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(ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.)
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VOL. II. LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1888. NO. 17.

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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.

A NEGRO'S STORY.

His Discouraging Experience in Liberia, the Colored Man's African Republic.

Anderson Jones (colored) returned to this city from Liberia, in Africa, where he went in the spring of 1885. He is now at home in Montgomery, and says he is here to stay. He is stopping at his father's, out beyond the Women's Home, in the eastern portion of the city. A reporter went out to see him the other day, and from his own lips heard the story of the travels and trials and stay in the land that does not flow with milk and honey.

"I left Montgomery on February 24, 1885, for New York, accompanied by my wife and two children. We sailed from New York for Liberia on the last day of February. In our party there were fifty emigrants, including men, women and children. We had a very pleasant voyage, and landed at Monrovia, Liberia, on April 4. We went to Liberia under direction of the Colonization Society of Washington. The society furnished us, according to promise, with provisions to last us six months. After we reached our destination we had our land surveyed, and set about to build houses and settle. As for my part, I soon found that the rainy season was too close at hand, and I did not have time to settle on the land set apart for me. I then got two acres from another man in the settlement, and built a little house in which I lived while there. I planted and raised a few potatoes, and we ate them and enjoyed them. The house I built was ten by fifteen feet. I built it with small poles and covered it with bamboo. The rainy season set in about May 1 and continued until along some time in November. Sometimes the rainfall would be steady for a week or two, and then it would slack up an hour or a day and then commence again. But for six months we had no sunshine and dry weather, and during all that time we were confined in-doors, and could not do any thing in the way of out-door work to earn a living. In the fall the rainy spell ends, and then there is nothing but drought and hot sunshine for six months. We had no winter, and the only cool weather came during the rainy spell, in what we call the summer months here."

There are many things that must make an American feel very much out of place in Africa. Continuing the tale of his bitter experience, Anderson said:

"In cultivating the soil the settlers, as well as the natives, have to do all the work with hoes. There are no horses or mules or cattle in that country. In some of the oldest settlements they have a few cattle, but they are very small and dwarfish. A full-grown cow in Africa is no larger than a year-old calf in this country. In the settlement where we lived I never saw but the one poor little calf, and not a single horse or mule in the country. I was sick about three months, and was greatly troubled with bloodthirsty little insects known as jiggers. They are smaller than a flea and far more troublesome. They attack a victim on the feet while he sleeps and work their way into the flesh, forming bad sores. I saw many people with several of their toes fairly eaten off by the little pests. In my sickness I had no medicine and no physician. There was no doctor in the settlement except herb doctors, who make their own medicine. People in that country can't make money, and it takes hard digging to make all ttle something to eat. I had a little money when I went there, but everything was so high that it was soon gone. The man who was employed by the Colonization Society to issue provisions to the settlers swindled us out of supplies for twenty days, and just at a time when we needed help most. The people over there don't much like for settlers to come away. But they can't raise any objections, and the natives are all peaceable. When a man decides to leave he has to post a written notice of his intentions in a public place for ten days and get a passport from the Government. I wrote letters to my people here and received replies. The letters go and come around by English steamers. I was bent on coming back to Alabama, though I had no money and no means of making it. My relatives here and in Texas sent us $100, and we sold our best clothes to raise $25. We had not have to pay fare for our little girl, and only $25 for the boy and $50 each for myself and wife. I had no cause to leave this country, and now since I am home in Alabama once more I will not bother about going off again to go anywhere."

Anderson Jones is thirty-six years old. Anderson is above the average of his race in point of intelligence. His wife is a light mulatto woman. They have two children. They had one child born in Africa, which died early and was buried there. Anderson says that Liberia is a mighty poor country to live in, and there are many other American negroes there who would come back if they could. He thinks this is God's country and is willing to live his life out and be buried here. He comes home sick with fever and is getting well slowly.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.*

Remarkable Law-Suit.

A curious law-suit is in progress in a small town in Saxony. A man caught a rat, tied a small bell round its neck and let it go again, as he had heard that such rat would scare every other rat out of the house. The plan succeeded, and his house in a few days was clear of the plague. A few nights later, however, his neighbor's family were nearly frightened out of their wits by hearing the mysterious sound of a bell in various parts of the house. They came to the conclusion that the house was haunted, until the servant girl accidentally heard of their neighbor's doings, who is now to be fined, if he loses the suit, for creating a nuisance.—*N. Y. Post.*

Plantation Philosophy.

