

DEATH THROUGH A KISS.

While Carousing His Grandchild the Old Man Inhaled a Hair Which Killed Him. It was a joyous company of young, middle aged and aged people who congregated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Larkin in Susquehanna, Pa. They met in honor of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of their host and hostess, who had passed their allotted three-score years and ten and were still in the enjoyment of perfect health. Several sweet faced, laughing grandchildren were present to contribute their share of sunshine to the occasion. Little 5-year-old Mary Edwards, with her bright blue eyes and light tresses, was there. After kissing her grandmother affectionately she sprang upon her grandfather's lap, exclaiming, "Grandpa, I have lots of kisses and a bear hug for you." Then the old man pressed the sweet face of his favorite grandchild to his, fervently remarking: "God bless you, Mary. No company would be complete without you. You are the embodiment of sunshine itself, and I trust you will grow to be a noble woman." "Tell me how much you love me, grandpa," said the child, "and then I will give you the kisses and the bear hug."

NOW A DESERTED VILLAGE.

Virginia City, Nev., Once Gay and Prosperous, Rapidly Falling to Ruins. "A poet could write on 'The Deserted Village' with Virginia City as a subject and argue Goldsmith's immortal production on the same topic," said E. L. Hearne of San Francisco to a Globe-Democrat man. "The first time that I was ever there the population of Virginia City was greater than that of the entire state now. Everything ran wide open. Magnificent hotels and opera halls, palatial residences, stores that would have done credit to New York, millionaires who spent money freely, maintaining a society that for brilliancy and gaiety could not be equaled in the United States. I was there a short time ago. The hotels and opera houses are closed, the residences empty, the stores removed to other and more prosperous places. Dwellings that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars are given over to the bats, and the broken panes of glass, the shutters hanging upon a single hinge or flapping in the wind, give a gruesome sense of loneliness. In years to come it will afford magnificent spectacles of ruins, and even now in some sections of the town there is a sense to the beholder of being in a city of the past. Millions were made and lost, and the history of Virginia City would be one of the most thrilling stories ever written."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Savages in Modern War.

It was curious to see the effect of the seven pounder and hotchicks shells upon the Matabeles when they were retreating. On the shell bursting among them we could see through our glasses the Matabeles turn round and fire at the place where the shell had burst, thinking it was some diabolical agency of the white man. From information we received after this fight we learned that the enemy had intended attacking us at 10 o'clock the previous night, but owing to the rocket having been sent up to recall Captain Borrow they were afraid to do so, thinking that we were holding communion with our gods by shooting at the stars and bringing them down.—London Telegraph.

A Fatal Blunder.

Blunders that are literally worse than crimes are not uncommon. Such a one was committed in 1896 by a New York druggist, who, by putting up the wrong prescription, caused the death of two girls named Holts by morphine poisoning. But the consequences of the terrible mistake did not end there. The betrothed of one of the girls, Dr. Lowenthal, whose prescription was misread, went insane. And now their father, Christian Holts, has died abroad, where he retired, broken hearted, as soon as he could close up his large business interests in New York.—Rochester Herald.

Boston's Crowded Tenements.

In the most crowded precinct of Boston, the recent tenement house census found the average number of persons in a house to be 17.61, and the average number of persons in a room 1.63. In the most instances, the average number of persons to a room was 3.50, but in all Boston there were found but 659 persons occupy tenements in which the average number to a room was three or over.—Boston Commonwealth.

DYNAMITE IN THE DISH.

The Tragical Dinner Prepared by a Deceased Neighbor Which Killed Him. A shocking tragedy of a most remarkable character is reported from Vilna, Ivan Klakwitz, a customs officer of highly respectable connection, became convinced that his wife was in league with a neighbor to aid the latter in a lawsuit which was pending against him. There was apparently no justification for the charge. The lawsuit was tried in the local courts last week, and Klakwitz lost the case. He addressed the judge in an excited manner, and after making a rambling statement implicating his wife in an intrigue against him he left the courtroom. Later in the day, however, he professed regret to his wife for his baseless insinuations and hasty temper, and asked his neighbor and his wife to dine with him on the same evening. Thinking it better that a reconciliation should take place, the neighbor accepted, and a social evening was arranged for. At dinner there were present Klakwitz, his wife, his two daughters, aged 19 and 17 years respectively; a young son, aged 11; his wife's mother and his neighbor and his wife. The dinner passed off very pleasantly until the third course, when Klakwitz rose, and ordering some more champagne to be opened said that he wished all present to drink a toast to a special dish he had prepared as a surprise for this agreeable occasion. He then left the room, and within two minutes returned bearing in his arms a large dish covered with a dinner cover, and placing it quickly on the table he lifted his glass on high and shouted, "To our next meeting."

