

**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. WABSON, W. M.  
LEBANON LODGE, NO. 41, I. O. O. F.: Meets Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock at Odd Fellows' Hall, Main street; visiting brethren cordially invited to these meetings.  
LEBANON LODGE, NO. 28, A. O. U. W.: Lebanon, Oregon: Meets every first and third Thursday evening in the month, at 7:30 o'clock. W. H. HOSKOE, W. M.

**Real Estate, Insurance & Loan Agent.**

**General Collection and Notary Public Business Promptly Attended to.**

**C. H. HARMON, BARBER & HAIRDRESSER, LEBANON, OREGON.**

Shaving, Hair Cutting, and Shampooing in the latest and best styles.

**St. Charles Hotel, LEBANON, Oregon.**

N. W. Corner Main and Sherman Streets, two blocks East of R. R. Depot.

**H. E. PARRISH, Proprietor.**

Tables Supplied with the Best of the Market. Affords Sample Rooms and the Best Accommodations for Commercial men.

**GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.**

**WINTER**

**Artistic Photographer, BROWNSVILLE, OR.**

Enlarging from Small Pictures. Instantaneous Process.

**WORK WARRANTED.**

**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.**

**ST. JOHN'S HOTEL, Sweethome, Oregon.**

**JOHN T. DAVIS, Proprietor.**

The table is supplied with the very best of the market affords. Nice clean beds, and satisfaction guaranteed to all guests.

In connection with the above house

**JOHN DONACA**

Keeps a Feed and Sale Stable, and will accommodate tourists and travelers with teams, guides and outfits.

**BURKHART & BILYEU, Proprietors of the**

**Livery, Sale and Feed Stables, LEBANON, OR.**

Southeast Corner of Main and Sherman.

**Fine Buggies, Hacks, Harness and GOOD RELIABLE HORSES**

For parties going to Brownsville, Waterloo, Sweet Home, Sate, and all parts of Linn County.

**All kinds of Teaming DONE AT REASONABLE RATES.**

**BURKHART & BILYEU.**

**ANCIENT FIRE-ARMS.**

The battle-axe pistol, the arquebuss and wheel-lock of Old Times. The battle-axe pistol had the pistol in the handle, the weapon being fired by reversing the battle-axe. Many of them did not reverse, however, the muzzle of the pistol being projecting slightly beyond the head of the axe.

The Paris museum has a sword gun, a straight sword of remarkable thin workmanship, having for about a quarter of its distance a pistol barrel running parallel with it, the lock of the pistol being concealed in the handle of the sword.

A hunting arquebuss belonging to Henry VIII is still preserved in the Tower of London, the system being nearly identical with that of a favorite modern rifle; and not one modern plan of breech-loading is known that was not at one time or another foreshadowed in ancient weapons.

The "holly-water sprinker" was a mace, strong and heavy, and having six tubes running through its length. These were the six barrels, all communicating at the base with a common chamber and all fired at once by means of a match applied to the powder. Of course such a weapon as this once fired was useless as a gun, but still as good a mace as it was before.

The wheel-lock, which came in the sixteenth century, consisted of a steel wheel with ratchets working against a flint. The wheel, being released by moving the trigger, revolved rapidly and struck sparks of fire from the flint, thus igniting the powder. The wheel-lock was considered a wonderful invention, but not long time elapsed after it became common before it was superseded by the flint-lock.

The whip-pistol, specimens of which are seen in many European museums, much resembles an ordinary horseman's whip, with a short, thick handle and long, heavy lash, but concealed in the tassels which apparently ornament the stock is the lock of a pistol, the barrel of which projects slightly beyond the handle of the whip. It was much used by Italian robbers, postillions and stage-drivers in the south of Europe.

The Berlin museum has two-lagger pistols, one having the barrel on the side of the dagger, the weapon being fired with a wheel-lock; the other showing the barrel in the center of the dagger-blade, a point being fixed at the end of the pistol-barrel, which, when the pistol was not in service, was closed for the tip of the blade. Both these were very richly ornamented, being inlaid with gold and silver, and evidently used by persons of rank and wealth.

