

did time does not recollect the... of Jenny Lind to our shores in 1851 and the extraordinary favor created by her singing? Of course I only know what I've read about it, but I remember one incident in particular—her visit to Mount Vernon. The great songstress had been deeply touched by stories of the illustrious patriot, and upon reaching Washington the first request was to be taken to Mount Vernon. When Col. Washington, the then proprietor of the estate, heard of her wish, he chartered a steamboat and made up a party, which beside Mr. Barnum and Miss Lind, included Mr. Seaton, the mayor of Washington, and other notable citizens. The boat landed near the tomb and the party proceeded thither. The Swedish woman's big heart ran over as she drew near this sacred spot. From this point she was conducted to the mansion, where a fine collation was served. With childlike enthusiasm she gazed upon every relic of the great leader.

When the party had reached the library Col. Washington took a book from one of the shelves and presented it to her. Not only had it been Washington's, but it contained his book plate and his name written with his own hand. Miss Lind was greatly moved. She drew Mr. Barnum aside and insisted upon making some suitable return for the gift then and there, and although her watch and chain was a costly one and had been a present from a friend, Mr. Barnum had great difficulty in restraining her from at once bestowing it upon Col. Washington. "The expense is nothing," she exclaimed, "compared to the value of this book!" Dear, good soul! I wonder where the book is now! No doubt in possession of her family and properly cared for as a priceless memento of Miss Lind Goldschmidt's visit to the New World.—Book Lover.

Making Glass for Mosaic Windows.
But the glass worker has only begun his work when he has the molten "metal" simmering in his crucibles. It must undergo many subsequent manipulations before it is available for the purpose of art. Some of these, from a technical point of view, seem retrogressive. It has been found that the rich color effects in glass in the middle ages are largely due to the imperfections in the material. Its lack of homogeneity, its unequal thickness, and uneven surfaces contribute largely to its beauty. The modern product is too uniform to be brilliant; it transmits the light with too great regularity. Intentional imperfections are, therefore, introduced into the process; and the products, in consequence, are much more satisfactory to the artist. This work of individualizing the product has now been so far systematized that several special brands of art glass are recognized in the markets.

The so called antique glass, in both white and colors, is made precisely like the ordinary sheet window glass, except that the surface of the glass is made full of minute blow holes, which produce almost an aventurine effect, and add greatly to its brilliancy. In the cathedral glass the surface is rendered wavy and uneven, so that the transmission of light shall be correspondingly irregular. In the flash glass ordinary sheets are covered with a thin plating of colored glass, a process which permits a very delicate color tone, and materially decreases the expense, where a costly glass, such as ruby, is needed to give the color. But in mosaic work it is now generally preferred that the glass shall not be at all transparent, since the effect is much richer. The most of the glass is therefore cast, the process being a repetition in miniature of the casting of rough plate.—Professor C. H. Henderson in Popular Science Monthly.

Stealing Letters.
I have never heard of a porcelain letter thief being arrested, and yet the offense is very common. The letters make the prettiest and most prominent window signs known, and have an advantage in being easily removed and replaced on another window. But they are expensive on the original purchase, and somewhat luxurious in keeping up. You frequently see signs with prominent letters missing, and you immediately condemn them on the theory that the letters have been broken or have fallen off. This is a mistake, and if you notice you will see that all the missing letters are those in common use. They are simply stolen. The stealing business is one in itself. A couple of men go around at night, stand in front of a door or window, and while one watches the other quickly removes the letters as desired. There is some special process by which this is done quickly and easily. These letters may be used in other signs, or the thief may come around a few days later, notice the missing letters, offer to replace them, and actually put on your own letters. Of course you can't swear to this and he is safe, and you have simply paid him for robbing you.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Afraid of Spooks.
The Piegans, as a class—and we learned the same is true of Indians everywhere in the northwest—are exceedingly superstitious. Their bete noir is the evil spirit, and somehow the idea prevails in the mind of the average Indian that this same dreaded evil spirit roams about after dark and is liable to pounce down upon his victim at any time. For this reason the Indian will not travel alone at night. He is in dread of the wicked personage referred to and does not care to come with him singly hounded. He is

by others, and take his chances, out alone, never. When darkness overtakes him and he is on the tramp he stops, lights a fire and camps where he is until daylight. With the Indian misfortune and disease are regarded as the result of the displeasure of their deity. Death in some of the tribes in the great northwest is believed to be an unhappy, an undesirable change, and when it occurs they still live, although they take the form of some creature among wild animals. And so when this body puts off things mortal it enters immortality in the form of some lower animal.—Troy Times.

