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The Shah's Cousin a Criminal.

The Persian Prince Keykuban Dechman Kirza, a cousin of the Shah, has just been convicted of counterfeiting in Moscow, Russia, and has been condemned to five years of hard labor in Siberia.

The largest lemon orchard in the world is in process of planting at San Diego, Cal. It will comprise 300 acres.

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NOBBIEST AND LARGEST STOCK OF

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In the County, is now to be Seen on the Counters of

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DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS,

Notions, Stockinet Jackets, Beaded Caps,

Ladies' and Children's Shoes,

Has arrived. I have also received my Spring Stock of

MEN'S, YOUTHS' & BOYS' CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, ETC.,

Of which we carry a Full and Complete Line, and will not be undersold. Come and see us, and we will treat you well.

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Lv	Albany	1:00 p. m.	Lv	Yaquina	6:45 a. m.
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Ar	Yaquina	5:30 p. m.	Ar	Albany	11:10 a. m.

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The above trains connect at Yaquina with the Oregon Development Company's line of Steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

SAILING DATES.

Steamer.	Fm. S. F.	Steamer.	Fm. Yaq'na
Farallon	May 5.	Wilamette V'y	May 2
Willamette Val'y	May 9.	Farallon	May 9
Farallon	May 14.	Willamette V'y	May 14
Willamette V'y	May 20.	Farallon	May 20

This company reserves the right to change sailing dates without notice.

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Leave Portland Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 6 a. m.

Arrive Salem, Monday, Wednesday Friday, 7:15 p. m. Leave Salem, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 6 a. m. Leave Albany, 1:30 p. m.

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STANLEY'S MARCH THROUGH AFRICA.

The Picturesque Cavalcade Which Accompanied the Great Explorer.

On the march from camp to camp Stanley and his choice following of picked pegazis and soldiers cut a picturesque and prominent figure in the long procession of nearly a thousand people in Indian file on the winding African road. Thirty or forty men of the expedition had been rewarded with flaming red blankets for good service, and had been promoted by Stanley to the honor of carrying his tent and personal effects. Stanley rode a very good donkey, which was presided over by a young man with a red turban, red knee-breeches, and red shirt, and seemed particularly proud of the exalted position to which he had on his personal merits climbed. Behind the donkey streamed the great explorer's red-blanket brigade, with boxes, tent, etc., on their heads, and with the red blankets proudly trailing to their heels behind. The scarlet brigade, with Mr. Stanley on the donkey in the lead, hurried along, passing the others as a fast train passes a slow one, and usually reached camp in advance. If the sun was shining Stanley hoisted a big greenish umbrella. The rest of Stanley's people were divided into companies or divisions, of each of which an officer had command and was responsible for certain goods.

Of the Europeans Stanley, Emin, Casati, Jephson, and Bonny rode donkeys; Parke, Stairs and Nelson walked. Parke had never ridden a step of the way across Africa. Two picked carriers conveyed Emin Pasha's little girl in a litter, and of the Egyptian and mongrel women some rode donkeys, some walked, and some were carried on stretchers.

Men and women carried infants on their shoulders, though not always, for one of the sad sights of the daily march was poor little pickaninnies of 6 or 7 years old, sore-footed and weary, hobbling along and crying all the time to be carried. What a time it must have been to these small miserables trudging along day after day on the endless road, thirsty, hungry, tired, stubbing sore toes, stepping on a thorn now and then, weeping and snuffling, losing sight of their mothers if they had any, jostled and passed by rude, brutish men, who wished them dead and out of the way—poor little wretches!

Then there were Wanyamvezi porters bringing ivory, who had joined the caravan for safety to the coast; Emin's Egyptian officers, and a motley assortment of negresses from the Equatorial Province, wives and concubines of the officers and soldiers, some in the primitive costumes of their country and tribe, others wearing clothes. Altogether these various elements must have swelled the total to nearly a thousand souls.—*N. Y. World.*

A Petrified Giant.

