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RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.
It is said that "out of every 109 female
school teachers seven marry every
year."—Chicago Herald.

The Trinity College Librarian re-
ported an increase in the library for the
past year of 2,087 volumes.—N. Y. Tri-
bune.

On the diffusion of education among
the people rests the preservation and
perpetuation of our free institutions.—
Democrat.

General G. W. P. Curtis Lee has
resigned the Presidency of Washington
and Lee University on account of ill
health.

No fewer than 157 professors at
German Universities are between the
ages of seventy and ninety, of whom
the greater part still lecture. Banke, at
Munich, is the oldest.

It is said that a recent prizeman in
the Yale Law School paid his way
through college by buying old cloaks
and other bric-a-brac in back country
towns and selling them at fancy prices
in New York and New Haven collec-
tions.—N. Y. Post.

President McCosh, of the Princeton
College, has been making a statistical
study of the relations of foot ball and
base ball to scholarship. He finds that
of the twenty-seven men who are prom-
inent members of teams and nine, not
one stands first in the six academic
grades, only two in the second, and
not twenty-two fall in the lower half of
their classes.—Hartford Post.

ON THE GOLD COAST.

A LANDING AT ACCRA IN SPITE OF
GRAVE DIFFICULTIES.

A Bit of West African Scenery—Pulling
for the Shore in a Native Surf Boat—A
Fight with Furious Waves—Ashore at
Last.

With our usual good luck we pass during
the night the only bit of scenery worth
looking at on this part of the coast—viz., the
high land near Cape Coast castle, a reasonable,
although monotonous, relief to the dreary
and monotonous hideousness of the low,
bristly, interminable jungle, which may be
best imagined by picturing to one's self a second
hand hair brush several hundred miles
long. But next morning some slight compensa-
tion awaits us in the bold, rocky bluff of
Winneba, which thrusts forth its broad,
black breast into the roaring sea as if defying
the white lipped wrath of the breakers that
come thundering against it, flinging their
great hills of foam mast high into the air,
while from amid the crags four small white
houses peer down into the howling chaos be-
low like watching children, half pleased and
half frightened. An hour later two or three
long, sloping hills begin to loom through the
breaking mist, and suddenly, as if at the ris-
ing of a curtain, the trim white houses of
Accra, and the ridge of dark red sandstone upon
which they stand, and the tall feathery palms
that rise above them against the sky line, and
the curving yellow beach below with its ring of
glittering foam, and the wide green uplands
beyond, terminated by the rocky headland
crowned with the low, massive white walls of
Christiansburg castle, all start into view at
once.

OFF FOR THE SHORE.

The innocent young men who come out here
for the first time with ideas of European
comfort and civilization, thinking they have
nothing to do but "go ashore at once," are
naturally somewhat startled to find that the
first question is whether they can go ashore
at all. Old stagers talk so coolly of a "heavy
beach" that it is rather a shock to learn that
this simple phrase implies the breaking upon
the beach of so violent a surf as to involve
the certainty of being capized and the very
strong probability of being drowned. In the
offing lies a steamer which has already waited
here two days with passengers whom she can-
not land even in a native "surf boat," the only
craft which has any chance of living in such
a sea. However, the breakers are a little less
fearful now, and a native boatman's ver-
dict of "naaf" (muddling) suffices to encourage
us to venture. The acting governor of
Lagos, the Hon. Frederick Evans, for whom
a special surf boat has been sent out by the
treasurer, kindly offers me a seat in it. So
we jump, or rather tumble, into the
dancing boat, which bumps against our knees
one minute and is yards away beneath our
feet the next, and away we go to find out
whether we are to be drowned or not.

Up and down, up and down, with the spray
lashing our faces and the water gurgling
round our feet, now rising far into the air on
a hilltop of seething foam, now plunging with
a dizzy swing into the depths of a shadowy
green valley between two towering walls of
dark water. Every moment it seems as if
we must certainly be overwhelmed by some
huge "roller," which comes rushing on, curl-
ing its vast, mazy crests far above our heads
like a falling avalanche. But the monster
always misses us by a hair's breadth, for the
gaunt, black scarecrows who sit perched
along our rocking gunwale, each with one
foot in a sort of stirrup of rope fixed in the
boat's side, have no match along the whole
Guinea coast for such work as this.

SCOLDING THE FEROCIOUS WAVES.