Eben de truff dat cums from er liar is sorter tainted.

Der bery men dat tries ter hide dar age tries ter show dar 'sperience.

Mos' any man would rather you'd say dat he's tol' er smart lie den er ignunt truff.

De man whut has de mos' pleasan' 'quaintances mighty offen has de fewer real frien's.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—A Texan who has been in the penitentiary five times for horse stealing, was released the other day, having just completed a five years' sentence. Before nightfall he had stolen another horse and was lodged in a county jail.

FATHER GARDNER.

He Tells How Even the Most Humble May Get Above the Common Herd.

A note has been left on my desk axin' me why de present aige has not produced a Cicero, Diogenes or Milton. I answer to de effeck dat each aige has produced of itself an' fur itself.

Diogenes was looked upon as a wise man in his day and aige. Put him an' his tub on airth to-day, an' it wouldn't be twenty-four hours befo' he'd be jerked to de jug fur a crank, an' de law would fo'ce him to cut his ha'r, dig out his finger nails an' put on a clean shirt.

Cicero was applauded by thousands fur his masterly oratory. At dat aige de gift of gab was a rare thing. In dis aige you can attend a five dollar lawsuit befo' any justice of de peace an' find a match fur Cicero in a three dollar lawyer. If he could drap down among us he'd find it hard work to get a resolushun fur a new sidewalk frew de city council.

Shakespeare was a big-bug fur de aige in which he lived. He was probably de only person on airth who could writ his writings, an' he desarved all praise. If he was among us to-day he'd find ebery newspaper givin' him de guy, an' all de boys yellin' out "chestnut!" as his works appeared in Seaside form. Dis aige demands a different style. We want sunthin' 'bout angels comin' down an' takin' leetle chil'en straight up to Heaben, or a feller gwine out to Texas an' killin' half a dozen Injuns a day fur a vacashun. We want plain English, widout any ha'd words in it. We doan't know nuffin' 'bout me Lord, me Duke, me lady an' sich, an' we doan' want to. Dis aige has produced five thousand pussons, who, while dey can't write like Shakespeare did, kin waltz all aroun' him in keepin' de reader's ha'r on eand from de fust paige to de fast.

Nero was a big gun fur his aige, but jest you emagine sich a chap cavortin, aroun' dis kentry at dis day an' date. De werry fust time he sounded his bazoo in de Ninth ward a peeler would give him de collar an' walk him down, an' de next mawnin' you'd see it in de papers dat ole Nero was sent up fur sixty days fur disturbin' de peace.

We has no poet to ekal Milton, but if we had de newspapers wouldn't gin him a fair show. Dey'd refer to his produckshuns as spring poetry, an' he'd likely be dubbed de Ba'n-gate Balladist of Indiana. Dis aige doan' cry fur poetry half as much as fur pork, and a chap like Milton would hev to turn a hand-organ to make a living.

De aige doan' demand no great man in any line. When it does he will bob to de surface an' his name will appear in de papers. We am all mo' or less orators. We am all wise 'nuff in our way. We am all philosophers 'nuff to see why water won't run up hill, an' statesmen 'nuff to know dat what ails dis kentry am its over-production of bootjacks.

My advice to you am to keep right on being common folks. If you want to git above de common herd pay cash for your groceries; let odder folkses wood-piles alone; keep whisky an' sich at arm's length; put in six days a week at hard work; read mo' skule books an' fewer novels. You may not become a Napoleon nor a Plato, but you'll be remembered in your own nayburhood when de names of State Guv'nors hev bin forgotten.—*Detroit Free Press.*

READING IN WORKSHOPS.

A Foreign Idea Which is Worthy of Naturalization in This Country.

Mr. Loening, United States Consul at Bremen, in a report to our Government on the condition of the wage-workers of that city, speaks of the intelligence of a class of shop hands. He says "they are well posted in the current news and are good politicians," and then proceeds to tell how it happens that the shop hands in that city are so much above the average mechanic in intelligence and information. He says: "Every morning in these large factories a good reader is picked out to read the morning papers to them [the workmen], while the other workmen contribute so much to make up his amount of work while he reads." Such a plan does not cost each laborer probably one-tenth what he would pay for a copy of the paper, and he also saves the time he would otherwise spend in reading it.