Joseph Sweshenger, who resides near Stanford, writes to the *River Press* particulars of a wonderful discovery he recently made in an unfrequented mountain near his residence. The discovery consists of a petrified man, with all his limbs in a perfect state of preservation. The body stands by a massive bowlder, of which it seems to have become a part, and can not be removed without considerable labor and expense. A tiny stream of water flowing from a spring above falls directly upon the head of the body, after passing over it loses itself in the surrounding rock. The body measures 6 feet and 9 inches from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, and is well proportioned, the chest and limbs being of ponderous width and size. The features are of a severe Roman type, surmounted by a broad, high forehead and a luxurious growth of hair, which is as firm as rock itself. A beard reaching to the waist completes a picture which inspires a feeling of awe and reverence in the beholder. Certain hieroglyphics are cut upon the rock, a true copy of which Mr. Sweshenger promises to send us. Thus far he has kept the discovery a secret, but will in due time divulge its locality. It is, indeed, a wonderful discovery, indicating as it does that the first inhabitants of this country were giants.—*Tacoma News.*

Last year Germany granted only 3,921 pensions, against England's 9,779, and the United States' 20,420. The number granted in Germany has fallen off 927 in five years.

What Is a Gentleman?

What is a gentleman! Is it a thing
Decked with a scarfpin, a chain and a ring,
Dressed in a suit of immaculate style,
Sporting an eye-glass, a lisp and a smile;
Talking of races and concerts and balls,
Evening assemblies and afternoon calls,
Sunning himself at "at home" and bazars,
Whistling mazurkas and smoking cigars?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it one
Boasting of conquests and deeds he has done?
One who unblushingly glories to speak
Things which should call up a flush to his cheek?
One who, while railing at actions unjust,
Robs some young heart of its pureness and trust—
Scorns to steal money, or jewels, or wealth,
Thinks it no wrong to take honor by stealth?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Knowing instinctively what he should shun,
Speaking no word that could injure or pain,
Spreading no scandal and deep'ning no stain?
One who knows how to put each at his ease,
Striving successfully always to please—
One who can tell by a glance at your cheek
When to be silent and when he should speak?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Honestly eating the bread he has won,
Walking in uprightness, fearing his God,
Leaving no stain on the path he has trod;
Caring not whether his coat may be old;
Prizing sincerity far above gold?
Recking not whether his hand may be hard—
Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth
Makes a man noble or adds to his worth?
Is there a family tree to be had
Shady enough to conceal what is bad?
Seek out the man who has God for his guide,
Nothing to tremble at, nothing to hide,
Be he a noble or be he in trade,
He is a gentleman Nature has made.

—The Pilot.

THE QUEEN WINS.

The bastille had not yet fallen. The thoughtless youth of the French aristocracy still danced through the saloons of the royal castles. Maurepas still reigned prime minister — the same friend of humanity who made the compassionate decision concerning the people's welfare: "Why build hospitals. Can not the people die on the roads if they like?"

This evening Maurepas had the honor of being permitted to lead the beautiful Marie Antoinette to the card-table, but, complaining of a severe headache as they passed through the saloon, the good queen excused him from further attendance that the pain might not be increased. As he was hastening back through the ante-chamber to the dancing hall, where the king was taking his coffee, he perceived beneath the gobelin tapestry of the famous Louvois window a man in citizens' dress, who regarded him expectantly and bowed low before him.

"It is all right, Dumonet," whispered the asthmatic old man; "this evening his majesty will taste of it." And he forthwith thrilled out one of his hundred madrigals, which, in truth, were tame enough, but which his flatterers found very witty. In the royal apartment he saw just then Louis XVI. take from a sugar basin two delicately broken lumps of sugar and sweeten his coffee with them. As the king took a mouthful of the coffee the ministerial friend of the people approached and asked respectfully:

"How does your majesty find the coffee this evening?"

"As usual, excellent."

"The best mocha is always upon your majesty's table: but does the sugar sufficiently moderate the bitterness of the coffee?"

Louis XVI. was sensitive to mockery and irony even to timidity; therefore he said inquiringly:

"What do you mean by that?"

Maurepas laughed. "Your majesty, permit me one question. How much, sire, do you think these two pieces of sugar cost?" The king looked uneasy.

