

WEST SIDE

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TELEPHONE.

VOL. I.

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M'MINNVILLE, OREGON, SEPTEMBER 3, 1886.

WEST SIDE 'TELEPHONE. **VOICES OF PROPHECY.**

-Issued-EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY Garrison's Building. McMinnville. Oregon. -BY-

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W. V. PRICE, PHOTOGRAPHER Up Stairs in Adams' Building.

when I to the woodland was wont to repair. In the season of pleasure and mirth, I rustled to myr ad flocks of the air And numberless tribes of the earth. How slender the sound that is echoed here

now These bright, frozen arches to thrill— The snap of a twig or the creak of a bough. Or the sigh of the wind on the hill.

The nest of the warbler is empty and tossed: The partridge is lonely and shy: And, clad in a livery white as the frost, The rabbit slips silently by.

The squirrel is hid in the heart of a tree, Secure from the sleet and the snow. And who was so merry and snucy as he?— The jauntiest fellow I know!

Yet, under the burden of ice at its brink, All shining and glassy and gray, The sweet-throated stream where I loitered to drink to drink

Is murmuring still on its way. And bark! what a note from the dusky re-

treat The bird of the winter sends forth! Who taught you defiance of tempest and O, lover and loved of the North?

Chough forest and hill-side are heavy with snow, Yet hope is alive in the breast— The water, imprisoned, is calling below; The chickadee chirps of her nest! —Dora Reed Goodale, in St. Nicholas.

A FAMILY MYSTERY.

What My Grandmother's Black Stone Jar Contained.

When my Grandfather Ryse died, grandmother came to live at our house. She was my mother's mother, and the only grandmother my brothers and sisters and I had ever had. Father's mother died long before any of us were born. We were very glad to have Grandmother Ryse come and live with us. Her husband had died in a distant State, and mother had gone at once to bring grandmother to our house. I remember with what eagerness we children made ready to meet mother and grandmother on their return.

We lived in the country, and father had said that all of us might go to town with him, as it was in the fall of the year, and there was not much to do at ome. There were six of us. beside father, to climb into the big farm wagon, and ride five miles to the railroad station. We saw mother come out of the car first, and behind her was a little old lady, dressed in black. In herarms she carried a black stone jar. Its mouth was covered with a clean white cloth, tied down smooth and tight with many rounds of cord. "What can she have in that jar?" asked my brother Jeff of me, before grandmother had reached us, with her quaint "How de do!" and her kiss on ach of our mouths. "It can't be mince-meat." said Jeff.

with a half-hopefal look, for Jeff was inordinately fond of mince-pies, and mother had often said: "Wait until grandma comes to see

us, and she'll make you some mince-

pies that are mince-pies." But no

Grandmother had insisted on its be-

Grandmother had the jar carried up

that grandmother was very poor, and

family relic and I suppose grandma

answer did not satisfy six curious boys

Grandmother Ryse lived at our house

two years, and then went to stay a year

went with her, packed carefully in the center of her feather tick, for Grand-

mother Ryse had a horror of "new-

fangled" things in the way of hair and

spring mattresses, and would sleep on feathers only. When she came home

from Colorado, we children all assem-

bled to meet her at the station, and we

saw that jar coming out of the car door

would as soon travel with a young pig as with a jar like that. But we would

all have been glad to see our jolly old

grandmother, even though she traveled

with a whole pottery. The Murray

mother's jar, were our cousins, and a

few weeks later one of them wrote this

of ever getting a peep into the jar, for

mother had long ago forbidden us to

go into grandma's room, unless she in-vited us there. Once when she had

called us all in, to show us some old

pictures of grandfather, and had given

"Grandmother, what is in that fun-

us all sweet anise and cardamon seeds.

