VALLEY RECORD.

ASHLAND, Or., Thursday, Jan. 22, 1891

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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PRESBYTERIAN.

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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Church, corner Main and Bush streets. Regular Services.—Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School, 9.30 A. M. Prayer Meeting, every Thursday evening; Young People's Meeting, Sunday 6 P. M. Ladies' Aid Society, Wednesday 2 P. M.
REV. C. A. LEWIS, Pastor.

BAPTIST.

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 mon h.
REV. F. K. VANTASSEL, Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Church, cor. Main street and Boulevard. Regular Services.—Sunday, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School, 12 M. Prayer Meeting, every Thursday evening.
REV. G. J. WEBSTER, Pastor.

CATHOLIC.

Church, corner Sixth and B streets. Regular Services.—Every fourth Sunday, 10 A. M. Sunday School, every fourth Sunday, 3 P. M. FATHER F. S. NOEL, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL.

Services in Baptist church, cor. Church and High streets, second and fourth Sundays, 3 P. M. REV. F. B. TICKNOR, Pastor.

SECULAR UNION.

Ashland Secular Union No 1, meets at McCall's Hall the first Sunday in every month, at 7 o'clock p m.
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Estray Notice.

SORREL MARE, will weigh 800 or 900 lbs.; a little white on left fore-foot; left hind foot white to fetlock; branded R on left shoulder; little star in forehead.

The above described animal will be duly sold for a pasture bill of fourteen months, including feed during last winter
E. B. MYER.
Ashland, Or., Dec. 18, 1890.

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For Female Irregularities. Unsurpassed as a reliable and safe remedy. Never fail. Successfully used by prominent ladies monthly. Guaranteed to relieve suppressed menstruation.

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Fine Billiard Table,

The very best beer of Anaheim, wine and Hennessy brandy, which will be sold by the quart or gallon.

Our tables are supplied with the latest papers. Come and see us and we will treat you as well as we know how.

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Meets in Masonic Hall, on the 1st and 3d Saturday of each month. Visiting Comrades cordially welcomed.
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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.
J. S. EUBANKS, JR., C. C
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Regular convocations on the Thursday next after the full moon.
D R MILLS, H P.
A P HAMMOND, Secretary.

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

Stated communications on the Thursday of or before the full moon.
M L MCCALL, W M.
James Chisholm, Secretary.

ALPHA CHAPTER, NO. 1, O. E. S.

Stated meetings on 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month.
MRS. J D CROCKER, W M.
Miss Kate Grady, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

ASHLAND LODGE, NO. 45.

Hold regular meetings every Saturday evening at their hall in Ashland. Brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend
J. C. DURKEE, N G.
ROBT. TAYLOR, Sec'y.

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.
H. C. MYER, C P.
ROBT. TAYLOR, Scribe.

HOPE REBECCA DEGREE LODGE, NO. 24.

Meets on the 2d and 4th Tuesday in each month in Odd Fellows's Hall, Ashland.
MRS. R L. BISH N. G
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.
N. A. JACOBS, M W.
B S RADCLIFF, Recorder.

BEATTY'S TOUR OF THE WORLD.

Ex-Mayor Daniel F. Beatty, of Beatty Celebrated Organs and Pianos, Washington, New Jersey, has returned home from an extended tour of the world. Read his advertisement in this paper and send for catalogue.

BEATTY

EX-MAYOR DAN'L F. BEATTY.
From a Photograph taken in London, England, 1887.

ORGANS PIANOS

Church, Chapel, and Parlor Organs. Grand, Square, and Upright Pianos. Beautiful Wedding, Birthday or Holiday Presents. Catalogue Free. Address Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey.

OLD PAPERS

Suitable for wrapping purposes, to underlay carpets, etc.,

For Sale at the RECORD Office.

YALLER JEANS JUSTICE.

