"Let blessings on the widow be," Who never seeks her home, to say: "If want o'ertake you, come to me."

I hate the prayer so loud and long
That's offered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong

And only with his lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear her pray
With jeweled ear and silken dress,
Whose washer woman toils all day.
And then is asked to work for less,

Such pious shavers I despise: With folded hands and face demure, They lift to Heaven their "angel eyes," And steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers:

If wrong, I hope to be forgiven. No angel wing them upward bears:

They're lost a million miles from Heaven.

-- Hortford Times.

THE END OF THE ROAD.

Rest for Weary Feet, and Hands,

and Heart, and Brain.

He came into the composing-room one afternoon, nearly exhausted from

morning, and wet and cold with the

dismal rain and shet that was falling

He did not present an attractive ap-

shaving and washing, browned by

constant exposure—and a pair of great

eyes that looked hungrily around the

strange room as if in search of some-

thing he never found; a coat that

might once have graced the form of a

long since lost the trace of respect-ability—an old slouch hat, battered by

wind and weather, and hard usage,

No one could have told, or even

fifty or thirty-five years old. No mat-

ter-no one cared sufficiently to in-

quire or wender. He walked slowly

across the room, stopping at last to

The worker glanced over his

Sing seven, who had evidently been

longing for a "sub," threw himself

"Want to work? Jump on that

The tramp hesitated-only a second

-murmuring something about being

tired; then wearily took off his shabby

coat, exposing to view a shirt which

had no original color, and a vest

equally grimy and delapidated. But

when once at work, sending the type

almost deserted. Within the compos-

ing room all was life and fun and

laughter; merry talk mixed with the

elick, click of type from a hundred

Thoughtless, light-hearted workers,

"Where did you work last?" asked

"In Philadelphia," he answered,

"We fellows are used to that," with

"Pretty tired, aren't you?" said

'slug seven," walking up and noticing

"Yes; and I have a pain between my

work to-night, though." turning away

A tall, heavily-built man stalked in-

brown, unshaven face to the shabby

shoes that scarcely concealed his feet.

A sudden hush fell upon the noisy

crowd. The business manager of the

concern was not inclined to encour-

"He's all right; a little, rough-look-

The business manager walked out,

Six o'clock sounded from the differ-

ent city shop-bells, the whistles blew,

the old composing-room clock clanged

out six sharp notes. The office was

nearly deserted. The tramp lingered,

looking with a true compositor's pride

at the heaped-up case out of which he

might "pull a good string," if he

were not so tired, and that old pain

in his shoulders were not quite so

sharp, though almost taking his

"It looks as if I would have to waft

till lunch time for my supper, but it's

a long time till twelve o'clock to-

walked over to the sink to wash up.

No one seemed to notice that he must

he said to himself, as he

after which the jokes and general

freedom of speech were resumed.

three frames short to-night."

the weary look in his "sub's" face.

to pick up a bandful of type.

a young fellow, who stood beside the

stopping his work for a moment. "But

that was two weeks ago; haven't had

"That's hard luck," carelessly.

earning their money deftly and swift-

ly, and managing to be "dead broke"

each week as pay-day came around.

his case for the night's work.

hind him, saying indifferently:

"Here you are, slug seven."

turning to the stranger, said:

around the room.

any work since."

a little, bitter laugh.

like its owner.

a long walk of twenty-five miles since

SOCIETY NOTICES, I do not like to hear him pray On bended knee about an hour. LEBANON LODGE, NO. 44, A. F. & A. M.: Meeta at their new half in Masonic Block, on Saturday evening, on or before the full moon. J. WASSON, W. M. For grace to spend aright the day, Who knows his neighbor has no flour

I'd rather see him go to mill And buy the luckless brother bread. And see his children eat their fill And laugh beneath their humble shed. LEBANON LODGE, NO. 47, L. O. O. F.; Meets Sat-urday evening of each week, at Odd Fellow's Hall, Main street; visiting beethren cardially horited to attend. J. J. CHARLTON, N. G. HONOR LODGE NO. 33, A. O. U. W. Lebanon Oragon: Meets every first and third Thursday ever ings in the month. F. H. ROSCOE M. W. I do not like to hear him pray:

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Enlarging from Small Pictures. Instautaneous Process.