I asked, in my most insinuating tone:

ny old black jar up there?"

with my aunt in Colorado and the

and girls.

to me

ing put on the seat beside her, and she

Ben wrote. A postal came thre days after I had mailed the second letter. my produers and sisters all pricked up their ears, but grandmother simply gave a merry little laugh, and said:

Snaps and snalls. And little dogs' tails.

Grandmother was fond of traveling, and the next spring she went to New Jersey to spend six months with a son who lived there. And that jar went with her. It came home with her in the fall and was restored to its place on the closet shelf in her room. The next March grandmother went up to Min-nesota to spend the summer with her youngest daughter.

"You boys pack that jar carefully "You boys pack that jar carefully now," she said, as she came slowly down stairs with the clumsy thing in her hands and set it down carefully on the feather-bod. "I wouldn't have that in brechen for a read deal. The deal jar broken for a good deal. They don't make such jars nowadays, and this one's full of ____ " But at that some one called grandmother and the sen-tence was never ended. Jeff and I tried hard to get a peep into the jar that time, but there was a stone lid under the white cloth and we dared not remove the cloth. My brothers and sisters came out, and we all stood around the jar. We "hefted" its weight, we smelled of it, rolled it over, we shook it, we thumped its sides

Jeff had a creative mind, and was always suggesting things the rest of us never would have thought of. This time he appalled us all by saying:

"You don't suppose grandmother has gone and had grandfather cremated on the sly, and has him in this jar?" "Jeff Barker!" cried sister Kate, as she took her nose away from the top of the jar.

"Don't you ever say such awful things again!" cried sister Mary; "it makes me sick to think of it!"

"Such things have been done," said But Mary and Kate had fled from the room, and Jeff threw himself down on

the feather-bed and laughed. One of our cousins in Minnesota

wrote to me and asked:

"Do you know what grandmother has in that black jar? Ma says she has no idea what is in it, and the consins in New Jersey wrote and asked us if grandma had brought the jar here. Jeff and I and our two older sisters

were along in our teens now, but our interest in that jar did not abate in the least.

"It's just one of grandma's whims," came and went with grandmother in all her journeyings to and fro. She had eight children, all married, and living in different States, and she visited all of her children in those five years, and the jar went with her. Her box was delayed for two months

she wrote to my mother:

Over the postal was scrawled in blue ink:

"There wasn't a solitary thing in that jar. It was her old herb jar for her camomile, pennyroyal, everlasting and such. Poor soul! How do you wish yours sent?"

The stately household legend was ruined. Things are beautiful to memory only by fine association, and so I was compelled to drop the jar out of our poetic family mysteries.—Youth's Companion.

A SUMMER HOTEL.

The Strategy Required in the Management of an American Pleasure Resort. It happened to be at the Kaaterskill

House-it might have been at the Grand. or the Overlook-that the young gentleman in search of information saw the Catskill season get under way. The phase of American life is much the same at all these great caravansaries. It seems to the writer, who has the greatest admiration for the military genius that can feed and fight an army in the field, that not enough account is made of the greater genius that can organize and carry on a great American hotel, with a thousand or fifteen hundred guests, in a short, sharp and decisive campaign of two months, at the end of which the substantial fruits of victory are in the hands of the landlord, and the guests are allowed to de-part with only their personal baggage and side-arms, but so well pleased that they are inclined to renew the contest next year. This is a triumph of mind over mind. It is not merely the organization and the management of the army under the immediate command of the landlord, the accumulation and distributior of supplies upon this mountain-top, in the uncertainty wheth-er the garrison on a given day will be one hundred or one thousand, not merely the lodging, rationing and amusing of this shifting host, but the satisfying of as many whims and prejudices as there are people who leave home on purpose to grumble and enjoy themselves in the exercise of a criticism they dare not indulge in their own houses. Our friends had an opportu-nity of seeing the machinery set in motion in one of these great establishments. Here was a vast balloon struc-ture, founded on a rock, but built in "It's just one of grandma's whims, said mother one evening, "You know grandma is old and childish, as most people of her age are apt to be. I am sure I don't care how many old jars she has." For five years we discussed the probable contents of that jar, which ments. Here was a vast balloon struc-ture, founded on a rock, but built in the air, and anchored with cables, with towers and a high-pillared veranda, ca-pable, with its annex, of lodging fifteen induced people. The army of waiters and chamber-maids, of bell boys and culture, founded on a rock, but built in the air, and anchored with cables, with towers and a high-pillared veranda, ca-pable, with its annex, of lodging fifteen and chamber-maids, of bell boys and culture, founded on a rock but built in the air, and anchored with cables, with towers and a high-pillared veranda, ca-pable, with its annex of lodging fifteen and chamber-maids, of bell boys and culture, founded on a rock but built in the air, and anchored with cables, with towers and a high-pillared veranda, ca-pable, with its annex of lodging fifteen and chamber-maids, of bell boys and scullions and porters and laundry-folk, filled, the big kitchen shone with its

