SEMI-WEEKLY



TELEPHONE.

VOL. II.

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A Sonorous Voice.

Two men wearing sombreros and long hair sat opposite each other at a table in a Calhoun place restaurant. The taller of the two was discussing the peculiarities of a dear friend who had died somewhere in the state of

Sonora. "He warn't much bigger'n a toad," he said, ordering a fresh round of drinks, "but lordy, how he could yell. Never heered him, eh, Jackt Then you don't know what you've missed. He war a hundred times botter'n the Matter a yolv and as an ar first a weithed Piute at a yelp, an' as sure as I'm a-sittin' here he could outhowl all the wolves you ever seen on the Cimaron. 'Twar a pecul'ar yelp, this yelp of Ben's. Beginnin' with a sigh as soft as the breeze that sweeps o'er Ingin buryin' grounds on moonlite nites, it would slowly grow louder an' louder until it sounded just as the wind does when she gets er screechin' through Last Stake canyon, But Ben never stopped here. It was after he passed this point that he made men's hair turn gray. Liftin' his voice so high that you'd think he'd split his throat he'd make the air snap an' set the rocks and snow a-tumblin' down the hills Talk about coyotes and wolves and mountain lions! why, Ben could outyell the whole kit o' them put together, an' scare 'em to death to Compare this yell to suthin'; It can't boot. be done, Jack. The difference between this whoop and the whoop of an ordinary man was as great as the difference between the roar of Niagara an' the gurglin' of this licker down my throat.-Chicago Herald.

Upsetting a Preacher's Gravity.

Dr. Patterson was preaching a very earnest discourse and was carrying his congregation with him, when an English pug dog crossed the line of his vision. The dog at-tracted the attention of no one in the auditorium, and there was no reason why it should have attracted the attention of the preacher, but the thought came to him that the dog had its tail curled about as tight as circumstances would permit. Then came the question if the tail was curled once more what would hap-pen. Would it not be possible to curl the tail tight as to lift the hinder parts of the dog and start him walking on his fore feet with his tail in the air? All the time he had been going on with his sermon, but when this odd conceit of giving the dog's tail an extra curl came over him he burst into a horse laugh.

The interruption came not only in the middle of a proposition but in the middle of a sentence. He broke off without ceremony into a laugh that startled himself quite as much as the congregation. Once started he found it very difficult to stop, and although he used his handherchief and made a pretence of having a paromysm of coughing, still he laughed till the tears came. Even when he started again on his sermon he found great difficulty in getting away from the idea of that dog's tail, and several times his voice trembled and he had to shake himself as one in a dream .-- Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE CARICATURISTS.

THE PERSONAL PECULIARITIES OF SOME SAD FUNNY MEN.

Thumbnail Sketches of Nast and Keppler, Taylor, Opper, Kemble and Others-The Work They Have Done. Caricaturing in America.

At the Salmagundi dinner the other night, amid sixty of the jolliest souls imaginable, one was far more sprightly and vivacious than all the rest. It might not surprise every one to hear that this was E. W. Kemble, of The Century, one of the humorous artists of the day. But to one who knows the dumb humorists of the times-the men who make fun in silence with their pencils-it was extraordinary. Humorists are preverbially men of pathetic face and sober mien, but of men of pathetic face and sober mien, but of all the almost owlish gravity I ever knew among men these pencil humorists have the most. Take Nast and Keppler, the satirists, for instance. It is said that Keppler is es-teemed as a very bright talker in the Ger-man colony, but neither he nor Nast is funny or in any degree lively in English. Both are or in any degree lively in English. Both are about 50, and both have made fortunes and are taking things easy. Nast is a dressy, al-most natty, httle man, with a face almost exactly like the pictures he makes of himself. He is wrapped up in domestic joys at his country home in Morristown. Some of us got him on his feet at a dinner in Montreal the other day, but he had nothing to say. When he talks at all, which is in private, he

does so extremely sensibly. Keppler is an oddity; he likes to startle the town with unconventional attire. He is apt to stride through the streets with high boots, worn outside of trousers so patched as to suggest jersey cloth, a bell crowned, turn up German silk hat, and a Spanish cloak wound round his body and thrown over one shoulder. He is a serious man, and funny as his pictures 'u Puck often are their purpose is always serious. He is most interesting when he talks of his past, particularly of the days when he was an employe at \$15 a week, making funny pictures for Frank Leslie, and he and Frank Leslie fell out over a \$5 increase in his salary.