There are many trades in which such a plan could be adopted in this country, like cigar-making and others where there is little noise to disturb the reader, and it is worthy of adoption. Indeed, we believe it has been adopted here in a few shops. It is better than the individual reading of a paper, because in the latter case the reader will skip articles not of special interest to him, while in the former the whole paper is read and he is obliged to hear things he would not himself read. It might be objected that in some trades the reading would disturb the workmen, but an hour or an hour and a half devoted to reading by one could not be much of a disadvantage, even if it took the workman's attention somewhat; and if there is any truth in the saying that labor is valuable in proportion to its intelligence all such loss would be more than compensated for.

We should like to see this experiment thoroughly tried in this country. It has been asserted that one-half of the troubles of the laboring classes spring from the fact that they are unacquainted with events of the day, condition of the markets, state of trade and kindred subjects. If that is true the Bremen plan offers the easiest, cheapest and quickest solution of the difficulty. It is worth a trial, and there is no reason why its adoption should not have the same salutary effect upon the American that it does upon the foreign mechanic and artisan.—*Chicago News.*

—The fowls of the air as well as the beasts of the field are placed under contribution by modern militarism. In France, besides owning a military carrier-pigeon service, the government will have at its command, in case of war, the 150,000 "homers" owned by the three hundred pigeon-flying societies of the country. Carrier pigeons are used in Italy to convey dispatches between Rome and the garrisons in Sicily and Sardinia.

—There are a number of women studying medicine at the Belgian universities, wishing to obtain situations in the apothecaries' shops. The pharmaceutical course is the shortest, and in some respects the easiest, and it is far cheaper than all other courses. A number of young girls, who have passed the pharmaceutical examination, have fascinated the hearts of country physicians, so that the husband prescribes, the wife makes up the prescription, and the profits are kept in the family.

BLOODY GERONIMO.

Adventures of a Bad Indian Who Long Deluded the United States Army.

United States Indian Commissioner Atkins speaking of Geronimo, the guerrilla Apache Indian Chief, who recently surrendered to General Miles said:

"There has not been such a warrior as Geronimo since the days of Rob Roy. He has subsisted on the roots of the desert and the serpents of the mountains for nearly two years. He has been his own commissary and chief of transportation; he has worn out an army, and he has kept a vast region of country in terror. Part of his time he has been wounded and sick. His barbarious heroism and endurance are unsurpassed by any thing in history.

"There are a good many points about this wonderful campaign that the public at large are not familiar with. The revolt that has just been brought to a close by this capture was started by a woman, the wife of Chief Mangus. She is a woman of great force of character and strikingly intellectual for a squaw. She planned the escape and urged the band to desperate deeds. She was the Joan of Arc of the Apache race. The escape of Geronimo from Fort Apache took place on May 17, 1885. With him he took 34 bucks, 8 boys and 91 women. They traveled 120 miles before camping, and their pursuers were hot upon their tracks, but they didn't get in sight of the Indians. For hundreds of miles this chase was kept up until Geronimo was in the fastness of the mountains. Finally, after a desperate campaign, he was captured by General Crook, but was held only one night, when he escaped again. A few days after this escape he returned into the fort with four bucks, and, seizing a white woman, told her that if she did not tell him where his wife's tent was he would kill her. The woman pointed out the squaw's tent. Geronimo took his wife and was again at large, having accomplished one of the most daring and heroic deeds ever recorded. Now that he is captured after such a desperate chase, General Miles will take good care that he does not again escape. It would be a reflection upon the general that he will take good care not to have it occur if this desperado should again get at large."

At the Indian office the history of this notorious Indian was fully looked up. His name, spelled Eronemo, first occurs in Agent Clum's report of the San Carlos Agency in 1876. Mr. Clum writes at length in that year of the removal of the Chiricahua Apaches. In April a band of these Indians attacked Sulphur Springs Station and killed two men, Messrs. Rogers and Spence. The same band attacked the ranches of the Rio San Pedro, killed one man and very badly wounded another. A company of cavalry went from Fort Bowie to punish these murderers. They pursued them sixty miles and had a fight. They killed no Indians and returned in May. Six of the Chiricahua Apaches were removed to San Carlos.

The name of the Chiricahua Indians had been a terror to Arizona and Sonora for many years previous to this. Many graves in Arizona marked the resting places of their victims, and their raids for plunder and murder were continued until the very day of their removal. The reason for their removal was that they could be managed better in the San Carlos agency than in the mountain fastnesses.

