

East Oregon Herald.

BURNS, OREGON.

SEALS AND SEALSkins.

Where the Most Valuable Fur-Seals Are Found and How They Are Caught.

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AN ECCENTRIC NABOB.

How John I. Blair Manufactured Money When He Needed It.

Soon after the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad was extended over the Pocono mountains into the Lackawanna valley, John I. Blair, the eccentric millionaire of Blairtown, N. J., came to Scranton every month to pay a portion of the railroad men.

The vehicle from which he distributed cash was a lumber wagon, which was drawn from one part of the road to another by a team of old plugs. Mr. Blair liked to circulate the bills of his Blairtown bank as far away from home as possible, and the most of his payments were made in his own bank notes.

Whenever he ran out of money he put a board across the deep wagon box, hauled a lot of sheets of unsigned bank notes out of his iron trunk, sat down on the bottom of the wagon, and began to make more money by placing his peculiar autograph on the crisp notes.

Moses Taylor, who was one of the heaviest stockholders in the road, came to Scranton frequently. Nothing about the road and the shops and mines escaped his eagle eye, and one day he noticed Mr. Blair making money on the board. He watched the process for a while, and then he stepped up to the wagon and said to Mr. Blair:

"John I., have you any idea how large a circulation your bank has got?"

"Guess we ain't got a cent more in circulation than we kin redeem in specie. Your bank don't have to ask more than once for gold for our bills, does it?"

"We shan't turn in our money here if we've got that metal to back up, are we?" sneaked Mr. Blair, continuing to sign.

Several years ago each freight train on the road had a crew of a conductor and three brakemen. Mr. Blair saw a chance to economize by taking one brakeman from each freight train, and he caused an order to be issued to that effect. In consequence of this the conductors were obliged to assist in switching cars, and before the end of the year a number of them had been injured.

One shockingly profane conductor had both legs cut off while he was making up his train in the Scranton yard one day. He laid the accident to Mr. Blair after he became conscious, and he swore fearfully about Mr. Blair's penny-pinching as to within a few minutes of his death.

His church in Blairtown one Sunday Mr. Blair placed his old-fashioned silk hat in the end of a pew next to the aisle and went to another part of the church to seat people. While he was away a very fat old woman, who was not a regular attendant, waddled in and helped herself to a seat without looking to see whether there was anything in the pew or not. She sat right down on the millionaire's hat, but she wholly unconscious of the fact, and she continued to sit there until Mr. Blair had finished his duties. Then he began to search for his plug, and when he got to the fat woman he looked discouraged. He peered into several pews in front of her, and then he went back and asked her to rise. She did so, and there was the hat as flat as a flapjack. Mr. Blair struggled with his emotions as he held up the ruined tile, and the fat woman was so embarrassed she couldn't utter a word. Looking her straight in the face and holding the hat at arm's length, Mr. Blair said:

"God bless you, my good woman."

N. Y. Sun.

AN ECONOMICAL BATTERY.

To make a cheap, simple and efficient battery, suitable for the use of experimenters and amateurs: Take an ordinary glass fruit jar, fitted with a cover of wood or hard rubber, and place in it a number of pieces of electric light carbons, hundreds of which can be picked up in the street every morning after the lamps have been trimmed. The connection between the carbons and the binding screw on the top of the cover is best made with a gutta-percha covered wire, having its lower end bared and wound tightly round and secured to one of the carbons, thus making a connection with all other pieces in contact with it. A piece of amalgamated zinc of any convenient size or form is suspended within the jar from the wooden cover, and has a binding screw attached to it. The jar should be filled about two-thirds full with dilute sulphuric acid or other suitable solution. The whole battery complete can be made for twenty cents, and it will give a good current on a closed circuit for a long time.—Boston Budget.

—Husband (just starting for out of town)—My dear, here is a fifty dollar bill. Wife (hastily)—O, John, I've ever so much obliged! Husband—Which I wish you would give to the tailor for my new overcoat. He said he would send the bill to-day.—Epoch.

—They had missed the train, and she was telling him so emphatically. "You are not in your right mind, are you?" she said. "Certainly not, my love," he responded, sweetly, as husbands always do under such circumstances; "certainly not; I'm in my left mind."—Washington Critic.