Every stroke of the "short, spear paddles"—
which, instead of being spaced pointed like
those of the Grain coast, or spoon shaped like
those of the Niger, resemble a clumsy three-
pronged fork, with very broad and thick
points—is accompanied by a sharp yell, such
as Mr. Lowell humorously called "a dog-
ology," and sometimes even by a few words
of untranslatable abuse, hurled with angry
gestures at the furious waves. Meanwhile
scores of eager eyes watch our progress both
from the ship and from the shore, but, except
when suddenly flung up on the crest of a huge
billow, both we and our boat are completely
invisible from either point. And now the
yelling grows louder and wilder as the strokes
of the paddles suddenly quicken, and the boat
rock to and fro till it appears as if one inch
more must turn her right over, while, as we
scoop up water on the whirl of a mighty wave,
the shore and the great billows that thunder
upon it, hitherto dim and distant, start all at
once into perilous nearness.

We are now running parallel with the line
of gnashing breakers along the beach, our
only chance being to skirt its terrible outer
edge till we can seize a favorable moment for
our final rush. As the next wave lifts us upon
our crest we see a swarm of black figures hur-
rying down to the shore, ready to drag us to
land when our boat capizes. Then comes a
ear-piercing howl from our crew, the boat is
whirled onward like a stone from a sling,
there comes a tremendous shock, a deafening
crash, an indistinct vision of black faces and
outstretched arms amid a swirl of boiling
foam, and then I feel myself clung by half
a dozen hands at once and borne landward in
a kind of complicated "free fight" among six
or seven brassy natives.—David Ker's West
Africa Letter in New York Times.

A Cure for Earthquakes.

While all kinds of theories have been
let loose to account for the infernal condi-
tion of our crust, and instruments have
faithfully registered its aberration from the
normal, only one observer has been
brave enough to propose a remedy. This
is an Englishman resident in Ischia.
Having studied the disastrous distur-
bances in 1881 and 1883, he came to the
conclusion that a vent for the im-
prisoned forces was what was
needed. So he suggested a stop-
cock to let off the earth's steam. At
cock to let off the earth's steam. At
the epicenter of intensity sink an ar-
tesian well 630 yards deep. This will
relieve the strain and result in a quieter
condition. If Ischia finds this operation
successful, the remedy may be adopted
by South Carolina. The idea of con-
structing an artificial volcano is to be
directed to Mr. Johnson Lewis.—New
York Graphic.

LIFE IN THE WILD WEST.

A Ranch Near the Sierra Madre Moun-
tains—Not an Attractive Feature.

In the eternal snow banks lying in the
shadows cast by the lofty peaks of the
Sierra Madre mountains, just north of
North park, Big creek has its rise. It is a
rapid, foamy stream of ice water, flowing
through dense forests of pine. On the
banks about two miles from the foot
hills, and at the head of the meadow,
stands a small hut built of unshewn pine
logs. The roof of the hut consists of
pine poles placed side by side and cov-
ered with clay. The floor is of logs,
roughly hewn to an uneven surface, like
railroad ties. The spaces between the
floor logs are filled with rubbish and lit-
ter. The interior of this dwelling is six-
teen feet by twenty feet. Two small
windows admit light. Against the east-
ern end of the room stands a rusty, bat-
tered old cooking stove. Two rough
shelves extend from the rusty stove pipe
to the corner of the room. These were
laden, when I last visited the ranch, with
tin plates, tin cups, baking powder cans,
plugs of chewing tobacco, dirty tobacco
pipes, a roll of streaked butter, bits of
bread, a bread board, dirty spoons, and
two slouch hats.

Against the northern wall a gun rack,
made of antelope horns, was solidly
nailed. In the rack were four heavy re-
peating rifles, and four powerful field
glasses hung by them. Two bunks filled
with hay occupy the northwest corner
of the room. A roll of heavy California
blankets lies at the head of each bunk.
A long, rough, greasy table stands in
the center of the room. Around it empty
boxes, once filled with canned vegeta-
bles, are placed for seats. Rolls of
blankets, rolls of buffalo robes, and two
bearskins occupy the space at the base
of the southern wall. Piled high in the
southwest corner are sacks of flour,
slabs of bacon, bags of sugar, boxes of
canned goods, and various kinds of
provisions. For reading matter a few
well-thumbed pictorial papers, which pre-
tend to set forth the doings of the de-
preaved people of the country, are on the
greatly table. Clothes of canvas and
flannel shirts hang on pegs all around
the room. Two small oil lamps, never,
under any circumstances, cleaned or
trimmed, stand on a little shelf over one
of the windows. There is a lantern
standing on the floor under one of the
bunks, and two saddles under the other,
and a large quantity of unlisted litter
and portable property scattered over the
floor. Such is the adornment of the in-
terior of this choice retreat, the home of
the cattle raisers.