"Do you wish to test my mathematical ability?" Maurepas continued to laugh. "Well, then, I will answer your problem: Sugar costs the people about 80 sous a pound. If I reckon eighty pieces to the pound it makes 1 sou for each piece; but since to me as king everything is quadrupled, I have this evening consumed 8 sous' worth of sugar."

"This sugar is the gift of one of your subjects, who counts himself happy that it is considered worthy of a place on your majesty's table; therefore it costs you nothing, sire, but the giver values every piece at a full Louis d'or."

"You are beside yourself M. de Maurepas. Eighty Louis d'or for a pound of sugar! At that rate I should be compelled to sell Rambouillet to supply my brother with sugar for a year, for you know he takes a handful to every cup. But explain to me your jest."

"In a moment, your majesty." And he took the sugar-basin and emptied the contents upon the marble table and counted the pieces. "Forty-three, with the ones used forty-five, worth 1,080 francs; but look, your majesty, what dazzling whiteness and how light it is and how sweet, without any bitter aftertaste."

"Come, now," said Louis, interrupting his babble, "is sugar ever bitter?"

"And your majesty will never guess from what this sugar is made."

The king was not without some knowledge of chemistry, therefore he answered hesitatingly:

"Naturally from the sugarcane."

"Pardon me, your majesty, it is beet-root sugar."

"Beet-root! What is beet-root?"

The duchess of Chartreuse, who was listening, drew near and said: "Beets, sire, are little red leaves, of which my servants make salad."

M. de Maurepas cut off her explanation with a malicious laugh. "Beets are edible roots, which people as well as cattle find palatable, and now they have been found to yield sugar."

Respect kept the brilliant company out of hearing distance, and they watched eagerly the strange proceedings. All this examining, weighing, and counting of the sugar tossed up the court gossip among them like a bright soap-bubble. Who first whispered it: "The king has been poisoned by a cup of coffee?"

"Heaven forbid! And we have drunk the same coffee!"

"No, not the coffee—it was the sugar."

"Some one go tell the queen!"

So w[illegible] murmured, and [illegible]tered the excluded circle.

Marie Antoinette sat with the duchess of Polignac, her tenderly loved friend, at cards.

"What ails you, Agatha?" asked she kindly, as the favorite sighed.

Agatha de Polignac raised her roguish brown head and said, saucily, "Three millions, my adored queen!"

"Sigh not, my angel; I will beg Louis to grant them to you. We owe it to the great families."

The designing princess lifted the queen's lace sleeve to her red lips, whispered gratefully, "Oh, that I might be permitted to die for my beloved queen!"

"Live for me, you dear child, and, my word for it, I will provide the 3,000,000, for which you will be willing to live."

At this moment a courtier approached and broke to them the dreadful tidings:

"His majesty has been poisoned by M. de Maurepas with sugar."

A moment later the queen, white to the very lips, stood beside her husband.

"For heaven's sake, Louis!" cried she in her distress, unmindful of all ceremony.

"What is the matter, my queen?" asked Louis in the gentle way which he had never abandoned toward his beloved wife. "What brought you to me? You are very pale." He seized a glass of water, poured some of the newly discovered sugar in it, and handed her the glass.

"Drink. It is too warm in the saloon and the company is too exciting. This sugar water will refresh you."

The queen cast a penetrating glance at Maurepas, who now fully understood what he had only half heard. With a quick movement he took the glass from the king's hand and drained it at a draught.

Red with anger the king demanded an explanation of this insolence, but Marie Antoinette offered the minister her hand and was about to explain to the king when suddenly the broad leaves of the great door flew open and the palace guard led in a man quite up to the feet of the king. The terrified appearance of the prisoner, his coarse coat, the brown waist-coat and pantaloons, the broad, clumsy shoes with leaden buckles, contrasted strangely with the gay silken attire, the gilded hangings, the laces and diamonds of the surroundings.

"What does this mean?" asked the king astonished.

"Permit me, your majesty, to bring this man before you, who understands how to make sugar out of vegetables. Dumonet is trying to ruin our colonies and make them useless to us. This is the discoverer of beet sugar."