When hand firearms came into use the only method of firing the gun was by applying a blazing fuse to the priming in the pan. This was slow and uncertain, and the difficulties arising in the use of early firearms was so great that some wonder may be expressed at their being used at all. The gunner was forced to carry coarse powder for his charge, fine powder for his priming, a bag of bullets, a rest on which to place his piece, a flask of oil and a burning match. So much luggage rendered his movements and progress exceedingly slow, and every man who carried a gun was, therefore, generally attended by an assistant to keep his fire going.

Perhaps the most antique effort to combine ancient and modern methods is seen in the pistol shield, of which twenty-one specimens are to be found in the Tower of London. It is an ordinary shield, to all appearance, but instead of a boss in the center an oblong tube projects a short distance in front of the shield. This is the pistol barrel, and behind the shield is seen the lock for firing. The pistol was a breech loader and provided with four separate thimbles, each one containing a charge, so that the weapon was practically a repeater. Just above the barrel there was a little hole in the shield through which aim might be taken, but the efficiency of these weapons must have been very small.

It not infrequently happened in ancient times that during a rain two hostile armies were forced to suspend military operations entirely from the fact that they could not keep their powder dry or their matches blazing, and the spectacle of opposing armies in the field waiting for a shower to pass, spreading out their ammunition on cloaks in the sun, then sitting down and waiting for their powder to dry, provoked the merriment of even their own day. Besides the process of loading and firing was incredibly slow. At a battle fought in 1636 the best soldiers were able to fire only seven shots in eight hours, while two years later, in the battle of Wittenbergen, the quickest arquebussiers fired but seven shots each, although the fight lasted from noon till eight o'clock in the evening.—Chicago News.

**The Style in Butter.**  
"I wish that the fashions would change so often," remarked Smythe as he strolled the boarding-house butler.

"Why?"  
"Because it keeps the popularity of shades in hair in constant fluctuation, and a feller can't tell one day whether next day's butter will be a white-horse blonde or a zambesi brunette."—Aberdeen Traveller.

"Europe does not want to go to war. A war over there would interrupt the travel of Americans."—N. O. Picayune.

"Maine is losing prestige as a ship-building State. Figures show that Cleveland alone built more tonnage and better tonnage last year than the whole State of Maine. Maine shipyards turned out forty-one vessels, with a total of 17,454 tons measurement. Cleveland built seventeen vessels, with a total net tonnage of 19,621 tons.

"Henry," said the wife of a traveling man, "there is a woman on the next block who hasn't spoken a word for twenty-seven years. Isn't that wonderful?"  
"Hm, she's deaf and dumb ain't she?"  
"Yes," she said with a little pout. "How did you guess it?"  
"Because miracles are out of date."—Merchant Traveller.

**PERNICIOUS READING.**

**Danger Lurking in Papers Devoted to Matrimonial Advertising.**  
The publisher of a matrimonial advertising sheet sends us a copy upon which he has written the following memorandum: "Over five hundred leading newspapers have occupied from one to twelve columns each in discussing (many in ridiculing) the very few understand it. Please read."

This is so fair-seeming a request that in spite of the pressure on our time—a pressure which the publisher of a weekly like the one referred to can not probably comprehend—we have complied with it. We have read, and we think we can understand why "many" of the five hundred leading newspapers have occupied some space in ridiculing the publication referred to. If they had read it a little more carefully they would have found it too serious for ridicule and would probably have condemned it.

"How about New York?"  
"How about it?" says a large town that most of her eggs are consumed in the interior markets. After they get through pickling, however, New York State deals in some fresh eggs in the summer. Canada comes next to the far West. Foreign eggs have been barred out this season because prices have been better in England. They seek very well where they could be sold for enough less to make it an object for people to use them."

"Why are Southern eggs so much smaller than others?"  
"Because they raise game fowls low down. The difference is not only in the size but in the quality of the nest. The Cocking Plymouth Rocks, or any other Northern breeds afford altogether more nutriment in their eggs than the Southern fowl."

"The best way to ship is in free cases with patent dividing pasteborders, unless the shipper is very skillful, when he best way to send them is in barrels. The Cocking Plymouth Rocks, or any other Northern breeds afford altogether more nutriment in their eggs than the Southern fowl."