—A farmer, while giving his testimony in a burglary case, in which he and his hired men had captured a burglar, was asked if any of his family were injured, and replied: "Well, there was no great damage done, only one of my hands shot through the nose."—N. Y. Ledger.

—A man is, like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no luster as you turn it in your hand, until you come to a particular angle; then it shows deep and beautiful colors. There is no adaptation or universal applicability in men, but each has his special talent, and the mastery of successful men consists in adroitly keeping themselves where and when that turn shall be most often to be practiced.—Emerson.

—"Where do you think the moon is at its loveliest, George, dear?" she asked. George, dear, stole his arm and a cautious glance around the immediate vicinity, and whispered: "When it is behind a cloud, love," and they were as happy as if they had each taken a hypodermic, in conjunction of morphine.—Baltimore Herald.

NORWEGIAN BRIDES.

The Peculiar Customs Worn by Them on Their Wedding Day.

On the day in which my visit to Odd came to an end I had a glimpse, if not of a wedding itself, at least of the arrival of the bridal party. Along the fjord came a large boat pulled by six stout oarsmen, and making its way through the water in a very different style from the crawling pace customary to Norwegian boats on ordinary occasions. As it drew nearer we could see that, besides the plainly-clad men and the white-capped women, there were two brides on board. The whole village, needless to say, turned out to see the sight, and a pretty scene was formed by the groups of women and girls, their white caps and scarlet bodices shining in the sun. As I stood among the crowd and noticed their detail of dress, I was struck with the neatness and finish of it all, and the care which is evidently bestowed on small details. One old dame wore the usual dark gown, but the sleeves were relieved with the neatest pea-green cuffs, sewn to the dress with indescribable care and finish. The close black cap she wore was edged with a piping of yellow, and beneath was a shrewd, kindly face. The green dye, which reappears on various articles of clothing, but which, also, is said to be going out of fashion, is made from a kind of "stags-horn" moss, which grows freely on the hillsides.

The two brides and their friends are handed out by the boatmen, and then, with some show of fuss and importance, they are lifted out of the boat sundry odd-looking boxes, whose purpose and contents I was at a loss to divine. Then the whole party stands still solemnly, each bridegroom having his bride on his arm, and the fiddler faces them and strikes up a tune. He beats his foot on the ground and scrapes away at his curious instrument, a kind known as the "Hardanger violin," and he plays lively Norwegian tunes. They were strange airs to me, but I imagine they were ballads, or, perhaps, marches. I do not know why this pause was made; perhaps to give time to the clergyman, who was expected every moment by the steamer, the steamer which unfortunately was to carry me and my friends away. However, the pause gave me an opportunity of noticing the brides and their dresses. They both wore the huge, ungainly crown, which is to the Norwegian bride what the wreath of orange blossoms is to her American sister. The dark blue skirt was for this occasion replaced by one of bright scarlet, embroidered with a bold pattern in wool near the hem. The full white shirt remained as usual, but the bodice was a mass of headwork, while the belt was made of massive links of silver. Large silver ornaments dangled from the side of the crown, but whether affixed to the crown or to the ears I could not tell; a large silver brooch was worn at the throat, and each bride had a fine muslin apron with a pretty piece of needlework let in, after the Norwegian fashion, near the hem. The patterns of this work, which is generally crocheted, are remarkably good, and the crocheted washers admirably. The brides wore their hair hanging down their backs, and one officious bridesmaid I noticed taking great pains to prevent the brides' locks from being blown about by the wind. I looked at their faces, but in this instance there was little to admire.

