song and the smile, my dear,
Better the song and the smile.

Better the laugh and the jest, my dear,
Better the laugh and the jest,
Sunshine of heart and of merry cheer,
Chasing the shadows that oft appear;
Better the laugh and the jest, my dear,
Better the laugh and the jest.

Better the word that is kind, my dear,
Better the word that is kind.
Speech that is cold and perchance severe
Well may be spared as we journey here:
Better the word that is kind, my dear,
Better the word that is kind.

Life's but a day at the best, my dear,
Life's but a day at the best.
Be your endeavor to brighten each year,
Making less frequent the sigh and the tear;
Life's but a day at the best, my dear,
Life's but a day at the best.

Story of the Grand Duke Alexis.

A writer in The Paris Figaro gives numerous details regarding the private life of several princes, among which the following story of the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, is particularly piquant:

The grand duke, who is an admiral in the Russian navy, and has a great influence over his brother, the czar, at one time created as great consternation in the imperial house of Russia as that of which the Archduke John has recently been the cause in the Austrian court, but by another method—an affair of the heart.

The young Empress Marie, his mother, had with her as a maid of honor the daughter of the poet Joukowski, in whom she took an especial interest. One evening when the young girl was alone with her sovereign she fell in tears at her feet and confessed that she was loved by the Grand Duke Alexis, that she shared his passion, and begged her to consent to their union.

Imagine the empress' surprise. The imperial answer was the immediate escort of the maid of honor to the other side of the frontier, to the home of her relatives in a foreign country, and an order to the grand duke to rejoin the Russian fleet in the Baltic.

But the august masters of Russia did not realize with whom they were dealing. The grand duke escaped from his vessel, joined the maid of honor in her exile, took her away without ceremony, and carrying her to America there married her secretly. I pass over the disgraces, the vicissitudes, the phases of all sorts, that followed this exploit. Royal loves are like fires of straw; they are as quickly extinguished as kindled. The day came when the grand duke, under the influence of his mother, completely submitted to the Emperor Alexander II and reentered the fold.

The secrecy of his union and the conditions under which it had been contracted made it null in law. Time dried the tears of the heroine, and she married a Saxon gentleman, Baron Coehrman, and lived in retirement in Germany. Their only child enjoys a large income, and bears the title of Marquis de Segiana, conferred upon him by an obliging chancellor.

Spartan Fathers.

When young Conroy was playing right guard on Yale's football team his father was strongly opposed to his having anything to do with the game, and forbade his taking any part in it. Conroy wrote him to come up to Yale to see the game, and assured him that he would find it anything but brutal, dangerous or ungentlemanly. The old gentleman and his brother went up to New Haven full to the brim with prejudice against football. But you can imagine Conroy's astonishment and delight to see his father and uncle leaning far over the ropes, their eyes starting out of their heads in their excitement, and yelling at the top of their lungs: "Break his neck, Charley." "Down him hard!" After that Conroy had no further trouble with his governor. Now here is a Harvard father: When Holden's father was telegraphed by the boys that his son had broken three of his ribs and that he had better come and see him, did he come? Not he. He telegraphed simply, "Did you win the game?" and the men posted the telegram up to show what Spartan fathers there were around Cambridge.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Pretty Hard on a Poor Man.

He had just come in from a hard day's fishing in the perch pool, and was in the act of opening his mouth to tell of his exploits when his wife, closing the book which she had been reading, said: "Oh! it's you, George, dear. I'm glad to see you back. It was so dull with you away that I took up the Bible to pass the time, and was reading the Book of Revelations as you came in. That's a wonderful book. And just think, it says, 'All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.' Have you caught anything?" "No, Mary," he answered; "I didn't catch a thing, but I thought as I went out to get fish, we might as well have a string, so I called at the fish store and bought these." She said she was glad to get the fish, and talked to him with much cheerfulness; but he was gloomy and preoccupied, and scarcely said a word in reply, and, in a short time, giving the excuse that he was tired, went off to bed. Poor fellow!—Salem (Mass.) Gazette.

