

A BOOK'S CLOTHING.

BINDINGS MADE FROM THE SKIN OF HUMAN BEINGS.

Thomas Carlyle's Grief Speech at the Dinner Party—A Deck of Cards Made From the Skin of Indians—The Troublesome "Bookworms" and Their Ravages.

"To be strong backed and neat bound," says Charles Lamb, "is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after." In spite, however, of this axiom of the gentle Elia, not a few of this well thumbed, torn and dog-eared favorites turned their backs to the spectator, coverless. Upon a goodly row of encyclopedias and books which are no books the jealous essayist burst forth: "I confess that it moves my spleen to see these things in books' clothing perched upon shelves, like false saints, members of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary. \* \* \* set out in an array of Russia or Morocco, when a title of that good leather would comfortably re-clothe my shivering folios, would renovate Paracelsus himself and enable old Raynauter Lully to look like himself in the world. I never see these impostors but I long to strip them to warm my ragged veterans in their spolia."

Of curios in the way of binding there exist in England several examples. In the Exeter museum there is to be found a volume bound in the skin of George Cadmore, who was executed in 1830 for poisoning his wife. In the library of Bury St. Edmunds there is a "Life of Corde," a murderer, bound in a piece of his own skin. In the library of Manchester House there were formerly two books bound in the skin of Mary Bateman, the Yorkshire witch who was hanged early in this century.

In 1831 a man named Horwood suffered the extreme penalty for the murder of a girl, and the following tradesman's account of a book in the infirmary library explains itself.

"Bristol, June, 1838.—Richard Smith, Esq., Dr. to H. H. Essex. To binding in the skin of John Horwood a variety of papers relating to him. £1 10s., the same being lettered in Latin on each side of the book 'The True Skin of John Horwood.'"

Whether the skins of hardened criminals are more easily carried and crossed than those of ordinary mortals I must confess I am unable to judge.

It was at a dinner party that Thomas Carlyle gave vent to his opinion as to binding books with human skins. The dyspeptic sage had so far sat in morose silence. An unpleasant feeling hung over the party, many of whom had been specially invited to hear his erratic views. A genial old gentleman was endeavoring to infuse a little warmth into the assemblage by playfully remarking to a young political enthusiast who sat beside him, "The British people can afford to laugh at theories."

This remark woke up Carlyle, and speaking for the first and only time during the evening he observed in his usual ill bred way: "Sir, the French not only of 100 years ago said they could afford to laugh at theories. Then came a man who wrote a book called 'The Social Contract.' The man was called Jean Jacques Rousseau, and his book was a theory and nothing but a theory. The nobles could laugh at this theory, but their skins went to bind the second edition of this book."

It is a matter of fact that during the horrors of the French revolution tanneries were established in various parts of France where the skins of the victims of the guillotine were tanned, and many of these were used to bind books on account of the fine grained surface exhibited after being cured.

At the Chicago exhibition one of the curious exhibits was a pack of playing cards which had been manufactured from the skin of some captured Indians. I remember to have seen at an old curiosity shop on New Oxford street only a few years ago a piece of hard, dry, tough, leathery skin, which, I was assured, was the tanned hide of a Maori. The tattoo marks were plainly visible on its surface, and on examining it with a powerful glass the grain of the human skin was clearly shown.

In speaking of the binding of books one cannot refrain from alluding in passing to the enemies of books—enemies that usually make their depredations upon bindings. These insects, popularly known as bookworms, are found in paper, leather and parchment. The larvae of Crambus pignatellus will establish themselves upon the binding of a book, and spinning a robe will do little injury. A mite—Acarus eruditus—eats the paste that fastens the paper over the edges of the binding and so loosens it. The caterpillar of another little moth takes its station in damp, old books between the leaves and there commits great ravages. Burns has addressed to these bookworms an epigram which betrays the cynical humor of the poet:

Through and through the inspired leaves  
Ye maggots make your windings;  
But, oh, respect his lordship's taste  
And spare his golden bindings!

The little boring wood beetle will also attack books and has been known to penetrate through several volumes. An instance is mentioned of 37 folio volumes being perforated in a straight line by the same insect in such a manner that by passing a cord through the perfect round hole made by it the 37 volumes could be raised at once. The wood beetle, the same variety that has left pinholes in Chippendale and other old chairs and bannans, destroys prints and engravings, whether framed or kept in a portfolio. The "deathwatch" is likewise accused of being a depredator of books, at least according to the statements of the keeper of the Ashmolean museum, Oxford.—Arthur Hayden.