One was young, but the other was fairly advanced; in fine, neither could be called pretty. I imagine that marriages in Norway have often to be postponed for a long while, and vacant farm or homestead falls to the turn of the young people. Of the bridegrooms there is little to be said. They were plain, honest-looking fellows, dressed almost exactly like our sailors, except for a broad, soft, wide-awake hat. The kneebores fastened with silver buttons, formerly worn in the country are fast disappearing from the peasants' costumes, and plain blue coat, jacket and trousers are now generally worn. The men look exactly like Englishmen of the northern counties with their fair hair, and, as we should say, Saxon cast of features. But now the procession begins to move. The fiddler leads the way, still playing, and the bridal party sets out on its way to the church. And at the same time the whistle of the steamer is heard and the vessel steams up to the quay, which is all that is needed on the steep shores of the fjord. The clergyman—a tall, fine looking man—steps off the boat, and we must perform step on, and so we see no more of the wedding ceremony. They will dance the "haling" merrily to-night, we are told. Formerly they kept the revels up for three nights, but now these festivities are cut short, and one night is considered enough.—Domestic Monthly.

—California has some big orchards, and the largest is in the Susan valley, and is owned by A. T. Hatch, president of the California Fruit Union. Mr. Hatch has 200 acres in pear trees, 130 in peaches, 70 in apricots, 10 in nectarines, 210 in almonds, 40 in cherries, 100 in plums and prunes, besides 40 acres of currants and gooseberries and hundreds of lemon and orange trees. Of these acres, 300 bore fruit this season to the amount of 2,000 tons, which brought the owner \$100,000. He calculates that when the whole orchard is in full bearing it will produce 8,000 tons of fruit, worth \$400,000.—

—Patience.—Do not worry. Do not hurry. As this matter will pass through me no regretting. Fuming, fretting. Ever an advantage you. Be content with what you've won. What on earth you leave undone There are plenty left to do.

—The San Diego School of Letters is to be established on the north side of Tulare bay, four miles north of San Diego, Cal., where a contract has been made for a site for \$10,000. The contractors agree to build a water system, and guarantee that the motor road, now building from San Diego to Oldtown, shall be extended to the college tract. The college will begin with an endowment of \$500,000, and Rev. E. S. Sprecher, president of the Wurttemberg college, Springfield, O., will take charge of it.

PUT TO THE TEST.

How a Revolutionary Hero Was Boldly Seized by His Son.

Among the revolutionary stories which are traditional in the old Polk family of North Carolina is one which will be new to our readers, and which proves that the boy of '76 did not differ very greatly from the boy of to-day.

The chief of the family in that day was Colonel John Polk, who from the first outbreak took an active part in the revolution. He formed a small company among the neighboring planters, and with them attacked and routed the large body of Tory troops under Sir William Campbell, the last British Governor of North Carolina. He served afterwards in every campaign until the surrender of Cornwallis, when he returned to his family with the rank of General.

He had four mischievous sons, the oldest of whom was about sixteen. He fell into the habit of incessantly telling them about the dangers he had seen, prompted to do so by a little pardonable vanity and also, no doubt, by the desire to stimulate the courage of the boys. As time wore on, the boys were bored by the many-times-told tales, and one day Charles, the eldest, remarked: "I suppose a man's courage depends on his arms."

"Now at all," replied the General. "I would meet a foe as coolly without a sword or gun as with them, and so would any brave man."

Charles did not answer. That evening, his father was returning from a neighboring plantation through a dark lane, when a masked and cloaked figure leaped out from the hedge and grappled with him.

"Your money! Your watch!" he demanded, fiercely.

The General felt for his pistol. He had left it at home. He struggled, but the robber held him as in a vise. Suddenly he felt the touch of cold steel to his forehead. For the first time in his life, a chill of fear crept over him. He was helpless in the grip of the thief. To escape here, like a dog, down to death on the highway!

"Shall I shoot?" demanded the highwayman.

"No, no, no! Here—here!" pulling out his purse and watch, a heavy gold one, an heirloom in the family.

When he reached home he found the boys gathered around the fire and told his story and great excitement.

"How many robbers were there?" asked Charles.

"I am ashamed to say there was but one. But I acknowledge that I was badly scared. The fellow had the grip of a giant and there was a murderous gleam in his eye."

"O, father! father!" exclaimed Charles, handing him the purse and watch amid shouts of laughter.

"You do!" said the General, joining in the laugh. "But remember, I was unarmed, and you pointed a loaded pistol at my head."

"Nothing worse than this," producing his mother's steel candlestick.