A New Hat Iron.

An enterprising young electrician in Washington, recently married, who had occasion to spend the evenings down town with some friends from New York, was shocked to find, as he was about to go home, that his new silk hat had, in some unexplained manner, become badly rumpled. Shops that "block your hat while you wait" had long been closed, and for a moment Benedict was in distress, but his ingenuity did not fail him. Stepping into a restaurant lighted by electricity, he soon found an incandescent lamp attached to a long flexible conductor, and with this he deftly and quickly ironed out the wrinkles from his battered tile, and hastened home to his waiting wife.—Electrical Review.

A New Idea for Shoe Soles.

A Nuremberg firm is bringing out a new kind of sole for boots and shoes, for which it claims great solidity and convenience. The sole consists of a sort of trellis work of spiral metal wire, the interstices being filled with gutta percha and ammoniac rosin, which give them both strength and suppleness. They are fitted with special nails on to ordinary soles, and can be produced 50 per cent. below the ordinary price of leather ones. They have already been used in the army, and it is stated that the results of the test are very satisfactory. The soles were found in good condition after long and severe usage.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Wanted a Little More.

"Well, have you farmers had rain enough?" he queried of a farmer on the market Saturday.

"Hardly," was the reply.

"You haven't? Why, it has rained almost every day for two months!"

"Yes, I know. I'm running a skiff around the farm now, but if we had a little more rain I think I could put on a flatboat and carry bigger loads!"—Detroit Free Press.

Literary Partnerships.

Collaboration in novel writing is getting to be quite a common occurrence, writes James Payn in The Independent. One gentleman does the plot and the other the dialogue; or, better still (though surely a little dangerous in the case of such sensitive natures), a lady is introduced into the partnership, to do the love scenes from her view of the question. Men are apt to make mistakes in this matter, and vice versa. An author was once discovered to be a spinster from her describing a husband and wife going on with a quarrel at the breakfast table at the exact point where they had left it at supper time. Still, collaboration does not do in everything. In athletics, for instance, it was recently discovered that two gentlemen were in the habit of entering one another's names for races, instead of their own. The less speedy of the two modestly appeared on the list, and was given a start on account of the indifference of his previous performances, which the quick one ran for him and won. Untouched by this spectacle of so much friendship, a magistrate sent both Orestes and Pylades to jail for obtaining money under false pretenses.

WHAT IT COST HER TO DRESS.

A Thousand Dollars a Year Now, but $250 Would Do After the Wedding.

The young man had been sitting in deep thought for several minutes looking at his best girl and judging as well as he could by the dim light the cost of her apparel. They had been engaged for several months, and, having passed that period of ecstatic bliss which obscures all thoughts of worldly affairs, they were able, at odd moments, to speculate about the future. The parlor was elaborately furnished, and everything about the dear girl, from the tips of her dainty patent leather shoes to the gold pin in her hair, was suggestive of wealth.

The night was clear and cold, and this was one reason why the young man had the power to look at things in a cold, worldly fashion. The night on which he had flopped on one knee and laid his heart at the feet of the fair creature had been wild and stormy. She had accepted him in a particularly wild burst of rain and wind, and thereafter on every stormy night visions of bliss swept over him and made his rather poor prospects glitter with unnatural brilliancy. On this night, however, he saw things in their true light, and after the heavy tread of his dear girl's mother had given way to a low rumbling snore, he suddenly cried:

"How much did that dress cost?"

He touched the garment lightly, and looked beseechingly up in the girl's face.

"The material cost $15, making it cost $18."

"Phew! Can you make dresses?"

"The idea! Of course not."

"How many dresses do you get in a year?"

"Well," she said, contemplatively, "when I go away in the country I usually take six new ones with me. They cost on an average $45 each. Then I give four receptions a year, and, of course, a new dress is necessary each time. The four cost about $240. Then I suppose I have about five other dresses, which come cheap; perhaps about $40 for each one."