Outside of the house is a row of saddle
pegs, driven into the topmost log. A
tin wash basin sits on a bench which
stands near the door, and a piece of yellow
soap lies beside it, while a dirty jack
towel flutters from a peg above. On the
ground are antelope skins that long ex-
posure to the weather has rolled into
balls.

The fleshless heads of elk, deer, and
antelope are scattered along the base of
the building. They will be nailed up
next Tuesday afternoon—but next Tues-
day afternoon never comes. The heads,
grasses, and feathers of sage hens and other
game, the heads and feet of jack rab-
bits, bones, old boots, cast-off clothing,
and a pile of empty tin cans, with out-
flying cans as sentinels, litter the ground
in front of the house. Twelve feet in
front of the open door there is a very
small pile of firewood, against which a
dull axe with a crooked handle leans, as
though it were alive and weary of ranch
life. One hundred yards north of the
house a large log barn stands. It has
been there for four years, but is not
chinked and mudded, but will be
chinked and mudded next week, which,
of course, never comes. There is on the
ranch a hay rack, two mowing ma-
chines, two wagons, and three heavy-
headed dogs that are so weary of ranch
life that they do not take sufficient in-
terest in its affairs to bark at a stranger.
If there were any other articles of per-
sonal property around this home of the
cattlemen, they were so securely hidden
that I did not see them. Of course there
were many cattle and horses grazing
in the valley and on the steep hillsides.

Eight men lived in this dirty, vermin-
infested hut. They cooked, ate, smoked,
and chewed tobacco, and slept in the
one room. They washed in the same
basin, frequently in the same water, and
dried themselves on the same jack towel.
Uncultivated young backwoods? Not
at all. Well-educated young men, who
thoroughly understood their business of
handling 3-year-old steers, and who
were making money rapidly. When
they were in the east they lived as gen-
tlemen should. In the west they live
like swine, thinking nothing of it.—
Frank Wilkeson in New York Sun.

It is not funny how many men begin
when boys what they know they will
regret when grown?" asked a friend
of Commodore Stephenson on 'change
the other day, as that well known gentle-
man aimed a volume of tobacco juice at
a knot in the floor and hit it.

"What do you refer to?" asked the
commodore.

"Tobacco chewing, of course," was the
answer.

"Well, I didn't begin it in that way. It
was a hair of the same dog in my case. I
was working in a tobacco factory, and the
smell of the tobacco leaves used to make
me deathly sick every day. Finally one
old hand suggested that in the morning
when I came to work I put a piece of a
tobacco leaf in my mouth as an antidote.
I accepted the suggestion and was never
tobacco sick again. I presume many a
man has become a slave in the same
way."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

ONE WHO KNEW

The Eccentric Poet an Illustration of His
Own Doctrine of Perversity.

A few nights ago I found myself in
the study of my old friend, the profes-
sor of belles-lettres in the great univer-
sity of K—. The university was my
own alma mater, but I had visited it
especially for the purpose of spending
an evening with the professor of belles-
lettres, for he was a most extraordinary
man. The room was filled with curious
books, prints and pictures, and bronzes
that the professor had picked up here
and there during his travels, for he had
been abroad many times. Among them
I noticed a small picture of Poe. It re-
minded me of my adventure in Balti-
more a few days before, and I told the
professor about it. When I had finished
he laughed, and said:

"Poe was a hard case. He was a liv-
ing illustration of his own doctrine of
perversity. It's very hard to make him
out. I think his tale of William Wilson
is the best commentary on himself that
he has left us. The double identity of
Poe himself and the evil genius that fol-
lowed him all through his life. As one
grows older I think one realizes more
fully the emptiness of his verse—I
mean the absence of motive and the
lack of a strong, central
thought. He had no burden
to deliver. Walt Whitman, whatever
he may be thought of his poetry, is the
only American poet who may be said to
have a burden to deliver. And yet Poe had
a song in him—the first requisite for a
true poet. Longfellow's poetry is merely
literary—graceful, pure, popular, and all
that you know, but embodying nothing
of his own personal experiences. Lowell
we hardly think of as a poet, and
Bryant's work has been greatly over-
estimated. His poetry is a wilderness of
death. There is nothing poetical about
death in itself—it is life that is poetical.
I am acquainted with a gentleman in
Philadelphia who knows more about Poe
probably than any other living man.
Before Poe's death this gentleman edited
a publication there. Poe used to con-
tribute to it, and the manner in which
he submitted his matter was very novel.
It seems that he wrote on small sheets
of paper, and when he had filled one
sheet he pasted another on the end of it,
and so continued. When the article was
finished he rolled the manuscript up
tightly. Then he would present himself
in the editor's office, and say:

"I've got another story for you, Mr.
P.—"

"How long is it?"