once on a Western railroad line, and operator was waiting at her desk, the drug clerk was arranging his bottles, "My box is not here yet, and I am having to sizep on one of them nasty hair mat tresses, which I do despise, and I feel lost without that jar. I do hope nothing will happen to it." AN INDIAN WEDDING.

Mrs. Stearns' Description of a Sad Scene Witnessed in Dakota. Mrs. Elizabeth A. Stearns, of Dakota,

was an eye-witness to a veritable Indian wedding, and she describes it as follows:

I have been through one of the strangest experiences of my life in the last few hours. I have been to an Indian wedding. There was a large tent with the front opened, and a row of stakes covered with canvas making a fence upon each side leading to it. Outside was quite a small tent, trimmed with all kinds of pretty feathers, and over the door a wild-cat's skin trimmed with beads and porcupine quills. In the large tent, back in the center, against a very gay curtain, sat a young girl, a half-breed, not more than tifteen years old, dressed in a skirt and jacket of bright buttons and boar's teeth, her hair long and black and fall-ing in front, while a wreath of feathers on her head completed her wedding outfit. All around were ornaments and vards of pink, red and vellow calico as drapery, and, on a little green trunk near the bride sat the old chief wrapped in a buffalo robe, looking like a great bear. Along on one side of the tent sat the women and girls, and upon the other side the men, young and old. They were all painted frightfully, and wore dreadful ornaments, bright blankets and feathers, and most of the men had on but little clothing. Near the middle of this group were piled the provisions of the feast, pans and kettles of meat, bread and holid corn

bread and boiled corn. "The ceremonies began with the old chief drumming upon a drum, and making a shout and noise like an animal. He then arose and walked around the girl several times, got on his knees and again walked around her, knocked her from side to side, then smoothed her hair, gave her something that he called medicine, then took a dish and placed it before her, knelt down and took a sip of what was in it, as she did also. He then stood up, went through with some mumblings over her head, and then began to pass the feast, first to the women, and then to the men. The girl took off her outside gray robe, and it was given to her mother, as we sup-posed. Underneath she had a short blue dress, which was taken off; and when the eating was concluded the poor little girl" [probably, as so often among savages, sold for a price, and with no voice in her fate] "slipped out of the tent in a little plain pink calico Dakota dress, and with bare feet and legs, looking frightened and cold, went to her tent all alone. Then they made ready for the dance, but we did not stay to see that, and had no wish to tarry."—*Ckicago Journal.*

FUNCTIONS OF THE LEAF. A Laboratory for Assimilating Raw Mate- heavy. This result agrees with the

rials Into Plant Fabric.

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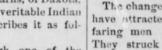
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COLOR OF THE SEA.

Different Theories Advanced to Account for Its Numerous Changes.

