

MUST BE A DIPLOMAT.

NO OTHER KIND OF MAN CAN BE A SLEEPING CAR CONDUCTOR.

Not Only Officers and Clerks, but Secretaries, Bookkeepers and Talkers For the Long Watches of His Night—Rigid Examination of Applicants For the Position.

No man who is not a born diplomat need apply for a position as a sleeping car conductor. It will be time lost for him. He may have all the other qualities that would make him a success at anything else, but unless he has that peculiar and indefinable ability to get along well with all sorts and conditions of men, which is called diplomacy for want of a better term, he had better keep off the sleeping cars and take up something easier, such as law, medicine or the ministry.

Few of the thousands who nightly sleep at the rate of 40 miles an hour or thereabouts realize how well the man who has charge of the car in which they sleep looks after their comfort directly and indirectly. They think it is all the work of the porter, whom they reward accordingly with tips. The conductor doesn't get many tips. He has the responsibility, which is a poor substitute, and he has his wages, which are good wages, to be sure, but he earns all that he gets. If he thinks he doesn't get enough, there are hundreds of others ready and eager to take his place.

"During this year," says an official of the Wagner Car company, "we have had, I should say, close to a thousand rejected applicants for every one accepted. The tests, though not ironbound as to form, are pretty rigid. In the first place, the candidate must have letters of recommendation. If these are satisfactory, he makes out an application blank, which gives us some idea of his educational limitations. This being satisfactory, he is talked to by some one of the officers and told to return in a day or two, when he has another consultation with other officials who put to him such questions as they desire.

"In this way we get some inkling of the man's personality—whether he is of good appearance, intelligent, polite, easy in manner and of good address. These are very important matters, and many candidates otherwise qualified fall here. The successful candidate goes on the waiting list, and when his turn comes he is sent out under the care of some old conductor to learn the ropes.

"First, last and all the time he is instructed to be courteous to his passengers and attentive to their wants. Often a man falls, for some unforeseen cause, to become a good conductor after he has been tried. Really first class men are hard to get, but we keep on trying candidates until we find the right one. On entering our employ the man is required to furnish bonds for \$500. Our men are usually bonded by a security company. They get from \$75 to \$100 a month wages and from this buy their own uniforms."

Having secured bonds, a uniform and experience, the candidate becomes a full fledged conductor. Here his troubles begin. His duties are many, but he soon gets used to them. He must in the first place look after the sleeping car tickets, and at night must take the train tickets as well, handing them over to the train conductor in the morning. Then he must look after the car in general, keep an eye on the porters, see that the berth properly, a noiseless matter sometimes, and see that the temperature and atmosphere of the cars are all right.

He must be up and moving at every station where passengers are likely to board the train, answer any number of questions, be prepared to take charge of matters in case of breakdown or other accident, furnishing a full report later to the company, see that the passengers are all informed of the whereabouts of the dining car in the morning, wake them up in time, act as arbitrator in cases of difficulty between passenger and passenger or between passenger and porter and do a thousand other little things that cause wear and tear on his brain.

But these are not the matters that bother him. It is the personal eccentricities of the passengers themselves which turn the conductor's hair gray. Some one once said that to know a man as he really is you must travel with him. A conductor will tell you that to know a man as he really ought to be you must travel with him in a sleeping car. In general, those who travel by night may be divided into three classes:

First—Those who sleep themselves and let other people sleep.

Second—Those who sleep themselves and keep other people awake.

Third—Those who don't sleep themselves and won't let anybody else sleep.

It might be supposed that there is one other class—viz, those who lie awake themselves and let other people sleep—but these specimens are so rare as not to form a class. They are abnormal, like white crows or two headed calves. A Wagner conductor, who has grown gray in the service, says that he never knew but one of this kind, and he was an insane prisoner in charge of two officers. He fulfilled the conditions because he was bound, gagged and shackled.—New York Sun.

So Many Somanias.
Kissers have dipsomania.
Waiters have dipsomania.
Sailors have dipsomania.
Blazers have dipsomania.
Barbers have dipsomania.
Drivers have dipsomania.
Inebriates have dipsomania.
Deadbeats have dipsomania.
Tea drinkers have dipsomania.
Mild drinkers have dipsomania.
Poker players have dipsomania.—Detroit Free Press.

Education Triumphant.
Misses (angrily)—See, Bridget, I can write my name in the dust.
Servant (admiringly)—Oh, mum, that's more than I can do. There's nothing like education after all, is there, mum?—American Home.

MONTE MEN TAKEN IN.

How Herrmann Astonished Some French Swindlers by His Tricks.