"Discoverer? No, that honor does not belong to me," exclaimed the Chemist Dumonet. "It was a learned Maj. Serre, who, during the regency, deceived by the beautiful red color the beet gives out in cooking, fancied he could make red wine out of it. Instead of the desired wine he found the bottom of his retort covered with fine sugar. At that time France was rich in colonies on the Mississippi, therefore no one paid any heed to the discovery. Nor was it fully developed. I learned abroad, in Prussia, new improvements, expended my small possessions to test it, and I hope I have succeeded."

"It is not a poison, then?" cried Marie Antoinette, meaningly. The king for the first time understood what had preceded, and discovered also that the chemist was bound. At a sign the bond was cut and the guard left the room without Dumonet.

Meanwhile the queen bravely took a piece of sugar in her lovely mouth. That was the signal for the young courtiers to rush upon the before distrusted sugar, vieing with each other to exhibit their courage, their devotion through this harmless poison.

"Gently, my ladies, my lords," cried Maurepas, "every little piece of that sugar cost a golden louis."

"But the sugar is not one bit better than our ordinary sugar," remonstrated the queen, "and it is only a curiosity leading to ruin."

Dumonet dropped on one knee. "Your majesty is in a measure correct. Experimenting in a small way, at the same expense as a great trade, naturally makes this sample excessively dear; but if your majesty will advance me two millions for the development of larger facilities for manufacture I shall be able to furnish a pound of sugar for 10 sous instead of 4 francs."

The king recoiled involuntarily, and Marie Antoinette grasped her famous necklace, which had cost two millions, as if the plain man before her had been a robber. Her disapproving glance gave direction to the king's answer.

"Dr. Dumonet, I honor enterprise; accept this snuff-box as a recognition of it. But two millions the state can not possibly lend you. That is too much money for the exhausted exchequer."

Dumonet received the gift respectfully. "Sire, sooner or later my enterprise will find the money."

The whole shallow, subservient swarm of courtierlings cried out an excited echo to the royal words:

"Two millions for sugar! Two millions! The man should be in a madhouse! The man should be so shameless? Just as if it were not all the same whether one pays 10 sous or 4 francs for a pound of sugar: And if any can't pay it let him take his food unsweetened. What has the government to do with that?"

And so Dumonet was dismissed. He had only needed 1,000,000; the second was the price demanded by the minister for the introduction. This evening Maurepas composed the only good verse of his life, which, translated, runs somewhat thus:

"Altho' his life to sweeten
Is all his royal care,
Two million francs for sugar
The king finds rather dear."

The furor which his wit created at the court consoled him somewhat for the lost 1,000,000, and was it not all the same whether at his death there should be a deficit of one paltry million more or less? He left, in fact, a round 10,000,000 in debts. It was a noble sum; nine would not have sounded so impressive.

Dumonet migrated to Belgium, where he found more appreciation, and lived, safe and respected, while the revolution storm swept over his unhappy fatherland. "Who laughs last," etc.

* * * * * *

"And my queen would have died with me?" asked Louis, as he accompanied her to their chamber that night. She was so beautiful, so dainty; in her wonderful eyes beamed the reflection of loving tears. The next morning the king granted 3,500,000 out of the state coffers to the "unfortunate" duchess of Polignac.—*From the French, for the American Analyst.*

Life in Far Shetland.

The houses here are much the same as crofters' houses all over Shetland, with low walls, an arch-shaped roof, thatched with straw and weighed down with heavy stones, to secure it against the hurricanes of Winter. The fire is on the floor, a little in front of the wall farthest from the door, and the smoke finds, or at least is expected to find, its way out an open chimney in the roof. In some houses there are internal chimneys of wood, which arrangement adds much to the comfort of the occupants.

In all, there is the spinning-wheel and the ever-clicking knitting-pins, as also the ancient stone quern for grinding their bere into meal. The meal so prepared is called "burstin," small cakes baked of it are "burstin-broonies," and when eaten with cream it is known as "burstin-pram," all which words may exercise the etymologist. Each crofter has, as a rule, one or more cows and ponies, with a number of sheep corresponding to the extent of his holding. Some families are, in their rank, evidently comfortable and well to do. Others are as evidently poor.