STARTED A FUNNY PAPER.

Keppler announced his determination to start a funny paper, and Leslie warned him that if he did he would start one just like it and drive him at our function of the start one is a start of the start one is a start of the star and drive him out of business. Keppler took Schwarzmann, the foreman of Leslie's printing office, and they together, with \$1,500 in money, started the German edition of Puck. It was a success, and in a year or two the Euglish edition was established. This re mained a feelle bantling until Keppler published in it a startling picture of a scene on Fifth avenue, after the death of a fashionable abortionist. From that day it has flourished. Now no such pictures are published, both illustrations and letter press having grown very refined, and yet the paper gained 15,000 cir culation last year.

Look at some of the junior cartoonists. Charles Jay Taylor, whose fan is always original, piquant and elevating, looks as so-ber as a parson when he is producing the funniest faces and situations on paper. In com-pany he is retiring and quiet and his wit only scintillates among those who know him very intimately. Taylor, by the way, is the only conspicuous one of his number who received an art education. The rest educated themselves. Sober as Taylor is, he is excelled in story, and the day when each fresh install-ment reached him was one of joy. At one a trade was about to be consummated, they this respect by Mr. Zimmerman, of Judge, st timid girl could scarcely han whom the n be more shy. Yet he can be as audacious and rollicking with his pencil as ever William R. Travers was with his lips. He is from the central part of this state and made his way upward from a humble beginning. He is still in the thirties. SON OF A FORTY-NINER. E. W. Kemble, by the way, is the son of a California Forty-niner, and after a hard struggle attracted the interest of Mark Twain got him to illustrate "Huckleberry who ' and then introduced him to Cable, th Finn.' novelist, who took him south. Through this he got on The Century. While in the south he fell in love with the American Afri-can as a source of humor and any day one is apt to find him rooted in the street, roaring in laughter at some comical darky passing by. As I said, he is the only artist whose humor is externally visible. He is about 32 Press. There was another, even livelier-the or 34. late J. A. Wales-a born entertainer, but he was too social for his own good. Frederick Opper, of Puck, is a round faced, meek young man, with mild gray eyes and a contemplative habit, who says funny things in his quiet, grave way, if he is obliged to, bu much prefers to listen. He is closely related to De Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of The London Times. His sister is a writer and gives him frequent assistance, though the most remarkable feminine lieutenant any humor st has is the talented wife of Philip H. Welsh, the witty dialogue writer of The Sun and Puck. Her help explains both the quality and quantity of this wonderful worker's pro ductions. Caricaturing in America has made en mous strides during the past ten years. What artists call "comics" have appeared in lustrated papers for many years past, but no great genius has come to the front. Nast and great gen Keppler are both Germans, but no American has specially distinguished himself in this art any more than in painting. Europe, it is humiliating to confess it, is ahead of us in this respect. America has not yet produced a Gilray, a Hogarth, a Cruikshank, a Browne or even a Du Maurier. We shall improve with age, and our rising humorous artists are promising lot .- Julian Ralph in New a very York Mail and Express.

M°MINNVILLE, OREGON, JULY 15, 1887.

AN INTERCEPTED VALENTINE.

