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Special business notices in business columns, 10 cents per line. Regular business notices, 5 cents per line. Professional cards, \$12 per year. Special rates for large display "ads."

JOSH BILLINGS' BEGINNING.

His interview with Artemus Ward—A Handsome Income in Due Time. A more thrifty person was Josh Billings. He was an auctioneer in the country parts of New York state, who had tried all sorts of things and continued to be poor. He thought he had some money and was wise one too, but somehow nobody else could see them.

Observing Artemus Ward to misspell all his humorous articles, Josh Billings undertook the same with one of his. Immediately it took wings and began to fly over the land. He recognized that a man must have no spell in this country and act under its influence, but that he can have a misspell and grow well off.

Now, Josh Billings was really a somewhat profound person with a good deal of Benjamin Franklin's happy faculty of saying a wise thing in a quaint way. But they would not pass unless they were spelled. There was no sense whatever in his misspelling of them. They were not misspelled in either the negro, Irish or Yankee dialect; it was nothing but arbitrary misspelling without any method.

When he obtained some currency he came down to New York city to see the other humorists and see if they would not take him after his lecture with profuse compliments and made an appointment with him at a bookeller's. Josh waited there two or three hours, until he felt that he might be kicked out and came away and saw Artemus Ward no more.

It was the same with all the rest of them; they were poor scrappers for a livelihood, getting grins out of men instead of guineas. So Josh Billings resolved to capitalize his humor in the best way he could. He sold himself to a story paper at so much a week, prepared an almanac once a year and lectured whenever he could get a chance. In that way he rolled up an income of perhaps \$5,000 a year, and saved it and handed it over to his wife and family.

I saw Josh towards the last of his days at a luncheon in the New York hotels, a rather lonely man whom hard work had somewhat deprived of his power to be quaint and original. He said to me that he wished he had kept the funny papers he had written in his youth and got nothing for them. Said he: "Every one of them is worth \$100 now, but I can't make them out as I could then."

This man, under a better organized society, would have been taken out of the mere circus business of life and put to use and had given more pleasure; and his collection of works would have some unity about them.—George Alfred Townsend.

Men with Funny Feet. "Quar customers! Well, I should say so," said a Broadway shoemaker, who numbers among his patrons many men of local and national renown. "Yes, we have odd men to deal with."

"And many funny feet to fit," suggested the reporter. "Quite right. One gentleman in the wholesale liquor business down town is the hardest customer to please we ever had. His feet, in addition to being large and flat, have low insteps and are furnished with big bunions of the most painful kind. Consequently his shoes are made to give plenty of room to the excrescences, and when completed are not unlike an embossed map, with hills and dales distinctly outlined."

"What does such a pair of shoes cost?" "Eighteen dollars. They are made of the finest kid, soft and pliable, and two pairs will last a year if carefully dressed three times a week. Samuel J. Tilden was a good patron of ours. Several years ago, when it was rumored that he intended to be married, he ordered an elegant pair of pumps. The leather was specially prepared in France and imported for the work. The hand sewing was most exquisite, and the pumps were really a work of art; but although Mr. Tilden didn't admire them he paid the bill—\$25—without a murmur."

"Did he take the shoes?" "No, so we placed them in our show window, where they were much admired. One day a young swell came along, took a fancy to them, paid \$15 and carried off the prize. We ever turned out."

"What are some of the annoyances you have to contend with?" "They are so numerous you would hardly care to print them, but I will enumerate a few. Among them are: men who have to fit and suit in a Washington market butcher, whose left foot is larger, longer and slimmer than the right. Sometimes we have to make three pairs of boots for him before he is suited. Then we have a Sixth avenue customer who has no toes on either foot. I don't know how he lost them—learn that way, I fancy—but the fact remains that he has no toes. He is a pretty tough man to please. Another man in the employ of the city government has the most monstrous great toes I ever saw. It seems to me they must be nearly two and a half inches long. They are out of all proportion to the other toes, and necessarily his shoes are hard to make."

Lord Rochester, eldest son of the Earl of Carnarvon, comes off age this week and inherits the Chatterfield estates. When his father dies he will be one of the wealthiest of peers, as his income will exceed \$500,000 annually.

