

HAIR-DYE FOR WORKMEN.

Does it pay to keep up in the race with the young?

There is now going on a mighty struggle which is almost essentially a question of age. Yet it is one which affects thousands and thousands of men and women who are toilers and bread-winners.

On all sides preference is given by employers to youth over more advanced years. Absalom, in the vigor of his juvenility, is content to receive twenty to thirty per cent. less money than his more mature rival. In wholesale warehouses, in public companies, in retail establishments, in the street, on the road and the rail, men and women who are still hale and hearty in mind and body have been set adrift to make room for the younger—and cheaper—generation. They are willing to work for the same wage, but the masters will have none of them.

In their distress they turn to a comforter—not to the work-house, if they can avoid so doing; not to the charitable institutions, not the trades union, but to Figaro himself, the peripatetic, the hairdresser, the barber. The amount of hair-dye used by artisans and laborers of all sorts is not only enormous, but increases day by day. It is not vanity which impels them to the practice, it is life, for which it is well worth dyeing.

The testimony on the subject is undeniable. A knight of the razor in the north of London testifies that he is doing a tremendous trade in hair-dye with working-men for the reasons given above. "They take it home," he said, "and get their wives to lay it on. In many cases it is an absolute necessity with female employees. Proprietors of big millinery establishments won't have women with gray hair on the premises.

"You've no idea what misery I've been aware of in families from gray hair. I know a man, a father of six children. All of a sudden, from ill-

I think, his hair whitened, and he took the earliest opportunity of giving him the sack, and getting a younger man in his place. He couldn't obtain another situation anywhere, and the more trouble he had the older he looked. At last, when he was at his wit's end, some one told him to get his hair dyed, and what's more, lent him the money to have it done. Well, he's got another place. It's less money; but you'd hardly know him again. I've seen scores like him. Your young folk may sneer at dye and crack jokes on the subject, but as true as I'm not a Dutchman it's been the salvation of many hard-working men and women." A lady dealing in human hair near St. Pancras, when sounded on the subject, admitted the practice, and allowed that she dealt very largely in dye, nearly all vendued to those earning their living in large commercial establishments.

The same tale was repeated by one who did a good deal of traffic in this way with ladies of the theatrical persuasion. "Lor' bless you," he exclaimed, "without hair-dye some of those women would be nowhere. What would you say, if you was a manager, if a girl with gray locks came to you and wanted an engagement? I expect you'd show her the door pretty quickly. I'm not talking of those vain young females who turn black to gold and red to brown. I mean the chorister.

Thirty-five to forty, still good looking, but who is beginning to show the powder puff on her head. There isn't one, there isn't twenty, there isn't a hundred, but I'd like to bet there's a thousand or more in the United Kingdom. Their great-grandmothers had to wear wigs; their descendants are a deal more comfortable with a little harmless coloring matter on their own hair." And so the story runs ad infinitum.—London Telegraph.

"Old Hickory" Was Tough.

Traveler in a sparsely settled region in Tennessee (coming down with red eyes to breakfast)—You say, madam, General Jackson once slept in the bed I occupied last night?

Aged landlady of country tavern—He did, for a fact.

Traveler—Was it—er—the same bed in all respects it is now?

Aged landlady—Jes' the same.

Traveler—And he actually slept in it? Sure he slept?

Aged landlady—Sartin'. That's what I wuz sayin'. He slept in it.

Traveler (wonderingly)—What a hide he must have had!—Chicago Tribune.

Happy by Comparison.

ello, McGinnis, you look blue. What's the matter?"

"Matter enough. Boil on the back of my neck."

"By George, old fellow, I sympathize with you!"

"But you are not looking remarkably cheerful yourself, Whackster. Any thing wrong with you?"

"My wife is cleaning house."

(Bervantly.) "Thank Heaven for my toil."—Chicago Tribune.

RAVAGES OF INSECTS.

How to Apply Insecticides so as to Secure Satisfactory Results.