"Chicago has refrigerators that can hold 50,000 cases. In this respect our own shippers are only used in cases of emergency."

"But talk about pickling eggs. Germany takes this lead. There are some cases in this country that hold 25,000 eggs, but one German pickler has a case that holds 500 barrels, or 420,000 eggs. He pickles yearly from 75,000 to 100,000 barrels of eggs, or from \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000 eggs."—N. Y. Telegram.

**BILLIONS OF EGGS.**

Where the Large Cities of the Country Obtain Their Supplies.  
"Eggs begin to come in from the South in January," said a Dey street dealer to a reporter, "and they run up just like shad or strawberries. A few come from Texas. There is big money in the business there if it is only developed; but that's the trouble. North Carolina starts in first. In about four weeks after that we get some from Washington which come from the Shenandoah Valley, in Virginia. Then come the Eastern Shore eggs. Pennsylvania eggs are next, and then come Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky. Ohio usually drops in a month after North Carolina, but this year she was vying with her. The far West and Southwest, by way of Kansas and St. Louis, are next in the procession; after that Iowa and Illinois. Then come Northern Indiana, Minnesota, Dakota, Northern Iowa and Michigan. We get some eggs, though not many, from Dakota."

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**LEARNING TO HOWL.**

**Reformation the Only Way to Reform the World.**  
It is an old Spanish proverb, we believe, "He who lives with wolves will learn to howl." It is true, and it is true with the faults of his friends, and ought them over and sorts them, and reprints them and measures them, will soon have equally grave ones of his own, which his friends will be sure to see, and which will make him positively unable to cure them. There is nothing that so deteriorates character as the habit of looking after faults and blemishes in others while we are blind to our own. We may abhor meanness and stinginess in our neighbor, and be able to give a hundred reasons why he should give away more in charity, and see a thousand little things to indicate that he is a miser, and yet at the same time be miserly and stingy ourselves. We may despise our neighbor for his impudence and trickery, and spend the rest of our lives in a vain, unprofitable and shiftless career of the covetous and the miserly.

"Thank God, I'm not a sharper!" The die, the thief, the man can never reform the over-shrewd speculator; the imbecile man can never lift the untruthful man out of the mire; the gossip is not to cure the bigot of his selfishness. It is not only a way, after all, to reform the world. Not by learning to howl at its faults, or to bark at its mistakes, but by first to begin the work of reformation with ourselves. We cannot expect to reform the world until we have first reformed ourselves.

**Contagiousness of Emotions.**  
Frances Power Cobbe, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, speaks of the demoralizing effects of attending cruel shows. A friend sent the following notice from his own knowledge: "A party of English gentlemen were invited to call on San Sebastian. When the first horse was ripped up and his entrails trailed on the ground, a young lady of the party burst into tears and insisted on going away. Her brothers compelled her to remain, and a number of horses were then mutilated and held before her eyes. Long before the end of the spectacle the girl was as excited and delighted as any S. and in the assembly."

"The tragedies of life and those exhibitions of heroism which come with giving shape to the thought and sympathy—and under proper influence and direction—to the moral sentiment of society. They are not pleasant; to use the apostle's phrase, they are 'agony'; but they are necessary, and they are significant as that addressed to the Hebrews. It is at the blessed side of them we ought to look."—United Presbyterian.

"If thirty-two is the freezing point, what is the squaring point? Two in the shade."—Fack.

"When Mr. Hamlet remarked: 'Eya, there's the rub,' he is supposed to have just got off a railroad train with a cinder in his optic."—Eclipsed Exchange.

"In the court room. 'Why is it they are so mighty particular about order here?' 'The judge, you remember, can only serve during good behavior.'"—Boston Transcript.

**MISSING.**

Have you seen my sailor boy, as you came a rove the sea?  
Have you seen my sailor boy, with the laughing eyes and hair,  
With the sunlight on his hair, and his face so young and fair,  
And the smile he used to wear, brave and true?  
O, he braved me on the cheek as he sailed away to sea,  
Sailed away from Glaston Town, and I never saw him since,  
But the sun's rays come and go, and the tides they ebb and flow,  
And the waves are missing low on the shore.