—Censure is not aroused by the prudent exertion of ability. To think highly of ourselves in comparison with others, to assume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant, must always be invidious and offensive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things and imagine ourselves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in possession of the same abilities, can not with equal justice provoke censure.—N. Y. Ledger.

SWEET PUNISHMENT.

A Schoolmasterly Experiment That Was a Decided Failure.
"Mary Jane Craycraft," said the teacher, sharply, "you will take your seat over there between Joe Bridgewater and Bob Angel!"
A blush dyed the cheek of the little girl. She half rose, hesitated, and sat down again.
"Do as you are told, or—"

And Mr. Hoskinson reached up for the long, tapering orange switch, trimmed of its thorns, that rested on two nails driven into the wall back of his desk.
Mary Jane waited no longer. Mr. Hoskinson was a man of his word. She went over and took her seat between the two boys, who submitted to the visitation with that patient endurance that boys will sometimes manifest when circumstances over which they have no control place by their side the prettiest girl in school.

"As an experiment for this one afternoon I have decided that every girl who whippers or violates any of the rules," announced the teacher, emphatically, "shall be punished in precisely the same way. Naomi Jackson," he continued, "I saw you put that chew of spruce gum in your mouth. You will take your seat on the boys' side between Ben Parrott and Sol Leezer."

With an air of the deepest contrition Naomi complied.

"Phebe Joanna Clifton," rang out the sharp voice of Mr. Hoskinson, "march over there and sit down between Huddy Ingraham and Jay Seeley! You were whispering. Laura Bainbridge, I saw you taking a bite of apple. You will go and take your seat between Ed Montgomery and Dave Erwin. Lute Demoss and Tom Yoe, make room between you for Hester Jones. She has upset her ink. Nancy Bilderback," he vociferated, "I have punished you before for eating in school. Bring me that doughnut. Now go and sit down between Billy Peters and Hiram Graff!"

The schoolmaster wiped his forehead nervously and looked about him again. The girls were strangely regardless of the rules. Discipline must be maintained.

Clara Hankins," he exclaimed, "put that book back on Ellen Simpson's desk and go and take your seat between John Neill and Billy Houk. This disobedience must be stopped! Fanny Kershaw, I saw you writing a communication on your slate. Go and take your seat between Jim Stevenson and George Ramsey!"

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Hoskinson, with a despairing groan, dismissed the children for the day. The girls of his usually quiet school were misbehaving to a degree he had never before known in all his experience, and there was no way to punish them.

The boys' side of the room was too full of girls to hold any more.—Chicago Tribune.

A suggestive fact connected with the new army register is that it shows no fewer than ninety-six first lieutenants on the active list who have service in the civil war to their credit. The rank and pay of a first lieutenant are not an enormous remuneration for the length and value of the service which some of these officers have rendered. The retired list shows also thirty-eight first lieutenants who have seen war service, and while the causes of retirement have been various, yet they include some compulsory retirements for age. Only a year or two ago occurred the retirement of a first lieutenant at the age of 94. Of course these exceptional cases result from the fact that some volunteer officers received commissions in the regular army after the war when already considerably advanced in years, and also non-commissioned officers averaging older than the Military academy graduates have been made second lieutenants. But whatever the facts, it is remarkable that with the war a quarter of a century in the past there should be nearly a hundred officers in our little army who served in those campaigns and are still on the active list without having reached the grade of captain.—Exchange.

THE BANQUET.

A Victim Describes the Sensations He Experienced While Eating.

