The Lebanon Express.
(ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.)
J. H. STINE & CO. ..... Publishers

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Year $2 00
Six Months 1 25
Three Months 65
(Payable in advance.)

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
(LEGAL.)
One square, first insertion $2 00
Each additional insertion 1 50
(LOCAL.)
Local Notices, per line ..... 15 cents
Regular advertisements inserted upon liberal terms.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

LEBANON LODGE, NO. 44, A. F. & A. M.; Meets at their new hall in Masonic Block, on Saturday evening, on or before the full moon.
J. WASSON, W. M.

LEBANON LODGE, NO. 47, I. O. O. F.; Meets Saturday evening of each week, at Odd Fellow's Hall, Main street; visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
J. J. CHARLTON, N. G.

HONOR LODGE NO. 28, A. O. U. W., Lebanon, Oregon; Meets every first and third Thursday evenings in the month.
F. H. ROSCOE, M. W.

I. F. CONN,
Contractor, Carpenter and Builder.
Plans and Specifications Furnished on Short Notice.
ALL KINDS OF CARPENTER WORK DONE
And Satisfaction Guaranteed.
PRICES VERY REASONABLE.
Albany and Lebanon, Or.

DR. A. H. PETERSON,
SURGICAL DENTIST,
Filling and Extracting Teeth a Specialty.
LEBANON, OREGON.
Office in W. C. Peterson's jewelry store.
All work warranted. Charges reasonable

C. H. HARMON,
BARBER & HAIRDRESSER,
LEBANON, OREGON.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, and Shampooing in the latest and
BEST STYLES.
Patronage respectfully solicited.

St. Charles Hotel,
LEBANON, Oregon.
S. W. Corner Main and Sherman Streets, two Blocks East of R. R. Depot.
H. E. PARRISH, Proprietor.
Tables Supplied with the Best the Market Affords.
Sample Rooms and the Best Accommodations for Commercial men.
—GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.—

G. T. COTTON,
DEALER IN
Groceries and Provisions,
TOBACCO & CIGARS,
SMOKERS' ARTICLES,
Foreign and Domestic Fruits,
CONFECTIONERY,
Queensware and Glassware,
Lamps and Lamp Fixtures.
Main St., Lebanon, Oregon.

LEBANON
Meat Market
BUHL & KELLENBERGER, Proprietors.
Fresh and Salted Beef and Pork,
MUTTON,
PORK, SAUSAGE,
BOLOGNA and HAM.
Bacon and Lard always on Hand.
Main Street, Lebanon, Or.

L. COWAN, J. M. RALSTON, J. W. CUSICK.
BANK OF LEBANON
Lebanon, Oregon,
Transacts a General Banking Business.
Accounts Kept Subject to Check.
EXCHANGE SOLD ON
New York, San Francisco, Portland and Albany, Oregon.
Collections Made on Favorable Terms.

THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

VOL. I. LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1888. NO. 49.

JOB PRINTING.
Every description of
Job Printing Done on Short Notice.
Legal Blanks, Business Cards,
Letter Heads, Bill Heads,
Circulars, Posters, Etc.
Executed in good style and at lowest living prices.

THE Governor of Montana estimates the present population of the Territory at 130,000—an increase of 10,000 in the last year.

DISCOVERIES, inventions and compounds patented each year in the United States and never amounting to anything, cost $3 000,000.

HELENA is to have the largest reduction works in the Northwest. The capacity of the new works will be 500 tons a day, and will cost $500,000. Mr. Villard and Governor Houser are the instigators of the enterprise.

REPORTS say that there are over 100,000 persons out of employment in the city of New York, many of whom are menaced by starvation. The employment agencies are full of people looking for work, and a general depression in all trades seems prevalent.

INSURANCE companies lost $1,500,000 by fires in Montreal last year, which is twice or three times as much as they received for premiums. One company is already closing up business in the province, and it is not unlikely that one or two more will follow their example.

IN the twenty-three years from 1859 to 1882, the quantity of wool produced in this country increased nearly five fold, from 60,000,000 to 290,000,000 pounds. In 1860 the production was less than two pounds for each inhabitant; in 1882 it was 5.4 pounds for each inhabitant.

A NEW gun has recently been invented in Switzerland. It has four rifles to every foot, thereby insuring greater accuracy and precision of aim than has ever before been attained. The bullet is encased in a steel covering, as the gun is only intended to wound; which is more desirable in warfare.

