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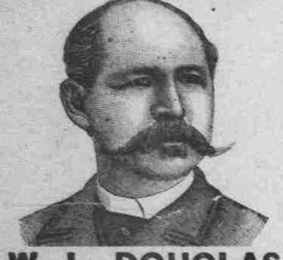

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The "right whale" is the most vicious of all the whalebone whales and at times fights desperately for its life. The finbacks were rarely captured before the invention of the bomb-lance, as they ran so fast boats could not stand the strain.

Why are umbrellas like pancakes? They are seldom seen after Lent.

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DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS,
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Ladies' and Children's Shoes,
Has arrived. I have also received my Spring Stock of
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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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Willamette Val'y	May 9	Farallon	May 9
Farallon	May 14	Willamette V'y	May 14
Willamette V'y	May 20	Farallon	May 20

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Leave Portland Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 6 a. m.
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The Right Kind of Pen.

"The only capital needed to embark in the profession of literature is a bottle of ink and a versatile pen."

She had read the words and pondered over them more deeply than usual, knitting her white brow until the golden curls on her forehead peeked down into her eyes to see what it all meant. Visions of a future spangled with plaudits and bright with fame rose before her.

Yes, she would adopt this fourth profession.

Putting on a love of a hat and a dear, dainty little wrap that hugged her close, she started out to purchase the necessary outfit. Reaching the book store she looked out from under her drooping plumes and coquettishly asked for a bottle of very best Ink. When placed on the counter before her it was like an elixir, so many grand possibilities flashed through her head.

"And now I want a pen." On being asked if there was any make she preferred, she hesitated and then said:

"Yes, but I most forgot what it is. It's like vermicelli, or varioloid. No that isn't it. Could it be verdigris or verdancy, now?"

"Really, I don't know," replied the puzzled clerk. "You must be looking for something quite rare."

"Yes, I am; but I've got money to buy it if I only knew what it was."

"By the way," questioned the inspired clerk, "could it be versatile?"

"Yes, that's it. I knew I'd find it. A versatile pen is what I'm looking for."

"I am sorry, miss, but we have none in stock. They are very rare and we have little call for them. You see the points are all dipped in grey matter and attic salt, and——"

"Grey! Well, then I don't want one. Grey isn't becoming. I never have it near me," and turning she walked away unconscious that she was robbing the world of a literary gem.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Prolific Playwright.

Speaking of Boucicault reminds me of how little we really know about the men who write plays and their words. Think of it! Steele Mackaye, although yet a young man, less than forty-five, has written and produced twenty different plays, nearly every one of which has run from fifty to a hundred nights in one locality. Besides this vast amount of work he has built three theatres and opened them with his own productions. Yet not more than one theatregoer in a thousand who will look at his wonderful play of "Paul Kauvar" and his still more remarkable one of "An Arrant Knave," which he recently wrote for Stuart Robson, can recall three plays from this remarkable man's pen.

The Dog Had to Climb.

We were comfortably seated around the hearth at Porter Lake, in Pike county, Pa., and the spirit of story-telling was strong upon us, because the fishing had been unusually good and the supper bounteous. The flash and sparkle of wit filled the upper air of the room as with a fine aurora, and a halo of calm bliss encircled the brow of each entranced listener. But first the drug and then the antidote. The benevolent Colonel drew us down gently from the giddy heights with a story of a coarse plebeian, locally known as a catfish. Thus ran his tale: "A man and his dog went fishing in the Mississippi. In a short time the man felt a mighty pull on the line, and he knew that a catfish had taken hold.

The giant came along peacefully enough until he happened to change his mind, and then he decided to double on his course and take the man along. The faithful dog, seeing his master's danger, rushed to the rescue bravely enough. The wily catfish, when he found the dog pursuing, turned upon him and terrified the dog, who incontinently turned tail and swam vigorously toward the dry land, the catfish hotly following. Presently the dog gained the land and ran hastily, the cat-fish madly surging after him. The dog, sorely pressed and fearing a painful death, in his extremity climbed a tree, the catfish still pursuing."