The Sleeping-Car Wreck.

Manager Bennett has three bright youngsters; ranging from 3 to 7. The other morning he was awakened by a heavy crash in the children's room, followed by a prolonged howl. He rushed in. The smallest kid was raising the roof, while the eldest stood, half frightened, contemplating a heavy bureau which was tipped on the floor.

"Papa," he shouted, "Frankie's in the upper berf. Frankie's in the upper berf."

With considerable difficulty Mr. Bennett raised the wreck and skidded it on to the track. Then he opened the upper drawer, and young Frank popped his head out and surveyed the group.

"We was playing sleepin' car, pop," he exclaimed. "I got in all right, and Fwed tried to climb in the lower berf when the old car tipped over. But we didn't bweak nuffin, did we pop?"

"Nothing more valuable than your necks, you young train robbers," was the fond parent's comforting reply.—*Washington Post.*

From one point in Missouri over 1,000,000 cottonwood saplings have been shipped this year to Nebraska and Iowa to be planted on tree claims.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The peal of a banana has a falling inflection.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A cloud upon a real-estate title does not always have a silver lining.—*Hutchinson News.*

If a girl knows she is pretty it is not because any other girl told her so—*Atchison Globe.*

The rejected suitor probably considers his girl not-ty but nice—*Binghampton Leader.*

An official organ is one that has an authorized crank to turn it.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Gentlemen who wind their watches at night are apt to wind them up tight.—*Boston Transcript.*

When a man is under a cloud the silver lining is generally on the other side.—*Philadelphia Press.*

From the fruit preserver we get our jams and from the distiller our jim-jams.—*Boston Courier.*

Ardent Suitor—"Do you love me, darling?" Modern girl—"I don't know. How much are you worth?"—*Somerville Journal.*

Tomlet—I see that they are making cloth out of glass." Boblet—"For opera dresses and the ballet, I imagine."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Teacher—"Tommy, how is the earth divided?" Tommy—"Between them that's got it and them that wants it."—*Terre Haute Express.*

A squeeze in the stock market may be a bear hug or it may be the result of getting entaggled in bull rushes.—*Binghamton Republican.*

"It seems impossible to get away from them," said a Wall street sufferer who saw a shark while sojourning in Florida.—*Washington Post.*

She—"I hear poor Charley Goodenough has shot himself. Did he lose his money?" He—"No. He married a woman with a mission."—*Life.*

Duke—"Be mine, Miriam. I lay all my titles at thy feet." Miriam—"Go slow, Duke. I don't care for titles. Let's see your deeds."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Ted—"Why don't you take your girl skating?" Ned—"She doesn't know how." Ted—Lucky fellow! That's where all the fun comes in."—*Life.*

"Who shall set a limit to the influence of a human being?" queries the philosopher. The human being's office boy, of course.—*Somerville Journal.*

Brown—"Why do they call Prof. Quay the electric pianist?" Smith—"O, I suppose because he has such shocking execution."—*Rome Sentinel.*

An exchange states: "A late census of France embraced 30,000,000 women all told." Of course they did; women never could keep a secret."—*Philadelphia Press.*

There's nothing very doleful about it; still when a maiden has sifted a kiss through an incipient mustache she is apt to get down in the mouth."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Do you want the earth?" inquired the haughty hotel clerk of a meekly complaining guest. "No," was the reply, "you can keep it awhile longer till I ask you for it."—*Washington Post.*

"Ten dollars for that parrot? Why, it's simply monstrous!" "But, sir, please to observe that he speaks two languages. "What are they?" "Why, English and—his native tongue."—*Judge.*

He (at midnight)—"Funny custom the Chinese have. The hostess is expected to notify the caller when it is time to go." She (with a sigh)—But we are in America, you know."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Mr. Awger (looking over editor's shoulder as he clips an article from an exchange)—"Does that require much intellect?" Editor—"None whatever; why, I believe even you could do it."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Turner—"That Sampson is a mean man——" Drawly—"Yaws, by Jove; he said the othaw night that I weminded him of Bawnum's What-Is It." "But I will say of him he's as honest as the day is long."—*Time.*