The changes in the color of the sea have attracted the attention of seafaring men from the earliest times. They struck with wonder the Phœnecians when first they ventured out of the Mediterranean into the Atlantic; they excited the astonishment of Columbus and terrified his companions while in search of the far-famed India, and they are no less a surprise to the modern navigator, to whom the march of discovery has left few unexplored regions in store. Numerous theories were offered in explanation of these changes, some ascribing them to the varying color of the sea bottom, some to differences in depth, others the presence of certain coloring substances, others again to the chemical com-position of the water. Most of these suggestions contained an element of truth, although no one of them, taken by itself, sufficed to account for alteration in color which had often been observed to occur in the course of a few hours' sail, and within a distance measuring less than a ship's length. Of late years, as the reader is aware, numerous scientific expeditions have been fitted out and dispatched by the Governments of England, Norway and America for the express purpose of exploring the secrets of the deep. Among the problems which have now for the first time received a satisfactory solution, new light has also been thrown upon the conditions which affect the color of the sea water in every part of the ocean, thus complet-ing the information for which we were indebted to the unaided exertions of earlier travelers. One of the most remarkable and most widely distributed contrasts of color is that which is known to exist between the intensely blue seas situated between the tropics and the green seas of higher latitudes. It appears, as the result of recent observations, and more especially of a series of experiments made on board the German frigate Gazelle, that there is an intimate relation between the colors of sea-water and the proportion of salt held in solution by the latter. On comparing the specific gravity of green water with that of blue water it was found that the latter is always heavier than the former, and, therefore, con-tains more salt, the two differently colored waters being supposed to have the same temperature. In other words, the greater or lesser intensity of the blue color f sea water may be taken as a direct index of its saltness and of its specific gravity, so that when we observe the color of the water successively change from a deep blue to a bluish green and a dark green we may conclude that the water has become at the same time less salt and 'ess



M'MINNVILLE BATHS! mince-pies ever came out of that jar. ght out A C. Windham, I am prepared to do all work in first-class style. adies' and Childrens' Work a Specialty kept her eyes on it all the way home. "May be it's full of money," said sister Katie: and for a long time after Hot and Cold Baths always ready for 25 cents. VERY MAN AN ARTIST. C. H. Fleming, Third street, near C, McMinnville, Oregon that we children were all very respectful to the jar, under the impression that Katie's surmise had been correct. L. ROOT, -DEALER INto her room and put on a high shelf in her closet. We heard mother say once Groceries, Provisions. that damaged Katie's theory of the jar being filled with money. We asked mother one day if she knew what was Crockery and Glassware. All goods delivered in the city. "O, not much of anything," she said, with great indifference. "It is an old CUSTER POST BAND, The Best in the State. wants to keep it. I remember seeing it when I was a little girl." But this

epared to furnish music for all occasions at reas J. ROWLAND, Business Manager, McMinnville

M'MINNVILLE

very, Feed and Sale Stables,

Corner Third and D streets, McMinnville

OGAN BROS. & HENDERSON, almost before we saw grandma herself. "Them keerless Murray boys forgot to pack it in with my feathe-bed," she said; "and I had no idee or leaving a Proprietors. good jar like that, so I jest brung it along in the car with me." Jeff whispered to me, and said he

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st - class Workmen Employed. south of Yamhill County Bank Building MCMINNVILLE, OREGON.

H. H. WELCH.

ever that the jar contained hidden teasures, and most of our thirty-five the maddening gayety of the season. cousins were also of this opinion. They It would welcome his arrival in had all seen the jar-the outside of it only. Some of us, great boys and girls in our teens, had lain awake nights wondering what could be in that jar, tial dreams, and it would seize his legs but I am glad to remember, now that we are all men and women, that we had too much veneration for grandmother, and 'too much respect for ourselves, to pry into her secret, if secret it was, by opening the jar. Even the any moment. Murray cousin who "nearly broke his blazing. All head" falling from grandma's closet-shelf, indignantly denied that he had trim uniformed bell-boys were all in any idea of opening the jar. He said he simply intended to "shake it and smell of it." and he felt that his tumble was a just punishment for even this lack of respect to grandmother. At the end of the five years, grandmother was visiting in Kansas. My brothers woman, a lad of ten, a smartly-dressed the end of the five years, grandmother was visiting in Kansas. My brothers and sisters and I were sitting around fire one evening in November, talking about the jar and wishing it and grandma were both in our home again. We were now all firm in the conviction that the jar contained valuables that might be ours some day if next day there were a hundred on the we were good enough to deserve them. Our cousins all shared this belief. We had heard of stranger things, and grandfather and grandmother had both been noted for their eccentricities