A Begonias.  
"Bromley, I hear you are going to start housekeeping."  
"Yes, Darling."  
"What have you got toward it?"  
"A wife."—London Tit-Bits.

HONEY LOVING BIRDS.

They sometimes have battles with them over the sweet honey.

The love for sweet things is a craving of nature in all living creatures, and birds will sometimes run great risks to satisfy it. Bees in their eagerness to get at the honey in a hollow tree will sometimes wedge themselves into so small a hole as to endanger their lives, and many forest birds, such as woodpeckers, blue jays and thrushes, will run the danger of being stung to death in their endeavors to obtain the sweet honey that the bees store in the hollow trunks of trees. Sometimes they will attack bees on the wing and snap them up for the tiny speck of nectar contained in their sacks. Blue jays often take a position near beehives and fish all day for honey. Every returning bee is caught, but not devoured, for birds will kill the bee only that they may sip up the honey. Unless driven away a few such bird robbers would soon depopulate a hive.

Occasionally the bees organize and fight the birds. They issue in a body from the hive and make a bold attack upon the assassin. In the quick, sharp conflict that follows the birds invariably get defeated. Indeed they do not attempt to resist the onslaught, but seek safety in flight. If the bees surround one of the birds quickly enough, there is little hope for the robber. They settle down upon him and sting him to death. He may fly away, but the bees cling to his back and sides tenaciously. His flight soon becomes less energetic and more and more uncertain until at last he drops to the earth and gasps out his life among the leaves and bushes, while the bees return triumphantly to their home.

In the wild forests the honey loving birds sometimes make an organized attempt to drive the bees away from their home in the hollow trunk of a tree. They first discover the place of the hidden treasure by following the bees on a warm, sunny day, and if there be an opening in the tree large enough to admit them they plunge down the hole in a body.

Then there follows a sharp conflict inside the tree, the birds snapping at the bees and cutting them in two at each snap. The only chance for the bees is to light on the backs and sides of the birds. If they fail to do this, they are soon routed, and the rich treasures of sweets are captured by the enemies. These battles terminate in various ways, sometimes the bees and sometimes the birds coming out victorious.—Our Animal Friends.

The Law's Delay.

In a recent lawsuit in Washington the court was frequently compelled to cut short the cross examination of witnesses by a certain lawyer who was said to believe in "the quantity rather than the quality of questions." His point evidently was to make the case last as long as possible. The following, which is given as an illustration of the manner of his questioning, exemplifies the remoteness from common sense of some of the methods of law practice:

Counsel (to the witness)—Was it white?

Witness—Yes.

"You think it was white?"

"Yes."

"It is your opinion, then, that it was white?"

"Yes."

"You are sure it was white?"

"Yes."

"It is your impression it was white?"

"Yes."

"It wasn't black?"

"No."

"You are sure it wasn't black?"

"I am."

"Wasn't it a little dark colored?"

"No."

"What color was it?"

"White."

"White?"

"White."

Here are 10 questions, nine of which are unnecessary. But if the lawyer had succeeded somewhere in the questioning in undermining the certainty of the witness he would have made a small point for his side of the case, and from his client's point of view his long winded examination would have been justified.—Youth's Companion.

Counterfeit in Philadelphia.

More counterfeit money is said to be in circulation in Philadelphia now than ever before. Among the counterfeits is a dollar silver certificate marked "Plate No. 16." The check letter is A, series of 1891. Another bogus \$1 dollar note has the check letter B, series of 1896. Other counterfeits \$1 bills that are afloat in great quantities contain the check letter D, series of 1891. A bogus \$2 note is also very well executed. It has the check letter A, series of 1896.

These counterfeits have been scattered around in profusion. Others of larger denominations have lately made their appearance. One is a rather curiously executed \$5 note, series of 1880, letter D. Another note for the same denomination has the check letter D, series of 1886.

Bogus small coin is to be met with on all hands. Quarters and half dollars are the counterfeits, which are cleverly made and are detected by the shopkeepers only by ringing on a glass, metallic or marble surface.—Philadelphia Press.

A Moment of Doubt.

A good many soldiers north and south must remember moments which will enable them to sympathize with the spirit of a question recorded in a southern magazine.

On a tiresome night march a Florida soldier, sleepy and worn out, fell into a ditch by the roadside. There he lay, meaning his fate when the next regiment came up, and hearing his comrades of the men hastened to his rescue.

As they stood him on his feet, bedraggled and demoralized, he turned to one of them and said:  
"I say, stranger, don't you think South Carolina was a little hasty?"

STOUT AND THIN PEOPLE.

