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The Santiam News

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FINNEGAN'S PHILOSOPHY BALAAM.

"Well do I mind the story," said Finnegan. "Balaam was a highbrow that knowed less than his Jackass. He took an office to curse the people. The Jackass saved them. 'Tis all in Number Twenty-two. Ooh, hone! 'Tis different these times. The Jackass knew better till Balaam tamed him."

"Lave me ride ye," says Balaam, "an' I'll make ye the biggest Ass in the world."

"Great," says the Ass; "what d'ye feed?"

"Pork," says Balaam.

"Me savior," says the Ass.

"So Balaam mounts. But soon the Jack balks."

"Phwat is it?" says Balaam.

"Snakes," says the Ass; "Ut looks like the jawbone uv me mother."

"G'wan," says Balaam, hittin' the Ass a clip, "'tis me furren' policy," he says.

"Phwat's ut for?" axes the Ass.

"Ut defends the nashun," says Balaam.

"How?" says the Ass.

"Faith," says Balaam, "ut takes a bigger Ass than you to know that. Lave it to Brine," says Balaam to the Ass; an' the Jack walks on meditation."

"Hee, haw," says the Ass, balkin' an' kickin'.

"What now?" says Balaam.

"Divil a Jackass ever seen the like," says the Ass. "Ut could be a frog," says he, "for ut stands up in front, an' sits down behind; an' 'tis mos'ly mouth," says the Ass. "Ut has white feathers," says the Jack, "wid yaller streaks, that changes," he says, "to Very Crooz Red, or Niagary Blue, an' now they're Carrysall Yaller agin," says he. "Hivins, have I been drinkin'?" screams the Ass to Balaam.

"Saluts be praised," says Balaam. "Me Watchful Waitin' can still change its mind," he says. "G'wan, where glory waits," he says. "G'wan, in the service uv Mankind," says Balaam to the Ass, touchin' him up. An' the Ass shuffles ahead, wavin' his ears in admiration.

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" says the Jack, rearin' up wid his eyes bulgin'.

"Phwat's grippin' ye now?" says Balaam, impashunt like.

"I dunno," says the Ass. "Ut looks like the Flyin' Dutchman with a So-

ciast crew," he says.

"'Tis me Ship Bill," says Balaam. "Side step to the right," he says; "side step to the left," says he, wadin' him. "Back up," says Balaam, near wrenchin' off the Jack's jaw. "Now forward for the Merchant Marine an' fifty millyun pork," says Balaam; wid a shower uv blows; an' the Ass goes on thremblin'.

"Wah-hee! Wah-hee! Wah-hee!" says the Jack, shyin' so he near threw his rider.

"I'll learn ye to shy at me Naval Bill," says Balaam, lar-rupin' the baste so he cud scarce stand.

"Ye can't pass ut widout wearin' Republican clothes," says the Jack in a course whisper.

"Ye Ass," says Balaam. "Don't ye know that anny clothes is better nor nakedness?" G'wan," says Balaam, in tones uv thunder. So the poor baste lopes on, limpin' wid pain.

"I've not time to tell ye all the adventures they had, but they kep' on over rough roads, now an' then crossin' a ditch on a wop term plank, which made even Balaam unaisy. Ivry time the Jack kicked, he got short rations an' a wallop. So when the journey was near over, the poor baste was all in, and far too proud to fight. Any Jack-Ass can be that when he's licked."

"Wan stormy night, the Jack blooms into a harmony like a Dimycrat Tart. Hymn played on a gaspipe wid the feet."

"Phwat ails ye now?" calls Balaam, clubbin' him wid both hands.

"Nixver did I pass the like," yells the Ass, sweating and thremblin'. "Ut says ut's an eight hour law. Oh, phwat is ut?" screams the Ass to Balaam, feebly wuggin' his ears.

"I diano phwat ut is meself," says Balaam, "but I know phwat ut's got," Balaam says.

"Phwat?" axes the poor Ass.

"Five hundther thousand votes," says Balaam, wid a pious air. "G'wan, ye big Ass, an' don't ye argue wid an Idylitist," says Balaam to the Ass.

"We can't pass ut in the dark," pleads the Ass. "Lave us wait for light," moans the Ass, weepin'.

"Nix," says Balaam. "There's a hot time comin' an' the votes'll spile. Do ye thirst for sixteen more years in the wilderness? Giddap," says he, "purgin' y'er heart," says Balaam, "Ivry thought that's selfish," says Balaam, "or personal," chants Balaam to the poor Ass ticklin' the Jack's slats wid a couplin' pin.

"By this time the Ass was so wore out wid his ardyous labors, that he knew no more than Balaam himself. So, wid one despairin' cry, he dropped his ears, as he an' his master stumbled forward into the dark."

It All Depends.