A WONDERFUL GERM DESTROYER.

Recent Investigations Which Have Opened a New Field in Medicine. About 10 years ago a medical scientist advanced the theory that, in its normal condition, blood contained an element that instantly killed many forms of bacteria. In this healthy state blood has been injected into the veins of diseased persons for this purpose and has begun the work of destruction. The results had not been satisfactory, as the amount of blood required was so great as to make continued experiments unwise. Recent investigations have confirmed the original idea, and a series of experiments of late conducted at the University of Michigan reveal most interesting possibilities. The destroying principle has been separated from the blood, and with it germs of cholera and anthrax have been killed. This element, to which the name of neoclin has been given, is colorless and transparent. The vital essence of it seems tonic of life, as high degrees of heat, even to the boiling point, do not seem to diminish its activity. If this discovery does all that it promises, it marks an incalculable advance in medical science. Injected into the veins of persons suffering from many forms of germ poisoning, it immediately begins its beneficent task of ridding the system of the enemy. Thus a new field in medicine is opened, the ultimate results of which even the most comprehensive mind can scarcely estimate.—New York Ledger.

The New Chicago Religion.

We learn from Chicago that the new Chicago religion is nearly ready for the market. One of the doctors engaged in compounding it says it is made of the choice elements of Mosaism, Christianity, Buddhism, ethical cultism, Mohammedanism, Romanism, Confucianism and other beliefs, both ancient and modern. Assurance of its solidity is given by its compounders, among whom are a Universalist, a Populist, two liberal rabbis, a Unitarian, a Hindu and an agnostic. The extracts have been made with care, so that it shall be suitable to every mind in all parts of the world. It has not yet been marketed, on account of the difficulty of getting a good name for it, a descriptive name that shall convey some idea of its elementary principles, and that shall be attractive to mankind. Why not and the trouble and struggle at once and give the new religion a boom by calling it Chicagoism?—New York Sun.

Not a Devoted Husband.

Our strangest mistakes are due to official red tape. A story was told in a London district court last week of a man who was unable to support his invalid wife at home. He secured for her admission to an infirmary seven years ago and paid 5 shillings weekly maintenance till a few weeks ago, when he learned that the woman died a few days after entering the infirmary, and he had been a widower seven years. Instead of finishing his conjugal neglect by losing seven years' contributions, the magistrate ordered the authorities to repay the full sum.

Scared by an Ironing Board.

Smoke from the hallway of 216 East Eighty-ninth street at 4 a. m. yesterday woke Feligo Carnego, who lives with his family on the ground floor. The flames prevented egress by the door. Carnego rose to the occasion and passed his wife's ironing board from the window across the area to the iron railing. Over the improvised bridge his own and several other families reached the sidewalk in safety. Others escaped by the roof.—New York World.

THOMAS GODSEBRAISED.

A Man Who Bears That Peculiar Name Tells How It Originated. The register of the Grand House recently recorded the arrival in the city of Thomas Godsebraised of Barrow-in-Furness, England. Being approached upon the subject of the oddity of his surname, Mr. Godsebraised said: "Yes, I suppose the name does sound very odd to Americans, although such names are not altogether unusual in England and especially in Lancashire, which was a stronghold of the Roundheads or Puritans in Cromwell's time. My home is in Barrow-in-Furness, which is in Lancashire. My ancestors prior to Cromwell's time were all royalists. The family name was Elliot. A younger son renounced the religious faith and political opinions of his forefathers and became a Puritan. As was usual in such cases he assumed the carnal name of Charles Elliot and took the inspired name of Ezekiel Godsebraised. "There is quite a romance connected with this ancestor of mine. He fell in love with the only daughter of a Colonel Fielding in the Cavaliers' army, and not being able to obtain her father's consent to their marriage he hid her in a dreary house that stood near the little town of Formby, where a son was born. After a battle a little to the south of the River Mersey between the Cavaliers and Roundheads her brothers discovered her and carried her off to old Furness abbey. In the hurry the child was left behind, but as a result of the mother's pleading one of the brothers returned to Formby to get it. "In the meantime Ezekiel had discovered his loss and removed the child. Then followed the brother back to Furness abbey, but arrived too late. The brother and sister had set sail from Barrow beach for the Isle of Man. A storm came up, and Ezekiel arrived just in time to see the boat founder. He returned to his childhood home bitter against the royalists than ever and brought the child up with the same sentiments. "At the close of the war Ezekiel adopted the trade of a weaver and settled in Barrow-in-Furness. Thus the name was perpetuated, the stern commands of the father forbidding the son to throw off the fanatical nickname when the heat of Puritanical zeal had given away."—Philadelphia Times.