While we were sitting around the fire, father came home from town with a a letter for me. It was from one of my Kansas cousins. The letter was long and "newsy," and added to it was this aggravating and exciting postscript:

"Grandmother's black jar fell down and broke all to pieces to day. We cousins are all to share its contents equally, just as we thought. I am writing in a big hurry, so good-bye."

We were so excited that we could not sleep that night, and were fairly furious with Cousin Ben for ending his letter so abruptly. Even father and mother were interested now, and I sat down and wrote to Ben to write "im-if not in any other part of St. Paul. - N. to me: What do you suppose grandmother keeps in that old black jar? Brother Sam and I tried to findout, but we couldn't. You know grandmother don't like inquisitive people, and she is so particular about her things. Sam tried to climb up to a high shelf to peep into the jar once, and fell down and nearly broke his head. If you and Jeff find out what is in the jar, you let us know. I wrote that we would, but despaired of over matting a near into the jar. for mediately at once" and tell us what the jar contained. Jeff and I feared that there was a conspiracy on foot to rob us of our rightful share of the jar's contents, and there were other cousins who lay awake that night thinking the same thing, for Ben had sent postals or letters with postscrips to all the other cousins, telling them what he had told us, and no more. A whole week dragged away, and then Jeff and I wrote a saucy letter to Ben. Jeff thought I had better intimate that it would be impossible to defraud us, and suggested that I say something about "securing legal advice" if Ben did not write at once, and tell us what that jar contained.

After that we felt more confident than And as soon as the guest came, the band would be there to launch him into triumphant strains; it would pursue in the evening and would treat him to caper in the parlor. Every thing was And this was what happened. ready. It was the evening of the opening day. The train wagons might be expected The electric lights were blazing. All the clerks stood expectwaiting line, the register clerk stood fingering the leaves of the register with a gracious air. A noise is heard outside, the big door opens, there is a young lady, and a dog. Movement, welcome, ringing of bells, tramping of feet-the whole machinery has started. It was adjusted to crack an egg-shell or smash an iron-bound trunk. The few drops presaged a shower. The register; the day after, two hundred; and the day following, an excursion .-Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

> -Dr. Smith, pastor of the First Methodist Church in St. Paul, found a gang of men paving the street in front of his church one Sunday morning. He asked them to stop. They did not. Then he said that they must stop, and right off, too. If they did not he would make a complaint against each individual workman, and see that he was arrested and punished for breaking the Sabbath day. At this the pavers took up their tools and quit work, and the energetic pastor walked into the pulpit and preached with great fervor, saying, in the course of the sermon, that he proposed to have if not in any other part of St. Paul.-N. Y. Sun.

-One of the members of Pilgrim Congregational Church, of New York, decided that the lack of interest in mission work was due altogether to the ignorance on the subject. She inchurch and vited the members of the Sunday-school, who would like to know more about missions, to be present in her parlors on Sunday evenings, and invited missionaries who chanced to be in New York on Sunday to come and give talk to herself and friends. The result of this effort has been that the parlors are crowded, and a large and enthusiastic mission circle has been organized in the Suuday-school.