NEW YORK has made a clear profit out of her salt reservation of nearly $700,000 since 1846, when toll was placed at 1 cent per bushel, and the fields have yielded since they were opened in 1797 over 331,000,000 bushels. There is a rock-salt layer fifty feet thick and covering 4,000 square miles. Last year the fields were operated at a loss of $3,000.

THE Secretary of the Interior has sent to the Senate a statement in regard to the amount of land each of the States has received from the United States for school purposes. California has received 5,610,702 acres; Nevada, 3,905,462 acres; Oregon, 3,387,520 acres. If other States received an equal amount with the newer States in the West, it would take 26,474,688 acres.

THE wheat crop of the United States for 1887 was 450,000,000 bushels. The home requirements for food, seed and manufactures was 345,000,000. The exports from July 1st to December 1st were 65,300,000 bushels, of which the Pacific Coast supplied 9,950,000 bushels. The whole crop of California, Oregon and Washington in 1886 was 54,858,000 bushels. The figures for 1887 have not yet been completed.

THE California State Board of Trade has issued a circular concerning the condition of the laboring classes in California, which will be sent East for distribution. The circular recites that work is assured all, and that higher wages are paid than for the same character of work east of the Rockies. The circular also states that the prosperity of the people is attested by the fact that while California has but one-fiftieth of the population of the United States, the people have one-twentieth of the total savings deposited.

Forty years ago there were not north of the Arkansas river 250,000 American citizens in all the vast area between the Missouri and the Pacific Ocean. Now there are not less than 12,000,000, or nearly one-fifth of our entire population. There are forty large cities within this area, 75,000 miles of railroad and at least one third of the telegraph lines of the United States. The rapidity of this growth is in contrast with that of Australia, whose centenary is now in course of commemoration. Australia was settled in 1788 by a colony of 850 convicts. In 1820 its European population was only 30,000, mostly convicts or discharged convicts. In 1839 it ceased to be a penal colony. It grew very slow until the discovery of gold in 1851. By the end of that year 250,000 Europeans joined the colony. By 1871 the population was 1,300,000; in 1881 it was 2,250,000, and in 1887 it was about 3,000,000, and including New Zealand, 3,486,682. Sydney has 250,000 inhabitants and Melbourne and its environs nearly 400,000.

—Now that Dr. William Perry and Mr. W. R. Sever are dead, Dr. William Goddard, of Charlestown, Mass., is the oldest living graduate of Harvard College. He was born in 1796, graduated in 1815, and is the only living member of his class.

—Benjamin F. Butler considers himself a comparatively young man. Although sixty-nine years of age he is as strong physically and mentally as he ever was, and has no intention of retiring from the active practice of his profession. He wishes to die in the harness.

OREGON NEWS.

Everything of General Interest in a Condensed Form.

Farmers in Tule lake vicinity have commenced plowing.

Senator Mitchell has made application for the establishment of free mail delivery in East Portland.

The third term of the State Normal School has opened at Monmouth with nearly 200 pupils.

The Stirling mining company have bought Saltmarsh Bros.' placer claim near Jacksonville. The price is reported to be $10,000.

It is said that during the late cold weather the Umpqua river was frozen over for the first time in its known history.

The military telegraph line is working all right now along its whole length. New poles will put it in good condition next spring, says the Ashland *Tidings*.

Three passenger depots are to be erected on the line of the Portland & Willamette Valley Railway, one at South Portland, one at Fulton and the other at the White House.

It is stated on good authority that there are 71,000 acres of taxable property in Josephine county, and aside from this some 10,000 acres especially adapted to fruit, and which will come under the plow before a great while.

The furniture factory of George H. Albers, situated near the river bank, at Sellwood, caught fire and burned to the ground. The origin of the fire could not be learned. Loss, between $4,000 and $5,000.

The postoffice department is preparing to establish two postoffices on a new mail service between Lakeview and Burns, one at Warner valley with D. E. Jones as postmaster, and one at Rockford, in Grant county, with J. R. Howe as postmaster.

The deer, during the cold spell, came down off the hills on the low lands around Scappoose bay in considerable numbers and the cougars followed. Orville Gorman, of that vicinity, went out with his dogs to hunt a cougar. He shot a wild cat, a lynx and then a cougar.

A party of explorers on the Harney lakes discovered an island three miles in length that is apparently the home and breeding place of all the various water fowl. The island is said to be simply alive with ducks and geese and is a very paradise for sportsmen. Deer were also found on it in very large numbers.