At this time the tribe numbered five hundred able warriors, well armed, brave and experienced. They had defied the army, and had invariably been successful in all engagements with our troops. General Kautz, who was then in command of the Department of Arizona, sent twelve companies of the Sixth Cavalry, two companies of Indian scouts and a company of Indian policemen to Apache Pass. The Indian scouts had a small engagement with Chief Taza, who commanded the Chiricahuas, but Taza and his tribe, when they understood what was desired, volunteered to go to San Carlos. About sixty Indians under Juh and Geronimo ran away into Sonora, where their home had formerly been. They soon tired of remaining in Mexico, however, for they received no rations there, and so came back to the United States.

On September 2, 1877, three hundred Hot Springs and Chiricahua Indians suddenly deserted San Carlos. They were pursued and thirty of them captured. The remainder went into New Mexico and began to kill and pillage settlers. After a long campaign they were captured, but while being returned to San Carlos as usual about one hundred made their escape to the mountains. A long and expensive campaign followed. The Indians were finally worn out, and came back only to again escape, this time to the San Mateo Mountains.—*Washington Critic.*

Individuality of Animals.

The individuality of animals is not sufficiently considered. Hence too much stress is laid upon the performance of individual cows as a test of the characteristics and value of the breed to which they belong. The fact is that there is about as much difference between the individuals of a breed as there is between the several breeds, and the individual is constantly changing with the different periods of lactation, and from year to year. This change can be seen in both the quality and quantity of product. Hence, aside from the general appearance, the characteristics and value of any breed of cows can be properly judged only by the performances of a large number of such cows under well-known natural conditions.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—An Albany physician asserts that many young ladies of that city use belladonna to give brilliancy to their eyes. It is employed chiefly by those who have light eyes. The practice is a very hurtful one, as it causes partial blindness, and besides affects the nerves of the face, producing a muscular contraction.

—At Stratford-on-Avon a man living near a sewage farm recently sued the the corporation for damages on account of the suffering caused by the horrible stench of the farm, and got a verdict for $5,000. The afflicted plaintiff's lawyer said he "thought his client's nose could stand a good deal for $5,000."

—Little Freddy Smith, a twelve-year-old boy living at Cochranton, Pa., enjoys the distinction of being the champion rabbit hunter of the State. Last season by means of a bag and a large pet rat, which he used as a ferret to explore the rabbit holes, he succeeded in capturing more than two hundred rabbits.

THE NEW SWISS GUN.

A Talk With an Army Officer on the Effects of Warfare.

"Is not this indicative of a change in the ethics of modern warfare?" asked a reporter the other day of a well known army officer connected with the War Department. He was calling the officer's attention to an item giving an account of a new Swiss gun, and which said: "Owing to the smooth surface of the steel-clad bullet it is believed that the wounds inflicted will be much more readily healed."

"No," replied the officer, promptly, "that is not a change. It has always been believed by modern military men that the killing of the enemy is less desirable than wounding them. Now there is but one thing to be attained when a conflict occurs between two bodies of troops. You, on one hand, are endeavoring to secure some advantage by forcing your enemy from an important position, while they, of course, are equally desirous of repelling you and securing your place. The first and only way of accomplishing this end is by demoralizing your opponents and forcing them to retreat. There are three means of demoralizing an army—first, the cannonade, which does comparatively little physical damage, but inspires in the hearts of many of an advancing or defensive force a feeling of fear that often results in a speedy panic and retreat; then comes a wound, which has more of a moral effect than you might suppose. A wounded man always wants and always gets a great deal of sympathy from his comrades, who, seeing his condition are very apt to be seized with a sudden desire to show generosity toward the poor fellow and to help him to the rear. A wounded man often means three men out of the ranks, while a dead man counts but one. And so, for this reason, killing is put last in the list of desirable demoralizers, as it is considered a useless barbarity.