"Hold on!" we cried in chorus; "dogs can not climb trees."

"Can't climb a tree?" responded the Colonel. "But the catfish was close upon him, and this dog had to climb."—*Forest and Stream.*

Kerrected.

When Mary Ann Dollinger got the skule down thar on Injun Bay
I was glad, for I like to see a gal makin' her honest way.
I heerd some talk in the village abaout her flyin' high,
Tew high for the busy farmer folks with chores ter dew ter fly;
But I paid no sorter attention ter all the talk onthell
She came in her reg'lar boardin' round ter visit with us a spell.
My Jak an' her had been cronies ever since they could walk,
An' it tuk me aback to hear her kerrectin' him in his talk.
Jake ain't no hand at grammer, though he haint his beat for work;
But I sez ter myself, "Look out, my gal, yer afoolin' with a Turk!"
Jake bore it wonderful patient an' said, in a mournful way,
He p'eumed he was behindhand with the doin's at Injun Bay.
I remember once he was askin' for some o' my Injun buns,
An' she said he should allus say, "them air," stid o' "them is" the ones.
Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy, mornin' an' evenin' long,
Tell he dassent open his mouth for fear o' talkin' wrong.
One day I was pickin' currents daown by the old quince tree,
When I heerd Jake's voice a-sayin', "He ye willin' ter marry me?
An' Mary Ann kerrectin'—"Air ye willin' yeou sh'd say."
Our Jake he put his foot daown, in a plum, decided way,
"No wimmen folks is a-goin' ter be rearrangin' me;
Hereafter I says 'craps,' 'them is,' 'I calk'late,' an' 'I be.'"
Ef folks don't like my talk then they needn't hark ter what I say;
But I ain't a-goin' ter take no sass from folks from Injun Bay;
I ask you free and final, 'Be ye goin' ter marry me?'"
An' Marry Ann sez, tremblin' yet anxious-like, "I be!"

—Florence E. Pyatt.

A SPANISH BLUEBEARD

There was once a Spanish gentleman of high rank, who led a very wild and dissolute life, but now desired to settle down to his own estate and take to himself a wife, who would preside over his household in a fitting fashion. Being rich and handsome, his wickedness went for naught; and soon he was betrothed to a lovely lady, whose family were pleased with the alliance, and who brought him a fine fortune.

The wedding was celebrated with great pomp, and he brought his bride home to his palace, the poor of the place gathered as usual about the door; and one—a withered old beggar-woman—was loud in her praise of the lady's beauty, and begged to be permitted to present her with a bouquet of wild flowers that she had gathered in the woods.

"A poor offering, my lady," said the woman, "but all the poor gypsy has to give."

The lady took the flowers with a smile, and dropped a coin into the gypsy's hand. As she entered the door she bent her lovely head and inhaled the perfume of the flowers.

The servants remembered the action, and her smile, as she passed into her apartment, leaning on her husband's arm, for it was the last they ever saw of her. An hour after she lay dead, and all the doctors in Madrid could not tell what had killed her.

The young widower was very sad for a long time, but by and by he began to find life bright once more, and chose for himself a second wife. This lady was lovelier than the first, though not so rich. Her predecessor's fate did not alarm her, for she was strong and full of health. Death seemed to be very far from so radiant a creature, as she stood before the church altar and plighted her troth to the man with whom she hoped to pass her life; but those who remembered the first wife's fate shuddered as at the fall of eventide she entered the gates of her husband's villa. The same old gypsy who had greeted the former bride stood amidst the crowd.

"Heaven and the saints bless you, lady!" she cried. "I greeted her who came before, and faded like a flower. May you live until your hair is as white as mine. Flowers are all I have to give. Will you honor me by taking them, lady?"

The bride, as the other bride had done, accepted the offering, and repaid the gift with a coin.