An accident happened south of Mt. Tabor, and near the Gilbert place, which resulted in the shocking death of a little 6-year old girl of John Lindinberg. Some men were engaged in burning brush and old timber, and the little girl was crossing the patch of ground where they were at work. As she went by, a high stump that was burning around the roots fell on her, striking on the side of her head, crushing the skull and breaking her arm. She was quickly picked up and carried into the house, but it was soon ascertained that her injuries were of too serious a nature for her to recover, and after lingering in a comatose state during the day she died.

In accordance with a petition of 240 residents of Harney Valley, Governor Pennoyer has indited the following letter to the Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington, D. C.: "In a late letter to you I requested a speedy issuance of patents to the State of Oregon to lands declared to be swamp by the agents of the federal and state governments. I now feel constrained to ask you to delay the granting of such patents for a time. I am in receipt of petitions and affidavits of settlers in the Lakeview district which have a tendency to induce the belief that the agents have made errors in reporting lands as swamp lands which in reality are not such, and which reports would have the effect of depriving bona-fide settlers under the United States land laws of their titles to their homes. As I have before stated to the department, the State of Oregon does not want title to one acre of land that is not swamp land, and the more especially so when such title would be in conflict with the claims and interest of bona-fide settlers. Having it therefore strongly impressed upon me that there may be errors in the report of the agents above referred to, notwithstanding my hopes of a speedy adjustment, I would ask that no further action be taken by your department in the matter at present. If a land office is created in Eastern Oregon, the parties interested in the land in question will be able to contest the same before the register and receiver without much expense, and the matter can thus be settled right, upon indubitable testimony, and it ought not to be settled at all until it is settled right."

A correspondent writing from Dry Lake, Modoc County, Cal., to an exchange, thus describes some of the wonders of that section of country: A short time since as two vaqueros were hunting east of this place, about five miles, they observed steam issuing from a crevice in the lava, which they explored for some distance, but it was so dark they could not see to walk. So, on the following day, after supplying themselves with candles, they penetrated the lower regions for about two miles or more, at a descent of about four inches to the rod. The roof seems to be of solid lava. The floor is yellow sand; and about one mile from the entrance there is a large room, ten or twelve feet high and sixty feet across. The temperature is about ninety degrees, and increases at every step. As the candle grew short the explorers were compelled to return.

—A prize of $500 has been offered for the production of the best practical elementary text-book of tropical agriculture specially applicable to Jamaica, manuscripts to be submitted to the government of Jamaica on or before August 1, 1888.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—Steps are being taken in Florida to organize a shippers' union to control and regulate the sale and shipment of oranges, lemons, and other fruits to Northern markets. The commission men will be dispensed with and agents of the union will take their place. Good results are expected.

COLORED PHILOSOPHY.

You may notch it on de palin's,
You may mark it on de wall,
Dat the higher up a toad frog jumps,
De harder will he fall.

And de crow dat fly de swiftest
Am de soones' in de corn,
And de fly dat am de meanest
Gits up earliest in de morn.

De brook dat am de shallo'est
Chatters most upon de way,
And de folks dat am de silliest
Are de ones hab mos' ter say.

And de rooster dat am younges'
Am de one dot crow de mos',
And de man who am de coward
Always make de bigges' boas'.

And he am not de greates' man
Who totes de bigges' muscle;
Nor am she de fines' gal
Who wars de bigges' bustle.

You kin not jedge de kin' ob man
By the manner ob his walkin',
An dey ar not de smartes' folks,
Who do de loudes' talkin'.
—*Yankee Blade.*

BUFFALO AND BULL-DOG.

Plucky Conduct of a Dog Which Went Hunting on the Plains.