Nature Regularizes Fatness and Slenderness With an Iron Rule.

Fatness and slenderness come by nature and are therefore often impossible of remedy, for it is of no use, and it is utterly futile besides, to fight against one's constitution. You can affect that constitution to a certain extent, but beyond that extent, which won't please either the doctor or the tea-sipping folks, you can do nothing. You can't, for instance, defeat the very object you set out to accomplish, and, worst of all, throw yourself into ill health. It stands to reason that if a man or woman comes of big bone, stoutly built stock he or she may reasonably be expected to inherit the tendency to corpulence. Conversely, suppose man or woman of thin family stock which is peculiar for its thinness and slenderness, it may be said generally is, worse than fully for him to expect, by any process of feeding or otherwise, to become a stout and well favored person.

So let us realize, this big fact at once—that we have to face the question of our constitution first of all, and as sensible people to see and discover whether our fatness or our thinness is part and parcel of our natural build. Rest assured if we are fat by nature it is useless to attempt to diet or otherwise to reduce our bodies to slim proportions. Many a man and woman has paid the penalty of such rashness by inducing disease through their outrageous efforts to thwart nature. Let us be sensible, then, about this "fatness" question and see clearly where as rational beings, we stand. It is possible to keep even a fat body within its own limits by reasonable care and diet, just as it may be possible to fatten up a thin person within limits again by a regulated course of food. Whatever you may do in the way of thinning or fattening, you can never safely or, what is more to the purpose, permanently attain your aim by the use of drugs. If there is any cure for fatness at all, be sure it is to be found in the food and in the food alone.—Health.

ROPED BEAR AND BRONCHO.

Blackley Made a Good Throw, but Hadn't Reckoned With His Horse.

Tom Blackley was working on the spring roundup in the employ of one of the large cattle outfits in southeastern Montana. While riding through a clump of brush one day hunting cattle a full grown silver tip bear suddenly arose and confronted him. The only weapon at hand was his lariat, and with visions of juicy bear steak for the boys at supper around the mess wagon that night and a fine rag for the pretty schoolmarm he quickly loosened his rope and threw it. A few turns over the saddlehorn, at the same time spurring his horse, and the shock came.

It was very severe, for unluckily the bear's face lay as well as his head was through the loop of the rope. Tom was about to drop the rope like a hot cake when his horse suddenly put his head down and started bucking in true broncho style.

Thomas didn't last long. He suffered when he struck the ground, but he didn't linger in the vicinity to ascertain the extent of his injuries. He started for the top of a little close at hand, and, although an indifferent sprinter, he managed to make very fair time.

Looking back from his position of comparative safety, he could see that both animals had become entangled in the rope and were having it out in great style, making frantic efforts to free themselves. The rope finally parted, and away they went in opposite directions, or, as he expressed it, "they quit the country, hitting only the high spots."—Chicago Record.

His Pint Was Better Than a Pound.

Old sayings are nearly always truthful, but they must be applied with due discretion, as a woman to a little store "down the neck" discovered to her sorrow. An old dandy called one morning to purchase a pound of shot. The storekeeper being out, his wife attempted to serve the customer. She could not find the weights, but being a good housekeeper she remembered an old saying of frequent use in cooking, "a pint's as good as a pound the world over."

In her dilemma she quoted that saying to the dicky, asking if he would be satisfied to take a pint for a pound. The ducky, with wide awake counting, snapped at the chance, got his shot, paid for it and hurried out of the store. The woman couldn't account for the sudden hurry of his departure until she, with pride related to her husband her happy idea enabling her to get along without weights.—Philadelphia Call.

Practical Eye Wash.

A little salt and water used as an eye wash will cleanse and strengthen inflamed lashes and rest tired eyes. It is safe to use it at any time that irritation is felt. A New York surgeon prescribes the ocean for bad eyes, particularly young eyes. "Get off," he says, "when ever you can and let the salt and the sea breeze wash and blow around your eyes. It will do them good. It will dislodge the germs of disease, for the air breathed by half the world is germ laden, and sore eyes are more quickly caught than smallpox and more fatal. It will brighten and strengthen them and prolong their beauty and usefulness."

A Comedian.

Traveler (on south coast railway)—Why don't you put up time tables in the station?

Porter—What for?

Traveler—To show what time the trains arrive.

Porter (scornfully)—How're you going to make out a table showin' what time the trains get here till we see what time they do get here?—London Million.

Liked Church, But—

Sweet Girl—Do you enjoy taking me to church?

Love—Not so much as riding with you in a street car.

"Goodness! Why?"