She held the blossoms loosely in her hand, and passed into the hall. A banquet was prepared, and she partook of it. Wine was on the board; she tasted of it. When the dance began none danced more gayly than the bride. It was a merry wedding and when at last, in the hours of the morning, the music died away, the guests departed and the lamps were extinguished, the beautiful girl turned, with smiles and blushes to seek her place of rest. As she crossed the threshhold of the hall she stooped and picked something from the floor.

"My poor gypsy's flowers," she said. "I will not reject the humble token of kindness," and bending her face over them, she passed out of sight.

Half an hour afterward the husband also entered the bridal room. All was still. The lamplight fell over the pi lows, but no fair head rested upon them. He looked about him; in the corner of the room lap what looked like a heap of rumpled satin at first sight. He advanced toward it, and saw a hand that grasped convulsively a little bunch of white flowers, and with a cry of horror, cast himself beside the body of his bride. She was dead; she bore no wound, no sign of injury about her. Again the physicians could not find the cause for the death, and people began to whisper tales of evil spirits who haunted this fatal bridal chamber and did to death the fair beings who braved them by entering it.

Again the gentleman was a widower; again he suffered much sorrow, but it was not eternal. He began in time to seek another bride, but in vain. No one would risk the fate of those other young and lovely women. No one would have this Bluebeard, the mysteries of whose castle were so terrible, and for years th[illegible] ing without winning, until one morning, meeting the Donna Mora on her way to church, her black eyes veiled beaneth her black mantilla, he made a grand impression, and was permitted ere long to offer his hand and heart with true Spanish gallantry.

Donna Mora, who was a widow, listened not ill pleased.

"I do not detest you, Senor," she said, "and I frankly tell you so, but you have had strange bridals heretofore. I do not feel tired of life, and desire to enjoy myself a little longer. Let me know why your first wife died. You must surely know."

"On my soul, I do not!" said the gentleman.

"I believe you," said the lady. "Listen to me, then. I am ready to marry you, but before I do, I must be allowed to inspect your house from roof to cellar. You must vacate it, and give me the keys, and I must go there alone with my sister, I will discover the mystery, if there is one."

"Donna Mora," said the gentleman, "do as you will. I vacate the dwelling at once. There are the keys. The long one of steel opens that fatal chamber, which I beg you not to enter—the bridal chamber of my dead brides. Adieu! Thanks for your promise, which I shall hasten to claim when you summon me."

He kissed her hand and rode away.

She at once made ready to seek the dwelling of which she had heard so much. The lumbering carriage held her, her sister, two brothers, maid, man-servant and pet poodle very well. And, at last, they came in sight of the old Moorish building, and paused to inspect it.

"I begin to tremble," said Donna Anna.

"I have no fears," said Donna Mora. Then she ordered the coachman to drive closer, descended and unlocked the gate with her own hands. All was still; only the echoes welcomed them.

Their feet awoke more upon the stairs; they made Donna Anna nervous, Donna Mora was as brave as a man.

They inspected every room, they peeped into every closet, they opened the bridal chamber and saw the dust that had gathered upon its ornaments, and from the neighbors they drew the whole story—all that was known. And for the first time Donna Mora heard of the old gypsy and her flowers.

Then she waited, pacing the floors of the empty rooms, while Donna Anna watched from the window, and the brothers smoked cigarettes in the court-yard. What was she waiting for? She told no one.

At last—"Sister, is any one coming? I thought I heard a step," said she.

"It is an old gypsy with some flowers," said Donna Anna.

And Donna Mora said: "Bid her come in."

Then passing between the smoking brothers, who scarcely looked up, and by the little dog, who growled, entered an old woman, shriveled and yellow, who courtesied and said, "May the good stars shine for the pretty senoritas and the brave senors. I have heard that the lady who is to be mistress here has come, and I am old and may not live to see her a bride, and would fain welcome her.

Then Donna Mora answered "I am the lady."

"Then may I offer a few wild flowers," said the gypsy, "and my good wishes for the senor has been my benefactor. A poor gift, lady, but do not scorn it."