A woman writer says: "Women want comfort." And yet, offer a woman the choice between a ton of coal and a pair of French heel shoes and which do you suppose she will take?—*Texas Siftings.*

Trovers (in hat store)—"I wish you would charge me for this hat. Clerk—"But we don't know you, sir." Trovers—"That's all the more reason, then, why you should be willing to charge it."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

"Hello, Biggs, where yer going so early with that big market basket?" "On a post-prandial excursion, old man." "On a what?" Post-prandial excursion; going after dinner, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Judge Blank is quite a book collector, you know." "Well, what of it?" "He found a tattered copy of a rare book the other day and the first thing he did was to have it bound over to keep the pieces."—*N. Y. Herald.*

"I see," said Mrs. Henpeck, "that the new Brazilian Government has established civil marriages." "Well, I wish you'd go down there and learn something about them. I'm getting mighty tired of this uncivil affair of ours."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"O, doctor," exclaimed the weeping wife, "must you give my husband up! Can't you do something more for him, doctor, before you go?" "Yes, madam," said the doctor, grimly, "I can make out my bill."—*Somerville Journal.*

"You have read 'Faust' in the original, I presume, Mr. Verybright?" she said, while the other folks at table were discussing German literature. "No, I haven't," he replied, "but I've read Goethe, though. Have you ever read him?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

Cjerks—"You know old Sample, the biggest liar in the Northwest? Well, he's going into business." Bjerks—"What's he going into?" Cjerks—"He hasn't made up his mind whether to be a weather prophet or a crop statistician."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Mr. Bluepill—"I am in favor of any movement that will shorten the hours of labor. I think no man should be compelled to work more than eighteen hours a day." Labor Agitator—"You mean eight hours?" "No, I mean eighteen. I am a drug clerk."—*Time.*

Tommy—"Paw, why do they always say 'counting noses' when they talk about counting a crowd?" Mr. Figg—"It started at political meetings, my son. You can see a politican's nose when there is not light enough to distinguish anything else."—*Terre Haute Eapress.*

"Dashley—"I would like to go to that masquerade to-night, but I am broke. I can't even afford to buy a mask." Cashley—"Why, you could get trusted for a mask." Dashley—"That's so. Maybe I could." Cashley—"Certainly. Your face ought to be good for a mask anywhere."—*America.*

Mrs. Wickwire—"Why don't you quit that stupid habit you've got of saying 'By Jove'? What do you know about Jove anyway?" Mr. Wickwire—"I will if you will stop saying 'The idea' every time you are spoken to. What do you know about ideas anyway?"—*Terre Haute Express.*

"Don't you think," said a youth, after working his vocal cords with intense vigor beside the hotel piano, "that I ought to go on the stage?" "Yes," replied Miss Pepperton, who doesn't like him very well, "I certainly do

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There is one that leaves for the station just an hour and a half from now."—*Musical Courier.*

Jack Rapid (behind the scenes examining a coin suspended from the bracelet of the premiere danseuse—"Why, what a rare coin! Stamped with the old Roman Effigy too. Where did you get it?" Rival Coryphee (in an audible whisper)—"She got it from Julius Cæsar for a birthday gift."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Sold by a Chinaman.

The mimetic skill of the Chinaman is proverbial.

So that when a few days ago Fo Chi Lo set in the window of his Ninth street curiosity shop a box filled with artificial flies, there was only an increase to the already prevalent wonder. Those flies were marvels of imitative ingenuity—big, fat, blue-bottles true to life in every semblance of the genuine, even to the reproduction of the delicate down upon the legs and the irridescent sheen of the wings.

Colonel Joe Love, of Chicago, is famous among his friends as a lover of the manual arts and the ingenious crafts, and in passing the shops of Fo Chi Lo, one day last week, his interest was aroused in the flies. He bought one, cheerfully paying the $1 demanded.