Ah! they told me he was dead, but I know it is not true;  
For he came to me at night, when the world is all asleep,  
And he spoke to me by day, when the tempest swept away the bay,  
And he told me to play on the deep.

For he said he would come back, and he never broke his word.  
Have you seen my sailor boy? He is coming soon, I know.  
I would go to sea to-day, if I only knew the way,  
Thought the grave before me lay, I would go.

—J. J. Roche, in N. Y. Independent.

**ABOUT LIP COURTESY.**

**An Article That is Worth Much and Costs But Little.**  
Nothing is more gratuitous than the good counsel which is often given to a traveler as to his behavior abroad. If he travels in a foreign land, he knows all about it experimentally. If not, he can not help being foolish, fifty times in the day, in his attempt to act upon such counsel.

Parole dices, et main au bonnet.  
(Gentle words, but hand, not nothing and are acceptable.) The saying comes from Henry IV., of France, the merry Henry of Navarre. This King was a terrible libertine, and not wise as a sovereign; yet his subjects adored him, and, like other libertines, he was a sovereign; yet his subjects adored him, and, like other libertines, he was a sovereign.

This fair saying of Henry of Navarre's may be matched by the Spanish proverb, "Cortesía de boca nunca vale, y poco cuesta."—Lip courtesy is worth much and costs little. No one who has not been through Iberian lands and mixed with high and low in them, can appreciate the import of this brief maxim. The Spaniards are a gracious people; we can not compare with them in the matter of civility, but their civility must be not with civility, or it quickly develops into hatred of the most bitter kind which we all know as the outcome of a mark of contempt.

This civility goes beyond a certain point. It must be taken at a reasonable valuation only. No one, for example, will construe a Spaniard to the letter when he says, with a bow, "My house is at your disposal." These are merely conventional courtesies which signify nothing, and are to be regarded for you, and will gladly give you a glass of wine, or a cup of coffee, and a cigarette, if you call some afternoon, and find him with nothing better on his hands. However, it is well not to be too ready to reciprocate such courtesies in kind. The young Englishman who is ready to do so, is in by offering his watch and chain, selling the action to the word, to the Spaniard who admired it, had no just grievance when the other took it with a bow and a "muchas gracias"—many thanks.—*The Year Down L.*

**ONE WOMAN'S WAY.**

**How She Makes Married Life a Perfect Heaven on Earth.**  
In the morning after the beds are made, the sweeping and dusting done and everything put in order for the day, I raise the window-shades and let the sunshine flood rooms flowers and carnations. I open the piano and draw my husband's favorite chair to a cozy place near the fire, so that when he comes home at noon, tired perhaps, he can have a few moments' rest. Then I brush my hair, change my morning wrapper for something fresh and clean, put on a linen collar and am ready to sit down to sewing or reading. When he returns to dinner I always greet him with a smile and a kind word. If I see his brow is clouded and business is on his mind, I inquire into matters, because what interests one should interest both, and a wife should be a helping hand, not a burden. We exchange opinions on news, and enter into anything, no matter how trivial a nature, without the sanction of the other. Our motto is "Bear and forbear." His purse is mine. When I need money I am not compelled to ask for it. If I spend a few dimes, I am not questioned, and made to give an account of every cent as so many poor martyred wives are compelled to do. When evening comes I brighten the hearth with a cheerful fire, light the lamps, place my husband's chair beneath the rays of the hanging lamp, his slippers on the hearth-rug and unfold his paper, all in readiness for his return. I hear his footsteps, and when the door opens and he comes in, he greets with a smile the cheerful and awaiting him.

My husband never spends his evening away from home. Every day I see husbands going home to cheerful hearts, and I wonder there are so many men who spend their evenings in the bar-rooms and at the gaming tables. Wives, make yourselves attractive and your homes worthy the name of home, with a cheerful fireside a haven of rest for your dear ones after the toils and cares of the day are done, and you will keep them by your side.—*Cor. Farm and Home.*

"Jones—'Yes, sir, it is mighty hard to collect money now. I know it.'" Smith—"Indeed! Have you tried to collect and failed?" Jones—"Oh, no." Smith—"How, then, do you know that money is hard to collect?" Jones—"Because several people have tried to collect of me."—*Boston Courier.*

"An old lady who had several unmarried daughters fed them largely on a fish diet, because, as she ingeniously observed, fish is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches."