TAKE SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

For all Diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Spleen. This purely vegetable preparation, now so celebrated as a Family Medicine for its safety and efficacy, was first introduced into the world in 1838. It acts gently and safely on the Liver, Kidneys and corrects the action of the Liver, and, therefore, the best preparatory medicine, whatever the sickness may prove to be. In all cases of indigestion, or weakness, assisted by any other medicine, effect is speedily effected.

An Efficacious Remedy—"I can recommend as an efficacious remedy for all diseases of the Liver, Headache and Dyspepsia, Simmons' Liver Regulator."—Lena G. Weston, Assistant Postmaster, Philadelphia.

No loss of time, no interruption of business, while taking the Regulator. Children complaining of Colic, Headache, or Sick Stomach, a teaspoonful of the Regulator will give relief. If taken occasionally by patients afflicted with MALARIA, it expels the poison and protects them from attack.

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION. I have been practicing medicine for twenty years, and have never seen a patient who has not been cured by the Regulator, promptly and effectively. I have used it in some cases for women to undertake—absolutely the digestive and assimilative powers of the system. L. M. HERRON, M. D., Washington, Ark.

SEE THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE. PREPARED BY J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. FALCON, S. L. CO.

STOVES! S. A. MANNING CARRIES THE FINEST LINE OF STOVES In the county, the new ACORN. These stoves, without doubt, are the best stove manufactured. One of these stoves will be given to the new cash subscriber to the TELEPHONE who guesses nearest its weight. \$35.00 Stove given away. COME AND SUBSCRIBE \$1.50 A YEAR.

Schofield & Morgan, 87 Washington St., Portland, Oregon. Wall and Ceiling Papers—Of all Grades and the Latest Eastern Styles—SAMPLES MAILED ON APPLICATION.

McMINNVILLE TONSORIAL PARLOR, Shaving, Hair Cutting and—Shampooing Parlors. C. H. FLEMING, Prop. All kinds of fancy hair cutting done in the latest and neatest style.

CIGARS Ever in the city. THIRD STREET McMinnville, OREGON. A. J. SMITH, AGENT FOR FRANK BRO'S. Implement Co.

SMITH'S Machine Works Will be found a complete stock of BUFORD plows, including the Carbonate Steel plow, and SMITH'S Patent Walking Gang. These plows are something new and useful and it costs nothing to try them.

THE OLD RELIABLE MARTIN & STOUT WAREHOUSE! GALLOWAY & GOUCHER, Props. This warehouse has been thoroughly renovated and overhauled, and new accommodations added.

Honest Weight, Fair Dealing. STORAGE 3 CENTS. WM. HOLL, Proprietor of the McMinnville Jewelry Store.

JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT, YAMHILL COUNTY, Third Street, McMinnville Or.

"WHEN" You want any thing in the line of Job Printing

BEST WORK, LOWEST PRICES. We make a specialty of Fine Book and Card Printing.

S. A. YOUNG, M. D. Physician & surgeon, McMinnville, Oregon. Office and residence on D street. All calls promptly answered day or night.

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

RAILWAY THIEVES IN ITALY.

An English Traveler's Complaint—Need of the Baggage Check System. English travelers in Italy have now and then had occasion to perceive that their luggage was not safe from deceptions which could only be charged to the railway employees, but complaints have always been fruitless even to diminish the number of thefts, except for a short period, some years since, when a lady of the diplomatic world had her jewels taken neatly out of her trunk, which caused official action and detection of the dishonest officials, when for a time the thefts were less common. The effect of the investigation, which then took place, however, passed away, and now we have another princess robbed and another investigation, for railway robbery, like collusion, require vigilance in high positions to secure the attention of the authorities.

In the last ten years I have had my luggage rifled five times but I learned the way to treat it, which is, first, to put nothing in the luggage which can be of value to the thieves, and, secondly, to see that the locks are such as cannot be tampered with without showing it when the luggage is delivered. Some cautions people carry leaden seals and pieces with cipher, and seal all the luggage as if it were going from Rome to Florence. This is effective.