WORK WARRANTED.

C. T. COTTON.

DEALER IN

Groceries and Provisions, grew a triffe less perceptible, and an occasional smile lurked in the corner

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

All kinds of Teaming case - in the waste-box, or

REASONABLE RATES.

BURKHART & BILYEU.

bearts prompted any such action, the fear of being snubbed by their land-BAD PRAYERS. ladies for the generous deed overruled all thought in that direction. At half-past six our of the men com-

ing into the room found the "sub" seated on a stool, resting one arm on his case, his hand covering his eyes. As he did not look up the man spoke with pleasant indifference.

"Been out to supper?"
"No," in a choked voice, "I am

dend broke." "You must have some supper," said his questioner, "you will not be able to work to-night. You are nearly tired

out now, I imagine." 'Oh, no, I can work-I must work to-wight.

The man made no answer, but leaving the room, returned presently with which they reside. a lunch from a bakery.

'Here, my man, this will set you up till lunch-time, when the boys will give you a bite, no doubt."

"Thank you," he answered, the tenys coming into his eyes-immediately looking a little ashamed of it. .What a fool I am," he said, as he tick of the great clock and the gliding

cockronches for company. At seven o'clock the force were on hook" was indulged in; no one hesitated to "soldier", a little for a phat take of editorial or a cut which would measure eight hundred. All but the tramp-his ambition seemed to be on the decline, as the hours rolled by. Once his partner who pearance-a face that needed both stood next to him said in an undertone, as he walked to his place with a dash-rule taker

> "Pall out, the pext is a head and twelve leads." But the "sub" could not "pull out." The letters refused to come to his hand with their customary readiness. Twice in succession he "pied" a line, and once he struggled full fifteen minutes in the pricess of "making

"You must be rattled," his neighbor said, laughing at him, quietly. "A little nervous, I guess," he an guessed with any degree of accuracy, swered, saying nothing of the dreadthe man's age. He may have been ful weakness and weariness that was stealing over him, while the old, sharp pain never relaxed its steady, distress-

At lunch time he could eat nothing, watch dreamily the deft fingers of one although the bors were profuse in their offers to share with him. "I am not hungry," he said. The very words choked him; the food would have done shoulder at another man who sat bethe same. 12204

Work was resumed, but the tramp out for a brea h of fresh air, he had village gathering. Often the parish is the Good Old Days. was not with the ret. He would go said, but he did not return. carelessly off his stool, deposited a dozen lines of type on the stone, and jumped his cases," remarked one of pensant will, perhaps, give 5 kopekas superstition the popular mind was precarelessly off his stool, deposited a

> "Or a drink," remarked another. "No matter, thirty is on the hook." Click, click, went the type in the

bither and thither in the process of 'sub' did not return. distribution, the weary look on his face Gone to book for lodgings, perhaps," laughed one, as the gang stood around the sink, each waiting his turn of his mouth at the jokes that went at the soap and water and mourning Outside, the November sleet beat

'He'll find them in the C'ty Hall; against windows, and the streets were he looks like a rough customer," said

"A v ry quiet sort of fellow, I

"And a clean shirt." "And a shave."

Oh, come now, boys; you may be on the road yourselves, yet, and look as rough as this man.' "Not while I can stand off the bar ber and the tailor," was the answer.

But the tramp, where was he? A little bewildered by the change from the lights of the composing room to the dimiy-lighted street, he stood for a mouent, scarcely knowing where he was. The fire of fever was in his eves, the flash of fever in his rough

cheeks; his head, felt heavy and his I are bounded against his side tumulthoulders that cuts like a knife. I must H - walked slowly down the street, far her and farther, turning here and there, heedlessly-going he knew not to the room at this juncture. He where-in any direction to escape glanced sharply at the new man, tak- that ringing in his ears, and the ing in his general outside appear- terrible pain that clatched at every

once in one swift look, from the breath. The city lights grow farther apartthe brick blocks faded away late quiet country roads. Still he waiked on, until half unconscious he sank beside the way, and could go no farther. The age levity. He walked over to the shabby hat fell back from his head, foreman's table, whispering somerevealing a forehead broad and high thing in his ear and received the authe great, sid eyes gazed up in an unseeing way at the moon that drifted overhead, and looked down at him ing, but a printer is a printer; we're pityingly from its flight through heave