"When a woman undertakes to read a long and interesting lecture to a man on the sin of chewing tobacco she should always be careful to remove the gum from her angelic mouth before she commences."—*Lincoln Journal.*

**ST. BERNARD HOSPICE.**

**History of the Famous Charitable and Religious Institution.**  
The hospice of St. Bernard, in the Pennine Alps, is situated at the summit of the great St. Bernard pass or Switzerland into Italy. It is said to be the highest inhabited building in Europe, the exact elevation above sea level being 8,123 feet. It stands on the edge of a small lake, which for nine months of the year is frozen, and the temperature even in summer is often exceedingly cold. In winter twenty to twenty-eight degrees below zero is a common state of the thermometer. The hospice owes its existence to Bernard de Menthon, a nobleman of Savoy, who erected it in the year 962 for the assistance of pilgrims journeying from the northern countries of Europe to Rome. About twenty Augustinian monks now live there, spending their time in lodging and attending to visitors, in religious services, the suttying of their own wear, and the rescue of wayfarers lost in the snow. Travelers of all nationalities who visit the hospice are boarded and lodged gratuitously, but are expected to deposit the cost of their entertainment in the poor-box on leaving. The St. Bernard dogs, who assist the brethren to find and track the wayfarers buried in the snow, are famous all over the world, although the original breed is said to be extinct. In the middle ages the monastery was very wealthy, and Emperors and Kings recognized the services rendered to humanity by the monks of the hospice by gifts and grants; now, however, the small revenues of the hospice are chiefly derived from collections made in Switzerland, and to a much less degree from the offerings of visitors. The buildings, which have suffered grievously from the dangerous avalanches now common in the mountainous parts of Europe, consist of two blocks, one containing a dining-room, a library, a church, the rooms of the brethren and spacious accommodation for travelers; the other, called the Hotel de St. Louis, being a refuge in case of fire, a store-house and a lodging for the poorer wayfarers. The main building dates from the middle of the sixteenth century. The church was built so long ago, as 1683. As one of the chief of the Alpine passes the great St. Bernard has been the scene of many stirring events of history; during the Napoleonic wars French soldiers were quartered in the hospice for more than a year. The monks usually live for fifteen years in the cold and solitude of their mountain dwelling, and are said to suffer severely in health from the severity of the climate.—*Chicago Times.*

**GORDON'S LAST HOUR.**

**An Eye-Witness' Authentic Account of the Fall of Kharoum.**  
England lost the anniversary of Gordon's death go by unnoticed, save by a few Tory newspapers and a congregation of about two hundred persons who attended a memorial service in London. At this service, Rev. H. Walker, an old personal friend of General Gordon, preached the sermon, and during the discourse read the following sworn testimony of one of the loyal sergeants who was present at General Gordon's death, and which was communicated to Lieutenant Gordon, nephew of the late General. The sergeant said he was formerly in the garrison of Kharoum, where he was one of four sergeants, ordered to Gordon. He was on duty on January 26, and was with Gordon on the "look-out" on the top of the palace. Gordon, on the evening before, warned the people that he had seen a great deal of extra excitement in the rebel camp, and that unless a good resistance was made that night the town would fall. As the morning star rose the rebels made a feat at a portion of the d. Jones, under F. P. Pash with the black troops; but at the same time they directed their full attack at the defense commanded by Hassan Bey Ben Asserel, with the Fifth regiment of fellahien, and succeeded in getting into the town. When Gordon heard the rebels in the town he said: "It is all finished; to-day Gordon will be killed." and went down stairs, followed by the four sergeants, who took their rifles with them. He took a chair and sat down on the right of the palace door, the four sergeants standing on his left. All at once a Sheikh galloped up with some Bagdara Arabs. The sergeants were on the point of firing when Gordon, seizing one of their rifles, said: "No need of rifles to-day; Gordon is to be killed!" (as before). The Sheikh told Gordon that he had been ordered by the Mahdi to bring him alive. Gordon refused to go saying he would die where he was, adding that no harm was to be done to the four sergeants, who had not fired on the rebels. The Sheikh repeated the order three times, and each time Gordon gave the same answer. After a few words the Sheikh drew his sword, and rushing up to Gordon, cut him over the left shoulder. Gordon looking him in the face and offering no resistance. His head was cut off and taken to the Mahdi at Oudurman, and his body was hurled down to the door of the palace and a tomb built over it. The tomb is treated with respect.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"I took my first lessons in agriculture in driving the cow to pasture, and leading the horse to plow upon the farm; and though fate has led me in other paths, yet there never has been one, there never will be any, where I shall enjoy a purer and more unalloyed pleasure than I did at that period of my life."—*Torrence Mann.*