The thieves have access to the luggage vans, and work while the train is in motion. They generally drive out the pin of the lock of the bag, which hangs, go carefully through the contents, put them back as carefully, after having taken what they want, and put the pins of lock or hinges back in their place. The thieves are generally limited to luggage going through Italy or that which evidently belongs to the continent. Each luggage ticket on it showing that it goes back and forth continually in Italy the thieves let alone. The owner of the luggage thus does not discover the theft till too far from the thief to complain. Complaint is, however, of no use, as the personal experience, in which my wife's trunk had been delicately over-looked and \$20 extracted from an envelope in a writing case at the bottom, where it was put at Turin, everything else having been carefully been examined. The country grew with rapid strides; the West with teeming acres. Was in a quandary what to do! Till relieved by STUDEBAKER'S. So, with Iron and Wood and labor good, the country grew with rapid strides; the West with teeming acres. If you want the Wagon that's best on earth! Just buy of STUDEBAKER'S.

New Rival to American Petroleum. The United States, which has only recently become reconciled to the rivalry of Russian petroleum, is menaced by serious competition in a fresh quarter nearer home. In Venezuela the petroleum deposits of Lake Maracaibo, which have long been known for their enormous amount, are being worked by capitalists, and there are rumors, reported by the American consul, Plummer, that the Rothschilds are likely to secure a monopoly of the affair. Lake Maracaibo is situated in the northern part of Venezuela and by means of the Gulf of Venezuela has direct communication with the sea. The surrounding country, having an area of many hundred miles, is saturated with petroleum and asphalt, which flows in streams through the dense forests, and the entire country is full of oil wells, which have been a phenomenon in the Caspian region for thousands of years.

While the petroleum gas burning at Baku has secured that country the appellation of "The Region of the Eternal Fire," the petroleum gas perpetually flickering on the bar and along the immediate coast of Maracaibo has earned the phenomenon ever since the Spaniards discovered and conquered the country, and at length the famous petroleum gas, which is the lifeblood of the country, is being sent to the Consul Plummer, one of the streams of oil tested by a traveler was found to flow at the rate of nearly 6,000 gallons a day, the whole of which was wasted upon the sandy soil. The Venezuelan oil appears to occupy a large tract of the country, the crude article extracted in the United States and Russia, yielding 50 per cent. of illuminating oil, or kerosene, of high quality as compared with the 70 per cent. of the former and the 30 of the latter.—Engineering.

Swedish Social Etiquette. All through Sweden social intercourse is numbered with much courteous etiquette, particularly among the landed gentry. The three Scandinavian tongues employ the two personal pronouns "thou" and "you," the first familiarly, the second when speaking to a gentleman acquaintance. But a well bred Swedish gentleman addressing a stranger will always, with old fashioned courtesy, substitute "you" for "thou," and pronouncing the words: "Sikal broor!" the speakers are emptied. Hence you are expected to use the pronoun "thou," and you take your stand on the footing of relationship. Among the reminiscences of this visit to Venezuela is an evening when I acquired no less than six new and stalwart brothers. On the subject of etiquette, I should mention, by the way, that there is a well known Swedish gentleman who always gives precedence in his own son, because "he has an ancestor more than his father."—The Cornhill.

The Trade in House Safes. "We do a big trade in house safes," remarked a safe manufacturer to a reporter. "I might say truthfully that it represents one-tenth of the entire safe industry of the country. In some cases the safe is walled in, but in more modest families it is a movable safe, mainly used for linen, and kept in the dining room, sometimes finding its way as to look very much like a sideboard. There is very little attempt to make them either fire-proof or burglar proof. As a general thing they are made simply of boiler iron, with combination locks. That is quite enough to hold the ordinary house burglar, while the high toned bank burglar wouldn't waste his time over it, as he knows the hand wouldn't be worth his trouble."—Philadelphia Call.

Well Rememed Railroad Ties. Near Reno, Cal., railroad ties laid down sixteen years ago when taken up were found to be in a perfect state of preservation. An analysis, to determine what has prevented the wood from rotting, will be made at once.

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE DISCOURTESY OF THE FAIR SEX TOWARD EACH OTHER.

Learn to Lighten Labor—Training of Daughters—A Decorative Novelty—The Domestic Money Question—Middle Morgan—Neighbors—The Italy—Notes. However deferential and courteous women are in their bearing toward men, they are far too apt to be rude to their own sex. They indulge in presumptions toward each other that men of their class would never think of inflicting upon men. The discourtesy of women toward their kind is none the less rudeness and vulgarity because it is on an average of a small, whimsical, petulant type. It is not only evidence of imperfect breeding, but supreme, though unconscious, selfishness.