"I am not a lucky card player at any time," said Professor Herrmann. "I did win \$2,800 at one sitting at Dolmenico's one night, but that was the largest sum I ever won. I can play only with my friends, for in a company of strangers, if I were to win and they were to find out that I was a conjurer, the impression would be that I manipulated the cards, and that, you know, would be unpleasant. For amusement I frequently play and show a little party of friends what could be done with cards by practiced fingers. Yes, many times I have found my power to manipulate the pasteboards very handy, and I have frequently been able to frustrate sharpers who purposed to fleece the unwary."

"I remember that in 1867 I sailed from New York to France to visit my relatives in Paris, and I carried four or five \$30 goldpieces to give to my friends' children. Arriving at Havre, I met a friend in the person of the secretary of the Russian legation at Paris, who was also journeying toward the capital. We went on together and occupied toward the same compartment on the train. At one of the stations three men came into our compartment. They were Frenchmen, and it took only a glance to show that they were gentlemen who lived by their wits. They were dressed in the latest fashion, though, and apparently found little trouble in getting an excellent living in their line of industry. When I gave the conductor my ticket, I took out my pocketbook, and one of the three, a nice little Parisian, caught sight of my gold double eagles. He was at my side, while his companions sat on the opposite seat.

"That flash of the gold was enough for the fellow, and he began his game. He asked me if I were an American, and if I knew anything about gold coins, this to open a conversation. I replied 'yes' to both questions, and on my asking why he desired to know he pulled a goldpiece from his pocket and asked me what it was. He had got it for nothing, he said, in a card game. I told him it was a Spanish ounce worth \$16. Then he and his friends began to play cards, and he said he would show them the game at which he won the ounce. It was the old three card monte trick, well known in America, but comparatively new in Europe. The three sharpers, posing as casual travelers, placed their layout, and the little man at my side showed them how easy it was to pick up the ace from the overcoat, which formed the card table. Quite a little money changed hands, and I saw that my friend, the Russian, was getting interested. Like all Russians, he had a passion for gambling.

"Have nothing to do with this game," I told him. "Leave them to me." I manifested an interest in the play, and when the fellow sang out, 'A hundred francs you can't pick up the ace!' I cried, 'I bet you,' and as I flung down the money I seized his hand, which was hovering over the three cards in a row and overturned the ace. The window was partly open, and swiftly picking up the cards I flung them out, or rather they thought so. The sharpers raised a pretty row and talked very ugly for awhile. Then I thrust my hand into the little man's vest and pulled out the cards one at a time. You should have seen the looks on those fellows' faces. 'You're a conjurer,' cried one of them. 'Yes, I am Herrmann,' I replied, 'and I know three card monte better than any of you.' They left the train at the next stop and sneaked away, looking very cheap. They were raw hands at it.—Chicago Post.

Perfumed Butterflies.

Fritz Muller discovered patches of singular scales on the wings of butterflies, which sent out more than 20 different odors. These scent scales are called androconia. An excellent study by microscopic sections of the wings of some of our butterflies, by Professor M. E. Thomas, appears in The American Naturalist. He shows that these scales are the outlet of micellar glands situated at the base of each scale.

One especially prominent was detected beneath the androconia in the wing of Danaus archippus. The surface of the wing above the glands is sometimes covered with a great number of papillae, from the end of which the scent scales project, or it may be like the ordinary surface of the wing. In the former case the androconia are quite small and but one to each papilla, at the base of which is the gland. This gives the scent scale the appearance of a small rod placed in a flask.

The material elaborated by the local glands and distributed upon the surface of the wing by the androconia is that which gives to many of the lepidoptera their characteristic odor.—Philadelphia Press.

The Economy of Pure Food.

There are many persons who, from a misguided sense of economy, purchase food which they know to be inferior, so that they may thereby save, in order to meet other demands of the family. Handsome clothing and fine houses in aristocratic neighborhoods are desirable, we admit, but not at the expense of the most important factor of our existence, especially when we know that pure, nourishing food is the immediate cause of pure blood, and consequently more perfect nerve and brain power. It is not only false economy, but positive crime, to obtain edibles below the standard for the purpose of sustaining both the mental and physical health of any human being.—Baltimore Telegram.

Steady.
"I fear our new bookkeeper is not so steady as he ought to be," said the senior partner.

"Don't know about that," replied the junior partner. "He was out with a party of us the other night, and when the session was over he was the only one who didn't wobble a bit."—Indianapolis Journal.

AN EXPERIMENT IN THIEVERY.