The pack of dogs were in full cry after the stampeding herds of bellowing beasts as they rushed and tore along the column with their peculiar, rolling galt. But King, the bull-dog, singled out the immense wounded leader, who had now slackened his speed and was faltering in his tracks. He sprang at his throat with great courage, fastened upon him, and the battle commenced, with the columns as silent spectators. It was a novel spectacle. The brooded troopers, the great, shaggy beasts thundering by, the white-topped wagon train closed up and halted, the fleeting shadows, and the almost limitless stretch of surrounding prairie and vast solitude. The bull went down upon his knees, but so great was his strength that he quickly arose and whirled the dog in great circles over his head. King had been taught never to let go. The entire command now watched with breathless attention the apparently unequal struggle, expecting every moment to see the dog crushed to death. Down went the bull again on his knees, this time not from any weakness, but to gore the dog; rising, he would stamp his feet, in his rage, then shaking him awhile he would resume swinging and snapping him like whip-cord through the air. The foam, now bloody, flecked the long, tawny beard of the bison bull. His eyes, nearly concealed in the long matted hair that covered his shaggy head, flashed fire, and his rage knew no bounds. The dog, which had commenced the fight a pure white, now turned to a spotted crimson from blood which had flowed from the buffalo's wounds, and still his brute instincts, tenacious courage and training led him to hold on. Had he let go for a moment the crazed bull would have gored him to death before he could have retreated. The bull grew perceptibly weaker; he rose to his feet less often. He could no longer throw the dog in circles above his head. The blood stained King to a more vivid red, and, begrimed with dirt, he had lost all semblance to his former self. All were anxiously looking for the struggle to end. Impatience was already displayed upon the men's faces, when suddenly General MacKenzie shouted: "Kill the animal and put him out of his misery." It was a merciful command. Two men stepped forward to the enormous beast, now on his knees rocking to and fro, the dog still holding on, and placing their carbines behind the left shoulder, to reach a vital point, fired. He gave one great quiver, one last spasmodic rocking, and spread himself upon the vast prairie, dead. Not till then did King let go!—*Outing.*

TOLD BY THE TASTE.

How Tobacco Experts Make Their Choice of Different Brands.

"I'll smoke that and then tell you how I like it."

"Well, I'll not put the brand on the market on the strength of that test," returned one of the largest importers of cigars in the city to a friend whom he had asked to give his opinion of a new brand of cigars he thought of introducing to the public.

"All right. Just give me a box of them and I'll be able to make a better test of their worth."

"That would be no better than the first plan you suggested."

"Perhaps, then," repled the friend, slightly offended, "you don't consider me a capable judge of tobacco."

"Nothing of the sort. You certainly have had enough experience to tell a good cigar when you smoke it, but while that test may be sufficient for you to judge whether the cigar suits your individual taste or not, it is not thorough enough for my purposes."

"How should a cigar be judged, then, if not by smoking it?"

"There are several ways. First by its appearance. You can tell by looking at it whether it is well made or not. Then it's color has much to do with its value. But the way to test its flavor is by tasting and smelling it."

"How can you taste a cigar without smoking it? You wouldn't chew it, would you?"

"By no means. To taste a cigar you take the large end in your mouth and press your tongue against the ends of the leaves. Then draw your breath through it three or four times. That way you get the entire flavor. I have bought tobacco for thirty years, and I use my judgment almost solely in my purchases. During that time I have never smoked a single cigar, cigarette or pipe, and I never chewed in all my life. Smoking vitiates the delicate taste of a judge of tobacco. Yes, indeed, there are many things in our business that the public doesn't know, and that is one of them."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—We are not sent to feed the people with the products of our own wisdom, much less with our difficulties, doubts and uncertainties—these will not build them up in spiritual life and holiness—but with the meaning of His wisdom and words, who is Himself the bread of life.—*W. P. Balfern.*

When we have received the gospel we should have an immediate wish to give it to some one else. It is too good to keep all to ourselves. The Lord gives it to us, and gives us hearts to profit by it; let us be like him and give it to any whom we may reach by our word of influence.—*United Presbyterian.*

ON A DAKOTA TRAIN.

How a Big Man Secured a Comfortable Seat in a Crowded Car.

A big railroad grader who loomed up like the late Goliath came in and sat down in a "turned seat" opposite a very little man. The large gentleman was comfortably drunk—the little man rather looked as if he might be a prohibitionist. The big man snorted a few times, wiped his feet on the small man's cushion, and then remarked:

"Say! I jes' despise a little, dried-up, insignificant man!"

"Er—ah—is that so?" said the little man, with a weak, nerveless smile.

"Commonly I eat 'em!" continued the large party in a loud voice. The little man's smile grew more feeble and ghastly.

"I chaw 'em up and leave 'em!" continued the grader fiercely, as he glared around without appearing to notice the small man with the dying smile. "I wouldn't hit a little, sneakin' wad of a man that weighed less than a hundred and fifty, 'cause there wouldn't be enough of him left for a funeral; but I've bit more'n a million of 'em!"

The little man weighed less than a hundred and thirty, and appeared to be growing rapidly smaller.

"W'y, blank their little hides!" went on the big, big man, "there orter be a law ag'in 'em! They got to pass it mighty quick, though, or I'll have 'em all killed off!"

The little man was looking at the window out of the corners of his eyes and contemplating a leap.