They give scant heed to each other's rights. They push and jostle each other at theatre entrances on matinee days. They fill up that portion of a seat in a suburban train they do not occupy with parcels. If other females no less intruded in absorbing the prerogatives of those than they, but a little behind them in appearing, ask for the space to be cleared they grumble and scowl, adopting the most ungracious manner possible.

The woman addressed was dispirited as if by magic at the gently voiced request. "I want to keep my things together conveniently," was the ungracious reply. The answer appeared to nettle the girl into swift assertion. She placed one hand on the other's shoulder, and the other in the face with straight determination. "Did you pay two fares?" she inquired. "That has nothing to do with it. I hurried to catch the train, so that I could have plenty of room and people who are late have no right to crowd me. Those who have taken pains to get here first."

"All I think I will have my mother sit down here notwithstanding," was the cool answer as the young lady piled the articles on the seat before her. "I don't care what she says," she said to her mother to the place they had occupied. "I shall speak to the conductor," snapped the owner of the things. "He's a pretty how-do-do if people who have a lot of packages have got to divide their seats with others who have none."

When the conductor came through the baggage car he contented herself with merely glaring significantly at the girl, who stood leaning against the end of the car. In shops where the customers and clerks are nearly all women the manners of both buyer and seller are frequently abominable toward each other. The women in suit departments wear an air of defensive indifference unless the customer they chance to have in mind is a man, and a good purchaser. The saleswomen are accustomed to expect rudeness on the part of the patron, and prepare for it by the assumption of a manner no less objectionable than the one they are the continual victims of the thoughtless selfishness and petty stings of their sex. Their patience is ripped and frayed to threads every day by the uncalculated demands of ill-bred women who are not supposed to occupy a seat in a store for amusement and not to buy.

The woman who has nothing to do is very apt to seek the shops for entertainment. She does not stop to consider that her diversion is taken at the expense of a sister, and she never remembers that the salesgirl whose time she occupies in showing her gowns or wraps is not only hired to display garments, but to sell them. She is careless of the fact that this young person's book at the counter is made to note a good sale, while her hours have been taken in showing goods, her ability as a saleswoman is doubted in consequence. She forgets that the result is at the best not the increase of alary the girl is hoping for. It is not only the woman who is "paid off" or discharged for incompetency.—Janet Dale in Chicago News.

Learn to Lighten Your Labors. American women are not, as a rule, of as robust constitutions as those of other countries. Whether the women themselves are to blame for this or the climate of the country is hard to say, but it is not to be denied that many of our women are not strong in an established fact. You, then, knowing this, have no right whatsoever to abuse your constitution by excessive work, which there is no necessity for. Do not have white clothes for the little ones to play in, at if you do have them, make them plain. Throw away all tucks and ruffles in every lay wear for yourself and children. Don't wear lace or iron collars every day. They are not worth the strength you use in doing them up, and if sent to a laundry wear out in such a little while that they do not pay in the end. It cannot be washed, but it is very pretty, and when soiled can be thrown away, and in the end be much cheaper than collars that are washed every week. Particularly is this ruffing suitable to warm, sultry weather, as it retains its shape and is much cooler than linen collars, which are the most uncomfortable kind of neckwear for hot weather.

With the exception of a few articles, don't buy or very slightly the plain clothes. Only the sheets for the spare bed need be ironed all over. The rest need not be present only at top and bottom. The plain underclothing need not be ironed at all. If the iron is used, it is better to use it at large, none at all. Some people prefer to wear their underclothing rough dry, claiming that it is healthier. The neatest and best housekeeper I ever knew was an old lady who would never have her underclothing ironed, but she would iron her neckerchiefs and handkerchiefs, and if she had a few collars that she could get a tin or some other light ware to answer the same purpose. She claimed that though it would wear out quicker than iron, yet in the end it was cheaper, for it saved both time and strength. It is true, for when in a hurry whatever she wished to cook could be done in one half the time than if iron were used, and it saved strength, for in lifting from one part of the stove to the other it required very little exertion. Some may claim that the fire is not conducive to health, but, however, if the tin is kept clean there is very little danger to be feared on that score. Don't have heavy furniture, more particularly in your dining room or kitchen. Light furniture is both in order and weight, and will save a great deal of unnecessary work. Dark col-

Settled on the river and out upon the rocks farms, and making the wisest men in that line forget her sex in their admiration of her genius.—Julian Ralph's Letter.