Then between his face and the night sky there crept a picture. A long, low, vine-covered house-a porch in front where a woman stood, one hand on the head of a boy-a slender, palefaced lad, with great, sad eyes. She kissed his lips, and held his hand and murmured blessings on her child as he eft her standing alone beneath the

vines and climbing roses. Then another scene drifted through the duiled and weary brain. A place where mirth and wine and revelry ran high, and one there-the gayest of the gay-a man with a pale face and sad eyes, belying his own nature by the words he uttered. A messenger at the door-a telegram thrust into his hands-"Your mother is dead"

-then followed a blank. The moon waded through an interneed food-that he would be vening cloud, and by its light the dyto bunk under his ing man saw still another picture. Wrapped in the robes that angels press-room-anywhere for want of a wear, descending to his side in the little money to procure a lodging out- track of a quivering ray of moonside. None of the smart young print- light, she came-his mother. She ers who held regular cases on that en- lifted his head to her breast, the terprising sheet could be expected to weary head that had missed caresstake to their respectable boarding ing so long, she pressed her lips to places a man so dirty and uncouthlooking as this tramp. Even if their to his very heart; she touched with

her soft fingers his tired eyes, and they closed in a long and und sturbed sleep, never to open again till the last trump sounds through the startled skies.

No more weary miles; no more days Rest, perfect rest, for feet and hands in Vankee Blade.

RUSSIAN PRIESTS.

Hardship and Toll.

Greek church, and the priesthood of spot, though making a constant nervthe empire form a unique and entirely ous, shuddering motion, as if anxions separate class of the community in to get away. My friend thought this

as the opportunity never occurs for his head uplifted, about six or seven entrance into a university they are not feet from the dog, which still heeded priest, or pope, as the people call him, snake. He dismounted, took the dog is at all times ready for the discussion by the head and thrust him off, when of public questions, but if he fin is the snake, which had up to that was again left alore, with only the himself on the wrong side of the argu- moment remained quiet, immediately ment, he will simply smile and walk swelled with rage, and began soundaway; he thus avoids all feeling of ing his rattles. The prairie dog for hand ready for work. No jokes now, but each man buckled down to the task before him, anxious to do his other sources proves entirely inade-The usual amount of "working quate to his wants. He can not re- a case of charming? If not, what was wife, and should she die he must f r- named John Irving McClure, a farmer, ing in those months two hours' travel ever remain a widower, an unpleasant well known to me, a good and truthful contingency to contemplate. His man. I now give it up that snakes do therefore selects the healthiest woman indeed charm, or so paralyze birds and of domestic bliss.

the priest's house, but the heavies dead. What say the scientists? burden he has to bear, and one which And to one who is familiar with the taxes his resources to the utmost, is eyes of rattlesnakes it does not seem of his numerous family.

It often happens that on reaching the village placed under his care he you will perceive that it has an ex-down in the car-chair I throw off tremely malignant and terrible expreson his pocket begins immediately. sion. When he is have and contains on his pocket begins immediately. Sometimes the appearance of the dreadful appearance as the eye of the peach orchards and the potato patches, rest is the signal for marriages which rattlesnake. It is enough to strike not the berry-dold; and the vineyards. functionary not being on the spot to perform the ceremony. In this latter with nightmare. I have on several occasions examined them closely with and the core contact homes case the wife and eldest daughter are expected to attend the wedding, and it would give the gravest offense should that desired them closely with strong glasses, and feel with all force what I state, and I will tell you that should they decline the invitation.
They are also expected to appear in better garb than any of the parish- angered rattlesnake through a good toners. This necessitates the pur- glass-bringing him apparently within chase of new sarafens (petticonts). Thus the poor priest is forced some- more than a moment. - Forest and times to deny himself even necessaries that his women folks may prosent a respectable appearance at the the men to the foreman; "he went (2) cents), onother 10 kopekas, but pared to receive as a remedy a