I was coming up the Mississippi river on a slow but magnificent boat, and was sitting on the hurricane deck looking over a beautiful and seemingly endless spread of sugar cane land, when some one standing near me remarked:

"You were never along here in the sure enough days of steamboating, I reckon."

I looked up and saw a tall man, to whose appearance coming age had lent a sort of distinction. His clothes set upon him with an air of genial disarrangement, and his eyes, I noticed, were moist with the dew of recollection as he gazed far away over the fields. It took me but a second thus to estimate him, and my answer to his question was prompt:

"I was never along here in the old days."

"Oh, well, then, you don't know anything about it. You only catch now a poor shadow of what was once a glorious substance." He seated himself beside me, relighted his cigar, which had gone out, and thus continued:

"A man that was never along here before the war don't know anything about life. In those days the boats were palaces, and man in general was so accommodating and polite that he'd fight you in a minute. Now the boats are flutter mills, and man, instead of being gentlemanly and accommodating, will curse you, suh. I own a plantation up the river, but it don't amount to anything now."

"Is the land worn out?" I asked.

"Oh, no; land's just as good as ever but the conditions that made life there enjoyable have all been changed. Why, suh, I knocked a fellow down the other day, and hanged if he didn't sue me for breach of trust."

"For what?" I exclaimed.

"For breach of trust, I tell you. He had me arrested and hauled up before what is known in our country as a yaller jeans justice of the peace. The fellow stated that he had trusted me or he shouldn't have been hit; said that if he hadn't trusted me he would have dodged in time, and he therefore thought that I should be dealt with for breach of trust. The yaller jeans justice said he thought so, too, and hanged if he didn't fine me $5."

"Why didn't you appeal the case?" I asked.

"Oh, well, you see, I'm not in the law business. I just horsewhipped the justice till the dust flashed out of the yaller jeans and then I let the affair drop. I tell you," he added, after a brief pause, "we used to have great times along here in the old gentlemanly days. I remember one evening a sort of preacher came aboard at a landing just about here. He was a simple man, with a meek smile that seemed to have been mortised into his face. I soon got acquainted with him and learned that, aside from being a preacher, he operated a plantation and had some little money.

"Among the passengers was one of the shrewdest gamblers I had ever known, and when he found out that the preacher had money he began to lay plans for catching him. I went to the preacher and told him. 'That's all right,' said he. 'In this life it is but natural that the wolves should be after the sheep.' 'Of course you will not play with him,' said I. 'Oh, I don't know,' he answered. 'I have worked very hard and am off for a rest, and if he can aid me in getting what I seek all right. Some of the greatest of English clergymen, you know, have been quite expert at cards, and although I am not a great clergyman, yet I am an Englishman, and am game for any sort of innocent amusement that may be flushed up. But that man Nickerson,' said I, referring to the shrewd gambler, 'will beat you!' 'Oh, possibly,' the clergyman rejoined, 'but he can't beat me out of much. Perhaps I might win from him. Don't think that I am an easy victim, my dear sir. I have had a great deal of experience, and am not so very easily picked up.'

"Well, sir," the planter continued, "he didn't dodge that gambler at all, but actually sat down to a game of poker with him. Of course the preacher lost, but he was shrewd enough not to bet very high. The minister came up to me with his smile mortised in a little deeper, and said: 'Well, he is pretty sharp and I have lost about a hundred dollars; but how are we to preach against an evil unless we know the ways of that evil? In truth, aside from any attempt to peep behind the mask of evil, I am fond of playing cards, and if I should create any other impression I should be a hypocrite, and a hypocrite is worse than a gambler. Do you wish to play a game?' I played, and away late that night when the preacher got off at Campbell's Bend he carried 2,000 of my dollars with him. I don't know that he ever saw a pulpit, for I found out afterward that he and that fellow Nickerson were partners. Oh, yes, those were great days, when people were gentle and polite. Why, if a man had to kill a dog then he did it in an easy and gentlemanly way. A spirit of etiquette seemed to pervade the atmosphere.