How Margaret Drew the Line. Our pantry is next to our kitchen, where Margaret received the visits of her Mickey. One evening I went down to the pantry for something, and while there was an involuntary catnap over poor Margaret. She had confined to na only a few days before that, shortly after Lent, we would have to look out for a new girl, and we consequently received Mickey with more good will than before he declared his intention, although we were sorry to think we would lose Margaret. On the evening in question Mickey was in the kitchen, where Margaret was finishing up her work. After the rumble of a griddle falling to the floor had subsided, I heard the following dialogue: "No, Mickey. No, you cannot." "Ah, Maggie, dear, g' me one kiss from those sweet lips."

"Mickey," replied Margaret, by a stern voice, "you must own the towel before you claim the sugar." I recommended Margaret's views to the serious consideration of young ladies who are unable to decide what is the proper conduct for engaged couples without writing to the newspapers.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Money for the Mother. If a man counts a woman fit to be the mother of his children, it is little that he should be fit to expend money for their rearing. If a man is gentle and soft enough to come into tender contact with his little child, he must be malleable enough to be shaped aright in regard to the money that they and their mother require. Of course, if the man is over brutal and the woman over silly there must be no child, whether there be one purse or twenty, or none. There may well be women who have no sense about money, just as there are women who do not know how to bring up children. It is a defect of character. Such women are a failure in proportion to their defects, and their defective work, it cannot be denied, is evil. But if both husband and wife are of the common type, honest, sincere, devoted and fairly sensible, a patient, continuous and not unlovely process of consultation and conciliation into a clear understanding of relative values.—Gail Hamilton in The Cosmopolitan.

The Society Girl. Society is not the place in which to preach woman's rights or temperance, and she who should undertake to set a dinner table by the sea so to speak with an expectation of her deepest convictions, would be pretty certain to receive no second invitation. There are those who go so far as to say that the society girl should have no convictions, but the conviction of her own acceptability. She may have interests, but no hobbies, at the same time she must not be shallow. Still, the girl who ignorantly aspires to society puts clothes first and culture last, has more or less contempt for everything but her fallals. It is in manner that carries the day, and good nature and kindness, even in society—the art of making others happy, of amusing without apparent effort, of being invariably agreeable. Moods should not belong to a society girl if she would be a success; she must always be bound with a smile, she must submit to disappointments with a bonnet, for society has its price like other worldly things.—Harper's Bazar.

Abuse of the Baby. It seems to me that we of middle age are living in a pretty good time, but the babies have the advantage of us after all. This is a time of transitional period, and the men and women of thirty years hence are certain to have the bulk on us in a different way. When I see a woman throw her baby in the air, making the little cuss pale with fear, and breathe, and as red and white as the American flag, I feel like breaking a commandment, I say such words and brainning the sp'it, yet they all do it. Did ever remember what a baby has to put up with!

The father rumples its clothes and pitches it up to the ceiling. The mother lugs it and squeezes it until its little face is as red as a berry—and the nurse, the nurse, especially if she is fat and wheezy, sticks her fingers in its mouth, runs her thumb down its throat and "tootzy wootzy" in its face till the poor child must wish it was where it came from.—Joe Howard's Letter.

Always Tell Mother. There is something that tugs at one's heart in the last words of the young woman in Sacramento who shot Patterson and then committed suicide with morphine. After being long in a stupor she rallied a moment and said to the attendant: "Please don't tell mother." It was the final illumination of a "rot" that was ending in gloom and disgrace. Made the victim of heartless selfishness by the man she had killed, and going to her final account, she would not tell mother. There is no way of estimating the sorrow and sin and suffering that would be avoided if the confidence of children continued through life to run to their mothers. Over the grave of this girl, dead naturally by her own hand, on which was the blood of another, might be inscribed the epitaph: "Died in her youth, heart-broken, dishonored, a slayer, self slain, because she would not tell mother."—San Francisco Alta.

Cure for a Bad Habit. According to Dr. Berillon, the well known French specialist, the practice of sucking the thumb at night, to which many people are addicted, and of which it is next to impossible to break them, can be put a stop to by a single hypnotization, accompanied, of course, with the requisite suggestion. The child never by any chance returns to the habit again, though his memory retains no trace of the order or proliation which operates so powerfully on his will.—New York Sun.

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