"The Chinese have the same theory, it would seem, in regard to warfare. They have an arrangement known by the inelegant but expressive name of 'stinkpot.' It is a concentration of diabolism and odor. The only use, of course, to which it can be put in a contest is for demoralizing the enemy. There are but few men who could march through the atmosphere created by this invention of the surprising brain of the heathen Chinese. The old 'Greek fire' was partly for destruction and as much for demoralization. The Roman idea of battle was purely sanguinary. Now, to come down to this new bullet. The chances of death from a wound resulting from it are considerably reduced owing to the fact that in leaving the gun its surface is comparatively smooth. The lead is covered by a thin sheet of steel, which readily takes the rifling of the bore and does not emerge with jagged edges which tear and irritate the wound and increase the liability of death. The rifling of the gun is also curious. Heretofore it was thought that a rifle of one turn in fifteen inches was all that could be safely secured. It was believed that any thing steeper would cause a choke. Now this Swiss gun is rifled with one turn in four inches, which is unparalleled in the history of the making of small arms. This insures great accuracy of aim, which in turn enables a marksman to wound an antagonist rather than kill him outright."—*Washington Star.*

WOMAN'S PERVERSITY.

A Mother Consents to Her Daughter's Marriage Because the Father Objects.

SCENE I—Place, parlor. Time, twelve midnight. She in his arms. He hugging her with an elaborate intensity damaging to the strings of her upholstery.

He—Darling, I love you better than life. Be mine, sweet one, forever. Be my wife, angel of my existence—will you, pet?

She (softly murmuring)—Yes, dear Johnnie.

Nineteen double esthetic distilled kisses in one minute by the clock. Grand tableau. The cats sing in joyful unison on the fences in the rear.

* * * * * *

SCENE II.—Place, family sitting-room. Time, 12:45 a. m. She blushing by the stove. Her mother, rather wrathy, sitting in the straightest-backed chair in the apartment.

Mother—Good gracious, Clara, what made him stay so late? I have been sitting up waiting for you until I am half dead for sleep. Why, it's nearly one o'clock.

She—Well, ma, don't blame him. It was all my fault. (Ah! the dear girls; they always defend the men they love—until they legally get them.)

Mother—Why, Clara, what makes you look so funny? So you love this young man?

She (blushing more so, and speaking with the verbal difficulty of heartfelt emotion)—Yes, dear ma, and he loves me, and I promised to-nignt to be his wife.

Mother—Good-gracious sakes alive, child! Why, he is too poor to marry you. What does he make a week now?

She—Twelve dollars, ma; but O! his prospects are so bright, and we are both young and can wait, and we will, ma.

Mother—Well, you can never marry him. He is too poor, Clara.

She weeps, not only in a wholesome manner, but with elaborate hysterical ornaments.

Mother (relenting a little)—Well, go to bed now, my child. It's very late. I will talk to your father about this matter.

The cats sob in painful harmony on the roof of the extension.

* * * * * *

SCENE III—Place, bed-room of the head of the family. Time, 1:15 a. m. The mother in bed and husband asleep deeply and snoring musically.

Mother (to husband)—Say, father, John Denny has proposed to our Clara.

Old man stand the assault for a momoment, and then, waking up, exclaims profanely: "O, it's you, is it? Pretty time to get in bed with cold feet. What the deuce do you want now?

The mother—Ain't you ashamed of yourself to talk that way to me? I say that John Denny has proposed to our Clara, and she loves him, too.

Old man—You don't tell me so. Sarah. He's too poor. Do you know what he makes a week now?

The mother—Only twelve dollars.

Old man—O, he's too poor. She can't marry that church-mouse.

The mother (now talking sides wit' her daughter)—Danie' Webster Jones, I want to ask you what salary you were getting when you cried and blubbered for me some twenty odd years ago?

Old man (in a November tone of voice)—You know, Sarah Jane, I told you then, and you have not forgotten it.

The mother—Well, tell me now, Daniel. You hear me!

Old man—Oh, eight dollars per week.

The mother—Well, you got me in time, and I guess our Clara can have the young man she loves. He now beats you by four dollars a week. We give our consent. You hear me, Daniel?

Old man—Yes, yes, dear. All right. Now go to sleep. It's late. Good night, dear.

The cats executed a regular breakdown of hilarity on the outer window ledge of the bathroom.—*Tid-Bits.*

THE SHAH'S WEALTH.

Jewels and Gems Worth One Hundred Millions of Dollars.

What he terms his museum is a curious place. It contains a profusion of costly articles and objects of art such exists nowhere else at the present day, it being the opinion of well informed Europeans, who have viewed these treasures, that their money value is perhaps twenty-fold that of the so-called green vaults at Dresden.

