

East Oregon Herald.

RUENS, OREGON.

A CONJUGAL CAUCUS.

Midnight Conversation Between a Fashionable Wife and Her Democratic Husband.

Mrs. Thompson—Are you asleep, Mr. T.?

Mr. Thompson (hesitatingly)—No, no.

Mrs. T.—Prof. Caugnat's bill for Arabella's first quarter—

Mr. T.—Humph! How dear?

Mrs. T.—Why, my dear, you know his terms as well as I. Sixty dollars for twelve lessons.

Mr. T.—The dear—deuce, I mean! It's the first I heard of it!

Mrs. T.—O, you've forgotten. I told you all about it.

Mr. T.—You told me awhile ago that you wanted Belle to brush up her music a little.

Mrs. T.—Yes; and you said very well.

Mr. T.—And on the strength of that you engage a professor at five dollars a lesson! Why, Maria, you'll drive me to the poor-house!

Mrs. T.—I've heard that before.

Mr. T.—And I never see Belle open the piano, either.

Mrs. T.—It isn't the piano; it's the violin.

Mr. T.—Violin!!!

Mrs. T. (calmly)—Yes; don't worry the household. The piano is so very common.

Mr. T.—Indeed!

Mrs. T.—Yes; it is so much more effective to have some unique musical accomplishment—like playing the violin, either or banjo.

Mr. T.—Banjo! Good gracious! I suppose I ought to be grateful for the violin if it has saved me from the banjo.

Mrs. T.—I thought seriously of the banjo, but Arabella's arm is so lovely. I decided in favor of the violin.

Mr. T.—Well, it strikes me Belle shows her arm enough every night, without going to an expense of sixty dollars to further display it.

Mrs. T.—Oh, you don't understand.

Mr. T.—No; I only pry.

Mrs. T.—And while we are on the subject of money—

Mr. T.—I don't know when we're off—

Mrs. T.—I really think you might increase Howard's allowance.

Mr. T.—Well, now, I like that! He has two thousand five hundred dollars a year, and lives at home.

Mrs. T.—I know; and it has done very well so far.

Mr. T.—O, has it?

Mrs. T.—But this summer he wants to play polo at Newport.

Mr. T.—O, does he?

Mrs. T.—Yes; he is a great expert now.

Mr. T.—Oh, is he?

Mrs. T.—And he wants his own ponies.

Mr. T.—O, does he?

Mrs. T.—I think (sob) you are very neglectful in that respect (sob). You say you have (sob) the best (sob) and best (sob) of your children.

Mr. T.—I don't know as I hadn't, indeed, to keep them in the luxury and idleness in which they are living.

Mrs. T. (still tearful)—Well, what can you expect?

Mr. T.—I wasn't brought up so. I worked hard for my daily bread.

Mrs. T.—You hadn't a rich father.

Mr. T.—(with grim humor)—That's so! Perhaps it isn't their fault.

Mrs. T.—You see the children have got to live up to their station.

Mr. T.—Humph!

Mrs. T.—A sort of *noblesse oblige*.

Mr. T.—Back to English, my dear, I catch your meaning quicker.

Mrs. T.—And Howard is sure to marry splendidly. He is so handsome.

Mr. T. (accidentally)—Yes—a chip of the old block.

Mrs. T.—There is no doubt that Clara Knickerbocker is greatly taken with him.

Mr. T.—If he might do so.

Mrs. T.—Worse indeed! Why, they're one of the oldest families, and rich into the bargain.

Mr. T.—Quite a rare combination.

Mrs. T.—Arabella's prospects are not quite so flattering. The dear girl is so fastidious.

Mr. T.—Belle is a little fool.

Mrs. T.—Why, how can you say so.

Mr. T.—Because it is so. Fastidious, indeed! Do you know the way she judges a young man?

Mrs. T.—I know that her standard is very high.

Mr. T.—Is it? Well, at the Lawrence dance the other night, young Brown took her down to supper—a nicely young fellow—

Mr. T.—But hardly Arabella's.

Mrs. T.—And when I asked her at breakfast how she liked him, she said, "Pretty well, but O, Papa, did you notice he put his napkin on both knees?"