"If Hughes wins an Oregon town will get a new shingle mill employin' fifty men," says the Olympia Recorder, "according to an announcement of the individual who took an option on timbered land. If Wilson wins the option will be allowed to lapse. That's the way with a thousand and one enterprises, all waiting to see which way the wind blows. The moment it is ascertained that Charles E. Hughes is elected, just watch the wheels of industry spin and listen to the hum of industry."

OLD TIME WAR METHODS.

When Grant Was an Officer in General Taylor's Army in Mexico.

Ulysses S. Grant was a second lieutenant in the national army when General Taylor was sent to the Mexican border to mobilize for the Mexican trouble in 1843. It was by chance that Grant had his first experience with Mexican bullets. He was riding a horse far from his regiment because he was curious to see the "front."

Just when he reached the front the Mexicans opposing the Americans began firing, and the nearest American regiment was ordered to charge. Grant, as he later related, did not have the moral courage to turn back, so charged with the soldiers. A number of men were killed, but Grant escaped injury.

Shortly after he led his own regiment at Palo Alto. The 3,000 men under General Taylor faced a much larger force of Mexicans. The two armies watched each other as both drew up in battle line. There were no trenches. The Mexican cannon ammunition was inferior to that used by the United States, and it was largely the superiority in artillery that permitted Taylor to sweep everything before him.

Regarding the Palo Alto battle, General Grant in his memoirs said: "The Mexicans immediately opened fire upon us, first with artillery and then with infantry. At first their shots did not reach us, and the advance was continued. As we got nearer the cannon balls commenced going through the ranks. They hurt no one, however, because they would strike the ground long before they reached our line, and they ricocheted through the tall grass so slowly that the men would see them and open ranks to let them pass."

As for the flint lock muskets then in use, General Grant said, "At a distance of a few hundred yards a man might fire at you all day without your finding it out."—Wall Street Journal.

Barbers' Poles.

Anciently barbers were surgeons, especially in cases of bleeding. To assist this operation the patient used to grasp a staff or pole, which was always kept near the barber-surgeon. To this staff was tied a tape, which was used in bandaging the patient's arm. When not in use the pole was hung outside as a sign of the work performed inside. Later a stick painted to represent the pole was left in the doorway. At first surgeons' poles were painted with red and white stripes, with a brass knob or basin at the end, while more barbers were required to have them white and blue. This statute was passed in England in 1297. The last barber-surgeon died in London in 1821.

A Tree That Grows Dishes.

There is a tree in the West Indies that the natives say "grows dishes." It looks like an apple tree. They call it the calabash. It bears very queer leaves and large white blossoms that grow right from the trunk and larger branches. After the flower comes the fruit, just as our apples or peaches do. But this fruit is in the shape of a gourd, only trouter and very much larger, sometimes a foot in diameter. The shell is so hard that all sorts of big and little dishes and drinking cups can be carved out of it. Even pots and kettles are made and used over the fire, but of course they cannot last as long as our metal ones.—London Telegraph

Use the Right Key.

Keep your temper under control at all times. Don't get angry at small things. Look at vexations now as you will view them thirty days from date. The angry man who gets the wrong key and pushes and rattles the door till he breaks the lock loses more time than if he had quietly gone for the right key and pays for a new lock besides.

An Unsatisfactory Method.

"Been walking the floor because of your debts, eh?" said the sympathetic friend.

"Yes," replied the improvident person.

"Any results?"

"Not worth mentioning. I walked till I wore out the carpet and had to go further in debt for a new one."—Washington Star.

Federated Church

Sunday School at 10:00 a. m.
Preaching at 11.
Christian Endeavor 6:30 to 7:30
Song service from 7:30 to 8:00
Preaching at 8 o'clock.
Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30.
H. B. ILER, Pastor.

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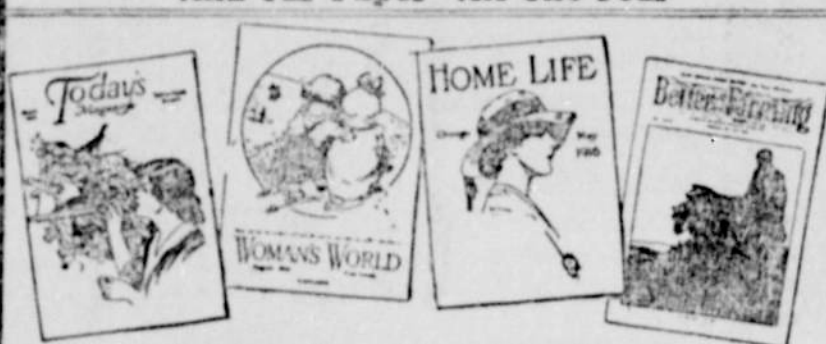
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