"But now I warrant that if you should get into a quarrel with some man on board this boat he would be brutal enough to haul off and knock you down with his fist. There must come a change, though, sooner or later. Society can't stand the uncouthness of the present era. The customs that came in after the war robbed us of our good breeding. When every man carried a pistol for the purpose of inducing his neighbor to be polite every gentleman was genial. Rudeness, that unsightly fungus growth on the trunk of careless society, meant crude correction or polished death. Am I boring you, suh?"

"Far from it," I answered.

"Ah! I like you, for I see in you a remnant, though a somewhat removed one, of the old days. You would rather tell a smooth lie than a rough truth. Stick to that idea, suh. Truth, except as it relates to history and the sciences, is a brutalizer of mankind. The hog that wallows in the mire has truth; the artist that paints a great picture has deception."

The boat landed. "This is a well remembered spot with me," said the planter. "One night in the spring of 1850 I seated myself in a poker game just as the boat left this landing. From the very start luck was in my favor, and it didn't seem that I could lose. First one and then another of our party dropped out, until at last I sat facing old Maj. Pelton. I soon had him broke. 'Look here,' said he, 'I'm not going to jump this game. I'll put up my body servant, be gad, suh. Come here, Bill.' Bill came up, and a husky fellow he was too. Well, I won him, and the old major went to bed swearing. 'Bill,' said I, 'who's your master now?' 'You is, sah,' said he. 'Correct you are, Bill. Black my boots.'

"Well, suh," the planter continued, "I kept Bill right with me, although I do believe he was one of the biggest rascals I ever saw. One day, just about the time Grant was marching into Vicksburg, and while I was marching in an opposite direction about as fast as I could, Bill came up to me and said:

"'Mars John, I've dun got enough!'

"'Enough of what?' I asked.

"'Enough o' dis yere wah!'

"'I gad, so have I; but what are we going to do about it?'

"'I doan' know what you gwine do 'bout it, sah, but I knows what I gwine do—I'm gwine ter de Yankees.'

"I didn't offer him any advice—I simply struck him over the head with a handy carbine and left him lying near the roadside."

The old fellow was silent for a few moments. "I have but little farther to go," he said, after gazing down the river. "I have been down to see about some land. I got into a sort of squabble with the government, and was told to go down to Keesport to see the United States land commissioner. I had had some correspondence with the office, and, from the tone of the letters received, I did not expect that my treatment would be any too courteous. When I got there I was shown into a room and told to await the pleasure of the commissioner. Presently a voice said 'This is the commissioner, suh.' I looked up and there stood Bill—my Bill. I didn't know what to say.

"'Good mawnin',' said he.

"'Look here, Bill,' said I, 'are you the United States land commissioner?'

"'Dat's whut de president says,' he answered with a grin.

"'Well, if that's the case, Bill, I reckon I might as well go back home. I suppose you remember how we parted.'

"'Oh, yes, sah, I ricolleck er little argyment we had 'bout de war, an' yere sah,' he added, as he touched a lump on his head, 'is er part o' dat argyment yet. Takes it longer ter go down den any argyment I eber seed. Sorry ter see you in trouble, Mars John, but lemme tell you dar ain't no use in worryin. Yer, Mr Sanderson, fix up dis genrman's papers ter dat lan'. It ain't gwine cost you er cent, sah.'"

A look of tenderness shone in the old man's eyes. "Yes, suh," he added, "Bill the rascal, fixed up everything all right and wouldn't charge anything. This is a curious world. Well, I get off here."
—Opie P. Read in New York World.

Canova's Theseus and Centaur.

I mentioned some time ago that Canova's famous marble group of Theseus and the Centaur was being transported from the Greek temple erected over it in the Volksgarten of that city to the museum of art on the other side of the ring. The Centaur was transposed without difficulty and is already on the pedestal which fills the recess of the first landing on the magnificent staircase of the museum.