The Different Londons.

The size of London is somewhat indefinite, but may be said to cover about a square mile. The postal district covers an area of 350 square miles. The police district extends still farther, covering an area of 687 square miles. On the other hand, the parliamentary London is much narrower. It consists of 10 boroughs, of which the city of London, although the smallest—having 50,562 inhabitants in 1891—is represented by four members on account of its commercial and financial importance, while each of the other nine, although larger, is represented only by two; Westminster, 256,418; Chelsea, 258,011; Marylebone, 477,555; Hackney, 262,427; Finsbury, 453,316; Tower Hamlets, 391,558; Lambeth, 279,112; Southwark, 207,595; Greenwich, 167,682. Put together, these 10 boroughs represent only a population of about 3,000,000, and the remainder of the inhabitants of the city belong to non-metropolitan electoral districts. Generally, however, the size of the city is determined by the area under the operation of the metropolis local government act, which is also adopted by the registrar general of the census. According to the definition, London covers an area of 125 square miles, forming parts of the counties of Middlesex, Surrey and Kent.—Baltimore American.

Costly Meals.

The costliest meal ever served, as far as history shows, was a supper given by Aelin Verna, one of the most lavish of the latter day Roman aristocrats. The supper was only intended for a dozen persons, yet its cost was 6,000 aesteria, which would amount to £48,000 in English money, or nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

The celebrated feast given by Vitellius, a Roman emperor of those degenerate days, to his brother Lucius cost a fraction over \$300,000. Lucius says that this banquet consisted of 1,000 different dishes of fish and 7,000 different fowls, besides other courses in proportion. Vitellius, fortunately for the world, did not reign very long; otherwise the game preserves of Libya, Spain and Britain would have been exhausted. It may not be out of place to mention here that it is recorded as a curious point of history that a single dish on the table of the Emperor Heliogabalus was worth \$300,000.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Lights Went Out.

His royal highness the Prince of Wales was present at a noble lord's once together with all fashionable London, and after dinner the best musicians, both vocal and instrumental, were preparing to display their talent, when suddenly out went the light, and performers and audience were left in total darkness. As the light was electric and was supplied from a private engine which had chosen this inopportune moment to go completely wrong, there was nothing for the giver of the feast to do but to collect all the available bedroom candlesticks and empty bottles and stick candles all over the place. The effect was most comical and seemed to cause amusement to everybody but the host.—San Francisco Argonaut.

He Had His Reward.

It was in a large department store that a gilded youth drifted up to the candy counter. "Do you know," he said to the pretty young woman in charge, "if I were the proprietor of this establishment I should flout you?" "Why?" she asked indignantly. "In order to give the candy a chance," he answered. And she gave him 14 pounds of 75 cent candy for 50 cents.—Detroit Free Press.

WEALTH CANNOT BUY THEM.