It is impossible to give exact figures, for they could only be obtained after a long and minute inspection and valuation by experts; but roughly estimated, it is probable that there is more than $100,000,000 worth of jewelry, precious stones, coined and uncoined gold, costly objects de vertu, fine porcelain and glass-ware, old weapons and armor, table-ware and ornaments of of exquisite Persian and Hindu workmanship, etc. The so-called peacock throne (a part of the plunder Nadir Shah carried off from Delhi one hundred and fifty years ago) is alone valued at many millions, even after a number of the large, rough and uncut jewels have been broken out and stolen.

It is an incongruous place, this museum. There you will see vases of agate or gold and lapis lazuli, said to be worth millions, and alongside of them empty perfume bottles of European make, with gaudy labels, that can be had at wholesale at five cents apiece. You will see priceless mosaics and exquisite painted cups and cans and vases, which were presented by some European potentate; and side by side with them you will notice horrible daubs, veritable ten-cent chromos, picked up the Lord knows how and where. You will perceive glass cases filled with huge heaps of rubies, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, turquoises, garnets, topazes, beryls of all sizes and kinds, cut and uncut; and cheek by jowl with these your eyes will see cheap music-boxes, jew's-harps, squeaky hand-organs.

The Shah must also be in condition to "bull" the market on pearls, for here is, for instance, a big glass case, twenty-four inches long by eighteen inches wide and high, that is more than half filled with beautiful pearls, mostly from the Persian Gulf fisheries, of all sizes and degrees of loveliness. In a separate long case the orders and decorations of the Shah, coming from nearly every country in the world, are kept on exhibition; but the crown jewels are in a little box that is always locked, and for which the Shah himself forever, waking or sleeping, carries the keys. The contents of this box and of the several vaults where he keeps his piles on piles of bright, shining, unused money, he never allows others to view, although the museum may be visited once a year by the European diplomatists and the friends that they vouch for.—*Cosmopolitan.*

A New York Comment.

A large number of Chicago girls met one evening last week for the purpose of forming a "Ladies' Anti-Slang Society." The meeting was called to order, and Miss Sadie De Pork was elected president. Before taking her seat, she said in a clear, calm, well modulated voice:

"Really, girls, I am too badly rattled by the honor conferred upon me to give you much of my guff. It's the first time ever I tumbled to anything of this sort, and I hardly know just how to catch on. However, I'll try to be sufficiently up to snuff not to let any flies light on me while doing the president-of-this-society act. I'm with you in this move, and don't any of you forget it. All over our land slang words and phrases are multiplying like flies in sorghum time, and it is our duty to help knock this crying evil as silly as possible. Let our motto be: 'Shoot the slangist.'"—*Tid-Bits.*

—Shakespeare's immortal sentence, "He who steals my purse steals trash," would indicate that in his day, as in modern times, the poetry business didn't pay.—*Washington Critic.*

—"I see a buttonless shirt advertised here, John," said a wife, looking up from a paper. "What kind of a shirt is that?" "Just like mine," was the reply. And the wife resumed her reading.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—There is a great deal of talk just now about the declining power of the pulpit. The fact is, it isn't the pulpit which is declining; but a great many people are declining to listen to it. The pulpit, probably, was never stronger than it is to-day.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Collector for the heathen—"Is Mr. Jones at home?" Mrs. Jones—"He is down in the cellar trying to fix the furnace. It won't draw. Shall I call him up?" Collector (hurriedly)—"O, no, I'll call some other time."—*Boston Courier.*

—Major Sinclair, who is in charge of the Mount Vernon barracks, Ala., has in his care 250 Apache prisoners who belonged to Geronimo's band. Under Sinclair's management they are becoming partially civilized. They have learned the use of brooms and washtubs, and a few of the more progressive squaws even iron their clothing.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

The Hard Row Which the Average Physician Has to Hoe.

The individual, no matter what his profession may be, who imagines that he is going to give satisfaction to the general public in any thing he may undertake, is certainly the victim of a delusion. It is impossible to please every body. The man, be his station in life what it may, who comes up to the expectation of the multitude has not yet been born. The editor, in particular, soon makes this discovery. The clergyman also knows that there are people in his congregation who are never satisfied with what he does or leaves undone. The doctor is another professional man who has a hard row to hoe.

If a doctor dresses well and wears a high hat, people say that he is a medical dude. If, on the other hand, he pays little or no attention to his toilet, then he is accused of lack of dignity. If he goes into society, attends balls and parties, then the impression is that he is fishing for popularity. If he does not he is accused of putting on airs.