peasant's gift. church are on friendly terms the latter which also received soluce when a will influence the peasants to assist rusty old sword was hung up by the the former in his labors. But while no patient's bedside. Nails driven into sticks. The sleepy galley boy was the former in his labors. But while no patient's bedside. Nails driven into roused for his last task that night; the money is given in return for the aslast form west rattling down the ele- sistance thus rendered, it yet entails ventive against toothache. A halter vator to the press-room, and still the considerable expense for vodka which had served to hang a criminal (whisky) and food, and the priest, withal, when bound round the temples, therefore, prefers to do his own work was found an infallible remedy for if possible. During harvest he is com- headache. A still more efficacious ants is indeed aggravating. Some and then taken by way of cephalic priests go into the business snuff. A dead man's hand could disof raising bees, and by this pel tumors of the glands by stroking means increase their income perhaps the parts nine times; but the hand of a thought," said the man who had 40 or 50 rubles per year. Another man who had been cut down from the worked beside him. "He was sick source of revenue is the collecting of gallows-tree was, we need not say, a and tired; all he wants is a good eggs during the Easter season, and remedy infinitely more efficacions. the making of perogs (a peculiar kind of cake) and buckwheat cakes, for among the superstitious poor of the which ther find a ready sale. Happy provinces, although the formula, of is the priest if at the end of the year course, is not now strictly adhered to,

> comes an object of charity. walking through the village some evil of decomposition went on the warts will surely befall him. To disarm the would wither and disappear. bad genius and turn aside the impendly believed to be a sure protection against all evil influences. The life of a country priest in the great Russian in Chicago Herald.

PITH AND POINT,

-A new book is entitled "The Key-le Country." It is undoubtedly full conversations accidentally over-

She-I think any man ought to ble to support a woman. He-Well, dont know about that; some women re insupportable, you know .- Wash-

ng the poem we are convinced that the -Some fireman, somewhere, evident-

ly smitten with somebody, gave the fol-lowing toast: "Cupid and his torch, the only incendiary that can kindle a flame which the engines can not quench." -Gus-Have you put the important them worthless; but a woman hates to uestion to old Moneybags' daughter, Jack? Jack-No. I hear there is a prior attachment there. Gus-You

lon't say so? Jack-Yes, the sheriff has attached every thing the old man owns.-N. Y. Sun. -Professor (to students) -Pray, go on smoking, it doesn't annoy me in the bacco as with hay; I don't eat any myself, but I am delighted to watch others

enjoying it .- N. Y. Telegram.

Servant (to woman at the doc The mistress was taken very fill last night and can't see anyone. Them's my orders. Woman—Yes. Will you please say that Miss S., the dressmaker, s at the door? Servant (after a brief absence)-You are to walk up stairs, mum.-N. Y. Herald. -If he had a mind-

The dude he would go a-courting.
Then said his mamma kind,
"You must not go," and he answered,
"Fil go if I have a mind."
The mother smiled serenely,
Then said, in accents low,
"If that is the case, my darling,
You cartainly will not go."

THE RATTLESNAKE'S EYE. Its Malignant, Terrible and Dangerously

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1888.

Function Express Never seeing a snake charm a bird or animal, I concluded it was a negro No more weary miles; no more days superstition or fancy, devoid of fact. of hunger and loneliness and cold. So I continued to think until a few days ago when a farmer friend of mine. and heart and brain. - Emma Lyndon. living four miles south of Abilene, told me what he had lately witnessed. He said he was riding along on a prairie, and saw a prairie dog within a few feet his hole, as prairie dogs usually do The established religion of Russia is when approached by mun; on the conformulated after the doctrines of the trary, he sat as if transfixed to the was strange, and while considering the Their education is somewhat above that received in our public schools, but tlesnake coiled up under some bushes, versed in classical lore. The Russian him not, but looked steadily upon the anger on either side. The income de- some time seemed benumbed, hardly marry, as the law allows him but one it? My friend who told me this is he can find, in the hope of a long life little animals with terror, when they

eatch their eye, that they become help-Travelers always feel free to stop at less and motionless, almost as good as the bringing up and suitable education unreasonable that they should have such power. If you will examine the eye of one when he is cold in death, sion. When he is alive and excited I a foot or two of the eye-and stand it Stream.

OLD-TIME VAGARIES.