"Well, it's so long," Poe would reply,
giving the ball a short across the room
and letting it fall at full length on the
floor.

"He was wretchedly poor. He might
have had troops of friends, you know,
but some way he had the devil in him.
At one time he was the assistant editor
of a monthly—Burton's, I believe. The
editor was compelled to be
out of the city for a time and
he left the next edition of the
magazine in Poe's charge. When he re-
turned he was astonished to find that
the magazine had not come out, and that
nothing had been done. Poe had disap-
peared. He at once began a search for
his missing assistant. He finally found
him in a drinking-shop with some
friends. 'Mr. Poe,' he said, 'I left you
in charge of my magazine and I return
to find that nothing has been done. How
do you account for this?'

"Poe merely invited him to go to a
very warm place and held up the pros-
pectus of a magazine of his own that he
was about to start. That was his dream
all through life—to edit a magazine.

"There has been a great deal of foolish
talk about his drinking habits. He was
not a regular drinker, but the trouble
with him was that if he touched a single
glass of liquor he had to keep on until
he reached a climax. He had a keen
critical faculty, but it was unreliable,
and sometimes flinical. He abused
Longfellow shamefully, and
whenever he detected any one using the
word 'nevermore' he always thought it
was stolen from 'The Raven.'

"By the way," he continued as I rose,
"I'll send you a copy of my book as soon
as it's published." I thanked the pro-
fessor and bade him good-night.—"F.
M. L." in Chicago Times.

M. Gounod's Kite.
M. Gounod's kindness of heart is pro-
verbial. Not long since, during his re-
cent stay in Normandy, a little friend on
a summer's night incited the composer
to make him a kite. M. Gounod set to
work and made a monster. Midnight
saw the task completed. Just as the
new day was creeping in, the maestro
took up his pen, and, as a finishing
touch, inscribed on the face of the toy a
brief sonata. Rumor describes it as one
of the most exquisite gems that he has
ever written.—New York Sun.

Girls' Feet East and West.
The California girl's feet are shaped like
a chemist's spatula, very long and very
narrow. Eastern people are apt to laugh
outright when they see these queer shaped
feet for the first time. A long, slim foot
cannot, by any standard, be considered
beautiful. It does not look as though it
was made for use or for ornament. It is
disappointing. The head of a family
sensibly said that his children, born in
Maine, had Maine feet, broad and ample,
while those born in San Francisco had
the genuine California foot, long and nar-
row. Would it not be a good plan for
some scientist to study into the matter
and determine why this is so?—New York
World.

PREPARATION OF CONDENSED MILK.

Operations in the Three Factories in
Switzerland—An Interesting Process.

M. Louis Grandeaun has just published
a succinct and instructive account of
dairy farming in Switzerland. There
are, he tells us, about 1,100,000 head of
cattle in Switzerland, rather more than
half of which are cows. The total quan-
tity of milk which they yield in the
course of a year is 233,000,000 gallons,
the daily average per cow being one and
one-quarter gallons, and the value of this
milk, estimated in English money at
about 6 pence per gallon, is about 5,575,-
000 pounds sterling. M. Grandeaun then
proceeds to show how this large quan-
tity of milk is disposed of. In the first
place, one-half is used for making 42,000
tons of cheese, and of this quantity 55
per cent. is thin cheese—that is to say,
made with skim milk. The cream taken
from the milk used in making thin
cheese goes to make 15,000 tons of but-
ter, which is not quite enough for home
consumption. But of cheese something
like 800,000 pounds sterling worth is ex-
ported every year. The native consump-
tion of milk itself, and the preparation
of condensed milk, accounts for another
90,000,000 gallons; this amounting, with
what is converted into butter and cheese,
to 86 per cent. of the whole. The re-
maining 14 per cent. goes toward rearing
the 300,000 calves which are, taking one
year with another, to be found in Switzer-
land. M. Grandeaun then goes on to
describe the operations of the Condensed
Milk company, which, with its capital of
400,000 pounds sterling, has seven fac-
tories, of which three (Cham, Guin, and
Reichenbach) are in Switzerland.