With Acknowledgments to Dr. Talmage

Dear cousin Canada, you know we like you, June and December brighten with your charms, Not for the world we'd lift a hand to strike you, There is no war in our presented arms

See how we flounder through your snow shoe par-

ties, All breathless down toboggan chutes we slide, Neath the soft furs we know how warm your

heart is, For it is always summer by your side. And if we love you, sweet, and our fond wishes Fly swift to you like birds of summer hue, How can you chide us if we love your fishes? Are not your fishes, cousin, part of you?

How can you set for us a three mile limit? You cannot hope to make us stay away, When summer comes, Leander like, we'll swim it From Anticosti to the Saguenay.

Who talks of bait? By all that's trim and tidy, You are the sweetest bait our eyes have found, Come live with us, dear coz, and every Friday You shall have fish until your head swims

Your ma's so busy with her jubilating, She'll never wonder where you are, and-ah! Yonder stands Parson Talmage, smiling, wait

ing, Say, shan't we ask Sir John to "Ask Mama?" -Burdette in Brooklyn Engle.

The New Time Table in Canada.

A woman of decidedly national character-istics got off the train last evening, and after wandering about the city a short time ac-costed a gentleman with, "Will ye be afther telling me the time av day it is at the present time, mister?" "Eighteen o'clock," responded the man. The old lady raised her eyebrows, puckered her cheeks, cylindricated her mouth and taught him, saying: "Mister, I am a de-cent, respectable woman, an' the mither of children, barring the four that's dead and burried, an' I came honest by 'ena, for there is a father to ivery wan av thim, an' when I ax you in my own iligant Irish tongue, of which I am complate master, faith an' I want a da cent an' civilized answer to that same. Now, thin, will you be afther tellin' me the time av davi "Six o'clock," murmured the astonished citizen, and he turned his face from her awful presence, gathered himself together and departed.-Winnipeg Manitoban.

Bombast.

A conceited politician, who had a high opinion of his powers as an orator, and who by his self assertion often forced himself into prominence before the public, was advertised to make an address at the memorial services of a man somewhat noted in his district as a politician and leader of "the boys." In a voice as harsh and metallic as two pieces of iron clashing together, he opened his address

with these words: "It is with feelings of the deepest sadness that I arise to speak of this man, whose joyous soul was released from his rack tortured body at 2:30 p. m., to wing its flight far, far beyond the trials an' struggles 'n' cares 'n' tempta-tions 'n' sickness 'n' disease 'n' tribulations 'n' afflictions of time, to roam along the-the ether strewn vistas of the unseen land, in the mystic shadows of the beautiful beyond." "Yis, that's a fact, yis, give it to him!" muttered a half drunken listener among the mourners.-Youth's Companion.

Onite a "Dog."

A few years ago there was an old lake cap-tain who was an inveterate reader of the se-rial papers. He would become interested in a

RIFLE AND REVOLVER. TO THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE. If I were you, in moments of reflection, Though criticism may be fair and true, I'd not go in too much for vivisection, If I were you. CLAIM JUMPING IN THE PALMY

DAYS OF NEVADA MINING. How Matters Were Carried on During

the Lawless Period-A Gang of Robbers Brought to Terms-A Lucrative Industry.

I'd leave some gossamer of tender fancies In Life's wide meadow, gemmed along with dew, Not sweep them all before stern Fact's advances, If I were you. "You people in St. Louis," said an old '49er, "know nothing of what a mining boom really is. Here the people are greatly excited if a mine advances 100 per cent. in value during a If I were you I'd leave some twilight hours 'Twixt glaring daylight and the night's black month or two, but during the palmy days of hue, Some neutral tinted scenes-some shady bowers, Nevada mining such changes were matters of daily occurrence, and occasioned no excitement at all. If a man struck ore anywhere I would not let the oil of toleration-

in a good locality he could sell out for a good within twenty-four hours, and without the long negotiations which are the custom here. But if he determined to retain the property he had to defend it with rifle and