In the early days of credulity and out at lunch time for a breath of air, the merchant usually doubles the of a mysterious character. A ring If the priest and deacons of the ited with the power of relieving cramps, peled to accept assistance, as the remedy was found, of course, in the climate is very uncertain, but the "moss" growing on a human skull, treatment he receives from the peas- which moss was dried and pulverized

Some of these remedies still exist he finds he can make both ends meet. the game being emphatically "hardly When old age overtakes him he be- worth the candle." To cure warts for instance, the best thing was to The Russian peasant has but little steal a piece of beef from the butcher respect for his spiritual adviser; he is with which the warts were to be also very superstitious, and believes rubbed, after which it was to be inthat should he meet his priest while terred in any filth, and as the process

The chips of a gallows on which seving wrath he spits on the ground as eral persons had been hanged, when he passes the priest. This is religious- worn in a bag round the neck, were pronounced an infallible cure for the ague. The nightmare, supposed, of course, to be caused by supernatural It represents every possibility between agency, was banished by means of a the positive and superlative degrees of at the head of the sufferer's bed. This last remedy went by the name of a "hag-stone," because it prevented the witches, who of course wrought the mischief, from sitting on the patient's

stomach. Its effect upon these mischievous old crones was singularly deterrent. The poor old creatures who could not have sat a horse the moment he began to walk were credited with riding these animals over the moorland at headlong speed in the dead of night, when bet--"One Hundred Years" is the title ter disposed and less frisky people were f a new Thanksgiving poem. It is a wrapped in slumber. A "hag-stone" erribly long sentence, but after read- tied to the key of the stable door at once put a stop to these heathenish

vagaries. - Time. -A few years ago a school ma'am in Cumberland County, Maine, was presented by her beau with deeds to some California lands. Both considered part with any thing, so she put them away. Recently she received an offer of \$250,000 for the land, valuable mineral deposits having been dis covered, which she promptly accepted.

-Mr. Minks-I met an old schoolmate to-day for the first time in forty ers enjoy it. It is the same with to- years and we had a grand talk about old times. Mrs. Minks-It was a man, "No, he never marany one I know?" "-Omaha World. -Bagley (who has just been intro-

duced)-Colonel Trump, of the Hogtown Howler? Happy to meet you. My Why don't you put some of lowler occasionally?-PhilaLIFE ON THE ROAD.

Experiences of Me : Who Are Compeled to Travel Every Day. Then there is another large group who are "on the road" nearly every day. These are the men whose busiiess, trades or calling are in town and whose dwelling-houses or family places town, at the shore or in the country, On this class observations may be made. Some of them make a dreary of him, which refused to scamper to to and fro, especially if the ride takes an hour or two. They bury themselves in silence, or they make futile efforts to read profitless and trashy "light literature," or they resort to the smokog-car, or they play eards all the way; they at once set to work to try to go to sleep, and all "to kill time," and so make a wear some labor or feverish free of the trip. And, in fact, it is a monotonous, dull, and very tedious business with them as they work it-a profitless expenditure of time, most of

mmer is over.

nent. During several months of the year it happens that he is obliged to be on the road twice every day, his apart. He makes the trip to the city early in the morning and back in the evening, and while he is by no means a youth, he never suffers enuni on the train, never seems to be tired, and, in net, never is tired on the roal. When asked how that comes about his answer is: "Tired? No; the most absolute rest I get, except when I am in b d asleep, is during the two hours of the railroad ride home in the afternoon and evening. When I settle thought in it. I look at the fields and and the cozy cottage homes along the village roads, the wild flowers and he wild birds, the pretty railway stations, their parterres, and the varied and enrious groups of people of

all descriptions congreated at the staons. I have a 'pas-ing acquaintance' with every thing on that road, aniso them under some fresh aspect. 5 me new interest is always coming to otice. The restfulness of it all is so erfect and absolute that you must er it befor, you can understand it." "When asked about the 'time" aken up in the two daily trips he uhl: "Yes, of course, there pend four he re out of the working ay that way, so I divide them, devotag the two hours to the shore after e day's work is over to perfect rest. ad putting the two hours coming up the morning to work, and I can do then fresh in the morning. It is onderful to find how letters and apers and memoranda about business flairs that were puzzles and difficulies to know what to do with during in busy hours of the day before clear hemselves up and almost dispose of

n the road -N. F. Letter.