General Polk, who enjoyed a joke, was the first to tell the story on himself in the neighborhood, but he always reminded his hearers that courage depended largely on circumstances, and that there was a legend that Caesar had been frightened by a rat in the dark. In fact, the General's part in the affair is to be commended; while nothing can be said in defense of the young man's joke.—Youth's Companion.

IMITATION JAMS.

How Some of Our Winter Delicacies Are Manufactured.

A gentleman happened to be in conversation with a man who makes raspberry jam on a large scale, and asked him where the raspberries were raised that he made his product. The gentleman was in a position to warrant the confidence of the manufacturer and the latter told him frankly:

"Why, we don't use any raspberries at all."

"Do you mean to say that you make raspberry jam without any raspberries?"

"Certainly."

"What's the process?"

"Why, we boil tomatoes, and then strain the product to get the seeds out. Tomato seeds are quite too big to look like raspberry seeds, and, besides, are not shaped like them. Then we add about an equal quantity of glucose, and mix in a little prepared raspberry flavor that we may buy from the chemists, and also a quantity of hay seed. The hay seeds look very much like raspberry seeds, and are besides very much more nutritious than the raspberry seeds and constitute a positive merit in jam. With a little further preparation our raspberry jam, made out of tomatoes and glucose, is ready for the market."—Boston Transcript.

—Joseph Hoffman, the infatigable pianist, rules the whole family, as prodigies are very apt to do. Happening to take a meal on an ocean steamer before he started, he refused to cross on that vessel because the cooking did not suit him, and his father had to have the baggage carried back to the pier.

—Ex-Secretary Manning lives a very quiet life. He is constantly under a physician's care. The latter will not permit him to walk any great distance or climb a single flight of stairs. Mr. Manning has, therefore, had an elevator placed in his new home on Fifth avenue. He always rides in his carriage to and from his office.

—Women who can play the fiddle are all the rage in Boston. The Hub folks now from on the banjo, and the squeak of the catgut is heard in the land. Among the real good players are Miss Belle Botsford, who has had five years of training in Paris, and Miss Nettie Carpenter, whose bowing is particularly good.—N. Y. Sun.

—There are about 150 Washoe Indians at Truckee, Cal., who prove that some Indians will work. The bucks chop wood and do work of that sort, and the squaws wash and iron. One objection to them as servants is said to be their extreme sensibleness. Tell an Indian to cut your wood and he'll turn disdainfully away. Impart to him in a casual way, that you have wood to cut, and wonder who'll do it with the air of conferring a favor, in that he will, and he does.

A VILLAIN UNMASKED.

How a Paris Lieutenant of Police Founded a Dishonest Man.

A young provincial, coming to Paris for the purpose of negotiating the purchase of a share in a commercial house, had on his arrival entrusted for safe keeping his capital, amounting to fifty thousand livres, to a friend; and, the necessary arrangements having been completed, applied to him for a restitution of the deposit. His friend, who in the meantime had converted the sum to his own use, started at him with well-feigned astonishment, and flatly denied having received any money from him; and on the other's reproaching him for his treachery, cut short the interview by accusing him of an attempt at extortion. Finding all remonstrance useless, the young man betook himself as a last resource to the hotel of the lieutenant of police, and related to him the whole story.

When he had finished, M. de Sartine inquired if he had not asked for a written acknowledgment of the deposit.

"No," he replied, "I had no reason to doubt my friend's good faith, and demanded none."

"Were any witnesses present on the occasion?" continued his questioner.

"Only his wife."

"That is quite sufficient," said the magistrate. "Go into the next room and remain there until I send for you."

Summoning one of his exempts, he dispatched him in quest of the individual suspected of fraud, and on the arrival of the latter informed him that he was charged with refusing to give back a deposit of fifty thousand livres which had been confided to his care.

"I know nothing about it," was the reply.

"That may be," said the lieutenant; "but to satisfy me of your innocence, you will write to your wife, who, I am told, witnessed the transaction, to this effect: 'Deliver to the bearer the fifty thousand livres I received in deposit from Monsieur Jules Dutailleur, and add your customary signature.'"

Not daring to disobey the order, the man, though with evident reluctance, did as he was enjoined; and the same exempt