"I was in Ploche during 1871 and 1872, and certainly such a lawless community was never seen before. A few days after my arrival in that camp I witnessed nn instance of the way matters were carried on. Two American

laughter, and the miners saw themselves about to be deprived of the fruits of their

honest toil. When they were about to give up in despair all attempts to recover their

property from the hands of the lawless rob-bers, help from an unexpected quarter ar-

ONE OF THE ARGONAUTS.

spected and feared on account of his upright-ness and determination, stepped up to them,

and said that if they would give him a one

third interest in the mine he would drive off

the robbers. These terms were at once agreed

to, and without a moment's delay Kendrick

sprang to the wouth of the tunnel and or-dered those within to give up possession at once. Throwing down their tools and draw-

ing their revolvers, the whole band came

charging out, with the intention of annihi lating the man who presumed to interfere with them.

"Kendrick had taken his measures well. As soon as he spoke he sprang to the top of the bank at the mouth of the tunnel, and, when

the claim jumpers appeared, opened fire on them with his Henry rifle. Seven were shot down before they fairly cleared the tunnel,

and the remaining five, terrified at the fate of their comrades, made for town at top

speed, with Kendrick in hot pursuit, and be

fore they found shelter three more fell before

his deadly rifle. This wholesale slaughter struck terror into the lawless element, and

about put an end to the high handed outrages

which had previously been of almost daily occurrence. Kendrick is now one of the

most highly respected citizens of Silver City.

A LUCRATIVE PRACTICE.

"One very lucrative industry was pursued

N. M.

th

"Jack Kendrick, a man universally re-

load. One morning, on going to work, they found their claim occupied by a dozen foreign-NOT ENCOURAGING TO PEN DRIVERS.

ers, who refused to give up possession, and threatened the owners with instant death if Joe Howard Writes of the Inevitable Poverty of Journalistic Life. they were in any way interfered with. An appeal to the law was greeted with scornful

I would not take the flowers of life and tear them

If I were you

Apart, their inner secrets all to view, I'd pluck them gently, reverently wear them, If I were you.

dew

The rich men in journalism are not the best writers. There are men who would have shown quite as brilliantly behind the calico counter, in the button factory or in the whisky still. It doesn't make them any less men because they had the faculty of money saving, nor am I such an idiot as to assume for a moment that because a man in journal-ism or in literary life is rich he is unfitted

If I were you. —Temple Bar.

for his calling, but I do contend that the men who have amassed great fortunes in journal-ism and in literary life are the publishers rather than the editors and writers. Take the Harpers for instance. What better illustra-tion could be asked than that ! Not one of them writers. They are all rich, but how many of their editors and writers have money to the fore ? Take the case of Conant. Al-though he was with the Harpers the greater part of his literary life: although he served them with intelligent vitality, bringing to their use rare qualities of mind and of heart and exceptional culture, he hadn't a dollar when he went away, nor has his wife and family to-day save what they earn by the happy, felicitous combination of brain and band

The first managing editor of The New York Times whom I remember was Alexan-der C. Wilson. He died in poverty. The managing editor of The New York World was David G. Croly. He is working to-day. as is his wife, Jennie June-constant, inde-fatigable, never resting are they, working to-day as much as they did thirty years ago, when they began. The writers on The Herald, can you find me one with money? Those on 'The World, can you find me one with money? The writers on The Times, The Tri-bune, The Sun-not one of them with money as men in commerce speak of money. Now and then you will find a man who, from his salary of \$50 or \$100 a week, saves \$20 or \$30; but how, under heavens, can he think

that the savings so accumulated could be even a pittance in the eye of the world? And once used up they are done with. A squeezed sponge is better than they, because the sponge may fill up again-they can't. They are best illustrated by a squeezer prange, for which there is no revivication, Raymond, the brainy editor of The Times died comparatively poor, and had it not been for the shrewdness with which the infamies of the Tweed ring were utilized by George Jones, the publisher, and his associates, the Raymond estate would have panned out next to nothing. Horace Greeley was proverbially unfitted for manipulation in money affairs, and Charles A. Dana is to-day a rich not because he had a mercantile head, but because he had brains enough to utilize oppor-tunities and to utilize good men. He had in his business office the best business manager known at the time in journalism, a life lon friend, a devoted comrade, and Mr. Dana's wealth to-day comes to him not because he arned it as a writer, but because he had in his staff a man who knew where to place the good things that Dana and his accomplished young men, as he calls them, prepared from ay to day. No, indeed; as a rule, when you find the man at the head of the paper rich, you will find him not a writer. Charles A. Dana is the one exception. Mr. never dreams of writing. Why should he?-Joe Howard's Letter