omselves when the mind is fresh and

be and active in the early mornin;

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. in Enthusiastic Carrespondent's De-While the writing-room in her own ome is in itself a perfect inspiration, eavy with an atmosphere distilled rom a husband's most cultivated aste, a wife's most poetle fancy, she an sit in a room anywhere with a alkative lady, two or three chatting irls, a sewing-machine, a troubleome baby, a singing bird, and not mly compose her most intense and ul-stirring verse in the melce, but pep in sympathy with the spirit of he place. In this, as all else with r. people stand first, things af erward. She would at any time let her randest poem fall in fragments about her feet rather than wound the feelings of the smallest child about her. So she answers their questions, gives firections when helpful, joins in the mirth if necessary to the success of he joke that she seems please!

kisses the baby, uld of some millinery or dressnaking experiment needing "pushng" to a sacces dal completion, and oes right on with the poem, from th ch it must have cost a supreme efort to turn aside. Sie neither wrig-I s nor writhes, uplifts her eyes nor rops her head. But for an unusual ight in the wine-colored eyes and a lightly increasing color, one might 26,000 hands. - London Times magine her engaged in writing an orlinary letter to a friend.

The only gesture which can be said betoken a moving of the composing vaters is a dainty little thrust of the Ift hand outward, just as you have een a bird on a perch stretch its leg. with a little kick, on waking. She always looks at her finger nails, of it back. This, with a peep at a little and will be a sister to mirror which she keeps on her writingtable for this purpose, invariably rings the word, turns the sentence of arranges the idea almost as quickly as d can be written. She likes to dress laintly always, but especially when writing. - Chicago Times.

"What sort of a watch is this?"

asked a gentleman, picking up a curi-I suppose. "O! yes, and as long as ous old time-piece in the shop of a deal-I've lived I never saw such a perfect er of curiosities. "That," replied the example of contentment and earthly dealer, "is a real curiosity. It is a happiness as he is." "Did he marry watch that belonged to Alexander the watch that belonged to Alexander the Great when he died on the barren Island of St. Helena." "The dence it is! Why, man alive, in the days of Alexander the Great there was no such whe sent several poems to the Howler in earlier years. They never appeared, I believe. Colonel Trump—Possibly not. You see, I am compelled to send back or destroy interesting matter every day; I receive so much. Bagley—Indeed! Why don't you put some of the first had a shaft of the Balm Lode, near flats, 171 feet in height; Dakota flats, 155 feet; Munro flats, 155 feet; Munro flats, 155 feet; Munro flats, 155 feet; Munro flats, 142 feet. The measurement is locked it up in his hunglay proof and wife sent several poems to the Howler things as watches!" "That's just what

THE ORIENTAL HAREM.

NO. 15.

A Brief Glimpse of One of the Peculiar Pestures of Mohammedism.

One of the conditions upon which woman enters the harem is that she give up all family ties and connec tions with the outside world. While of abode for the time being are out of polygamy is permitted in Turkey, not more than five per cent. of his Majesty's Moslem subjects have harems. General Wallace depicted in a humor-ous vein the curiosity of American women to visit the harems. They always have a great desire to see the poor creatures at home, and to devise some means to raise them from their degraded condition. After a visit many of these ladies change their minds about the fearful fate of the Turkish women. The Turkish ladies assembly in a common reception room richly furnished. They are attended by a throng of slaves, white and black, who do their every bidding. The mistresses of these harems wear costumes which the speaker, after apologizing for his teficiency on the subject of feminine them getting very tired of it before the opparel, undertook to describe. Their dothing is of the richest material. Of the general intelligence of these women their American sisters who have seen tho go "on the road" to better purose, who don't get tired, and who them do not speak in flattering terms. don't try to "kill time" lu any of the The conversation between the Turkish women and their visitors nearly glways ways already mentioned. One of this group we have in mind at this mo-

runs about this way: "Where are you from?" inquire the luxurious wives of the Mahommedans. "From America." "Where is America?"