Mrs. T.—She is so ultra-refined.

Mr. T.—Ultra-fiddlisticks! Another young man wears ill-fitting gloves, a third let his hair grow in an ugly way at the back of his neck, and so on—

Mrs. T.—My dear, you don't understand girls.

Mr. T.—My dear, I don't want to.

Mrs. T.—You ought to be very proud of Arabella.

Mr. T.—I am—she has a lovely arm.

Mrs. T.—And to strive to establish her well in life—

Mr. T.—What shall I do? Advertise for a man who wears his napkin over one knee only, whose gloves are made of order, and—

Mrs. T.—He awake half the night, plotting and planning for my children, while you snore serenely on.

Mr. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

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VISITING THE CONVICTS.

Pathetic Scenes Witnessed Nearly Every Day at Sag-ling.

An old Irish woman, her face covered with wrinkles, tottered into the room. She was accompanied by a young woman carrying a baby, with a little child walking by her side. They seated themselves on one of the benches, and soon a tall fellow entered and approaching the old woman he scooped over and kissed her. She partly arose from her seat and putting her hand on the man's shoulder said: "Ah, son, boy!" Then she began to cry, an rolling her handkerchief into a ball, mopped her eyes with it from time to time. The man turned to the younger woman, who was his sister, and, indifferent to his mother's sorrow, began laughing and talking and playing with the children. He took the baby in his arms and kissed it while it crowded over him and poked its little fingers into his eyes.

On another bench in one corner sat a plump-looking Irish girl with a pretty face. She was not alone long for soon a convict peered sheepishly through the doorway, and recognizing her advanced awkwardly to her side. There was a resounding kiss, and the two sat down and talked cheerfully together. There was not a vestige of sorrow between them, notwithstanding they were both very young and only married a short time before their misfortune overtook them. There is no time to indulge in sorrow in a meeting of thirty minutes' duration once in two months. They have only time to talk and hope, and so they talked.

On the same bench there sat a group which ordinarily should be beyond a thought of hope. There were two women, the oldest the mother of two convicts, the youngest the wife of one. Both the young appeared together and smilingly and affectionately received the greetings that awaited them. They were the two Kahout brothers who were some time ago convicted of arson and sentenced to confinement in the State prison for life. The oldest is twenty-seven and the youngest twenty-five, and both have nothing before them but a long waste of years. Yet the thirty minutes allowed was spent in the most cheerful conversation, and the eyes of all gleamed happily when the moment for the parting kiss arrived.

A certain convict, considerably above the ordinary grade, was visited by his wife, who was richly, though modestly, dressed. She was accompanied by their little girl. In such cases the warden supplies the man with a blue blouse to conceal the prison garb, believing that it does no harm to shield a sensitive man from unnecessary mortification, while the sensibilities of little children advancing toward a reasoning age are thereby spared disagreeable impressions and memories in years to come. The convict entered and affectionately kissed his wife and child, with whom he conversed throughout the thirty minutes to which they are limited on such occasions. At last the moment for parting came. As he moved away the little girl held of his hand, looked at her mother, then at his face and asked: "Papa, when are you coming home?"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Monster Universal Lathe.

One of the finest and most powerful tools that mechanical science has yet achieved has just been finished at Mulhouse for the French navy. It is a two-carriage universal lathe which is a complete machine shop in itself, being capable of performing the most varied operations—such as mortising, shaping, boring and molding—with the most perfect accuracy. It is wonderfully adapted to the delicate and complicated working of pieces for armor-plating turbines of heavy apparatus, of cast iron, of cranked shafts, of pistons, etc., for modern war vessels, and it handles and shapes immense masses of steel almost as skillfully as a carpenter carves small blocks of wood. Its weight is more than three hundred and forty tons, and it is driven by an engine of twenty-five horse-power. Comparison of this tool with one of seventy-six tons, which was a mechanical marvel some twenty-five years ago, gives a striking illustration of the almost incredible progress of our generation.—*National Labor Tribune.*

The Federal Supreme Court.