She held the flowers toward Donna Mora, who took them and put them down upon the table.

"Donna Anna," said she, "bring my dog here. Brothers seize the gypsy."

In a moment more the struggling woman was held in a strong grasp, and Donna Mora, holding her dog in her lap, pressed the flowers to his nostrils.

"If he lives, free her. If he dies, have her arrested," she said quietly.

Donna Anna hid her face. The brothers sternly regarded first the woman, then the dog; the latter had begun to tremble. In a moment more he uttered a whine, long and terrible to listen to. Donna Mora dropped the flowers. The poor creature lay motionless across her lap. He was dead.

"Have the woman arrested," said Donna Mora, again. "It is she that has murdered those two poor women with her poisoned flowers, as she would have murdered me."

But to the Senor, when they met once more, she said this:

"I know the ways of gypsies, and their art of poisoning flowers. I know also that an injured gypsy girl is always avenged by her tribe. He who is false to one woman let no other woman trust. Adieu.—*N. Y. World.*

A Poor Jew's Wanderings.

It has just leaked out that a poor old crippled Hebrew from Persia, who could speak no language but Persian and ancient Hebrew, was recently put into an insane asylum here and cruelly treated, says a *Globe* dispatch from San Francisco. His story reads like a romance. Chaskel Halevy was a poor man in Bagdad when two years ago he was crippled by paralysis. He heard that his brother in Bombay was wealthy, so he set out for India. At Bombay he found his brother had gone to Hong Kong, and at Hong Kong he learned he was in Yokohama. There he found his relative, but so poor that Chaskel determined to return to Bagdad by way of San Francisco. He begged enough to reach here, where charitable Hebrews gave him shelter. He walked only with crutches, and one days boys stole these, leaving him helpless, far from home. He begged aid from a policeman, but as he tried, in Persian custom, to kiss the officer's hand, the policeman thought he was a vicious drunkard trying to bite him, and clubbed Chaskel over the head until the poor Hebrew was insensible. He was arrested for drunkenness and sent to the alms house. He made frantic appeals in Hebrew, but no one understood him. His efforts to escape led the authorities to pronounce him crazy, and two physicians certified he was hopelessly insane, and committed him. There his long white beard, held sacred by his race in Persia, was shaven off, despite his tears and appeals. Then he tried to commit suicide, but was prevented. Finally he was discovered by a rabbi, who raised money to send him back to Bagdad by the China steamer, which sailed recently. Halevy was well educated, but the police records show that he was entered under a false name, and no efforts were made to secure his story through an interpreter. He was simply railroaded into an asylum because he could not make himself understood and had no friends.

The "Swamp Fox" of Georgia.

Turning over a page of his private memorandum-book, "Bill" Jones, the detective, said to an Atlanta *Constitution* man:

"Here's the case that gave me my title as Swamp Fox of Georgia."

"What is it?"

"In '68 a safe was blown open in Macon and about $11,000 was taken out. The case was put in my hands and I followed the man into the swamps near where Limber City now is. I found him there working at the mill, and got work, too. In a short time he and I were quite friends, and were sleeping together. He had a habit of leaving the bed about daybreak every morning, and I began to follow him. It was slow work and required several weeks. One morning I'd go a certain distance, and then back, and the next morning a little further. Finally I went to the end of his rope. I followed him into the heart of the swamp and saw him take a package from a stump. He handled it awhile and then put it back. I guessed what it was, and I guessed well. That night I went to the stump and pulled out the package, and found over $10,000 in it. That night we went to bed together, but about midnight I got up, and, securing an officer for whom I sent, went to that stump. The next morning he came at the usual hour, and as he stooped to reach for the package we sprang upon him and he was ours."

"What became of him?"

"He got twenty years, and I got $2,500."

The Virtue of Hot Milk.