"It's over the ocean." "Do you ever go out there without wearing veils? Aren't you ashamed

before the men?" "We don't pay any attention to the It is the general opinion that ladies of the harem are prisoners. This is merely a delusion. Every Turkish woman has her own quarters and her own slaves to wait upon her. She can take a ride whenever she wishes, and she wears what she pleases without any interference. The Turkish headdress is, with due deference to the styles of Paris and New York, the most becoming of any in the world. It makes the homelicst women handsome and the handsome angelic. The Turkish women are, next to our own American omen, the most beantiful I have ever Glimpses of them can be caught on Fridays, the Turkish Sunday, or from their carriages. They do their own shopping. It is theirs to buy as they please and their husbands to pay for it. It is incorrect to say that there is no home-life among the Turks. Lay-ing aside the tie of husband and wife, there remains that almost as dear parent and child. The residents of the arem, which means a sacred or secret

FRANCE'S MINERALS.

place, are passionately devoted to their

children, upon whom they can shower

all the tenderness of a woman's nature.

-From a Lecture by General Lew Wal-

Statistical Reports Showing an Increase in Ore Production.
From the Bureau of the Minister of a statement of the iron and coal production of France up to the end of 1881, which shows both in that and the previous year a fair amount of increase. The total yield of iron ore for 1881 was 3,689,000 tons, an increase of 5 per cent. over that of 1880, which aree hours' work easily in those two | we less by 158,000 tons. The production of Algeria was 657,000 tons for 1881, an increase of 42,000 tons. Iron ore is worked in France in 33 depart-(1,796,000 tons) being furnished the department of Muerthe de Moselle Next comes Ardeche, with 197,000; Haute Marne, 169,000; Saone et Loire, 162,000; Pyrences Orientales, 183,000 the increase of production, there has been a similar increase of im portation from Algeria, Spain, Germany, Italy and Belgium, the total mount being 1,287,000 more than in previous year. The consumption of iron ore during 1881 in the various smelting works was 4.231,000 tons, of which 6 per cent. came from Algeria

and 24 per cent. from foreign sources The production of coal, anthracite and limite, for the year was 19,766,000 tons, an increase of 582,000 over that of the previous year. The depart-ments of Nord and Pas-de-Culais figure for 8,992,000, followed at a respectful distance by the Loire coal basin with 3,516,000, Gard with 1,933,000, Burgundy and Nivernais with 1,552,000. Tarn and Aveyron 1,080,000, Bourbonnais 951,000. All these minor cos fields have fallen off in their production, and the increase for the year is solely due to Nord and Pas-de-Calais. The import of fuel into France in 1881 was 10,221,000 tons, of which 5,396,000 came from Belgium, 3,569,000 from England and 1,225 from Germany. Coal importation has been steadily increasing for several years in France, that of 1872 being only 7,709,000. The exports of coal are very small and are steadily decreasing, having been 603,000 tons in 1880 and 601,000 in 1881. The peat fuel industry is also on the decrease, for in 1872 the working of peat bogs amounted to 325,000 tons and in 1881 to 233,000. The peat is, however, still largely used, there be ing upward of 1,073 reorganized peat beds in the State, on which are 8,400 separate workings, employing about

Revenge is Sweet.

She wasn't very young, but she had money. He didn't want the earth. "Dearest," he began, but she stopped

"I anticipate what you are about to say, Mr. Sampson," she said, "and I it the closest attention, will seeme the would spare your feelings, for it can best results.—National Live-Stock which she is very careful, on drawing never, never be. I esteem you highly, Journal, "I have four sisters already," he re-

plied bitterly, "four grown sisters, and life is a hideous burden. But, oh Clara," he went on passionately, "if you can not be my wife will you not give me a mother's protecting love? I'm an orphan."—Life. been three miles in length and nearly a subscription wheat, potatoes, old stove-

hundred yards wide, lately passed over pipes, turnips, beets, parsnips, bees-Edenton bay, North Carolina They wax, onions, cider, butter, lard, castobscured the heavens like a dark cloud, off clothing, old rubber shoes, oysterand the noise of their flight was like the | cans, old iron and money. rush of a mighty wind.

-The newest kind of a thief is one in Bellevue, O., who steals thermometers exclusively .- Cleveland Leader.

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LITERARY CRITICS.

A Learned Discussion of Books and Authors by Two Scholarly Bostonese Damsels.