"Somebody tie my hands 'n' feet an' show me one o' these small men!" yelled the grader as he warmed up. "Lemme lean over an' fall on him an' sqush him! Somebody hold me an' lead up a small man an' lemme look at him an' par'lize him! Ya—a—a—ah! Lemme breathe on one of 'em an' scorch him!"

The little man had his feet braced and gripped his umbrella with the energy of a last hope, as he resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible.

"War-r-r thar! Git outer my way! Gimme one o' these yere dwarfs or I'll bust yer car!" yelled the big man, as he rose up and begin striking out wildly at the air. "Show me a little man, 'cause I'm hungry! Bring me one for my supper! Hi-i thar! Dash me here's one now—see me chaw him!" And he made a lunge at the little man, who in some unaccountable way shot up over the back of his seat and rushed along the aisle and out the door onto the rear platform, where he rode to the next station, while the big man subsided and spread his feet all over the opposite seat, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and only grunted and kicked aimlessly at the arm of the seat when the conductor came along and demanded a ticket.—*F. H. Carruth, in Chicago Tribune.*

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

An Affliction Most Commonly Connected With the Middle Ear.

Catarrh is an increased secretion of mucus from the mucous membrane, due to its inflammation. This membrane lines the cavities of the eyes, ears, nose, mouth; indeed, every cavity which opens directly or indirectly to the air. The mucous membrane of each of these organs is liable to inflammation and consequent morbid increase of mucus, and hence we may speak of catarrh of the stomach, bowels, bladder. The inflammation may be acute or chronic.

As popularly used, the word catarrh generally refers to the mucous membrane of the nostrils, pharynx (back mouth) and air tubes. An ordinary "cold" in the "head" is a temporary catarrh. Catarrhal deafness is most commonly connected with the middle ear, the tympanic cavity—the portion next beyond the drum. This cavity opens into the mouth through the Eustachian tube, and is thus supplied with the necessary air. Now the mucous membrane that lines this tube may swell and close it up, in consequence of inflammation extending from the nostrils and pharynx. Deafness, more or less, may be due to this closure.

Again, the mucous membrane which lines the cavity of the middle ear may itself be inflamed. If this is long continued, the membrane becomes thickened; the ossicles—the little bones that conduct the vibrations of sound from the drum to the nerves of the internal ear—may be greatly interfered with; the mucus may accumulate and become solid, its fluid portion being absorbed, or it may become purulent, as in abscess, and may eat its way through the drum. Thus deafness, in various degrees, may result.

As to the treatment of catarrhal deafness, we can give no other advice than to urge an early resort to the best expert within call. In this way alone in many cases, can permanent, and perhaps complete, deafness be avoided. The medical and surgical resources are now vastly beyond what they were fifty years ago. But we must add, let all who seem specially liable to catarrhal difficulties avoid exposure to cold winds, wear flannel next to the skin, and, in every practicable way, maintain a high degree of general health.

"Beating" in the ear is due to an increased sensitiveness of the nerve, causing it to feel the throbbing of some minute artery. In many cases of ear troubles there is a ringing *(tinnitus)* in the ears, which may be of almost every conceivable degree and variety.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Jack—"Ethel, I am ashamed of you. I saw that Frenchman in the conservatory kissing you repeatedly. Why didn't you tell him to stop?" Ethel—"I couldn't, Jack." Jack—"You couldn't? Why not?" Ethel—"I can't speak French."

—A Doubtful Success.—De Puyster (who has forgotten the name of an acquaintance and wishes to recall it unobtrusively)—"By the way—your peculiar name; may I ask how you spell it?" Acquaintance—"Certainly. B-r-o-w-n." De Puyster (expressively)—"Ah!"—*Tid-Bits.*

—"Here's a piece in the paper about an Indianapolis woman whose voice can be heard a mile," said Mrs. Slasher to her husband. "Well, dear, don't be jealous. You may not be much on a mile dash, but your staying qualities are certainly unsurpassed."

RATHER EXPENSIVE.

Fair Young Decorator's Husband Deals in Facts and Figures.

"What do you think of it?"

A young housekeeper was exhibiting to an investigator a handsomely decorated plate which leaned against a neat easel on the mantel of her pretty drawing-room.

"Beautiful."

"Guess where it came from?"

"France, perhaps."

"No. I bought the plate down town and decorated it myself."

"An excellent idea! You can now have as handsome a dinner set as there is in New York at a mere trifling cost."

"That shows what you know about it," interposed the husband of the fair artist, with just a trace of sadness in his tones.

"I don't see why you say so, John," retorted the latter.