Considerable interest has developed lately on the subject of applying insecticides, and it is very opportune. The pressing need of a better understanding of methods for successfully resisting the ravages of our insect enemies crowds upon us with increased vigor as the recurring seasons increase the number and rapacity of the foe. It has been very evident (to close observers at least) that a great part of the work done, especially in the use of poisonous compounds, has proved of actual damage; that is, the insects themselves would not have done more harm if left alone than the misuse of poison did. A treatment for insects that may do very well in a growing, productive season is liable to do great harm to the crops in an unfavorable one. To apply poisons effectively (without doing injury) and cheaply, is equally of importance.

After quite an extended experience in using insecticides in nearly all ways, I have decided that there is only one way in which satisfactory results can be reasonably expected every time, and that is by spraying. Poisons should be used in liquid form always, and in applying to the foliage, to insure success, it must be broken up into fine, misty spray, like fog or steam. To accomplish this desired result, there is nothing yet made to excel the spraying machine. It is built on simple, mechanical principles, and the amount of the application can be gauged perfectly. By the aid of one horse (or team) and man, this machine operates on four rows of potatoes at a time, delivering a fine, misty spray with force, penetrating every part of the plant and thoroughly impregnating the foliage with poison (but not drenching), so that if the larva feed on any portion they must get the poison. The danger of burning the leaves is greatly lessened. In fact, the plant can hardly be harmed if ordinary care is taken. I have sprayed eighty acres of potatoes in three days, using only \$3.50 worth of London purple, and in thirty-six to forty-eight hours after the poison was put on hardly a slug could be found alive. The expedition and economy with which poisons can be applied in this way enables the grower to use weaker solutions often, and thus obviates all danger from doing harm to the growing crops.

The Colorado bugs bade fair to give us the most trouble we ever experienced during the dry season of 1887, yet by two timely applications of London purple by spraying, we succeeded in almost totally destroying them, without apparent damage to any part of the crop, at a cost of less than 50 cents per acre, including labor and poisons for the two jobs. I saw a great many fields of potatoes that were almost ruined that season by applying poisons in a careless manner, both in liquid and powder form. When potatoes bring 75 cents to \$1 per bushel at harvest time, it is poor policy to ruin a crop by being short-sighted in any way. Wetting or drenching the vines with water alone during dry, hot weather is a dangerous experiment, and when the water is incorporated with active poisons and applied in a haphazard manner, it is most sure to do harm. The whole business of mixing and applying insecticides should be done in a systematic and methodical manner. Guess work will not pay. As Prof. W. B. Alwood has well said, in his station report on Insects and Insecticides: "Lack of exactness in the details often defeats the purpose of work with insecticides." Defeat is the price of carelessness or ignorance.—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

THE COMING FARMER.

He Will Be a Man Competent to Bring Forth New Ideas.

The coming farmer is on the way. He is the new-school farmer, the one who is cutting loose from the ancestral ways and stepping far in advance of his fellows; he is adopting and bringing forth new ideas, putting into practice methods which will eventually double and treble the productive powers of the soil. The coming farmer will be a man of thought as well as of brawn. Specimens of him may be occasionally seen in the retired merchant who takes up farming as a happy means of putting in his closing years. That force of thought which gave him success in mercantile life he now applies to tilling the soil and to the various departments of agriculture, and thereby proves that thought is as profitable in farming as in any other business. One of the leading characteristics of the coming farmer is that he will be a specialist. He will devote his efforts, his thoughts, his whole energies to one line of agriculture as much as the merchant who twenty years ago kept a general purpose store. The most successful farmers of the present time are those who are pursuing special lines, whether in the production of dairy products, of draft horses, road horses, special breeds of sheep, cattle or hogs. The coming farmer will send forever to the block the scrub sire in all classes

of stock, which is now a greater curse to Wisconsin than all the monopolies which prey upon the people. The coming farmer will provide his wife all those modern appliances for doing her work, which will make her life one of comfort and happiness, and lighten her labors as much as the most modern appliances lighten the labors of the farmer. The coming farmer will make the whole country smile under the tillage of wisely-directed effort guided by the intelligent thought of a well-cultivated mind, a thoroughly trained brain.—G. G. Gordon, at Wisconsin Farmers' Institute.