Mrs. Lynn Linton Enumerates a Few of Life's Unpurchasables. When Mrs. Lynn Linton forgets to be original and radical, she is capable of saying some fairly pleasant things. The idea that many things of value cannot be bought, and that those things which can be bought are only of secondary importance in the world, is not strikingly new. Two or three people had hit upon it before Mrs. Linton. But what she says about the unpurchasables is not the less interesting and timely because they have been said ever since the deluge. There is happiness, she tells us, that gold may not buy. "When the woman you love deceives you, and the portrait gem clasped" worn over her heart shows another face than yours—when the husband you were unconventional enough to love in the fearless old fashion lies dead in your arms, and your whole future is darkened and storm riven—when your son has disgraced his name and by his own lack of honor has slandered and cast doubt on his mother's do your Claudes and Turners, your Limoges enamels and old Venetian glass ease the smart? Does your splendid collection of first editions in their perfect bindings dry the tears which come to men's eyes as well as to women's, when the bitterness is full and by its very fullness perforce wells over? What do your fields and farms, your balance at the banker's, your carriages and horses do for you when your favorite daughter runs off with the groom, and her sister drowns herself in despair? No! Happiness is not to be bought. "Then there are love and honor and youth that the gold of the Indies will not purchase. And in these days when creams and lotions, distings and exercises claim to put off the evil hour of age it is well to read what this very level headed woman says about youth. "You may buy fashion cosmetics," she says, "artificial enhancements, which look almost as good as the real thing, but you cannot buy youth nor beauty. In spite of all your care, and though you give 10 shillings for the value of a penny, you cannot put back the hands of the clock nor blunt the scythe of time. "That enamel is cleverly done; that dyed, frizzed hair is a veritable work of art; those painted cheeks simulate the carnations of youth more creditably than in 99 of your competitors, but—the cruel fact remains untouched—youth cannot be purchased and old age cannot be bought off. The poor old shriveled skin gradually grows more and more like parchment. The fading eyes lose their brightness, and not belladonna itself can bring back that dark line around the iris which age and weakened vitality replace by that all eloquent 'arcus senilis.' "None of it is very new. It is not nearly so striking as her views on the "wild woman," but still it is good to recall a few of these interesting facts in these days of dancing grandmothers and eligible bachelors of 60 or so.—New York World.

Branding a Maverick.

In a dell in the forest we espied some "mavericks," or unbranded stock. The punchers are ever alert for a beef without half its ears gone and a big HF burned in its flank, and immediately they perceive one they tighten their cincha, slip the rope from the pommel, put their hats on the back of their heads and "light out." A cow was soon caught, after desperate riding over rocks and fallen timber, thrown down and "hog tied," which means all four feet together. A little fire is built, and one side of a cincha ring is heated redhot, with which a rawhide artist paints HF in the sixling flesh, while the cow kicks and bawls. She is then unbound, and when she gets back on her feet the vaqueros stand about, serape in hand, after the bull-fighter fashion, and provoke her to charge. She charges, while they avoid her by agile springs and a flanking of their rags. They laugh and cry, "Bravo toro!" until she, having overcome her indignation at their rudeness, sets forth down the canyon with her tail in the air. —From "In the Sierra Madre With the Punchers," by Frederic Remington, in Harper's Magazine.

The Largest Cities of Antiquity.

The greatest cities of ancient times were Babylon and Rome. The former is said to have had an area of 100 to 200 square miles. Its houses were three or four stories high, but palaces and gardens occupied much of the vast area, so that the population was not what these figures would seem to indicate. In fact it is said by one historian that nine-tenths of this area were taken up by gardens and orchards. The total population of the city under Nebuchadnezzar and his son Evil-Merodach is estimated at upward of 2,000,000. Rome reached its greatest size during the fourth century of our era, and its population was then about 2,000,000.—Western Mail.

THE LION PATH.

I dare not— Look—the road is very dark— The trees stir softly, and the bushes shake The long grass rustles, and the darkness moves Here—there—beyond— There's something crept across the road just now! And you would have me go? Go there—through that live darkness hideous With stir of croneching forms that wait to kill! Ah, look! See there—and there—and there again— Great yellow gleamy eyes close to the ground! Look! Now the clouds are lighter, I can see The long, slow leaping of the stony tails And the set quiver of strong jaws that wait. Go there! Not I! Who dares to go who sees So perfectly the lions in the path? Comes one who dares. Afraid at first, yet bound On such high errands as no fear could stay. Farth goes he, with the lions in his path. And then— He dared a death of agony— Outnumbered battle with the king of beasts! Long struggle in the horror of the night! Dared and went forth to meet—O ye who fear! Finding an empty road and nothing there— A wide, bare common road, with homely fields And fences and the dusty roadside trees— Some spitting kittens maybe in the grass. —Charlotte Perkins Stetson in Boston Women's Journal.

I will call your attention to the GREATEST Bargains on Earth In Dry Goods and Clothing, Hats Caps Etc. Boots and Shoes. As I will actually sell Lower than before for the following reasons. 1st. I have bought out my partner cheap. 2nd. I have been getting new good very cheap lately. 3d. To make room in the store because there is no more space. 4th. In order to make room to get more goods. 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 there are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald. Skookum Root Hair Grower is what you need. It restores the production of hair and prevents the loss of the hair. It is a natural product of the forest and is free from irritating substances. It is the best hair restorer in the world. THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO., 57 South Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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