It is worthy of reiteration that milk heated to as high a temperature as it can be drunk or sipped, above 100 degrees but not to the boiling point, is of great value as a refreshing stimulant in cases of over-exertion, bodily or mental. To most people who like milk, it does not taste so good hot, but that is a small matter compared with the benefit to be got from it. Its action is exceedingly prompt and grateful, and the effects much more satisfactory and far more lasting than those of any alcoholic drink whatever. It supplies real strength as well as exhilaration, which alcohol never does.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Rome, from being a city set [illegible] seven hills, is likely to be a seaport. The mountain is not to be cast into the sea, but a profane American company is willing, for the sum of 68,000,000 france, to undertake to bring the sea to the mountain by means of a canal eleven miles long. The scheme was suggested by Garibaldi and has since been approved by Lesseps.

GOLD MINING IN CHINA.

Ten Thousand Human Creatures Who Dig Three Ounces of Gold a Day.

Minister Denby has sent to the State Department, in a recent report, a translation of an article which recently appeared in a native newspaper published at Shanghai, giving an account of the gold mining in Shanghai. It says:

"There are gold mines in Manchuria which may give a better account of themselves than any of our coal or iron mines. Some of the latter, as for instance, the Ch'lh-chow mines of Anhui and the Suchow mines of Kiansu, have so far been anything but a success, owing to difficulties of transporting the mineral to the places where it is required. But for gold there is a good market everywhere, and all that is brought out of the earth is sold on the spot. What has stood in the way of successful gold mining in China is want of method. The P'ing-tu gold mines, on the Shantung promontory, employ about 10,000 persons, and the working expenses are 800 taels a day, but the output daily is only 3 ounces of gold. But we are pleased to chronicle the existence of a very different state of things at the Amur gold mines. When Prefect Li assumed the direction six months ago the working of these mines was commenced with sudden and wonderful energy, and a subsidiary mine was opened at Ki-kan Ho. Here, where the gold brigands had worked at their forbidden mines before they were so disastrously scattered by the Chinese Government troops, gold mining is now actively proceeding under the sanction and encouragement of the government. At first the output was very small, but it has since so increased that during the last ten days of the third moon (April 20-29, 1889), the joint production of both mines was between fifty and sixty ounces of gold dust. There are from 500 to 600 miners employed, and each is finding now about a tenth of an ounce of gold every day, and it is expected that before many more months there will be 3,000 miners working there and producing 300 ounces of gold a day. Happy share-holders!

"These mines of Hei-Lung Kiang Fe near the frontier between that Chinese province and the Russian Amur territory. There are the Tung Kiu Shan and the Si Kiu Shan worthy of being named beside the California of the Americans and the Australia of the British, which are commonly called by us, respectively, Kiu Kin Shan and Sin Bin Shan, the old and new gold fields. Here stretches a gold vein of 400 to 600 li long, which if properly worked will yield us incalculable wealth, and is now only waiting for capitalists to come forward to supply the working capital. It must be confessed that the way these mines were managed before Prefect Li came along was anything but reassuring to investors, but now we may hope that more confidence will be felt and that these noble mines may be properly developed.

"According to the first clause of the Russian treaty the range of hills called the Hing An Ling separates our territory from the Russian, the gold country of Tung King Shan lying to the south and that of Si Bin Shan or Moh Ho to the north of that range. The mines under Prefect Li's superintendence are on those mountains some seventy or eighty li from Moh Ho. All provisions for the mines must be imported overland from Ai-ken (otherwise called Saghalin Via, or 'Black River'), a distance of 1,500 li, through Moh Ho, passing Russian territory on their way. Prefect Li intends to effect a reform in this respect, and partly by the employment of steamers and partly by opening of new roads to render it possible to bring from China everything necessary for the proper working of the mines and the supply of the personnel with provisions without the aid of Russian roads."

Beginning to Enjoy Life.