THE COLDEST COUNTRY.

NO. 114.

WHAT LIEUT. SCHEUTZE SAYS OF THE LENA DELTA COUNTRY.

How the Yakuts Manage to Keep Warm in Northwestern Siberia.-Huts and Their Filthiness-Food and Clothing. Eating Butter.

Lieut. W. H. Scheutze, of the navy, who was sent to the Lena delta in northwestern Siberia to deliver to the natives gifts from the government of the United States to repay them for the aid they rendered him in his search for the missing members of the Jean-nette party, says in his report that the town of Verovusk, Siberia, is the coldest inhabited spot in the world. The thermometer stood at eighty-six below zero when he was there, and he says it seldom goes above fifty below. I asked him the other day what the people did who lived at this blissful spot; what they had

who invest at this biastiff spot; what they take to cat and how they liked it. "Why," he replied, "they think it is a pretty good sort of climate. 'Home, Sweet Home,' is the song all the world over, and if the Ver-ovuskers should come here they would won-der what people did where it is so infernally hot. They would smother in this climate. hot. They would smother in this climate, and pine for a stiff northwesterly aretic gala. It is wonderful the amount of cold human flesh can endure. The natives of Terra del Fuego go stark naked the year round, and in their country it freezes every night. It is much colder in the Lena delta, yet the people manage to keep comfortable, and more die of smallpox and scurvy than from the effects of the intense cold. You seldom hear of any one free ing to death, and then it is those only who expose themselves impru-dently who die in that way. More people are frozen to death in the United States than in Siberia.

HOW TO KEEP WARM.

"But how do they manage to keep warm?" "Well, in the first place the Yakuts are an enduring race and are born in that climate. Then they dress in furs, and have learned from their ancestors, or from their own experience, how to keep warm. Their houses are built of logs, smeared over on the outside and inside with manue and mud. In each cabin is a large fireplace, which is used for both heating and cooking. There is sellom more than one room in these cabins, and assually the owner's cattle, if he has any, oc-cupy one end of the room in which he lives, being tied, or prevented from trampling on the habies by a bar. The houses are com-sonly very comfortable, but are awfully arty, and smell-there is no word to describe offen, until 1 got used to it, I would a origen, until 1 got used to it, 1 would rather lie down in the snow outside, with the thermometer fifty below zero, than sleep in one of these huts. But you've no idea what a man can stand when he has to."

"Have they windows in their houses?" "Yes; ice windows. They use ice as we use glass. A clear piece is selected, about five or six inches thick, morticed in the window six menes thes, horized in the window opening in blocks two feet, and sometimes as large as four feet square, and with water is made solid. The water is as good as putty. When the window becomes dirty they scrape it off with a knife, and when it has been scraped thin they substitute a new pane."

Doesn't the window ever melt? "Bless you, no; it is freezing cold that far form the fire. If the room ever got warm enough to melt the ice the Yakut couldn't live in it, and would have to go out doors to cool off. At night the fire is allowed to go out, as they have to economize in fuel. All

The sameness of one general "width of view" Subdue the free wave's motion to stagnation, If I were you. I'd not laugh down enthusiasm's fire As antique and highflown-I'd leave some few Sparks of a noble rage, a generous ire, Im were you. revolver, as he could expect no assistance from the officers of the law. And oh : amid the rush for wealth or pleasure, And all the hurly burly and to do, I'd leave some breathing space, some nooks of leisure.