The fly was nested in cotton and placed in a small jewelry-box by the Chinaman, and delivered with every injunction to the Colonel not to break it.

Colonel Love dined at Weicker's that evening, and during the coffee struck off into the general subject of imitative art and the skill of the Chinese in particular. Then, to illustrate the point, he drew from the snug recess of his pocket the box containing the fly. His three fellow-diners closed about him. He lifted the lid, parted the warm cotton and revealed the fly, which, with a struggle of legs and flutter of wings, to the Colonel's unbounded astonishment, hopped out and flew away. The laugh at his expense was uproarious, and he cheerfully paid for the dinners as the price of the company's silence. In a small circle of friends, however, he will be asked to the end of time whether he has had any recent observations of Chinese ingenuity, or has paid a dollar to thaw out any more frost-bitten flies.—*Chicago Journal.*

Just How to Cut a Justice's Gown.

The Supreme court is a place of traditions and precedents, and even the cut and make of the gowns of the justices are so well defined by custom that there is but little scope left for the individual taste of the owner.

An authority on this subject says that the gown is made of wide straight widths. At the bottom it is three yards and a quarter wide, and it comes down to the ankles. The gown has a narrow hem around the bottom and a broad one straight down the front. At the top it is gauged to a yoke, which is short on the shoulders and forms a deep scallop at the back. This yoke has a silk lining between the outside and the inner one of silk. The sleeves are a yard and a quarter wide and reach to the hands. The lining of the sleeves is formed by doubling the material at the bottom, turning it up on the inside, and placing it about a quarter of a yard above the bottom to a narrower silk lining, which nicely fits the justice's arm. The arrangement makes the lower part of each sleeve appear to be a wide, loose puff. The sleeves are gauged to a yoke on the shoulders with many rows of gauging, but not so many at the back of the gown, where it is a quarter of a yard deep.

One woman has made the gowns for the last forty years, and she gets $100 for ever one of them. They are made alike, the only difference being in the material, the chief justice wearing black Chinese satin, while his associates are robed in black silk. The chief justice always wears a new gown when he swears in a president. The new gown is always subject to a good deal of criticism by the older justices, and its fit is closely scanned.—*Boston Herald.*

A Youthful Investigator.

There is a family of homeopaths of the highest dilution residing on High street, not far from the corner of Woodward avenue, says the Detroit *Tribune.* The children of this family are taught from their earliest infancy to abhor and eschew anything in the shape of medicine that has the least taste, smell, or color. Curiosity, however, got the better of the training of the youngest member a few days ago, and clutching a bright new penny, the gift of a visiting relative, in his chubby hand the little fellow toddled away to a drug store on the avenue and surprised the clerk with the demand for a penny's worth of "allopathic medicine."

After thinking over the matter a few minutes the pharmaceutical gentleman handed out a big lump of alum to his young customer who was soon after found by his mother seated on the door-step munching the alum with a face radiant with delight. If the spirit of investigation does not kill this 5-year-old before he arrives at the age of maturity it seems extremely probable that he will some day be heard of again in other fields of study and research.

His Quick Wit Saved His Life.

Biedler, the famous Montana scout, was as intrepid as he was fertile of resource in danger. One time at Miles City he came out of the door of a saloon to find himself within twenty inches of the muzzle of a 44-caliber revolver in the hand of a noted desperado on whose trail the deputy marshal had ofttimes camped.

"I'm going to blow the innards out of your skull, you vigilante hound," quoth the bad man.

"Not with that thing," said X, in a conversational but semi-querulous tone. "It ain't cocked!"

The bad man threw up the pistol to see if Biedler was right, and made the mistake of a life which ended right there.—*St. Paul Pioneer.*

Farming in Spain.

Consul Turner writes from Cadiz to the state department that farming in Spain is in a primitive state. Grain is cut with a small reaping-hook and threshed as in the time of the Cæsars, by tramping it out with asses hitched to a stone-boat. The plow is a crooked stick pointed with iron. In the towns are to be seen heavy wooden carts drawn by oxen. Most of the carrying, transferring, etc., is done by donkeys. Sand, brick, lumber—in fact, almost everything that has to be moved—is carried on their backs.