If the physician visits his patients while they are in good health, he is accused of foisting himself upon them. He comes to the house in order to be invited to dinner. If, on the other hand, he never comes until he is called, the inference is that the only use that he has for his patients is to make money out of them when they are sick. If the doctor attends church, of course he is a hypocrite who is trying to work on the religious feelings of the community. If he does not attend church, nothing can be plainer than that he is an infidel or a socialist. If the doctor's wife does not return the calls that other ladies make on her, then she is stuck up, turning up her nose at her betters, etc. If she does return the calls, then she is flushing patients for her husband to shoot at.

If the doctor's horse is fat, that is a sure sign that he has not got much to do. If the animal is emaciated, he is a brute for not taking better care of his horse. If he drives fast, he is trying to create the false impression that he has been called to the bedside of some important patient. If he drives slowly he does not care a cent whether or not his patients die before he gets to them.

If a patient recovers his health, he is indebted to a kind Providence or a strong constitution, or to the care that was taken of him during his illness. In no case is the doctor entitled to any credit for his recovery. If the patient dies, he was undoubtedly murdered by his physician. If the medical man is sociable and talkative, the people say: "We don't want a doctor who tells every thing he knows." If he is a silent man, then they say a doctor should encourage his patients to be communicative.

If he talks politics, they say that a doctor should have no politics; and if he does not talk politics, then he is a sneak and a time-server who either has no politics or is afraid to own up what his politics really are. If he does not send in his bill, his object is to prevent the patient from engaging another doctor. If he does send in his bill, he is in a fearful hurry for his money, and so on to the end of the chapter.—*Texas Siftings.*

SOCIAL VAMPIRES.

Detective Agencies That Are Nothing More Than Blackmailing Concerns.

"Something ought to be done to control these private detective agencies," said a police officer of rank to a reporter. "They are a nuisance, and work more harm than any one imagines. I don't refer to the straight agencies, but these concerns that do all the dirty work are the ones I refer to. Anybody can start a detective agency, and some of the men who work for many of these in Chicago ought to be in the penitentiary. Many private detectives make their living by blackmail, and it is easy to see that they have a fine field to work in. Take, for instance, a case of a woman, or even a man, who has some standing. Some one—it may be a husband or wife, or even an outsider—puts a detective on the track of the one he wants to find out about, and the victim is followed everywhere. Suppose something is found out—and there's nobody but has a little dark spot that shouldn't be exposed—and here's where the chance for blackmail comes in. The detective makes his report and receives his pay, but doesn't let the matter rest there. He has a hold on the one he'd been shadowing, and when the proper time comes he works the racket for what it's worth. He wants a loan after letting the victim know, of course, what knowledge he possesses, and nine to one he gets it. The one affected knows that he can't afford exposure and he is willing to pay for secrecy. Mind you, all private detectives don't work this snap, but many of them do.

"I know of a young man who robbed his employer. The latter knew something was wrong, so he hired a shadower. Proof against the young man was complete, and when he was confronted with it he confessed every thing. He begged not to be exposed, and the employer consented to his remaining, provided he made up the shortage. This he did and afterwards regained his employer's confidence. Then he married a fine girl and was happy. The world smiled on him and he was getting along as nicely as any one could wish when one day he was called on by a strange man, who soon let him know that he was the detective who had done the shadowing. He didn't say that he would expose the young man, but the latter knew what the matter was and readily consented to make a small loan. Instead of telling his wife and employer about it he struggled on, meeting demands made on him, and finally took to drinking. His employer discharged him, he went lower and lower, and when he got clear into the gutter his wife left him because he couldn't support her. The other day, I see by the papers, she sued for a divorce, and she'll get it."

—Don't forget that the great Father of all has had infinite trouble with you. Quite probably you have been quite as refractory, ungrateful and disobedient to Him as any child you have has been to you. Let this thought temper your anger, and make you wise. You direct a complex human soul.

COUNTERFEIT MONEY.

The Vast Amount of Queer Goods in the Government Treasury.

"There is money enough there to make you and me rich for the rest of our lives," said a Secret Service official to the correspondent. The conversation took place in one of the rooms of the Secret-Service Division in the Treasury Department, and "there" was a vault from which messengers were carrying little canvas bags and packages done up in manila paper and sealed with red wax. "But I am afraid," the official continued, "that it wouldn't do us much good. There are a couple of million dollars there, but, every cent of it is bogus."