The Greasers Did Not Calculate on the Plunder Being So Heavy.

At the time Geronimo was massacring people for amusement and stirring things up generally along the border of old Mexico and the states I was with a party of American engineers who were constructing a branch of the Mexican Central railroad not far from the border and directly in old Geronimo's territory.

Now, these the Indians and the poorer class of Mexicans are inveterate thieves and will steal anything they can manage to carry away without being detected. They will steal a thing for the mere purpose of whether it is of any use to them or not.

Our party had missed a quantity of tools, supplies of railroad iron, ties, etc., and could not imagine how the thieves could utilize the material unless they were building a little railroad for their own amusement. Night after night we placed guards to watch for them, but it seemed they always knew when the guards were on the lookout and refused to attempt a foray on those nights. So we concluded that the culprits were members of the camp and knew all that was going on. After arriving at that conclusion we made it a practice to collect all portable property into convenient groups and guard it carefully.

In the outfit we had a large steam pile driver, a heavy piece of machinery—difficult to transport even under the most favorable circumstances—which we did not deem necessary to guard, never for a moment thinking the thieves would attempt to make away with it. But, as subsequent events showed, we had underrated Mexican acquisitiveness.

It may be well to explain that a pile driver is a sort of derrick varying in height from 60 to 75 feet. It weighs several tons and is held in an upright position by strong guy ropes. This pile driver was located in advance of the camps and probably a quarter of a mile from the nearest.

One bright moonlight night the camp was aroused by an unearthly noise and a heavy crash, the disturbance seeming to come from the direction of our pile driver. We immediately surrounded some devilment, knowing, as we did, that the "greasers" were none too friendly to "his gringos," as they called the Americans. Four of us hastily arose, buckled on our revolvers, and with a Winchester spruce moved on the enemy. When we reached a knoll a few rods from and overlooking the location of the disturbance, we "lumbered up" our artillery and cautiously peered over the knoll, expecting to see a band of Indians or "greasers" doing some sort of malicious work and were fully determined to announce our disapproval with a hot broadside from the Winchester. What we did see when we viewed the scene of the commotion surprised us more than would have the whistling of a few bullets around our heads.

The Mexicans had attempted to steal our pile driver and had brought a team of burros to drag it away. They of course placed the team in the wrong position, cut the guy ropes and the pile driver fell squarely across the backs of the poor little burros, smashing them as flat as tortillas (pancakes).

After that our pile drivers were safe in Mexico.—Chicago Record.

He Got Turnip Seed.

There is a gentleman in Alexandria who involuntarily started a farm. It happened this way: His front yard was as barren of grass as Bill Nye's head is of any hair ornament. With a view to having it green and pretty he went over to the agricultural department and begged some lawn seed, which were willingly given him by Secretary Morton. He then returned home, and with much satisfaction and expectation planted them. Pictures of a beautiful green lawn and neighbors green with envy were conjured up before his fanciful mind, and he watched the beaming sunshine and refreshing April showers with the deepest interest.

In a few days the sprouts began to show above the earth. But they were very curious looking sprouts, and they seemed about as much like blades of grass as a spade is like a pick. The gentleman began an investigation. The sprouts began to grow with rapidity, and in a few weeks there was more prospect of having a vegetable garden than a lawn. Authorities were consulted, and after a time it was discovered that Mr. Morton had made a mistake. Instead of grass he had presented the Alexandrian with turnip seed.—Washington News.

He Knew Boys.

The boy had applied for a job. "We don't like lazy boys around here," said the boss. "Are you fond of work?"

"No, sir," responded the boy, looking the boss straight in the face. "Oh, you're not, ain't you? Well, we want a boy that is."

"They ain't any," said the boy doggedly.

"Oh, yes, there are. We have had a half dozen of that kind here this morning to take the place we have."

"How do you know they are?" asked the boy.

"They told me so."

"So could I if I was like them, but I'm different. I ain't a liar," and the boy said it with such an air of convincing energy that he got the place.—Detroit Free Press.

His Condition.

Old Doctor—So you think my daughter's happiness is safe? your hands, eh? Young Doctor—I know she loves me, and I do not know how I could live without her.

Old Doctor—Well, you are a young man of good character, and I will give you my consent on one condition. Young Doctor—Name it. Old Doctor—It is that when she is ill you won't try to doctor her yourself.—London Answers.

TELESCOPES.

Points of Difference Between the Reflecting and the Refracting Instruments.