"Let's figure the cost. I probably have kept a closer watch upon that department of the business than you have done."

"Well, begin."

"In the first place, the plate itself cost you $3?"

"I know," returned the artist, with an air of triumph; "but you can't cut a decorated plate like that for less than $5."

"That may be so," continued the husband cruelly.

"Next you bought about an ounce of liquid gold, which cost $3.75. You used about half that amount."

"Not all on that plate, John. You know I spoiled about as much as I used."

"I know you did, my dear, and you ruined about $3 worth of carpet with the stuff; but I didn't intend to reckon that in this table. Then you bought a book of instruction which cost $2.50 more. And you took six lessons on the design you painted, at $1 a lesson. If you paint any more plates, you will have to take more lessons. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, but I will only need one or two on each plate from this time on."

"I haven't mentioned the paints and brushes you bought. They cost $10 more, but will probably answer for some time to come in your future work. I've not finished yet. It cost $1 to have the plate fired. Now, let's see what the cost is:

Plate	$3 00
Gold	1 87
Carpet spoiled	3 01
Lessons	6 01
Book	2 50
Paints	10 01
Firing	1 01
	$27 37

"That is just shameful, John. You know my next work won't cost me nearly so much."

"We'll see about that," continued her husband. "Your plate will cost $3; gold (barring accidents) say $1, lessons $2, paint, say $1, and firing $1. That makes $8. Pretty high price to pay for a $5 plate, eh? This doesn't include the expense of a headache, backache and loss of temper which a painting always produces in you. Neither does it take in the amount of vexation your illness always causes me. No, my friend," added the husband, in conclusion, as he turned to the investigator, "I find it cheaper to buy my china. I am afraid a whole dinner set would leave me nothing to buy food to dine on."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN.

Discomforts Experienced by Tourists Bound for Popocatepetl's Summit.

The effects of the rarity of the atmosphere were felt as soon as the start was made, and it was impossible to proceed more than a few yards without stopping to take breath. The ascent was made in zig-zags, and naturally a rest was taken at the end of each direct line. At the start, to climb for eight minutes and rest five was considered making very good time. It was not long before a rest of eight minutes was required for every four of climbing, and after half the ascent was made we rested more frequently and without exerting ourselves to sit down. We thrust our staves into the snow and leaned our heads upon them. Drowsiness overtook us, and progress became mechanical. We moved only as spurred on by our ever-watchful guides. If left to ourselves we would have fallen asleep. Our hearts beat with fearful rapidity and the breath became shorter and shorter. Ringing sensations in the head like those produced by large doses of quinine were experienced. The most acute pains shot through the skull. Conversation was suspended, except among the guides, and their voices fell on our ears as if coming from a great distance. It was impossible to tell what progress was being made, for the top and bottom seemed equidistant all the way up. We barely escaped the most severe experience likely to occur to those who reach that high elevation: bleeding at the nose, mouth and ears. It would have been the signal that we had gone too far, that heart and lungs refused to submit further, and we should have placed ourselves in the hands of our guides to be carried back to Tlamacas.

Our physical endurance was stretched almost to its limit by the time the head guide shouted, "Here we are! Smell the sulphur!" The whiff of sulphurous smoke which greeted our nostrils, telling that our task was nearly completed and rest was at hand, acted like a powerful stimulant. We awoke for a final effort, pressed on, and rested not until we stood breathless upon the summit of Popocatepetl.—*Arthur Howard Noll, in American Magazine.*

—On the tennis court: "That girl must be a dreadfully poor player." "Why?" "Because her dress is so expensive."—*Town Topics.*

—John M. Kapena, whose death is announced in the latest news-budget from the Sandwich Islands, was a full-blooded Hawaiian, who had been prominent in public life for many years. From 1870 to 1880 he was Governor of the Island of Maui. Then he went as Minister to Japan, and on his return was made Prime Minister. He remained at the head of the Government for two years, served subsequently as Postmaster-General, and was Finance Minister in the Gibson Cabinet which was overthrown last July. Mr. Kapena accompanied King Kalakaua on his visit to this country in 1874, and again made a tour of the United States two years ago.

QUEERNESS OF THINGS.

A Few Puzzles Which No School of Philosophy Can Solve.

This is a sort of topsy-turvy world. No one seems to be satisfied. One man is struggling to get justice and another is flying from it.

One man is saving up to buy a house, and another is trying to sell his dwelling, for less than it cost, to get rid of it.

One man is spending all the money he can earn in taking a girl to the theater and sending her flowers, in the hope that he will eventually make her his wife, and his neighbor is spending all the gold he has saved to get a divorce.