Americans are just beginning to enjoy life. We are not quite the sober and sad-cheeked race that we once were. The struggle for existence finds the people better off than they were one and two hundred years ago. There is more abundance and comfort, less cold, hunger and exposure, better food, shelter and clothing. Things can be enjoyed now which could not even exist here previously, for both the comforts and luxuries themselves on one hand and the margin for expenditure on the other have increased and come into being. These have given color and interest to life.

The religious belief, too, is more cheerful. The awful deity of Puritanism has been supplanted by a loving one. Religion now busies itself more with good deeds and human sympathies and less with gloomy introspection. It has gathered a larger faith in the absolute benevolence as well as justice of God, and of the substantial victory of good over evil which this implies.

Contact with Germans and Jews, who have migrated to this country and become a part of our environment, is having its influence. Go to Saratoga and who among the visitors are having the most enjoyment? The Hebrews. Among the work people who are out for a holiday in the park, or the country, or on the water, the Germans show the most hearty devotion to the occasion; and neither are the Irish and other Europeans wanting in this respect.

All these influences of better feeling, more leisure, a better religion, a growing æstheticism, larger incomes and possibilities of better living generally, to say nothing of the contagious example of the Germans, the Hebrews and other peoples who know how to enjoy living, are bringing the people of this country into a better enjoyment of life.—*Good Housekeeping.*

"Aunt Nina's" Appeal.

"Zeb" Vance was holding forth in one of the cloak-rooms of the senate the other day on the evils of intemperance, writes a Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune.* I don't know whether he intended to "point a moral and adorn a tale," or whether he expected that the seed, in the company he was in, should fall on fruitful ground. Whatever his motive in telling the following little story, I omit for obvious reasons of delicacy, all mention of names. Said the genial senator from North Carolina:

"There was a camp-meeting held last year in the immediate neighborhood of my home in Charlotte. Among the many colored people present was 'Aunt Nina,' who was noted for the length and breadth of her prayers, in which she never failed to make mention of her old master, who was much given to drink. On this particular occasion, after having disposed of all the rest of creation, she became more than usually fervent in her appeal in his behalf, requesting as a 'special favor that he be saved from a drunkard's grave at least, and accompanied the request with this irresistible appeal:

"'O Lord how would it look! him in hell, with his bald head, and drunk at that?'"

Plumbing in Old Rome.

Recent investigations in Rome show that the ancient plumbers of the Eternal city were obliged to be very particular with their work. There have been unearthed great quantities of lead water pipe, each plainly stamped with the name of the owner of the house, the year of the plumbing, the name of the consuls for that year, and that of the reigning emperor.

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'CAMP-MEETIN' JOHN.

A Little Story Told of Allen of Mississippi by His Colleague.

Representative Allen, of Mississippi, doesn't have it all his own way. Congressman Burrows, of Michigan, has got even with him for once. He got Captain Allen up in line recently and fired a whole battery into his ear.

"When Allen was saving Connecticut last fall," said Burrows, "he had an appointment in Windham county. He was met at the depot by an old fellow with a bald face and a fringe of yellow-whitey whiskers springing up from his collar-bone over the edge of his collar, like witch grass in the angle of a rail fence.

"'This is Mr. Allen, is it?' asked the old 'un.

"'It air,' responded the Captain.

"'Wall, I've come to take ye to the meet'n'.'"

"Without further ado the Captain climbed into the wagon. It was one of the kind saved in the ark. It had a rocker body set on thorough braces and with wheels two inches across the tire. The shafts were straight and run up from a low axle to the horse's neck. The horse was a rat-tailed buckskin mare which cantered behind and ambled in front. She wore an old-fashioned collar and hames, cut decollette and stuffed with straw. Allen tried to stir the old man up by talking politics, but the patriarch didn't seem very enthusiastic for the Democracy, and preferred to talk about foreordination and the mortal certainty ninety-nine in a hundred had of being damned.

"Finally they reached the place of meeting. There was a good crowd, more women than usual, but a terrible solemn lot all around. The hall looked more like a meeting-house than most places, but Captain Allen was accustomed to expect anything. Old Galways escorted him to the platform, where solemn-looking mugs shook hands with him and didn't utter a word.