Besides the foreigners at the dinner there were about 300 Chinese guests, and this is what we ate: 1. pork rind, greens and dice stewed in fish oil—a kind of soup; 2. raw shark's fins; 3. assorted sea weed soup; 4. bats boiled whole; 5. pickled eggs, over 100 years old—very expensive; 6. raw ham on gelatine; 7. stewed chicken liver; 8. rats on toast; 9. pork boiled in vinegar; 10. stewed chicken with entrails entire; 11. roast sucking pig—very good; 12. birds' nest soup; 13. fried camel hump—splendid; 14. young puppy soup; 15. fat pork, stewed in thick molasses; 16. scorched turtle; 17. hare's soup; 18. fried webs of duck feet; 19. roast pig brains; 20. smoked shell fish; 21. salted shrimps, with monkey steak; 22. boiled pig's feet; 23. dried salted cuttle fish; 24. boiled owl, with insides complete; 25. frica-eed crab; 26. goose roasted whole; 27. hash—pigeon and greens; 28. cayenne pepper biscuits.

Wines—Champagne, sake (Japanese wine), samelou and mechou (Chinese wines).

The above bill of fare is by no means an adequate description of the various dishes. There was scarcely a dish that was not disguised in oils and salads so that it was impossible to really know what one was eating.

I got discouraged to begin with over No. 1. It did not smell pleasant and I was easily satisfied with a very small quantity. Nos. 2 and 3 I merely tasted, but No. 4 I felt called upon to pass entirely after I had fished around in the big dish of gravy for a while and the first solid I drew forth was the wing of a bat. It was suggestive of bedbugs, lice and various other unpleasant things to eat. No. 5, rare old eggs, had a loud and suggestive smell, and as the comrade would not swear what they were pickled in, I took but a precious small bit of this very expensive dish. Nos. 6 and 7 I slightly sampled and was about wading into No. 8, rats in disguise, when I heard one of the guests, who was familiar with Chinese fare, hint the nature of the dish, and I preferred to be so impolite as not to eat it. I concluded that No. 9 was too rich for me, and waited for the next course, which looked quite tempting. I took a piece of white meat, when my Chinese host remarked: "Why you no go down inside? That more better." I supposed that there must be some delicacy "down below," and, after a blind fish with my chop sticks, got a grip on something which proved, on bringing to the surface, to be the alimentary canal of the fowl. I then unconditionally passed this dish. No. 11 was quite good, and I managed to do something with that. No. 12 looked suspicious. I had decided not to tackle it, even before I learned the nature of the dish. The next course was the best of the dinner, and we all partook heartily of it. I will not vouch for the correctness of the name of No. 14, but it looked suspicious, and my friend assured me that it was genuine dog, but, as I was not very old, and had not yet acquired the vices of experienced dogs, he thought I might eat it. But I was afraid the butcher might have mistaken the dog's age, and, therefore, told the comrade he might have my share. Fifteen is good—for those that like it. But scorched turtle was first class and received a fair share of our attention. Eighteen was fairly good, but slightly tough. Probably an old drake was the victim. I now made fair progress till I got to 24, when I remembered my experience with the entire chicken, and, therefore, did not investigate the dish. We at last got to 28, which looked mussy and hard to go. But 28 was in the nature of a surprise. The biscuits seemed well made, but when a fellow got to the center he was fairly ready to yell and call for ice. In the center of each is a small piece of strong pepper, and an unsuspecting foreigner generally manages to get the full benefit of this morsel. The host offered in explanation of this, "That being very good he makes chow strallee loud." Wines were served all through the dinner, the Japanese and Chinese being served hot.—Pekin Cor. Toledo Blade.

—Phillip Frank Thomas, of Maryland, and H. M. Watterson, father of the editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, are the only two now alive of the 241 members of the House and fifty-two Senators who composed the Congress of 1839.
—A Kingston, N. Y., minister married a couple one night recently, and when signatures were asked to the certificate it was found that neither the bride, groom, best man nor bridesmaid could write their names. They all signed by making marks.

—The Texas umbrella tree is becoming a favorite for shade and ornamental purposes in California. It is a large and beautiful tree, resembling an umbrella in the spread of its foliage, which is so dense that it affords perfect protection from either rain or sun.

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