grow without leaves. These are put oak tree of good size exposes several acres of surface to the air during the growing season. It has been estimated that the Washington elm, at Cambridge, Mass., not a very large tree, exposes about five acres of foliage, if we include both sides of the leaves. Leaves are more nearly comparable to stomachs than lungs. A leaf is a laboratory for assimilating or manufacturing raw materials into plant fabrie. The cellular structure of the leaves, wood and bark of a tree is a complicated subject to treat in a popu lar way. It requires a vast surface of leaves to do a little work. By counting the leaves on a seedling oak, and estimating the surface of both sides of each, we can see how many inches are needed to build up the roots and stem for the first year. After the first year the old stem of the oak bears no leaves. It is dependent on the leaves of the branches, or its children, for A tree is a sort of community, each

part having its own duties to perform. The root hair takes up most of the nourishment. The young roots take this to the larger ones, and they in turn, like the branches of a river, pour the flood of crude sap into the trunk, which conveys it to the leaves. The assimilated or digested sap passes from the leaves to all growing parts of the plant, and a deposit is made where most needed. If a branch is much exposed to the winds the base of it has a certain support or certain amount of nourishment. So with the trunk of a If the base of a branch or the tree. main trunk is much exposed to the winds, the base of it has a certain support or certain amount of nourish-So with the trunk of a tree. If the base of a branch or the main trunk is much exposed to the winds and storms, a much thicker deposit of food is made there. The winds give a tree exercise, which seems good to help make it strong. Our toughest wood

comes from trees growing in exposed places. The limbs of a tree are all the time striving with each other to see which shall have the most room and the most sunshine. While some per-ish in the attempt, or meet with very indifferent success, the strongest of the strong buds survive. - Interior.

-The skeleton of a man in a sitting posture was unearthed at Nevada, Col. by workmen engaged in grading. The oldest inhabitant was unable to account for the presence of the remains in the locality, being more than half a mile from the nearest cemetery.

experience of navigators in every part As is well known, a tree can not of the ocean, for as the vessel proceeds from the dense and salt waters of the tropical regions toward the lighter and forth every year, and are a contrivance fresher waters of higher latitudes and for vastly increasing the surface. An of the polar regions the color of the sea is seen to change from an intense blue to a greenish blue and green tint. There are, however, numerous exceptions. Green seas are met with between the tropics and blue seas are encountered in the temperate region, and even within the Arctic circle, but these exceptions, far from contradicting, only tend to confirm the above rule. Science for All.

THE GEORGIA STYLE.

Running Accommodation Trains for the Accommodation of Everybody.

A few days ago a well-known citizen of Atlanta had occasion to go from Wrightsville to Dublin. He took one of the accommodation trains between the two towns and prepared himself to sleep through the short journey. When the journey was about half over, and while the train was dashing along at a high rate of speed, the engineer observed a fine large gopher near the track. "Jerusalem, the blest!" he ejaculated,

turning to the fireman, "Put on brakes and stop the train!"

He canght hold of the whistle lever and produced a succession of shrill blasts, which caused the brakemen back in the cars to hurry to their posts and frantically endeavor to twist the brakes up to the last notch. The passengers thought the engineer had overtaken a herd of wild steers, or that a bridge had been washed away, and every one of them prepared to join in a prayer-meet ing by way of preparation for impend-ing death. Finally, the train was stopped, but not until the gopher had been left half a mile behind. De termined not to lose his game, the engineer backed to the spot where he had seen the gopher, stopped the train, and, accompanied by the fireman, gave chase and captured it.

"Say," said a passenger to the conductor, as the train once more started toward Dublin, "what kind of a train is this?

"It's an accommodation train," the onductor replied, "and will accommodate an engineer as quickly as it will a passenger-especially when there's a gopher in the case."-Atlanta Constitu

-A lady who sat in an auction-room with her husband a few days ago, noticed another lady clad in light mourning, who. unable to find a seat, had been obliged to stand. "Do get up and give her your chair, James," said the lady; "she looks so tired." "She's used to it," whispered the husband; "can't you see she's a widow of long standing?"-Brooklyn Eagle.