Smith is drinking imported ale to put flesh on, while Johnson is living on crackers and walking ten miles a day to reduce his avoirdupois.

The laborer with ten children keeps out of debt on ten dollars a week, while many an unmarried bank official with a hundred dollars a week can't get along without helping himself to the bank's funds.

Robinson takes sherry to give him an appetite, while Brown, who has a wine cellar, can't touch a drop of it on account of apoplectic tendencies. The doctor tells Morrill that if he doesn't stop work and take a rest he will go into a decline, and then tells Blakely that if he does not abandon his sedentary position and go off somewhere and work on a farm he will die of torpidity of the liver.

One man is ordered to eat eggs because they are nutritious, and another is cautioned to leave them alone because they produce bile.

One man keeps a pistol to protect himself against burglars, while his neighbor doesn't keep one for fear of shooting some member of the family by mistake.

You will sometimes see a man planting trees about his place for the shade; and, at the same time, you will see another cutting down all the trees about his house because they produce too much moisture.

One rich man wears poor clothes because he is rich and can do any thing, while a poor man wears fine clothes because he is poor and wants to create the impression that he is not.

One man is killed by accident, and another tries to commit suicide and fails.

One man escapes all the diseases that flesh is heir to and is killed on a railroad; another man goes through half-a-dozen wars without a scratch and then dies of whooping-cough.

The prize-fighter reforms and becomes a preacher, while the theological student leaves his university to become a professional base-ball pitcher.

The man who can make twenty thousand dollars a year, as a general thing can't save a cent, while the man who is thrifty and wise is seldom so gifted that he can earn any thing at all.

We know a wealthy merchant who keeps half a dozen horses, who recently stated that his store was closed on account of a "holliday;" and we also know a proof-reader who can spell every word in the English language correctly, and the only time he experiences any horse is when he eats horse radish.

Good people die and bad people live. The man who is fat with health can't get employment, and the man who is making money hand-over-fist has to give up business on account of ill-health.

Linguists are keeping peanut stands, and monkeys are writing for newspapers. In a railroad collision the dancing-master generally loses his feet, and the mathematician his head.

The pugilist breaks his wrist, and the opera-singer contracts throat trouble.

The man with a colossal fortune is usually obliged to adopt an heir, while the man without a cent generally has a sufficient number of heirs to satisfy half a dozen capitalists.

One man won't touch bacon for fear of getting trichina, and another swears by Bacon because some people think he wrote Shakespeare.

We wish we could find out why these things are so, because it would set our minds at rest and make us happy.—*Puck.*

The Only Accident.

"Did any of your family get cut to pieces with a mowing-machine this year?" he asked of a farmer on the market yesterday.

"No, sir."

"Any legs taken off by the reaper?"

"Not a leg."

"Any one fall off a haystack and run a pitchfork into him?"

"No, sir."

"Any one get wound up in the tumbling-rod of the thrashing-machine?"

"No, sir."

"Any one killed by the explosion of a portable boiler?"

"No."

"None of the women burned to death by kerosene?"

"No."

"Well, you ought to be thankful."

"Yes, I suppose so. The only accident we had in our neighborhood occurred to a chap who came out from the city to stay a day or two with me. He fell asleep in the orchard and a calf chewed all the hair off his head!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Trifle Sarcastic.

Wife to Husband—I can't comprehend how I ever came to marry such a donkey as you.

Husband—Don't get excited, my dear.

"The only explanation for it is that I was a fool, a wretched, ignominious fool."

"Now look here, my dear, you may abuse me as much as you please, but I shall not allow you to call my wife a fool. You must speak respectfully when you mention her name, even if she does not deserve it."—*Schalk.*

—"Jenkins, I've got something to tell you. It grieves me to say it, but, as a friend, I don't think I ought to keep silent." "What is it, man—what is it?" "I saw Brown throwing kisses to your wife." "Great Scott! I wouldn't have believed it." "I thought not." "But, come to think of it, Brown never did have much taste."—*Washington Critic.*

LINCOLN'S SECRETARY.

A Chat With Colonel Nicolay About the President's Characteristics.

"How did Mr. Lincoln bear himself during the campaign?"