ONLY.

Something to live for came to the place
Something to die for, may be,
Something to give even sorrow a grace
And yet it was only a baby!

Cooing, and laughter, and gurgles, and cries,
Dimples for tenderest kisses,
Chaos of hopes, and of raptures and sighs,
Chaos of fears and of bilises.

Last year, like all years, the roos and the thorns;
This year a wilderness, may be;
But heaven stooped under the roof on the morn
That it brought there only a baby
—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Journalism in Australia.

As affording a notion of the conditions of Australian life, the newspapers of that region are exceptionally valuable; for, especially in their weekly editions, they are simply encyclopedic. The stranger at once, in his ignorance, takes an Australian weekly to be intended for use far out in the country, at lonely "stations," by men who find time, once in a while, to adjust all their relations to the universe at one long sitting. The reader of such a weekly acts as a sort of father confessor, while the editor spreads out before him a general confession of all the sins of mankind, from Melbourne horse races to European complications, in well classified order and in very good language. All the Australian colonies are represented in the weekly general summaries; two or three serial novels run their even courses in the few columns allotted to each; the endless list of colonial sports, races, cricket matches, football games, is duly set forth; letters from New York, London, Paris, together with pages of telegraphic foreign material, prevent the colonial reader from being too much absorbed in home affairs, while these home affairs are treated in lengthy political summaries, in long editorials, in shorter editorial notes, in correspondence.

Meanwhile practical interests are not forgotten. The farm, the vineyard, cattle raising and mining are discussed at length by experts. Games, puzzles, essays, book reviews, gossip, close the solid feast of some thirty large closely printed five column pages of actual text (exclusive of the advertisements). Most of our terrible Sunday papers are far outdone as to quantity of matter and on the whole as to quality of matter as well. None of our weeklies can rival these in encyclopedic character, in well edited many sided variety of appeal, joined, as is here the case, with excellence of workmanship. The only objection that our own badly spoiled newspaper reader would make would be that all this was too dry for him and too vast. For my own part, since my return from Australia, I have been taking one of these fine weeklies regularly, and reading, not all of it, but as much as I desired and with no little profit. I know no better means to become acquainted with the drift and the forces of Australasian life.—Atlantic Monthly.

Quoting Scripture.

That famous patent lawyer, William E. Simonds, who defeated the witty Bob Vance at the polls in the Hartford district, tells a pretty good story on himself. He has in his employ, as cook, an old colored woman, who was formerly a slave. She is very religious, and is continually quoting things from the Scriptures. The old woman has a very excellent voice, and sings her old plantation songs in the inimitable darky way. One Sunday morning she was singing away while preparing breakfast, and Mrs. Simonds arose and opened their room door that they might hear her the better. When they went down to breakfast, Mrs. Simonds remarked:

"Aunty, my husband and myself have been enjoying your singing very much."

The old darky looked pleased, and saw an excellent opportunity of quoting Scripture, so she replied:

"Law, Missy, but I didn't know that I was castin' pearls befo' swine."

Minneapolis Tribune.

English as She Is Talked.

"Hey, Bill Whyd'nt chu kumtus kool yistaft noon!"
"Cozza hadda stateom coz mum-muthers sick."
"Ya-as, coz yerra hier; Jim Tomson saw you gonna fishin."
"Welli guess the doctor said mum-muther roughitto have some fish."
"Betelhu didden ketch nauthin."
"Betti caughtta bull pout that long witha pinnook."
"Ya-as you did, Betelhu ketch somthin bigger than wen you git loskoolinthe ole teacher gitsoldo you."
"Howjuno?"
"Coz Jim Tomson give youway."
(Bill weeps softly and goes off in quest of James Tomson before seeking the inevitable interview with the teacher, which really he does not seek, but finds it rather thrust upon him, against his urgent wishes and strong protest.)—Bob Burdette.

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