This industry had its origin, so far as
Switzerland was concerned, at Cham,
when, in 1806, Mr. Page, the United
States consul at Zurich, determined to
try an experiment which had been con-
ducted successfully upon a large scale
in his own country. He had great diffi-
culty in getting any one to believe in the
possibility of success, and for the first
year or two his factory did not condense
the milk of more than 300 cows, or
make more than 150,000 pound-tins of
condensed milk. At the present time
the Cham factory receives the milk of
8,000 cows, and turns out more than 15,-
000,000 tins of milk a year.

The milk is brought to the factory on
large trolleys, each holding eighty cans;
the company itself fetching the milk
from the various farms, and giving a
uniform price of 5 1/2 pence per gallon
for it. Upon arriving at the factory the
milk is passed into a large reservoir
through a net which acts as a strainer.
This reservoir also serves as one of the
scales of a machine which weighs the
milk. After the milk has been weighed,
a plug is withdrawn from the bottom
of the reservoir, and the milk runs out
into large boilers of copper, where it
is mixed with sugar of the same
weight as itself. When the sugar is dis-
solved the liquid mixture runs into
vacuum boilers, where it undergoes, at
a very high temperature, the process of
condensation. In the course of three
hours it is reduced to about a third of
its original volume by the elimination of
the milk, such as fat and caseine, are
in no way affected. From the condens-
ing-boilers, the liquid mixture, which
has about the same consistency as a
fluid sirup, is passed into large cylin-
ders which are constantly being im-
mersed in cold water, where it rapidly
cools. The condensed milk, when cold,
is raised by machinery into the work-
shops, where it is put into metal tins,
which are immediately sealed hermeti-
cally, and are then ready for sale. All
the cans used for bringing in the milk
are first washed out with water, then
scrubbed inside, and finally steamed,
before going back to the dairy.

The treatment of this large quantity
of milk and the fabrication and filling of
more than 55,000 tins per diem would be
impossible unless the greater part of the
work was done by machinery; and, from
the cutting out of the sheets of metal
which are used for making the tins to
the fastening down of the wooden cases
in which the milk is sent all over the
world, all is done by machinery, a single
workman being able to solder 400 tins an
hour, thanks to the excellence of the
machines he manages.—Chicago Times.

Stanley's Welsh Relatives.
I regret that Mr. Henry M. Stanley
understands that he is unable to go
to Dublin, because, although he has dis-
covered many out-of-the-way places, he
has not discovered Ireland yet. It is a
curious thing that he has latterly devel-
oped a great repugnance to lecturing in
Wales, which is his native country. The
reason of this is interesting. Your read-
ers are aware that Mr. Stanley spent his
early days in a Welsh workhouse, and
that he has no precise knowledge as to
his parentage. Well, whenever he goes
to Wales he is sure to encounter twenty
or thirty old women who persist in claim-
ing him as a son or a nephew or some
other intimate relation. It being highly
embarrassing and inconvenient to have
as many as thirty mothers, the explorer
has determined to keep out of the way
of those old ladies in future. He tells
the story himself with great relish.—
Cor. Freeman's Journal.

Shakespearean Departments.
Only three European libraries—the
British museum, Bodleian and the
library of Trinity college, Cambridge—
have, it is said, a finer Shakespearean
department than the Boston public
library.

SMALL SELFISHNESS.

ANNOYANCES WHICH DIMINISH THE
HAPPINESS OF A FAMILY.

First Reading of the Morning Paper.
Letting One Daughter Do Housework
While Another Remains Idle—List of
Other Selfishnesses.

One does not particularly care to have the
first reading of the morning paper, perhaps;
but when one never gets it until another per-
son, who has no more need or hurry than
one's self, has not only read it, but studied it
and committed the advertisements to mem-
ory, one possibly, through habit, expects
nothing else, but just as possibly feels a slight
indignation at the way things are taken for
granted and one's self ignored. In the same
manner one does not, perhaps, expect the
most comfortable chair in the room as one's
own set property; but when another indi-
vidual, and that always the same one, takes
it as if it was an heirloom, one is exceed-
ingly unselfish one's self not to feel like mak-
ing that seat something less comfortable for
its siter, although one might be restrained
by the knowledge that in such resort the siter
would take the next most comfortable chair,
leaving others to take refuge where they
might, and be no better off than in the begin-
ning.