A very pretty little experiment, which illustrates the two methods of forming an optical image and by way of corollary illustrates the essential difference between refracting and reflecting telescopes, may be performed by any one who possesses a reading glass and a magnifying hand mirror. In a room that is not too brightly illuminated pin a sheet of white paper on the wall opposite to a window that by preference should face the north or away from the position of the sun. Taking first the reading glass, hold it between the window and the wall parallel to the sheet of paper and a foot or more distant from the latter. By moving it to and fro a little you will be able to find a distance corresponding to the focal length of the lens, at which a picture of the window is formed on the paper. This picture, or image, will be upside down because the rays of light cross at the focus. By moving the glass a little closer to the wall you will cause the picture of the window to become indistinct, while a beautiful image of the houses, trees or other objects of the outdoor world beyond will be formed upon the paper. We thus learn that the distance of the image from the lens varies with the distance of the object whose image is formed. In precisely a similar manner an image is formed at the focus of the object glass of a refracting telescope.

Take next your magnifying or concave mirror, and detaching the sheet of paper from the wall hold it nearly in front of the mirror between the latter and the window. When you have adjusted the distance to the focal length of the mirror, you will see an image of the window projected on the paper. By varying the distance as before you will be able to produce at will pictures of nearer or more remote objects. It is in this way that images are formed at the focus of the mirror of a reflecting telescope.—Garrett P. Serviss in Popular Science Monthly.

Mules Delirious With Pleasure.

"I saw an odd sight in Luzerne county," said Eckley B. Cox. "Six mules that had for four years hauled cars in the lower workings of a coal shaft to and from the foot of the shaft had to be brought up, owing to the flooding of the mine on account of fire. The mules in all that time had seen no light stronger than the flicker of the little Davy lamps the miners carried. The sun was in its zenith when they reached the surface, and the atmosphere was as clear as crystal.

"The astonished creatures closed their eyes to shut out the flood of strong light and kept them closed while they were being driven to a pasture lot a mile distant and turned loose. There they stood trembling, as if they were afraid something evil was about to befall them. Presently they half opened their eyes and peered around in open mouthed amazement. It was clear they couldn't understand it.

"When they had become accustomed to the sunlight, they elevated their heads and slowly swept their gaze over culm piles, sky mountains and horizon again and again. Toward sundown they broke into a chorus of joyous brays, the like of which was never heard from mules before.

"After a quarter of an hour of that music they took to kicking, jumping, whirling around like teetotums and rolling on the sod as if they had gone mad. For four days they spent their time gazing at the new sights of field and sky, refusing food and water, not even nibbling at the grass and not as much as blinking an eye in sleep."—Philadelphia Times.

A Problem in Wizardry.

We want to know why persons who believe in wizards, or, at all events, consult wizards, nearly always prefer to believe in men or women who are of a race inferior to their own or in circumstances which prove that their occult powers are of no use to themselves. The rule is not invariable, for there have been great wizards like Paracelsus, Roger Bacon, Michael Scott or Cagliostro, who were acknowledged by those who consulted or feared them to be in all ways their superiors, but it is seldom broken. In all the letters on country superstitions which we have published, and the much greater number for which we could find no room, the "wise" man or woman has always gypsy blood or some peculiarity of appearance marking out him or her unfavorably from their kind. The wizard of India is usually a naked savage, while those who resort to him are civilized beings clothed ornamentally in muslin. The reverence of the whites for the black Obeah man or woman in the West Indies is the subject of countless narratives, especially in the French islands.—London Spectator.

Lavender.

Our fashions are French, but the new color is, as a rule, our own. Last year it was that puzzling pink magenta which Mr. Sargent painted in a lady's silk dress in the New gallery. This color has been revived for 1894, and in a mitigated form, less voyant, with a good deal of the virulence of it reduced, it will be very popular. But still it won't be the color, which is never a revival, but always a novelty. The new color promises to be an aggressive shade of lavender, very sharp, very pronounced, a little criard, something of the color of a Michaelmas daisy. It again is a color for the brunettes, so that we shall probably have dark hair come into fashion.—Westminster Gazette.

An Indian Girl Contest.

At the recent oratorical contest at the Methodist church for the Demorest gold medal the prize was won by Miss Emma Vanderhuden, a young Sioux Indian girl from Sisseton agency. There were six contestants who had previously won silver medals in similar contests.—Milbank (S. D.) Correspondent St. Paul Globe.

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- 5th. I am buying direct and am able to do it.
- 6th. I have nobody to keep these hard times but myself.

Yours Truly,

M. J. BENJAMIN.

Remember the place, in the Odd Fellows building on Main street.

LEBANON, OREGON

BALD HEADS!



What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a healthy condition? If the use are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

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