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SAVED BY A GHOST.

Curious Story of a Specter and the Lonely Yorkshire Moors.

It is not often that we hear of a ghost saving a man's life. There is, however, an instance, and it seems to be tolerably well authenticated, and materialists will hardly know how to account for it. Here is the story. It is of the Yorkshire dales and of a good many years ago.

A clergyman whose duty lay in that wild country, where a strong race of men and women lived principally on bacon and oatcake, used to ride or walk to visit the people. He had been raising a subscription in a time of scarcity and had to be out late at night. One evening on his outward journey he suddenly became aware of a figure moving beside him, and in the gloaming he recognized his brother, who had died some time before. He was too awestruck for words, and after keeping by his side for some distance over the lonely moor the figure disappeared. He noted the time and the vision, but nothing occurred to throw any light upon it.

However, some years after he had taken the duty of a jail in another part of the country one of the prisoners lying under sentence desired to make a confession. After telling him of a lot of crimes he said: "I was very near once taking your life, sir. It was in that bad year, and I heard as how you went carrying money about in those lonesome dales. I hid behind the big bowlders of the brown moor. I saw you coming up and waited till you should be near enough, but that night you were not alone."

This is a startling tale and the stronger because the vision or whatever it was was seen by two people. The anecdote occurs in an article twenty years ago in Macmillan's Magazine by Lady Verney.

ABANDONED INFANTS.

The "Baby Post" Once Did a Rushing Business in England.

There once flourished in England a regular "baby post," the rates of postage being fixed on a strictly business basis, according to distances traversed. The curious institution came into existence in connection with the foundling hospital in Guildford street. When this charity was first established it was understood that its operations would be confined to London and its environs. But the people of the country towns and villages heard of it and showed a decided disposition to share in its advantages; hence the "baby post."

All over the country there were men and women who entered vigorously into the business of carrying children to London and depositing them at the gates of the foundling hospital. The charge was 8 guineas from distant localities like York and Monmouth, down to a guinea from places situated within thirty to fifty miles of the metropolis. The unfortunate infants were taken on horseback in panniers, two to each pannier, or in wagons lined with straw, for which the charge was somewhat less.

Naturally abuses grew up in connection with the traffic. But even apart from them, the mortality among the "posted" babies was terrible. Thus, out of 14,931 received at the hospital in four years, only 4,400 lived to be "apprenticed out," being a mortality of more than 70 per cent.

Eventually parliament passed a measure abolishing the practice, and the "baby post" ceased.—London Answers.

How Buttons Were Unknown.

How did the world manage for centuries without buttons? In early ages they were unknown. The voluminous garments of oriental races are still attached to their wearers by means of straps, as were those of the Greeks and Romans. The Normans were responsible for the invention. The etymology of the word points to the derivation of the idea. Bout, an end or extremity, and bouter, to push, show that the button was originally a push piece, like the buttons of our modern electric bells. The Normans probably conceived the idea from the rough knots of their furniture, on which most likely they hung their garments. Once introduced, buttons came rapidly into common use.

The Old Man's Hint.

Mother (at 11.30 p. m.)—What's the matter John? You look (disturbed).
Father—I thought I'd give that young man calling on our daughter a vigorous light. It was time to go, so I walked right into the parlor and dealt liberally turned out the gas.
Mother—Oh, my! And did he get angry?
Father—Angry? The young jackanapes said "Thank you!"—Boston Transcript.

Made Over.

"He is a self made man, isn't he?"
"He was."
"Then he is."
"No, the woman he married didn't like the result he had accomplished, and she has made him over."—Houston Post.

An Eye For the Main Chance.

Bain—Will you keep our engagement secret for the present? Lulu—All right. But where's the present?—London Telegraph.

Instinct.

Without any previous training a child will chew the end of the first lead pencil it attempts to write with.—Atlantic Globe.

That's why that he is brave and you help him to become so.—Cattleya.

COST OF A COCKTAIL.

The Drink a Young Business Man Had to Have Before Lunch.

In New York city there is a man who once paid \$6,000 for a cocktail. He did not know it then, and he never will know it unless he happens to read this story.

A certain prosperous manufacturing company needed a new departmental manager. The salary was \$6,000 a year. The officers of the company considered a great many candidates and at last decided to offer the position to a clever young man of unusual business ability. He seemed to be exactly the man for that particular place. The president and general manager invited the young man to lunch with them at a downtown club, ostensibly to talk over a less important business matter. They wanted to "look him over" just once more.

The man met them at the appointed hour, and the president, anxious to make the occasion a pleasant one, ordered an elaborate luncheon. The waiter was a long time in bringing the first course, and the guest began to appear ill at ease. He seemed abashed and uninterested in the conversation. He twisted about in his chair and tapped his fingers nervously upon the table. Finally he turned toward the president and said almost desperately, "Would you mind very much if I ordered a cocktail?" Then he flushed a little and offered a laughing apology for making the request.

The other men exchanged surprised and significant glances, but they called the waiter and ordered the cocktail. When it came the guest drank it eagerly. In a few moments he had become another man—the man of keen vision and quick mind, who could be so useful in their great business. There was no more preoccupation in his manner, no shifting about in his chair. He was alert, eager, clear headed.

But as the luncheon went on neither the president nor the manager mentioned the real object of the interview. Each was thinking the matter over seriously, and neither could be sure of the other's secretly formed opinion. The situation became awkward. Finally the president excused himself on the pretense of going into the library to speak to a friend who had just entered. But after speaking to his friend he went straight to the desk and wrote a message on a telegraph blank. He gave the message to a uniformed attendant and went back to the dining room.