"'Gad,' thought the Captain, 'this looks like a funeral. I'll have a job warming them up.'

"Finally one of the solemn parties walked to the edge of the platform and said:

"'Bretheren and sisters: It is my solemn pleasure to interjuce to you tonight, a man whose name is a household word from Maine to California—a man who, though upwards, I understand, of 80 years of age, scarcely looks 60. Ellow me to present Rev. John Allen of Main, more ginerly known as "Camp Meetin'" John Allen, who will open the services with pra'r.'"—*Washington Post.*

Toys of the Olden Time.

A thoughtful-looking little gentleman sat in the Girard House, of Philadelphia, one evening watching the people pass in and out and listening to snatches of conversation which were wafted to his ears. He sat alone in a corner, smoking a pipe with a long slender stem. His black coat was ornamented with braid, and his grey hair was topped by a black skull cap. The gentleman is Auguste Blare, of Paris, an inventor of mechanical toys. He has spent his life in this work, and each year brings him additional interest in it. Mr. Blare has a marvelous fund of anecdote, especially about the wonders of automata, and takes great pleasure in talking about the latter.

"Puppets and marionetts were patronized," he said, "both by the Greeks and the Romans, and automata, which are the inventions now principally dealt in, also go back to a remote period. Vulcan's tripod on wheels has the authority of Homer; Daedalus made moving statues; Archytas of Threntum, in 400 B. C., invented a wooden pigeon that could fly in the air. In the sixteenth century Regiomantamons made an iron fly which moved through the atmosphere, and afterward an automatic eagle, which on the arrival of the Emperor Maximilian at Nuremburg, flew forth to meet him.

"But one of the most wonderful of such inventions of which we have record was a group of automata constructed by Philip Camuz for Louis XIV. This consisted of a coach and four horses that started off at the crack of a whip, the horses prancing, trotting and galloping in turn. It ran along until it got in front of the King, when it stopped. Then a toy footman descended, and opening the carriage door, handed out a lady 'with born grace,' as the records tell us. The lady made a courtesy, presented a petition to the Emperor, re-entered her carriage and was driven rapidly away.

Such is the description of the most wonderful automaton," concluded Mr. Blare. "I never saw the toy itself, of course, but the description just given to you tallies almost word for word with an authentic record. I memorized the latter at one time, so marvelous did it seem to me."

Feeding Canary Birds.

A good many people don't know how to take care of canary birds, and I, therefore, give them the following advice which I got from a bird-fancier: "Never give your bird sugar, or figs, or raisins, or anything sweet, except a small piece of sweet apple (peeled) twice a week. Put the apple in the cage in the morning and take it out at night. It should have all the rape and canary seed it wants and gravel should be kept at the bottom of the cage. Avoid feeding the bird celery. Twice a week feed it on one-third of a boiled egg, using both the white and the yellow of the egg. Grate up the egg; that is better than putting it in whole. Give it the egg the day before it gets the apple and as large a piece of the former as of the latter. Let it have a bath every other day, using water with the chill taken off."

A remarkable little animal has been added to the London Zoo. It is a deer, though in size but a trifle larger than a full grown cat. The cloven hoofs proclaim its position in the mammalian world beyond doubt, but it has no horns. In the male two long canine teeth project from the upper lips, and these, perhaps, serve in their stead.

A Lively Cripple.

A one-legged man whom the Seattle (Wash.) police were after the other day took refuge in a cellar, barred the door, and defied the whole force. The fire department was called out and the cellar pumped full of water. When it got up to the man's chin he surrendered. Since then he has escaped three times from jail

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CLIFF DWELLERS.

Marvelous Discoveries in Southern Colorado by Two Hartford Explorers.