Some time for laying up th' enduring treasure, miners had uncovered a rich vein of silver and were taking out rich oar by the wagon

She Made a Mistake.

They had come over from New York to Philadelphia on κ short trip, and had arrived at the hotel in the night. The next morning she was sitting at the window looking out.

"What's going on ?" asked her husband. "Why, George," she said innocently, "it's the funniest funeral procession I over saw. Everybody walking along so slow, and not a carriage or a hearse in sight anywhere. Just look

He stepped to the window.

"Pshaw!" he said, "that'sono funeral proion. It's Philadelphia business men going to work."-Washington Critic.

Cost of Tombstone Designs.

Weeping angel, age 10, fine finish.\$ 45 to \$75 Weeping angel, with wings 60 to 90 Weeping angel, age 16 Weeping angel, with wings..... 55 to 85 75 to 100 Adult angel, with or without wings 90 to 150 Adult angel, with urn..... 100 to 200 Greek gods, demigods and muses

Tribute to an American Singer,

The French people think that Miss Thurshy should cast aside her prejudices and sing in opera. Her success with the most difficult operatic music at concerts given here in 1883 was almost without a parallel, but the singer herself expresses not the least desire to become an operatic star. American papers have given accounts of her reception in all the ausical cities of Europe, of the gold and jewels showered upon her, but I do not think that America has heard of one royal gift.

Once sho sang at Prague to an audience of princes. The enthusiasm was great. All complimented her, with the exception of one prince, whose name, perhaps, was the most celebrated. He said not a word.

The next day this silent lover of music called upon the singer, carrying with him two nightingales. His presentation speech "No woman's voice has was most exquisite: ever given me so much pleasurs as yours, and as a proof of my admiration deign to accept my most precious treasures, these nighti gales, whom you will teach to sing. The nightingales in themselves were beautiful, as th one was marked with a red cross, but to the prince they were of great-value. At the time of the Crusades one of his ancestors was imprisoned and his captivity was lightened by the singing of two nightingales. ader's ransom was paid; he was released and allowed to take his comforters away uce then the race of red cross nightingales has been in the possession of the prince's family, but there are never more than two in existence at a time, and the last two were given to Miss Thursby. Was not the prince right to consider these his most precious treasures -- Baroness Althea Salvador in Kansas City Times.

The Mighty Musical Truth.

Flotow's "Marta" is an opera which many people having a reputation for connoisseur ship to keep up affect to despise and everybody listens to with more or less of pleasur It is the old story-the omnipotence of tune Come, Friedemann," Bac's would say to his most gifted son, "let us go to Berlin and hear the pretty tunes." It must be ever so. In the changing phenomena of the art the power of tune is the one thing fixed, and the high up in sublimated regions gifted men may devise new methods, the true source er is he who can make melody in the old, old fashion. Flotow was a poor musician, but he had the gift of tune, and his opera remains stinct with life while many another of higher constructive worth lies dead. Depend on it, the next great melodist will dissipate a score of fine spun theories and carry the world with him,-London Telegraph.

time he was wrapped up in a lurid tale en-The last sectitled "The Doge of Venice. tion of the story came, he finished it, and in the excitement of the climax threw the paper down and exclaimed: "Well, that dog is the dash dashdest dog I ever read about. Dashed if he didn't talk and act just like a man."-Buffalo Express.

A Verbatim Reporter.

"Did you tell your mother I was going to have a new bonnet at Easter?" inquired a lady of a neighbor's child who was visiting

her own children. "Yes, ma'am answered the little girl. "And what did she say?" "Oh, she said the fools are not all dead yet,"

answered the child innocently.-Detroit Free

Very Common Here.

"There is a church at Bergen, Norway, This is not so remarkconstituted of paper. able, considering that in this country many "valuable gold and silver mines" can be found only on paper .- Norristown Herald.

Worse and Worse.