"A farmer in Pecos county, N. M., cut down a tree and hauled it home the other day. When he went to split it up for fire wood he was greatly surprised to find a big bear enjoying his winter nap inside the hollow log."

"A flock of wild turkeys alighted in the corn field of John Waker, near Cowden, Ind. The ground was muddy, and the weather turning cold, suddenly their feet were frozen into the earth, and they were all captured."

**THE GENTLEMENLY CLERK.**

**He Thought He Knew a Thing or Two, But Was Sadly Mistaken.**  
"Now, that name," said the hotel clerk, running his diamond-bitting finger down the register, and pausing at the name of Guriproat, "that name is a fraud. That man is traveling incog., and there is something crooked about him."

"Why do you think so?" inquired a reporter on the trail of a fugitive item.  
"Why do I think so? Why, I almost know it—in fact, I do know it. It intuitively. It is my business to be familiar with names and the derivation and nationality of them. Now, there is no such name as Guriproat. It is neither English, Irish, Scotch, German, Swedish, Welch, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Malay, Greek, Norwegian or Chinese. It is a machine name, manufactured for an emergency, something like the characters in Dickens's novels—the Veneerings, Poindsnaps, Weggs, Dorrits, Jaggers, Nickleby and Chuzzlewits. I am obliged, you know, to be sharp in my business, and I have to repeat it. I tell you he is a fly-faker from Flytown. He is a queer, and you can bet high on that."

"Now, there is a man," continued the hotel clerk, pointing to another square-toed specimen of calligraphy, "that man Jones, there, A. Q. Jones, he's all O. K. There is no subterfuge about him. He comes in and planks down his grip-sack, deposits a roll of bills in the safe, calls for a styus, indorses the register, and there you have a straight and flat-footed A. Q. Jones, \$2,000, in his role in the safe. He is a man who will do to the top up. We have to be good judges of human nature in this business. I tell you, and are obliged to be totally and strictly sharp. But Jones is solid with this house. He has been here a week now and I have advanced him \$500 or \$600 on his roll."

"You are sure the roll contains money, are you?" inquired the reporter, curiously.  
"Sure! Why, it is an express package, sealed, and the amount marked on the corner. Guests often leave them with us for security."

"I should want to know that it was all right before I handed money on it," pursued the reporter.  
"That's where you would fool yourself. That's where you would insult guests and drive trade away. But" the sharp clerk spoke this a little uneasily—"just to show you what a square man Jones is, I'll send up this bill," and the supposed guest observed a loud tinkle which summoned a bell boy.

"Here, run up to 53 with this," said the clerk.  
While the bell boy was on his mission the suspicious Guriproat came up to the office, and the reporter observed:  
"That's him—Guriproat," said the clerk, frowning the words with his mouth without uttering sound; "\$3.25—two days and a half."

"Hay!" said the dejected Guriproat.  
"Two days and a half—eight and a quarter," answered the clerk, winking at the reporter.  
"Eight dollars—"

"All right—correct," and Mr. Guriproat tendered a ten-dollar bill. The sharp clerk spent five minutes critically examining and testing the same. While doing so the supposed guest observed:  
"Hi Colonel James Guriproat, of Montgomery, Ala., calls for me, please tell him I have gone to Washington."

The hotel clerk looked suddenly up, and his face was like a circus-poster glided by the rays of sunset.  
"Are you the long-haired Guriproat of Alabama?" he inquired.  
"Hay!"

"Are you Congressman Guriproat of Alabama?"  
"No, I am his brother. I am Judge Guriproat, formerly of the Supreme Bench."