"He was always a self-poised man, quiet and equable in temper, seldom greatly elated or much depressed. He was not worried about the campaign, and had himself thoroughly in hand. People sent him many curious symbols of frontier life—axes, mauls, wedges, rails—and all sorts of people on all sorts of errands called on him in the Governor's room in the State House, which was assigned to him. Many came from mere curiosity, and they would sit awkwardly around looking at him. He could not talk politics much at such a time, and the bulk of his visitors were shy of speech. They handled the symbols that had been sent in, and spoke to him of their use, and he would sometimes take the end of an axe helve between his fingers and hold the axe out at arm's length, to show that he had not lost his strength. In various simple ways he thus managed to kill time. One fellow had the impudence to come wearing a secession cockade in his hat. Lincoln spoke to him pleasantly, and shook hands as with the others, and the intruder sat around half an hour, looking foolish and saying nothing, and finally went out. The crowd quietly ignored the intended insult."

"Mr. Lincoln was just as democratic in the White House, I believe," I said.

"Yes," assented Colonel Nicolay, "and that went far toward giving him his firm hold on the hearts of the people. It was his custom, while he was President, to hold an informal reception between twelve and one o'clock each day, to hear in person the requests and wishes of all sorts of people who chose to come to to see him. Rich and poor, white and black, crowded into the business office, (now Colonel Lamont's) shook hands and told him what they wanted. He generally wrote a card and referred the petitioner to the proper department, but often he attended to it himself. Men who wanted office came; alleged Unionists who wanted pay for losses; cranks who showed him how to put down the rebellion; mothers who had sons in the army; relatives of men who had been ordered shot; tramps who were hard up and wanted money or transportation to enable them to go somewhere. It was like some ancient Druid standing under an oak tree and dealing out justice to the realm."

"Didn't the people exasperate Old Abe sometimes?"

"Not often. He listened patiently to all, seldom protecting himself even from bores. I never saw him angry but twice, and then only momentarily. He turned one man out of the room and laid his hand on his shoulder to hasten his departure if necessary."

I asked if Mr. Lincoln comprehended that he was in constant danger of his life.

"Of course," said Colonel Nicolay. "It was often discussed between his friends and himself. They would say: 'Now, Lincoln, you must look out and be constantly on your guard. Some crank is liable to come along and kill you.' His answer always was, 'I will be careful. But I can not discharge my duties and withdraw myself entirely from danger of an assault. I see hundreds of strangers every day, and if any one has the disposition to kill me he will find opportunity. To be absolutely safe, I should cock myself up in a box.' Threatening letters came, and these I always showed to Mr. Lincoln, who generally turned them over to the War Department."—*W. A. Croffut, in Indianapolis Journal.*

THE LADY OF LYONS.

A New and Veracious Version of an Old-Fashioned Story.

An impression prevails among some people that the Lady of Lyons was a circus woman who went into the lions' cage and performed them. Such was not the case. She was a wealthy young lady of Lyons, N. Y., who moved in the first circles. She was strolling in the garden one day when the gardener's son, who was weeding an onion bed, saw her and immediately fell in love with her. He thought there never was such a woman as Pauline, though he couldn't make his pa lean that way, nor his ma. Hearing of the young man's infatuation, a couple of Pauline's discarded lovers put up a job on her. They dressed Claude in fine clothes and introduced him to her as a Count. He was of no 'count as a simple gardener, but as a supposed titled man he rose in the social scale very greatly. He pictured to her in glowing colors his home by the Lake of Como, with its fruits of gold, nickel-plated bananas, etc., and she expected to be conveyed to it in a palace car, four sections to themselves.

Judge, then, of her vexation and disgust on being conveyed in a bob-tailed horse-car and landed at his mother's humble lodgings on the sixth floor of a cheap tenement building. She thereupon denounced Claude and his deceptions, and he went off and enlisted to fight Indians. He got an appointment as an Indian Agent, amassed a handsome fortune in a short time and came back to claim his bride. Every thing was explained, except how he came to get so much money, and Claude and Pauline were re-united.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Nothing shows greater abjectness of spirit than a haughty demeanor toward inferiors.

—"How do you get along without watermelon in winter, Uncle Joe?" "Sah, dar am chickens in wintah.—*Boston Courier.*

—A Little Misapprehension.—Miss Dewdrop—"Don't you think Mr. Rosebush has a very sensitive mouth?" Miss Rayne (blushing violently)—"How should I know?"—*Tid-Bits.*

—Nature usually keeps the general run of things on an even pace. A naturally hard heart is very apt to grow harder, and a naturally soft head is equally certain to grow softer.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—A photographer is out with "Suggestions to Sitters." We have sent a marked copy to a man who allows his wife to take coal up three flights and black all the children's shoes.—*Burlington Free Press.*