Yesterday the Theseus was laid upon one of the low heavy carts built expressly for the transport of weighty objects, and was drawn through the gardens toward the gate. The cart had to pass over one of the water drains which run under the Volksgarten. The weight was too much for the thin vault, which gave way, and suddenly the cart sank on one side, turned over, and the statue lay shattered on the ground. The right arm, which holds the club on high, was broken off at the shoulder. The statue was raised and placed under the trees of the Volksgarten, whither the whole city will run to see it when the news of the mishap gets afloat.—Vienna Cor. London News.

Proud of His Years.

Among the many venerable men who registered as voters in Brooklyn for the last election was a tall man with ruddy countenance and white hair and beard. His form was erect, and he would easily be taken for a man of 60.

As he approached the registry clerk and announced his name there was a general craning of necks to catch a glimpse of the proud looking old man.

"What is your age?"

"Eighty-five years."

"Where were you born?"

"In Brooklyn."

"How long have you lived in the state?"

"Eighty-five years."

"How long in the ward?"

"Eighty-five years."

"How long in the election district?"

"Eighty-five years."

"That's all, sir," said the clerk, and an American citizen, who was born in 1805 in the house in which he now lives and has always lived, walked away.—New York Herald.

The Czar's Gift to Prince Nikita.

Prince Nikita, of Montenegro, is in clover. The czar has purchased the steamer Jaroslaffij for the sum of 3,000,000 rubles, and has bestowed the same on his highness of the Black mountains. Russian officers and a Russian crew man the ship, and are under orders to remain in the service of Prince Nikita until the latter has secured the services of efficient substitutes. The Jaroslaffij is expected shortly at Antivari. The vessel is so equipped as to serve as a warship in case of need. The prince is certainly to be congratulated. He already possesses a yacht which, with his new acquisition, will serve as an excellent commencement toward a Montenegrin navy. the realization of which is, I hear, one of Prince Nikita's most cherished hopes.
—Galignani's Messenger.

A Monument on Helvellyn.

A monument has just been finished which is to be erected on Helvellyn to the memory of Charles Gough, who in the year 1805 was killed while mountaineering, and of the faithful dog who for three months watched over his master's remains. Sir Walter Scott describes the event in the poem, "I Climb'd the Dark Brow of the Mighty Helvellyn," and Wordsworth records it in his lines on "Fidelity." The cost of the monument has been borne by Miss Frances Power Cobbe and the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, vicar of Crosthwaite.—London Times.

A functionary in the Russian army who has come into considerable prominence lately is a Jew named Baronok, whose duty is to spy upon corrupt officers and ferret out their stealings. He is known as a very intelligent, honorable and impartial man. Lately he convicted Gen. Tomanowsky, a favorite of the czar.

Maurice Bernhardt, son of Sara Bernhardt, who lately wounded his antagonist in a duel, is remembered by a good many Americans, who met him here during his visit to this country with his mother. His mother allows him $35,000 a year for expenses and he runs in debt besides.

The receivable traditions of China go back to 3,000 years before Christ, and one of their sacred books, the Shu-king (treating of history and of the government and laws of the ancient monarchs) begins with the Emperor Yao 2,357 years B. C.

DEATH DAY OF CARDINAL NEWMAN

Thy ninety years on earth have passed away:
At last thou restest 'mid that heavenly clime
Where act is rest, and age perpetual prime:
Thy noblest, holiest work begins this day,
Begins, not ends! Best work is prayer; and they
Who plead, absolved from bonds of space and time,
With lordliest labor work that work sublime.
Order our planet with benignest sway.
So work, great spirit! Thy toils foregone each year
Meantime bear fruit: Thousands but hymn thee now:
Thy laureates soon will bend a brightening brow
O'er tomes of thine; on each may drop a tear
For friends that o'er blind oceans pushed their prow
Self cheated of a guiding light so clear.
—Aubrey de Vere in Scribner's.