Messrs. Frederick H. Chapin and Charles P. Howard of this city, says the Hartford *Courant*, have recently returned from a most interesting and fruitful exploring expedition in southern Colorado. They made a special search for and among the various cliff dwellings in the Mancos canyon. They are experienced climbers. Mr. Chapin is a member of the Appalachian club; has climbed Mount Blanc and the extremely difficult Rothhorn at Zermatt, and has published numerous articles in the *Appalachian* and other magazines. Mr. Howard climbed Mount Blanc with Mr. Chapin, and made the ascent of the Matterhorn by himself.

They went out to the Mancos canyon mainly to take photographs of the interesting objects there, but they also made many discoveries themselves. The pictures Mr. Chapin makes are perfect, and he has brought from this trip a collection that are simply marvelous and that show us more about the curious cliff dwellings than can be told in words, though the story accompanying the picture, as he tells it, makes the scenes complete.

These dwellings in the Mancos canyon were discovered last December, and very few people have seen any of them. They are scattered all along the lofty walls of the canyon and its tributaries. You find them in countless abundance, yet they are almost absolutely inaccessible save as the steps to them are found. They are far up the side of the gorge, that can not be scaled from below. And they are down below the top so far as to be out of sight or reach from above, and are generally tucked away under an overhanging ledge. They are not easily noticed, and the only way to reach them is by the steps cut in the stone.

The buildings are not adobe; they are mortar and mason-work structures. The largest that they have explored is 425 feet long—a palace or a fortress. It was at least eighty feet high and would have held 1,000 people. On the ground floor 124 rooms were traced. The object of these explorers was not relics but photographs, and so they took pictures instead of gathering materials, but they saw a great many curious things. Corn and beans are still to be found in the ruins; indeed, a corn-cob was found imbedded in the original mortar, showing it was as old as the structure. Skeletons can be found by upheaving the debris. Whoever goes there to dig will come away loaded.

And so, too, on the plains about the ranch where the travelers stopped the fields yield pottery and other relics, and the loose stones prove to be parts of the ruined buildings. It is a country whose people have gone. Why they went, why they lived as they did while there—these things and nearly all else about them are matters for speculation. Richard Wetherill, a ranchman of Mancos, was the discoverer of the first of these dwellings in that locality and found them last December. It is assumed that at they are at least 600 years old.

Ingersoll On Crime.

Before the ninth annual convention of the State Bar association Col. Robert G. Ingersoll delivered an address upon the subject of "Crimes Against Criminals," in which at the outset he demonstrated that punishment by torture and death had failed to abate crime. The following were among Mr. Ingersoll's utterances:

"Degradation has been thoroughly tried, with its maimings and brandings, and the result was that those who inflicted the punishment became as degraded as their victims. It is safe to say that governments have committed far more crimes than they have prevented. I am perfectly satisfied that there are millions of others incapable of practicing certain virtues. There is no reformation in degradation. Whoever is degraded by society becomes its enemy. A punishment that degrades the punished will degrade the government that procures the infliction. Is there any remedy? Can anything be done for the reformation of the criminal? He should be treated with kindness. Every right should be given him consistent with the safety of society. He should neither be degraded nor robbed. Why should these men after having been imprisoned for years be turned out without the means of support? Would it not be far better to lay aside his earning so that when the convict is released after five years of imprisonment he will have several hundred dollars of his own, enough to keep the wolf of crime from the door of his heart? If we are to change the conduct of men we must change their conditions. Extreme poverty and crime go hand in hand. Ignorance, filth, and poverty are the missionaries of crime. As long as dishonorable success outranks honest effort—as long as society bows and cringes before the great thieves—there will be little ones enough to fill the jails."

How to Be a Favorite.

Brown: "How is it you are such a favorite everywhere you go?" White: "Oh, that's easy enough. Whenever anything pleasant happens to me I keep it to myself, so as to make nobody envious: but all my miseries and misfortunes I tell to everybody who will hear me, and you can't imagine how happy they make everybody I tell them to. They say, you know, that misery loves company. I don't know how that is, but company loves misery every time."—*Boston Transcript.*