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Lived Among Cannibals.

Beresford Alfred, Baron d'Este, and his wife, nee Harney, whose first husband was the Viscount de None, are at the Southern. The Baron d'Este is a Frenchman by birth, an Italian by descent, an Englishman through his mother, and a man of many countries by virtue of travel and inclination. He wears his title lightly, as one who has seen much of the world and lived among those nations where rank is levelled by necessity; and such is indeed the case.

In conversation with a representative of the *Republic* he said that he had spent much of his life in the British colonies. The Baron is a handsome man, with a sunburned face, speaks English like an Englishman, and does not look over 40 years of age, though he may be older. As a young man he spent several years in Australia, but in 1870, when cotton was commanding a very high price, he, in company with a number of friends, went into the business of raising the costly product on the Fiji Islands. The islands at that time were inhabited largely by cannibals, and white men, though assisted by the friendly natives, carried their lives in their hands, and went constantly armed.

"The sister of my first wife," said the Baron, "was shot down by the natives, along with her husband and their two children. The cannibals then attempted to carry off the dead bodies, intending to eat them at their leisure in the mountains, but fortunately reenforcements came to our aid and the savages were driven back. My business partner died, and some of the wretches pilfered his grave of two thigh bones, which they carried off to their mountain retreat as trophies; but I found out who had been guilty of the desecration, and succeeded in recovering the bones.

"I was once on the point of tasting human flesh myself. Some of the natives had been assisting us to build a house, and the completion of the work was celebrated with a feast. In the course of the dinner I helped myself from a dish whose contents resembled pork, and was about to taste of it when a friendly native nudged me with his elbow and whispered one suggestive and sufficient word—'Man.' I needed no further explanation; but it must have been a great disappointment to the cannibals, who would have been much pleased to think that a white man had eaten human flesh. Our life was certainly a dangerous one, but cotton was selling high and we made money. In 1875 the English took possession of the island. I gladly joined their forces, and the cannibals were all either killed or made prisoners."

In 1878 the Baron left the Fiji Islands for India, where he went into the business of raising sugar. He also spent some time in Madagascar, but for the past few years has been living in Paris. —*St. Louis Republic.*

A Wonderful Indian Coverlet.

The Navajo tribe of Indians own immense flocks of well-bred sheep, and the wool clip averages 1,500,000 pounds annually. A part of this finds its way into the regular market through the traders, but the great portion is carefully selected for the manufacture of blankets. After being cleansed, carded and dyed by a process known only to themselves, the wool is ready for the loom.

The weavers are important personages, and will only perform the labor of making the blanket, therefore the work of erecting the hogan, which contains the loom, devolves upon the squaws. The hogan is made by planting six rough-hewn poles, about eight feet high, in the earth at regular intervals, forming a full square. On top of these boughs of trees are placed to form a roof and shade from the burning rays of the sun. The center poles form the sides of the room, and about a foot from the top and bottom cross poles, with holes bored through them for the warp, are securely fastened with rawhide throngs.

The warp is made from the fibers of the yucca tree. It is treated in a manner known only to those who prepare it, and the secret will not be divulged to a white man, therefore their blankets can only be duplicated in quality and texture by themselves. Formerly these blankets were made solely for their own use, but since they were conquered by the Government and thrown almost entirely upon their own resources for a livelihood, the value of their blankets was impressed upon their minds by traders and has become the leading industry.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Narrow Escape.

A—Who is that shabby looking man I saw you talking to a while ago?

B—That's an old friend of mine, a journalist, and awful poor. It's lucky he isn't married and got daughters, as I might have been big fool enough to marry one of them.—*Texas Siftings*

A Terrible Loss.

"They say Mrs. Smith took on terribly at Smith's death."

"Yes; poor thing! she could scarcely be reconciled to his loss."

"Did she get much insurance?"

"No; it was a total loss. All his policies had lapsed."—*Judge.*

Wild Animals in Russia.

Bears and wolves have become such a nuisance this winter in the Depart-