NEW YORK BOY CHOIRS.

MOST OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCHES NOW EMPLOY THEM.

Enough Boys Are Hard to Secure—Countless Rehearsals Necessary Before the Trained Choir Is Ready to Sing Acceptably—German Boys Preferred.

Boy choirs are now an established feature of worship in a majority of Episcopal churches in this city; but few members of congregations have any knowledge of the work of the choir beyond that gained as listeners. The search for singers, the teachers' rehearsals and the many hindrances to the successful maintenance of a vested choir are all out of sight.

Before the existence of a general demand for boys with good voices, an organist was often besieged by applicants and had only to make his choice. How different the conditions are today every organist, with the possible exception of those of Trinty parish, can attest. Trinity has at command the parish school from which, much after the English system, the choirmaster may select his voices and maintain a supplementary choir.

Not so fortunate, however, are most choirmasters. They are obliged to depend on such sources as advertisement in the newspapers, both English and German; the Sunday schools of the parish and the public schools, and the offer of a commission to any boy securing a satisfactory chorister. The first named is perhaps the most successful method and many good voices have been obtained by it; but no one of the above is a sure method of recuperating the ever changing personnel of the choir, and many organists probably appreciate the feelings of the choirmaster of one of the largest Episcopal churches in New York who, when asked in what manner he provided for vacancies in his choir, replied that he "trusted to luck."

CHOIR SCHOOLS.

If church services demanded a daily choral services choir schools such as exist abroad would be necessary, and those interested hope that in time such institutions will be maintained in this country.

The lack of material for solo voices has prompted the organists of some prominent churches, such as St. George's, St. Mary the Virgin's, All Angels, and St. Ignatius', to employ female voices in this capacity, and even as auxiliary chorus singers, and the future will doubtless see many other churches compelled to adopt this expedient, which can certainly be defended on musical ground.

The most successful choirs in New York number about thirty-five voices viz., sixteen trebles, five altos, seven tenors and eight bassos, and although authorities differ somewhat the best results appear to be obtained when the parts are divided in about this proportion.

Voices vary greatly in quality and carrying power, which makes it difficult to give a definite law covering every case, but some adult voices are a necessity.

The number of rehearsals varies according to the style of music rendered and the ability of the choir to read music readily. In few churches are the rehearsals for boys less frequent than twice weekly, and in many cases individual lessons are given in addition.

Many listeners express wonder at the facility with which the little choristers render florid passages; but except in rare instances these results are accomplished by hard and patient labor on the part of both instructor and pupil.

GERMAN BOYS IN DEMAND.

Boys of German parentage are greatly in demand, they seeming to possess better voices than American lads, and in addition a musical instinct, which is a great help to proficiency in their art.

Boys are available for choir work between the ages of 9 and 16. At an earlier age than 9 they do not possess sufficient intelligence to be of service, and except in rare cases their voices do not last after the sixteenth year.

For a time before their voices are entirely lost boys are sometimes available for the alto parts—the upper register being useless—but this is a great injustice to the chorister, as the value of his voice in after years is by the course seriously depreciated.

Boys' voices have two registers, the "thick" and "thin." In the first the vocal chords vibrate in their whole thickness and in the latter only the thin edges of the chords are employed.

The sweet, birdlike quality of the trained chorister is due to the use of the higher register or head tones rather than to constant practice, as is generally supposed.

An untrained boy will sing naturally in the thick register, producing a hard, disagreeable tone, and his voice will wear out long before the alloted period.

In addition to the flute like timbre when the thin register is employed, the compass of the voice is extended up to G and A above the staff without effort, notes which would be impossible for the untrained boy to deliver.

In nearly all the surpliced choirs boys are paid a salary which varies from $1.50 to $10 monthly for chorus work, and from $15 to $50 a month for soloists. Exceptional voices command corresponding salaries.