Doctor-You have had a bad case of dyspepsia. Have you ever worked in a railway eating house?

Patient-No, sir; I am janitor in a cooking school.-Detroit Free Press.

Where He Bought Him

Fogg-What did you pay for that horse ? Dumley-Two hundred dollars. Fogg-Two hundred dollars! You must have bought him at a church fair.-Detroit

An Annual Wall.

Now boils the sap, and far Vermont Rejoices at the ceaseless font In maples' trunks, But grocers tap molasses kegs, And in dark cellars boil the dregs

With last year's hunks. -New Haven News.

Kwite Fonetic.

A farmer once called his cow "Zephyr," She seemed such an amiable hephyr. When the farmer drew near, She kicked off his ear, And now the old farmer's much dephyr -Dry Goods Chronicle.

Minor Casualties.

Jay Gould says his money has enslaved him. We've got an emancipation proclama-tion he can have for a consideration.--Wach-ington Critic.

Dumley (registering in hotel)-I suppose I an put up here for a day? Clerk-Oh, yes, sir. Any baggage, Mr.-

niey! No.

Dumley-No. Clerk-Then you may put up \$4 for a day. New York Sun.

A Boston 8-year-old was drawing pictures

A Boston - year-out was drawing pictures at school the other day, and drew a pig. After the work of art was completed to his satisfaction the youngster wrote beneath it: "This is a domestic animal; he is called a pig because he is so selfish."—Ni w York Sun. World

would come forward and set up a claim to the property in question. No one wished to buy a mine and a lawsuit together, and the seller was obliged to purchase the pretended claim in order to complete his sale. This was carried on for some time, until

the miners determined to put a stop to it. In one day several of these bogus claimants were taken out of Virginia City and hanged, and the vigilance committee gave notice that any one who in future set up a false claim to a mine would meet like fate. This stopped all ttempts of this nature, and by 1873 the reign of fraud and violence was about at an end ince that time the mines have been comparatively quiet, but none who lived there luring the early days will ever forget the wild lawlessless that prevailed."-St. Louis Giobe-Democrat.

The French Giving Up Smoking,

The growing virtue of the French in the matter of tobacco smoking bids fair to create yet another diffculty in the arduous task of balancing the budget of the republic. It ap-pears that the tax on this pleasant vice produced last year 6,000,000 frances less than in the year 1885. The theory has been broached that as men get on in life they smoke less, for the reason that they gradually become saturated with nicotine that they cannot hold any more. This would not, however, explain diminution, seeing that the place of old men is taken up by the rising generation. So the theory is pushed still further, and it is argued that, as the, process of absorption of nicotine goes on from generation to generation, the sons of smokers are not able to con sume so much tobacco as the children of non anokers. Oddly enough, the diminution of consumption is only in smoking tobacco, while as much souff is sold as formerly. Th enormous sum of 80,000,000 francs is annually spent in snuff. spent in snuff. Where the snuff takers live is an enigma. In Paris, at all events, the habit, if one may judge from one's own experience, is unknown.-London Telegraph.

Dinners In Large Cities.

Dinners in New York, in London, in Wash ington, in Philadelphia, in perhaps all large cities, are conducted on debt paying principles, and therefore they grow very dull. Not that people desire indecorous pleasure, but they get bored to death by gilded and overburdened splendor. Almost all hard working men in America are dyspeptic and three or only look at their hands during the last courses. Two people are broug together, perhaps, who have never met be fore. They have positively no subject in common. To relieve this awkward moment. to raise the dull, depressing cloud which tics over the jaded senses, what better that an ingenious dinner card, with a quotation from Shakespeare or a few lines of original poetry? Here at least is an opening wedge, a text, a 11

beginning, a subject of common interest, is worth a world to an anxious hostess. To see her guests thas amused, introduced, and put at their ease at once is worth much ney .- Mrs. John Sherwood in New York

The Power of Concentration.