Every thing about the S. prem Court is impressive and awe-inspiring. The semi-circular chamber, with its six columns of mottled Patmos marble, its half-domed roof, lighted by skylights, and the rich upholstery of the sofas arranged upon the sides for the accommodation of spectators, recall historic scenes, glorified as they are viewed through the dim mist of time, and its walls seem ready to echo the voices of the past. The appearance and bearing of the nine elderly gentlemen who sit in a row upon the raised platform behind a long desk, clothed in their black silk robes, the absolute silence enjoined upon all not having to address the court, and the subdued monotones in which the business is transacted make one feel that here at least are gravity and atention befitting the dignity of a great Government.—*American Magazine.*

Falklons, or sentences that spell the same backwards or forwards, are becoming popular again. Some have been published recently in the *Americian*. Two good ones came through the *New York Graphic*. One, referring to Cerberus, is: "Dog, as a defiled devil, lived defiled as a god." The other is: "Eve damned Eden, mad Eve." Both of these are new and good. A Massachusetts editor recently got the craze, and after returning from a poor theatrical performance perpetrated this: "Stars, rats!"—*Baltimore American.*

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

CRUEL DECEPTION.

How a Real Estate Broker Took Advantage of a Southern Gentleman.

A man stopped near Patterson's bayou and thus addressed an old fellow who stood with his arms resting on a fence:

"Do you live here?"

"Don't see no dyin' here, do you?"

"Ah, you are sportive. I have heard of this neighborhood and have the names of several people. Where is J. B. Mucle?"

"Dead."

"Ah, hab."

"What was the matter with him?"

"Sick."

"What sort of sickness?"

"Swamp fever."

"Let's see," consulting a scrap of paper; "where is Tom W. Buck?"

"Dead."

"What did he die of?"

"Swamp fever."

"Humph. Where can I find Jim Bly?"

"In the graveyard."

"Swamp fever?"

"Yes."

"Do you know any thing about Calvin Hunter?"

"Yes, laid him out."

"What was the matter with him?"

"Swamp fever."

"My friend, I have come into this neighborhood to buy land."

The native, smiling a welcome, replied: "We've got the finest country on earth, podner, right here. I've got two hundred and sixty acres that I'll let you have."

"How does it lie?"

"Fu-terate."

"How's the water?"

"Best in the world."

"Land rich?"

"Cream couldn't hold a lightning-bug to it."

"How is this neighborhood in the way of health?"

"Sweet as a pre-finest you ever saw."

"No chills?"

"Not a one."

"Fever of any kind?"

"Not a fever."

"What about those fellows that died?"

"Hab—oh, them fellers. W'y, you see they—they—w'y, they outgater lied."

"That's all right, but I don't believe I want any land round here."

"You don't! W'y confound your ugly hide, w'y didn't you tell me at first that you thought o' buyin' land an' I wouldn't a said nothin' about them fellers dyin'." Blast your hide, you go around the country takin' advantage o' fellers this way. You don't know how to treat a gentleman. Move on now, or I'll hurt you. Come cheatin' me out of a sale. Move on, I tell you."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

INFLUENCE OF FLOWERS.

The Cheapest and at the Same Time Most Effective of Pleasures.

Since the earliest ages of the world flowers have borne an important part. They were dedicated to the gods. Venus was represented wearing a garland of roses. Juno bore a big blue-bird's nest and was adorned with bearded wheat and corn poppies. The gods of Roman and Athenian luxury, and the place in festivities and religious exercises; they were heaped upon altars, bound to the heads of beasts which were sacrificed to appease the wrath of the gods, and wreaths were worn not only by women, but also by men, whose heads were crowned with flowers on all festive occasions. As many people made a business of raising and arranging flowers in those ancient times as at the present day, and every occasion had its particular adornment.

All over the world flowers are planted, watered, weeded and cherished, and from their influences the hearts of thousands upon thousands are nourished and uplifted to a sense of a higher power. We can not enjoy our lives fully without flowers, and they are the cheapest of pleasures. A five-cent packet of pansy seed will give you at least twenty different varieties of purple and gold and lilac, and blue and cream color and white flowers, whose lovely faces will look up into your eyes with a beauty all their own. Five cents will purchase a packet of mignonette, of whose odor one can never tire. Women, therefore, can not plead poverty to excuse the flowerless condition of their surroundings, because even three or four can club together paying only ten cents each, and procure eight or ten varieties of seeds, which will give each person an abundance of plants. Cultivate but a few varieties as a beginning. You will receive a tenfold return for your labor. I have always said I should have a garden if I had to plant it in a wilderness and trundle it around to catch the sunbeams.