So, moreover, one sees no especial occasion
for any one individual in the family to mo-
nopolize, whenever evening comes, the one
place that has the most light for either book
or work or play, regardless who sits in the
dim corner, or who has a shadow thrown
where the strength of the blaze should fall.
"I really cannot see anywhere else," says the
monopolizer, tranquilly, as if in full explana-
tion, and as if the others' eyes were of a dif-
ferent lens altogether, innocent of the fact
that no one else can see either, and that it
may not be positively important that the mo-
nopolizer should see at all, since such im-
portance depends very much on what you see
and how you look at it.

A selfishness as bad as any of the other
forms occurs among those members of a house-
hold, where there is insufficient help, who do
not lift their fingers to assist in the lighter
work that in such instances falls on the family
itself, and who see others doing out the work
and filling the gaps with dusts and dish
cloths and brooms without taking part—people
who certainly are not to be looked at in the
light of promoters of that comfortable feeling
which springs from the sense of equal rights
and liberties to all. Why one daughter sits
with her novel while another scours the paint
is a question that may well perplex the ob-
server, who fails to see that it is because one
will and the other won't, although the one
who will cannot, in spite of herself, hinder a
feeling of wrong done to herself, and some
sensation of jealousy occasioned by the ap-
pearance of favoritism, which does not help
to make family jars impossible.

We have known of mothers who carried
the opposite idea so far that, able to keep no
servants, as it chanced, they refused to let
the daughters wait upon the sons, seeing no
reason why the sons should not make the beds
they slept in, and if they wanted to wear
clothes requiring hard ironing, such as linen
and duck and nankeen, should not do the
ironing with their strong hands and muscles.
But those mothers were exceptions in a world
of over indulged sons, yet we doubt not that
they made matters easy for their future
daughters-in-law, who without wishing their
husbands to do such labor, or to effeminate
themselves in any similar way, yet reaped the
benefit of those husbands' having been early
taught to consider the rights of wives and
daughters and sisters.

But other selfishnesses as irritating as the
fasting of the best seat and best light and
best novel and first chance at book or news-
paper can be met with at every turn in many
families; the selfishness, let us say, that, hav-
ing views on any questions conflicting with
the views of another, will give voice to those
views in season and out of season, and obtrude
them even to the injury of the feelings of
others, and if not early and late insisting
upon them, yet never failing to read the
fragment from book or journal unpleasantly
supporting them, and indulging in the audib-
le snuff or sneer or outspoken innuendo, if
such a thing there be, on every occasion
where the indulgence is possible, a selfishness
that shows a consciousness of the value of no
one's views but one's own, and treats the in-
dividuality of all others with contempt.

A similar selfishness is that which dis-
regards engagements, which considers the
promise to be at home on a certain day or a
fixed hour as of no weight beside the incon-
venience of keeping the engagement, and
who, in this manner, disturbs the household
arrangements by making meals wait, while
servants grow impatient and unwell, and
eyes grow tired with watching and ears
with listening, just as much as the almost
precisely opposite selfishness insists upon the
keeping of such promises and engagements,
even to the point of positive discomfort and
injury to the other party, who perhaps
cannot keep them without such injury, and
could be excused by one with any selfish
care. One would find it hard to come to the
end of a statement of those small acts of
selfishness which infest the household, and
hurt it through a burning sense of the in-
justice done by them; and it is a question if,
with the present imperfection of human
nature, we shall ever quite escape them;
they are as countless as gnats in a storm, and
as vexatious.—Harper's Bazar.

Playing a Trick with Cowhage.
Cowhage or Mucuna, a pruriens, as it
is called in medical dictionaries, is prob-
ably the most powerful irritant extant.
It comes from leguminous climbing
plants and will produce an intense itching
that will drive a man crazy. Re-
cently a girl employed as a waiter at a
Minneapolis hotel, for some reason or
other, became possessed of an intense
hatred of a traveling man. To avenge
herself for some fancied insult, she pro-
cured a quantity of cowhage and plenti-
fully besprinkled his bed with it. As a
result, the victim was driven nearly
frantic. His groans attracted attention
and help was summoned. He was
given a warm bath and soundly
scrubbed. Afterward cold cream was
applied, but it was several hours before
he could find any relief.—Chicago Her-
ald.