The young man buried his face in his hands for a minute, and then said:

"Hats and shoes pretty expensive?"

"Oh, my; no," replied the girl, with a little cry of scorn. "I suppose my hats and shoes do not cost more than $200 a year."

"Now, look here, Jess," said the young man desperately, "what I am trying to get at is how much it costs to dress you. You do a little figuring and let me see what the result is."

Jess bent her dear little head over an ivory tablet and scribbled away industriously and bit her pencil thoughtfully for five minutes. Then she submitted this table:

Dresses	$240	Wraps	$50
Hats	125	Linen, etc	100
Shoes	75		
Gloves	20	Total	$1,000

The young man read these items over and over again.

"Great Scott, Jess," he said, "that's pretty steep, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," she replied. "That is only a small part of what I cost, for you have no idea what an expensive girl I am. You know I usually spend a month every summer at some watering place, and then I get rid of an awful lot of money in helping the church along, in car fares, bonbons and such things."

"What does it cost to run this house, any way?" asked the young man, savagely, for he felt that the idol of his heart was slipping away.

"I don't know exactly," replied Jess, "but, maybe, $8,000 a year will do it nicely."

"Humph! Let me do a little figuring."

The young man's figuring was like this:

Probable cost of furniture, $1,000; yearly installments	$300
Rent of flat (in Brooklyn)	400
Wages of servant	180
Wife's clothing (her estimate)	1,000
My clothing (my estimate)	100
Necessary recreation, vacations, and charity	200
Food	150
Total	$2,410
My salary	2,400
Deficit	$10

Jess bent her head over this table and studied it intently.

"Are you estimating what it will cost us to keep house?" she asked.

"Yes," was the dreary reply.

"I think I can improve on that list," she said. "Now, cut off from my estimate of clothing $850 and add $150 to your estimate of your clothing. Deduct $100 from the cost of recreation and so forth, and another $100 off the rent. Reduce the servant's wages $30. I am sure our furniture won't cost more than $700, but you can let the yearly installments stand. I think you had better add $25 to the cost of food. Now, how much difference does that make?"

"Eight hundred and eighty-five dollars."

"And the $10 deficit you make by your figuring reduces this to $875. I can live on this if you can."

And he said he'd try it if she would.—New York Sun.

A New Color Test.

In reference to the "color test" for the eyesight of railway men, Dr. H. E. Ledlard, of Carlisle, surgeon to the railway companies in the district, has devised an instrument which he thinks will serve all purposes. It consists of a holder, with a revolving disk of colored glass—purple, mauve, green, yellow (the equivalent of a white signal lamp), blue and red, which, it will be seen, include all the colors used on railways. The holder is held in front of a light, and the surgeon examines the color sight of the candidate by revolving the disk and bringing the separate colored glasses in front of the orifice through which the flame shines—thus exactly imitating the usual signal lamp. He suggests that the addition of a piece of smoked glass would make the colors much the same as they would appear in a fog. It is not convenient always to test on an actual line of railway; but a test with this instrument, in which the examiner can change the colors quickly, would at least weed out those who are positively color blind.—English Mechanic.

Lincoln's Funeral Car.

While sitting in our office this morning a train passes the town. It is running solid and is composed of an engine and one passenger car. This car is old in fashion and appearance. It has not seen paint for years, though it still bears the faded lines of former elegance and refinement. Now it is only a construction car, used to convey men to wrecks and accidents, and holds one of the humblest positions in the car service of the Union Pacific system.

But that old weatherbeaten car has a history and it has been honored by a grief stricken people as no other car in the Union has, for under its faded old top lay the remains of the martyred president, Abe Lincoln, when they were borne in state from Washington to Springfield. Through that car poured grief stricken people at every stop on the journey—sorrowing, weeping women, men whose pulse beat meant sorrow and resentment, children who are now the mainspring of this republic.—Fort Lupton (Colo.) Cyclone.

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