"The sexton never yells 'Sit closer, please.'"—New York Weekly.

ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.

It Is Slowly Letting Down the Bars of Class Exclusiveness.

Not so long ago the line between the aristocratic and other classes of the community was very decidedly drawn at trade. A poor family might lay claims to gentility, and one or more of its members might now and then figure at, say, a county ball, but a tradesman's family—never. Now it is otherwise, the aristocracy themselves having stepped over the dividing line. Lord Shaftesbury and Talbot, for instance, who takes precedence of all other earls, unblushingly became a cab proprietor; "Lord Rayleigh" is the inscription that may be read on the signboard of one or two London dairies. The Marquis of Londonderry is prepared to deliver coal by the ton. "No agents"—such are the final words of this nobleman's advertisement, put in just as any trader born and bred might put them in. This descent from aristocratic seclusion into the arena of commercial conflict is not confined to the male portion of our nobility. Titled ladies under disguised names carry on millinery establishments and run cafes. Their dainty fingers, too, are not above manipulating flowers for profit. So generally indeed has the sacred thirst for gold infected the upper ten, that whereas they were wont to be accused of living in idleness, they are now accused of taking the bread out of the mouths of those who depend entirely upon business for their support.

Far beneath these noble ranks can be traced a similar descent. Street music, for instance, used to be discouraged by the utterly abject and broken down. Now men and women warmly clad and well fed go about with organs. Troops of men singing, rattle the bones and do a level-down in public thoroughfares to the tune of not less than the better part of a sovereign a day per man. Two hundred pounds a year in an assured situation was the salary that one young man threw up last summer to join a bigger troop at the seaside, and he doesn't regret it. At the end of the season he had more money than he ever had at one time before, and during the season he ate better dinners and drank better wines than he had ever eaten or drunk before. Hawking matches or laces or any other trifle in public house bars used to be and still is a way of evading the law against begging. Indeed the custom of singing on the streets arose out of the same necessity for those in want not to incriminate themselves. Now you will be in the saloon bar of a first rate refreshment house. In comes a top hatted, well dressed man with a bag. Some successful stockbroker, you think, if it be in the city. You fancy you are the victim of a delusion. Here is this man, as well dressed as your principal, holding his open bag before you and asking you to buy a box of vestas. Well dressed women are going about from public house to public house peddling similar callings. They speak well, too, do these people, betraying a fair amount of education. If tradesmen have any grounds for complaining of the aristocracy tramping on their territory, surely the poor and needy have grounds of similar complaining of having the instruments of their profession thus confiscated by an apparently superior class. Of course, with such a general downward trend, the poor and needy are driven lower still, and this in a measure is seen in the ever increasing charitable institutions, relief agencies, soup kitchens and so forth, and the ever increasing strain on the resources of such establishments.—Casell's Journal.

Charm of New England Scenery.

There is something in the New England landscape, whether taken in the lowlands or in the highlands, whether on the seashore or among the mountains, which is permanently attractive. It is never wearisome, never monotonous. In winter the White hills are sternly serene and beautiful in their mantles of snow, and though less inviting than in summer appeal to the imagination with striking effect. The variety of hill and valley is such that even when the snow covers the ground and nature takes on the appearance of uniformity the charm of the view is not lost, but heightened.

I have found the White mountains on a frosty winter morning, with heavy clouds sweeping over the shoulders of Mount Washington, and the snow white peak glistening in the sun as if it were covered with diamonds, irresistibly attractive to the imagination and awakening strong emotions which could not easily be controlled. There was a severity in their outlines which never appears when they are clothed in the ever-green and the browns of the heated season.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Selecting a College.

The wise parent, in trying to select a college for his son, will ask first, not where the most learned professors are—still less, of course, where the best baseball team is, or where most sons of millionaires congregate—but where the tone of social life is purest and manliest; where the young men behave neither as young monkeys nor as rakes, where the conditions for complete moral autonomy are most fully established. At the same time he will ask what college best understands its business, which is to impart that culture, intellectual and moral, which is essential to free manhood, and does not attempt to forestall the university by dabbling in professional knowledge or erudition.—Thomas Davidson in Forum.

Written In Stone.

Matthew Henry's commentary on the Bible was written for the common people and in the slang of the day. In commenting on Judges 12 he says: "We are here told by what acts Abimelech got into the saddle. He hired for his service all the scum and scoundrels of the country. Jotham was really a fine gentleman. The Schemites were the first to kick him off. They said all the ill they could of him in their table talk. They drank health to his confusion."—Exchange.

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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 heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

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