They meet in a horse-car; each gives a little scream of surprise and delight; they shake hands furiously, kias, giggle, and finally settle down into the following learned discussion of books and

"What you reading this winter, anyhow, Mame?"

"Oh, Browning, to be sure!" "So am I." (This happened in Bos-

"Isn't he just perfectly splendid?"
"Oh, perfectly!"
"But it's hard to always understand

just what he means." "Yes, so it is; but then I just rave over him, anyhow."

"Oh, I do, too; he's just grand!" "You reading Howells this winter?" "Oh, yes; I've read the 'Minister's Charge.' Isn't it good?'

"Splendid! Only I was just utterly disgusted with the way that 'Manda and Statirs carried on."

"Wasn't you, though? It was just perfectly awful." "Yes, and to think of that splendid Lem going to sacrifice himself to that Statica, as he was; I declare I cried all

night over it!" "So did I! And I could hug Howells for getting Lem out of that scrape the way he did. I just think Howells is perfectly and utterly lovely, anyhow."
"Isn't he? I read every line he

writes the minute it is out." "Are you reading Craddock any?" "Yes, indeed! Some of her characters are just too lovely for any-

thing!" "I know it! But her descriptive parts are so awfully long. Do you know I always skip them?" "So do I. She has a full moon in

every chapter, hasn't she?" "Of course she has! And it's always popping up over the Tennessee mountains on the slightest provocation." "That's so! But wasn't Lethe Sayles

just perfectly splendid?"
"Ob, I just screamed over her. But then she couldn't step outside the door without the full moon or a 'sibilant wind' coming up immediately." "I know. Perfectly ridiculous, wasn's

it? They say James is going out."
"Oh, I think he is just too utterly splendid for any use in some things. "Yes, but one has to read so much to get so little in his books." "Oh, how funny you are, Mame." "I don't care! It's so, Lol. He takes

two solid chapters to tell how a woman gets up from her chair and walks across a room. "Oh, you ridiculously funny girl, you! I shall die laughing."

"But, I tell you, Mame, when I want to read something perfectly splendid I fall back on Dickens' David Copper-"Oh, Lol, hush right up, or I shall

just boo-hoo right out in this car, I shall! I just want to be off where can ery real hard every time I think of "I tell you, Mame, these modern

writers don't get right squarely down to the heart of things as Dickens and Thackeray did." "No, they just don't?"

"Now you just-do you get out "Yes, good-bve, dear."

"Good-bye. "You'll come real soon to see me?" "Yes, I will." "Do. now."

"Yes, indeed! Good-bye." "Good-bye." "Good-bye." "Good-bye." - Zenas Dane, in Puch.

FARM DETAILS. Why Every Agriculturist Should Keep a Strict Business Account.

There are farmers who investigate the details of their business so little that they can not tell what branches of it bring a profit and what are carried on at a loss. They know, in a general way, whether they are as well off at the end of the year as they were at the beginning, but they can not tell just where the loss or gain was made. If a strict account is kept in detail, it can be easily told whether a particular crop cost more than its value in market, and thus the farmer be enabled to decide intelligently what crops his farm is best adapted for. Lack of business methods cause many a farmer to go on from year to year making little or no headway, and claiming that farming does not pay. Nor is this lack of systematic business methods confined to those who devote their farms to grain-raising? How many stock-raisers are there who can tell what it costs them to raise a horse or steer and prepare him for market? How many dairymen are there who can tell just what the returns from each cow of the herd are, so they can tell which cows should be disposed of and

which retained. Now is a good time for a change in this respect. More system and attention to the details are necessary in these times of lower prices and closer competition with the producers in other countries. Those who understand their business the most thoroughly and give

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

-Exterminating prairie dogs at so much an acre is the occupation of several men at Wichita Falls, Tex.

-The Hanover (Mich.) Times an--A flock of blackbirds, said to have nounces that it will take in payment for

> -J. T. Campbell, United States Consul at Anckland, New Zealand, says in his latest report to the State Department that twelve million dollars has been expended in New Zealand in the last eight years in the effort to over-

locked it up in his burglar-proof safe from the curb level to roof .- N. I. at the bottom of the shaft is supposed to account for the mysterious appa-ritions that terrified the miners.