Go into the woods in the early spring and carry a basket and trowel, and dig up some moss and fern roots with partridge berries intermingled; add to them some roots of the wind anemone and wood sorrel, wild violet and saxifrage, and plant them in a deep dish from your pantry if nothing better is obtainable, and keep them well watered in a sunny window where you can watch their growth and see the tender ferns unroll and the tiny flowers open; they will teach you a lesson of faith and love which you can never forget.—*American Garden.*

—Stranger—How long does it take you to get to Deer Island and back?

Young Bostonian (who has been there)—That depends on the length of your sentence, sir.

—Wee Fanny bit her tongue one day, and came in crying bitterly.

"What is it?" asked her mother. "O namms," she said, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

—A man has no reason to be proud if his honesty when he has no temptations to do wrong and is too well attached to do any funny business even if he wanted to do so.—*Fair River Advertiser.*

—Dr. Lyman Beecher once replied to an inquiry of Dr. Hawes: "How are you getting on?" "First-rate! First-rate!" he answered, "I never since I stopped this world."

IN A BUTTON FACTORY.

What a Brooklyn Reporter Saw in a Visit to One of Them.

A single button is an insignificant thing and in money value doesn't amount to much, but when it is stated that in the five establishments devoted to button making in this city there is a capital of \$250,000 invested, it is safe to say that the business is considerable. Walking through Tiffany place, in the Sixth ward, my attention was attracted to one of these factories. I had never seen a button made and, in fact, this was the nearest I ever had been to a place of the kind, and for the purpose of improving the opportunity I commenced climbing two flights of stairs that are as steep as those leading to Miss Liberty's office in B'ldg. A. Island; but once inside the factory the climbing of the steps was forgotten, as the picture before me was full of interest. There were about twenty girls at work making or painting buttons. The power, drop and foot presses were in constant motion. I making metal buttons the sheet is first taken and put through the power press which turns out more shells in a minute than would fill a bushel basket. These almost shapeless bits of brass or whatever the material may be, are then carried over to the drop, which falls on them with a heavy thud, and the things of future use come out of it with their rim formed around the shell. The eye maker is then put in use, and next a machine called the closer is called upon to perform its duty and the button is finished except in color, which looks a dull yellow, but this is remedied by being put through a burning process in acid jars, which resemble ice-cream freezers. Then they are cooled off in running water and taken to the stamp press, which turns quickly, and out they come with the name of the maker stamped in the shell part. There are made in these establishments a thousand different varieties of metal buttons, mostly for the navy. Some are handsome to look at and others are not, but all go through the same process of manufacturing. The fancy buttons are taken to the painters, whose nimble fingers are continually busy while putting on the finishing touches. In making cloth buttons a man has ten layers of material before him from out of which, by hand work, he punches the same number of what are called toggles at one time and the whole operation works like a flash of lightning, so quick is the operation performed. The toggles are then taken along the shells, where one of the work-women attempted to show me how a cloth button was made and finished, but while listening to the explanation of the work by the young lady, the button was ready to go on the card and be shipped for Europe or anywhere else. She merely placed the cloth or tuff in the casing machine and the eye in the tube, after which the two were connected and a delicate movement of the foot did the rest, as the shell, eye and toggle were united and the cloth button was completed. Goggles, shoes and all other kinds of buttons are manufactured in the same way. I was shown a cloth button that was one time was invested in its manufacture. It was called a "button" and was made of a material that was very strong and was used in the army. It was made of a material that was very strong and was used in the army. It was made of a material that was very strong and was used in the army.

At Amsterdam, N. Y., aerolite weighing three tons dropped with a loud report in the main street, making a deep indentation in the ground. Great excitement was created by the occurrence and large crowds visited the celestial visitor. Local experts find traces of iron, nickel, aluminum and other metals in the aerolite.

William K