In a few minutes a page brought a telegram to the manager, who read it hurriedly, while the president finished telling their guest about a shooting trip in Maine. This is what the telegram said:
"The job is too big for a boozier. We can't run our business by cocktail power."
—Youth's Companion.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TOMB.

It is Located in "the Saddest Spot in Paris."

A contributor to the Manchester Guardian has been visiting the Chapelle Exploitore, in the Rue des Mathurins, which he describes as "the saddest spot in Paris." He had got it into his head that the remains of Louis Seize and Marie Antoinette had entirely disappeared, but he was undeceived. "This little chapel was built, after the restoration, on the site of the old burial ground of the Madeleine as an act of expiation for the horrors of the revolution and especially for the murder of the king and queen. In that graveyard it was that they were hastily buried in open coffins filled with quicklime. But loving eyes and hands watched and marked the spot, and the day came when the poor remains were brought to light. Even quicklime is not all powerful, and there remained the skulls, a bone or two and—pathetic detail—the elastic metal garters which the unhappy 'Autrichienne' was wearing when Sanson's tireless ax fell upon her beautiful neck.

"Nor was that all. The lime had formed a hard crust upon the open coffins and around the bodies, and there embedded lay all the rest."
The visitor descended a flight of steps to a subterranean chapel, dim and chilly, and he continues:

"There before me, in a tiny circular space just beneath a little stained window, stood a white marble altar. Enshrined in that altar, minus the relics at St. Denis, lie all that cruelty and hatred, time and nature, have left of Louis Seize and Marie Antoinette. All was silent. The stray visitors above had gone. The traffic penetrated not to this barren and almost secret cell. I was alone with the injured dead, with the irresolute king who was his own worst enemy, with the fatigued, fascinating, suffering, martyred queen, in whose behalf the 10,000 swords for which Burke cried out in his agony never leaped from their scabbards—along with the poor remnants of perhaps the most historic woman in history."

This spot is seldom visited. "You wonder," says the writer, "how much the people on the boulevard a few yards away know or care about it all."

Italy's Marriage Brokers. In Italy marriage brokers are a regular institution. They have pocketbooks filled with the names of marriageable maidens in various ranks of life and go about trying to arrange matches. When they are successful they receive a commission, and very likely something extra as a voluntary gift from their customer.

Hood's Bit of Fun.

An English beer vender wrote over his shop door:
"Rent sold here."
Tom Hood, who saw it, said it was spelled right.
"The fidd the man sells," Hood explained, "is his own brain."

Spells It All. "Speaking of the theater, I like plays with a happy ending."
"So do I. But my wife almost always loses a handkerchief or a glove."
—Washington Herald.

The enlargement of man's possessions is very often the contracting of his heart.—Robertson.

HIS SELF CONTROL.

He Proved It to His Own but Not His Family's Satisfaction.

Mr. Brown was excited by nature, but he often prided himself audibly upon his self control. One night while the family were gathered at the tea table the chimney began to roar. The furnace draft had been opened and forgotten. "Straightway a panic ensued. 'Don't lose your heads—keep cool!' cried Mr. Brown. 'It's nothing serious.'"

He dashed up the stairs, discovered that the metal cap over the only unused stovepipe hole was already red hot, and dashed down again faster than he went up.

"Keep cool!" he gasped as he passed through the room where the family had gathered in nervous apprehension. "I'll be back in a minute."

He was back in less than that time, having observed that the flames were spouting several feet high from the chimney and that a shower of sparks was falling upon the roof.

"Where's the stepladder?" he called.
"He was gone before any one could answer the question and presently was heard below from the roof of the wood shed. He presented a heroic figure in the glare of the blazing chimney.
"I've got one end of the hose," he called. "Some one attach the other end and turn on the water—quick!"
Two long minutes passed.
"Why doesn't some one do as I ordered?" he thundered. "Do you want the place to burn up?"
"We can't, Henry," called Mrs. Brown tremblingly. "You haven't got the hose. You've got the cow rope. It was hanging next to the hose in the shed, and I don't think there's any great danger outside. You'd better go and watch the chimney from the inside."

A half hour later the family were again at the tea table.
"If this had happened in some homes," remarked Mr. Brown, "the family would have lost their heads completely and sent in an alarm. Self control is an excellent thing and far from common."
"Indeed, it is," agreed Mrs. Brown emphatically.—Youth's Companion.

Appear to know only this never to fail not fail. Epitaph.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Umatilla County. In the Matter of the Estate of Leo Thomas McBride, Deceased. Notice is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern that William A. McBride has qualified as the executor of the last will and testament of Leo Thomas McBride, deceased. All persons having claims against the estate are required to present them, with proper vouchers as required by law, to said executor at his home near Adams, Oregon or to his attorneys, Peterson & Bishop, at their law office in the Smith-Crawford Building at Pendleton, Oregon, within six months from the first publication of this notice.
Dated this 6th day of June, A. D. 1913.
WILLIAM A. McBRIDE, Executor.
By PETERSON & BISHOP, His Attorneys.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County. In the Matter of the Estate of Gustavus Cornoyer, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that Rose Cornoyer has qualified as executrix of the last will and testament of Gustavus Cornoyer, deceased; all persons having claims against the estate are required to present them with proper vouchers as required by law to her at the law offices of her attorneys, Peterson & Bishop, at Athens, Oregon, or at Pendleton, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.
Dated this 13th day of June, A. D. 1913. ROSE CORNOYER, Executrix.
By Peterson & Bishop, Attorneys.

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