He had his change, and in another instant the porter was obsequiously escorting him out to a carriage.  
"Why," exclaimed the clerk, "it's singular I happened to forget that Guriproat family of Montgomery. It just beats all. Funny, isn't it, when you meet a man's name?"

The bell boy returned at this interesting juncture of the proceedings with the startling information that A. Q. Jones had skipped, bag and baggage, book, line and sinker, foot, horse and dragons. The clerk turned white and his finger shook like a splinter on a rail in the wind, as he suddenly went for the package he had expected the porter to bring, and he found it empty.

"Innocence Imposed Upon."  
Caller (to Bobby, in his first trousers)—"Those are nice trousers, Bobby."  
Bobby (proudly)—"They ain't my trousers. Ma says they are regular men's trousers."  
Caller—"Are they?"  
Bobby—"Yes, indeed; they're made over from an old pair of pa's—N. Y. Sun."

"Father," said Robert, "I have long cherished the desire to go on the stage, and have at last decided, with your permission, to do so." "My son," interrupted the fond father, "all the world's a stage. Take that hog hanging in the woodshed and go and dig those potatoes back of the orchard."—*Harpers' Bazar.*

"Papa (severely)—'Did you ask mamma if you could have that apple?'"  
Three-year-old—'Yes, sir.' Papa—'Be careful, now. I'll ask mamma, and if she says you don't ask her I'll whip you for telling a story. Did you ask mamma?'"  
Three-year-old—'Truly, papa, I asked her. (A pause.) She said I couldn't have it.'"—*Philadelphia Call.*

"Mrs. General Sherman, like her husband, is a regular first-nighter at the theaters."  
"Miss Jennie Chamberlain, the Ohio beauty that created such a sensation in Europe, is now living at a hotel in Cleveland. She seldom goes out, receives few visitors and leads a very quiet life."

"George Bancroft, the octogenarian, politician and historian, is the only private citizen admitted to the privileges of the floor of the Senate, and the only person to who such courtesy is extended by name."  
"Senator Stanford's California ranch contains 56,000 acres, and is probably the largest in the country. Some 8,000 acres are planted in grapes, vines, and 1,000,000 wine cellar that holds 1,000,000 gallons."

"Worth, the famous Paris costumer, receives his customers in a short embroidered jacket, capacious trousers, a white flannel shirt fastened at the throat with a loosely-knotted scarf and a brown Tam O'Shanter cap."  
"Sir Donald Smith, the millionaire pioneer of the Hudson Bay Company, gave his daughter, lately married in Montreal, a check for \$2,000,000. The groom was Dr. J. B. Howard, a young physician of moderate means."

"A Nashville carpenter arose in his sleep and went into his shop and began filing a saw. The noise woke him up and he was mightily puzzled to find himself engaged at work at two o'clock in the morning in a dark shop."

**WOMEN AS ENGRAVERS.**

**The Promises and Limitations of the Work Clearly Defined.**  
Engraving to-day is not mere copying; it is an art in itself, which should not be attempted by any persons except those who have a good acquaintance with drawing, and also some artistic talent. To be an engraver, a graver wants to be a mere copyist of the lines, he can earn his living. His task will be the cutting of designs for patent reports—a kind of work poorly remunerated. The Chinese copyist has his merits, and there are many Chinese in China. In engraving wood-engravers of to-day must have originally, for it is originally in a certain sense which accedes to his benefit, although he may apparently only carry out the inspiration of another. To engrave with skill requires an instruction in the widest sense, after a woman has acquired an acquaintance with effects, a knowledge of tints, shadows, and the power to supplement the crudeness or the raggedness of the original design with effects of one's own.

A woman can make a living by doing what is called fashion or stock work, but when engravers get into that style of work it spoils them for the higher grades of engraving. Unless a woman can devote two or three years to nothing but practice-work, she might as well never have taken up the graver. It may be an office, but unless she is willing to accept much less pay than a man she will not find a position. If she wants to do picture-work that is, engrave from photographs or wash drawings, she had better make up her mind to study three years without expecting remuneration. One or two years she might as well never have taken up the graver. She must go through a three year's course of engraving,