A system of fines for tardiness, absence and misbehavior is generally enforced as the most satisfactory method of maintaining discipline, and it is probable that the angelic countenance of the average choir boy is nourished by the prospect of the salary which this course will preserve intact.—New York World.

She Knew.

An up town teacher asked a girl how many bones there were in her body, and the glib girl nearly swallowed her chewing gum in her haste to answer 208. "Wrong! There are only 207," said the teacher. "Yes'm," was the triumphant response; "but I swallowed a fish bone today."—Philadelphia Record.

Women in Wall Street.

The widow of L. A. Pollard, the historian of the Southern Confederacy, has opened in Wall street a broker's office for the accommodation of women who deal in stocks. It is a curious fact that no woman who has opened a stock speculator's office has, as yet, been permanently successful. Some, like Hetty Green, have been shrewd outside buyers and made money, but so far as I know, those who have opened regular offices for stock transactions have one and all lost money and quit the business. Perhaps this is, after all, a compliment to women in one way.—New York Cor. Indianapolis News.

Royalty Incog.

A very simply dressed and quiet young lady, who has been visiting Wiesbaden, Homburg, Wildbad and Ems, and who was known as Miss Wolf or Miss Welsh to the few people who took the trouble to inquire about so unimportant a person, has just been found out to be the Princess Maud of Wales, and the Mrs. Leo Hunters are chagrined that they did not attempt to capture her retiring elderly chaperon, who was taken for an inconspicuous aunt, but who was really an important lady of the court sent to attend the princess.—Berlin Letter.

A STUDY IN MEN'S BACKS

CHARACTER IS SHOWN THERE AS WELL AS IN THE FACE.

A Dissertation on the Various Kinds of Backs That One Is Accustomed to See. Descriptions of the Thoughtful Back, the Purse Proud Back and Others.

The back of an individual is an easy study—the whole of him, his figure and walk, his shoulders molded by the habits of his life, the carriage of the head, the wearing of the clothing. Face to face we see the man as he desires to be seen; but behind his back we take him by surprise, and catch sight of his character.

Follow the thoughtful man as he wanders through the streets, seeing nothing. While he walks his head and shoulders bend; one knows that his eyes seek the ground just as one sees his feet linger on it. In this manner it must have been that Macaulay walked in his famous night wanderings, when he traversed the London streets and saw nothing, a contrast to the night walks of Charles Dickens, who trod the same streets and saw everything, with head characteristically held back and slightly to one side, an energetic observer rather than a deep thinker.

Very different from what we may call the refined and intellectual back is the back of the broad and vulgar figure who struts past us as if he owned the street. His glory is not in his mind or heart, but in his pockets. He has a habit of sticking up for his rights. Even his collar sticks up, and his hair, to correspond with his inner self, is bristling. He thinks he can buy anything, from a picture, of which he knows nothing, to an elector, who knows nothing of him.

The purse proud man will never hand money out of that pocket for charity, unless he is pretty sure that his name is in a printed list of subscribers.

THE ROGUE'S BACK.

Not so the wealthy man who has a heart above gold. Look at him, a back view, as he stands at a public meeting called at some time of calamity or need. He is sure to be there. If the hall is overcrowded you can see him standing never complaining of the lack of seats, he is there for the comfort of others; he forgets his own. He is a large hearted man, and everything about him is large. The big hands are only waiting behind him to give freely, the broad back can bear a goodly share of others' burdens.

As for the back of the rogue, it is of infinite variety. If there were only one sort we might all make what soldiers would call a reconnoissance to the rear and detect and outwit him. There is the sharp dealer of the business world who is remarkably spruce at the back and the adventurer of society, who can bow like the first gentleman in Europe and ten thousand more varieties, from the welcher on the turf up to the gentleman who ought to be a baronet, and who has lived for the last thirty years on that statement and on charitably collecting for the savages of Borriboola. He could straighten his body if he liked but his mind is fixed in curves of cunning. He and his principles are as crooked as wriggling eels. He can press others to his will, too, as he presses his cane to a curve like himself.