I believe the men who rule the world are those who have got the power of concentration. That is not to decry the power of word painting. When you wish the people to see a truth you must not spare the coloring. Iteration and reiteration are the only way getting a ball through the steel plated brains of bigots. Hit a spot once, they are mad; twice they shiver and stagger; three times, they are terrified and say if he hits ere again he'll be through, sure; four times, and you penetrate. But the ball must be concentrated and solid.

The power and influence of the newspaper has been of necessity to teach concentration. Nearly its whole make up is itemized. One murder, ten lines; a political speech of three hours, fourcen lines; the doings of congress for a whole day, half a column; railroad affairs for the whole United States, itemized in two columns; editorials short and pithy and pungent. Everything must be so arranged that you can read at a glance.

This is no triffing matter, dear reader, and you know it right well. Life is short. There re 60,000 English words, not counting 10,000 slang words. The possible permutations and combinations of all these is incomputable, No author, speaker or writer should under-take to handle words except just enough to express an exact idea.-Globe-Democrat.

ake care how you let any machine oil or lubricator come in contact with a cut or scratch on your hand or arm, as serious blood poisoning may result. In the manufacture of some of these machine oils fat from dis-eased and decomposed animals is used. All physicians know how poisonous such matter The only safeguard is not to let any spot where the skin is broken he touched by any muchine oil or lubricator. - Power.

they have is drift wood, gathered on the banks of the Lena river in the summer time."

"How do they sleep? Do they undress when they go to bed?"

"Always. They strip to their shirts, which are made of a thick sort of Russian cloth as heavy as our canvas. The men and women wear the same kind of garments, and never have more than one at a time. I took up a lot of thick flannel for them, enough to last the rest of their lives, and it will be a great deal more comfortable than the native stuff, although they don't like it at first, When they undress they get into bunks built in the side of the house-sometimes a man, his wife and all his children in the same bunk. They have reindeer skins under and over them, and curtains of the same hanging before the bunks. The last man or woman to undress hangs all the clothing of the rest out doors over a pole that is kept for the purpose.'

GETTING RID OF VERMIN. "What is that for?"

"To freeze the lice. They couldn't live if they didn't do it, and it has become a national custom. The lice get into the fur and that is the only way to get them out. By hang-ing their clothes over the pole every night ey can keep reasonably free from them, but the fur fills up again the next day. "Do they ever bathef"

"Never in their lives; they haven't any word for bathing in their language, and the impossibility of keeping clean is one of the test hardships of Arctic life. grea

"What do they eat?"

"Reindeer meat, beef-they have cows, queer looking animals, about half as large as ours, with a hummock on their backs like a camel-fish, bread made of black rye flour, tea, and imported food made of chopped beet rolled into balls about the size of a marble and covered with a dough. These they pound up and make into soup. Then there is a wood that is very nutritious when it is ground up and boiled. Mixed with reindeer meat it makes a good soup. They often eat their fish raw. Of course they freeze solid as soon as they are taken out of the water, and the native, particularly if he is on the road, cuts them off in shavings as thin as our chipped beef and eats them raw. They are palatable, and I have lived for days at a time them, with a cup of ten made over an alcohol lamp by way of variety. The greatest luxury they have is butter, and they will cat it by the pound as our people ent confection-ery. A poor art of initier is made from the milk of the native cow, that looks and tastes more like cheese, and they prize it above all

other classes of food." "The amount of butter a native will eat when he can get it," continued Lieut, Scheutze, "is astonishing. A friend of mine in Siberia told me of a man who ata thirtyin Siberia told me of a man who ate thirty-six pounds in one day, and then didn't get all he wantel. They have a way of pounding up a real berry and mixing it with butter, which gives it a beantiful pink tint and im-proves the flavor. Their drink is the Russian vodka, almost pure alcohol, and they will trade their shirts for it. The liquor is scarce and expensive, so they are necessarily a tem-perato people. "--Percy Drummond in Chicago