The "queer" was being taken out of the Secret-Service vaults to be examined by a committee which has been appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury for that purpose previous to being destroyed. It is eleven years ago since the last counterfeit money in the Treasury was destroyed, and these $2,000,000 represent the work of the counterfeiting fraternity since that time. Whenever a shover of the queer is captured with any bogus stuff on him the money is sent to Washington, where it lies in a vault until enough has been accumulated, when it is destroyed. Each capture is kept separate from the others, and the bogus coin is treated just the same as if it were United States money, just issued from the mint. The care which is exercised is shown in the manner in which the packages are marked. Here is a sample:

"No. 104 B. One thousand and forty-eight.

"A. One hundred and twenty dollars ($120), twenty-five cent coin."

The number and letter A refers to a record and complete inventory which is kept of every cast.

"We have in that collection," said the Secret Service man, "gold and silver and every thing in the shape of paper from a one-cent revenue stamp up to a thousand-dollar government, which is the largest bond that has ever been counterfeited. There are 208 of the thousand-dollar bonds which were made by the great firm of Brockway, Smith & Doyle, probably the three greatest men in their business we have ever known. Some of the work on the bonds is finer than the genuine, but that is accounted for when you remember that Smith was the engraver who did the work for the Government, and when he went into business for himself he improved on his first effort.

"Stories connected with this money! I should say. Here is some stuff (and he picked up a bag of half-dollars) which was taken from a gang of eighteen that operated in West Virginia in 1882 and 1883. Their leader was a member of the State Legislature, and when we bagged him at last he boasted of having spoken on the floor of the House with counterfeit money in his pockets. No, I can't tell you his name, because since his release from prison, where we sent him, he has been living a respectable life and is now in business in West Virginia and is doing well."

"There's some stuff we captured at Oswego, N. Y., in 1880. The brains of that gang was a Mrs. Ingersoll, and a pretty bad woman she was, too. Two of her daughters were with her, and, as they were very pretty girls, the old woman found them very useful in fascinating young men of a certain class, so that at last they were willing to do any thing the girls wanted. This package recalls a tragedy. It was made by a big gang in Indiana some years ago, and when our men went to arrest them one of the fellows shot an officer through the hand, and he promptly returned the fire and shot his man through the heart."

"Is there much counterfeiting going on at the present time?"

"No, very little. The only man of any prominence in the business we know of now out of jail is Pete McCartney, and he is now being tried in New Orleans for raising one dollar silver certificates. You see, it takes a good deal of money to counterfeit notes. There must be a good engraver, a man who knows his business thoroughly, and a first-class printer. It takes from six months to a year to engrave the plates, and during that time the men have to live. McCartney's principal work was issuing bogus $20 greenbacks, and in his time he must have made thousands and thousands of dollars out of them. About three months ago he was released from prison, but he had no money, and to tide him over until he could get funds he tried to turn one dollar silver certificates into fifties and was caught."

Besides the $2,000,000 of bogus money, there are millions of dollars in what are known as "flash" notes. These imitations are greenbacks used for advertising purposes, and although they were not got up for fraudulent purposes, it is a violation of the law to make any sort of imitation of United States currency or Government obligation. These flash notes are often passed off on the Negroes of the South as good money by confidence men. The Secret Service people at a rough guess believe they have $50,000,000 worth of flash notes in their possession. All this bogus money will be counted by the Treasury Committee. The notes will be sent to the macerator and ground into pulp and come to life again in the shape of sickly-looking pug dogs or busts of Garfield and Cleveland, while the coin will be melted down at the Navy Yard and perhaps become eventually part of the new navy.—*Washington Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—"Will you be kind enough, pa," said Bobby, in a low, well-modulated tone of voice, "to give me another piece of pie?" "No, sir," replied the old man, "you've had enough." "Ma," said Bobby, "you told me that politeness always pays.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Bless your soul," said an old Scotch lady who was fond of quoting and applying Scripture, to Dr. Chalmers, one day—"Bless your soul, here you are, always going about like a roaring lion trying to do good!"

—A Yankee tailor has invented a new style of boys' trousers which is highly recommended. They have a copper seat, sheet-iron knees, are riveted down the seam, and have waterproof pockets to hold broken eggs.