His spare form is not the thin, bent back of the student. The back of a bookworm is another kind of bend—a curve to be respected. Nor is it the stoop of old age. The back is an index of age as well as of character. The small child stands a square, upright atom of humanity. The man grows straight to his full height; then his shoulders broaden; then his shoulders come forward, and his head goes down.

BACKBONE.

There is an old saying to describe a man of weak character that he has "no backbone." There is not much backbone in the man who walks as if not quite sure where he is going to, who drops his letters and never cares to straighten his shoulders. Follow him and note how his hat points backward, and you know from the angles to which he has set his hat and his whiskers that, seen front face, his aspect is not wise. Still he is a good natured fellow, and by some instinct we read on his back that he has an ambition to be amusing. One is perfectly certain that the man with such a back sings comic songs, and equally certain that he never knows when people cease to laugh at the song and begin to laugh at himself.

But there is such a thing as having too much backbone, and that is rather worse than having too little. When a man has too much backbone his heart is not, as people say, "in the right place." Sometimes there is no room in him for a heart at all. Now, there are some men in whom force of character is carried into the extreme, and becomes hardness and habitual severity. A severe back is a pleasanter sight to see than a severe face. It is not what we would call the just and righteously indignant back, which is straight and noble, a fine thing and a venerable. It is the bulldog shouldered back that denotes the domestic oger. His bald head shines.

One knows that in the front the veins are bursting. His mustache has been twisted to sharpness by angry fingers. His hands are clinched or pushing mightily against his hardset knee. He could strike, but he has too much pride, and his orders are harder than blows. He has a habit of getting his arm crookedly bent to his knee in self restrained wrath.

There are, indeed, many backs that are more gladly seen than the corresponding faces. The back of the bore is a goodly sight, while, on the other hand, when good-by is grievous, how much precious regard is wasted on the dear characteristic, well known back that never knows what loving looks went after it.—Toronto Truth.

Cushions Galore.

Cushions seem to be the perennial delight of the average woman. This is an age of cushions, and her soul rejoices in them. The saddle bag cushions still exist and are likely to, as they have happily solved the "tidy" problem. Those wretched things, abhorred by mankind, are gone, it is hoped, never to return. But having hung the saddle bags over the backs of our chairs, there must still be cushions galore for window seats, couches, corners, to fit in uncomfortable angles—cushions unlimited and of every variety. The melon cushion looks rather pretty if it is well made, but the acorn cushion is newer and is being shown at the art shops. This, which is of course many times the size of its forest prototype, has the acorn of pale green silk and the cup of darker green, which is put on rather full and sewed down in spots to give the raised, uneven look of nature.

Another pretty combination of the acorn is reddish brown plush and pale yellow silk. A loop is sewed for the stem to take hold by. These well defined shapes, however, cannot be recommended as satisfactory for general wear. Plain, square, oblong, oval or round cushions last longer in every way, and can be so different in material and decoration as to supply the needed variety. White silk cushions wrought in gold embroidery are used in very dainty apartments, but their delicacy hardly fits them for cushion service.—Exchange.

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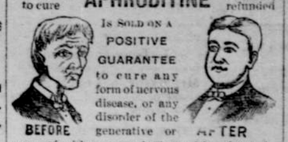

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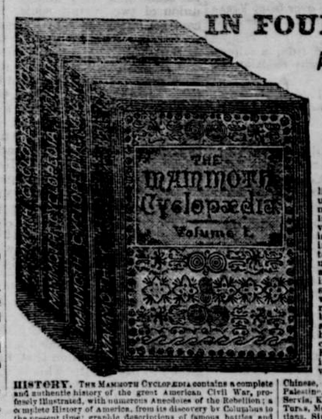

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