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GRAY 0

I call of thy name in the shelice,
I list for an answering voice,
Whose accents to-night would beguile me,
And make my sad spirit rejoice.
I yearn for the sound of thy footstep
'Mid the gloom that hangs starless and di
lift up my eyes in the seeming
That thou, O beloved, art here!

I stretch out my arms to enfold thee, They clasp the impalpable air; The spell of thy presence is round me, O, beautiful dead, tell me where in the realms of eternity wanders Thy fondly beloved spirit! Dost thou leed the darkness of doom that has bou

O sainted one, haste thou to me! can thy head on my breast, nestle closely Gainst the heart that calls ever for the I miss the soft touch of thy dear lips, I need the fond clasp of thy hand.

n that fair home of souls they'll not miss the Come back from that shadowy land! —Owen M. Wilson,

MY FIRST SEAL.

"What's on for to-morrow?" asked Reggie we foully imagined, for our coming school ledge of rock like grim death.

ows can make her hiss through the water.

must start early and make a regular day
t. Take plenty of 'grub,' to keep us going
the little strength I had left, I stopped shout-

Byron was right. What happy—truly spot where I could get up.
Oh! what would I have given then to be

and there I should stay, till help came. Again and there I should stay, till help came. Again the holipying to hold your own against were whelming odds, you fell, pierced by the ulu assegai, the victim of one of England's any senseless "little wars." Evelyn—the aid, steady, systematic Evelyn—is now a oted lawyer on the Home Circuit in England, making a name and money fast. Ned merry, witty, practical joking Ned—away and there I should stay, till help came. Again and again I shouted—but all to no purpose. What was my horror to see that an occasional wave now washed in through the inlet and came surging up to where I clung! I remembered it was ebbing when we left Granton harbor, and that the tide must now be on the flow!

My terror gave me fresh strength, and I gave the most frantic screams for help. It Inch Mickery, at 8 o'clock sharp the morning, was the word. I was to The sea was now dashing in angrily through morning, was the word. I was to known that my poor, dear, old earlous hold on the ledge.

Higher and higher came each wave surging

th ammunition, while Ned was to make it but I could think of nothing but my dear, right with his Uncle John about the boat.

rly enough down at Granton harbor, and short, stout plank washing up against ter much grumbling, interspersed with me; it had been driven in through the ous, nautical, expletory oaths, the old, opening without my noticing it!

eyed skipper of the Curlew delivered To clutch it was the work of an instant, and

The sun was shining brightly as we rounded Il outside, which told of a recent "blow

to the knowledge that the sconer I was out of that the better, and I proceeded to climb up the old, square, ivied keep of Royston, as I the rocks, a matter of no small difficulty, as I olded before us like some grand panorama. rk and defiant as when hundreds of years o it held its own against the attack of arus and culverin, but now, instead of galnt knights and men at arms, its only inhabits are the pert, noisy jackdaws, or the ashing, screaming swifts. There, peeping at from the wealth of noble oaks and stately

rald sward carpeting the slopes to the ripsummits seeming to melt away into the clouds, while on our side the Pentlands their purple, heath clad heads. A fair lovely scene! And after long, long days lovely scene! And after long, long days

rolling along gloriously over the long, the above innocent name, warning us that cannot attempt a landing on the Inch ex-

n we find it in one seething mass of foam, but giving it a pretty wide berth, we

ven for our boat, where the precious paint lew, and we quickly unload our provis-, and proceed at once to fix on a spot for camp kitchen. A nice, cozy nook is soon cted; and after collecting a plentiful supy of driftwood, and getting the fire going rily, we settle down to our respective cations. By unanimous vote Evelyn is

nything in the sporting line. Ned and Reggie take out the boat in lee the island and commence war on the oddleys" (the name by which a species I shoulder the rife and start with murus thoughts intent. It is too early in the y for the rabbits to be out sunning thems, and I only see a couple of unwary,

all the trigger on.
I prowied about for a long time, peeping and the rocks to try and see someti withy of my lead, but met with no luck.

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

DEMOCRATIC.

VOL. II.

MCMINNVILLE, OREGON, JANUARY 27, 1888.

way that would have warmed the heart of s Tipperary faction fighter.

A quiet little nook lay at my feet; it was nearly land locked, and the commotion outside scarcely affected it.

As I looked down into the clear, still water

I thought what a jolly place it would be for a dive and swim, and nothing but my total ignorance of the natatory art kept me from stripping off and plunging in. Suddenly my attention was attracted by a slight "flop" on the water, and looking round I saw a big, bullet looking head appear above the surface. I had never seen one, but I knew at once that this was a seal, having heard that they frequented the Inch at certain times of the year. He evidently did not see me, and, breathless with excitement, I stole the rifle to my shoulder. I covered him-but my hand shook so, I was afraid to fire. Taking a long, long

breath, to try and stay the bouncing of my heart, I again took aim, pressed the trigger, and had the satisfaction to see the fish beast give a conclusive spring out of the water, roll over on its side, and commence splashing and tumbling about in a way that told me it had got its death wound. Almost mad with joy, I threw the rifle to the ground, and began clambering down the face of the rocks to where my prey was now giving its last kick. I managed to get down to the water's edge, and stretching out, I was just able to touch my seal, and when it gave a struggle to one side, and I missed him. I was not to be done, eth, as we sat along the top of our garden however, so catching a firm hold of a tuft of all, resting ourselves. We-that is, Reggie | sea weed growing out of a rock, I bent fornd Evelyn Freeth, Ned Mitchell and myself bad just been indulging in a half mile spurt whish! and I was in, head first! How I manwn the road, getting ourselves "into wind." aged it I don't know, but when I came to my

es. It was nearly midsummer of the On trying to climb up, what was my conon trying to climb up, what was my conserved, and a Friday evening, so that the ext day was our own.

"I vote we take our trip to Inch Mickery," id Ned Mitchell. "Uncle John told me we ledge on which my hands rested was so slimy and wet that I could hardly keep my hand on it, much less raise myself by it. Half stupid with fright I could hardly keep my hand on it, much less raise myself by it. ked, so that we promised not to take the sail fith us. He thinks we'd go skylarking and apsize her under canvas, so he will only let shave the oars; but I can tell you, we four they whirled over my head and the roar of they whirled over my head and the roar of the sea gulls as the weight.

Il night."

The proposition was carried by acclamating and looked about to see if there was no way of escape. Except about two feet of a on, for this Inch Mickery trip was a pleasure ledge to which I held on, I now saw that on the we had long looked forward to, and this both sides of me, for several yards, the face med a most propitious time to carry it out.

by the rock was perfectly smooth and slimy, so that I had not the slightest chance of being able to work along, hand over hand, to some

opy—days were those when "we were boys ether!"

Oh! what would I have given then to be able to swim then even a half dozen strokes, for what would have been sufficient to bring den days of youth? Reggie—open hearted, valrous, Quixotic Reggie! Away on a bornly fought field in South Africa, and there I should stay, till help came. Again

n a Texas ranch, you lead that free and gave the most frantic screams for help. It n, unconventional life to which you are seemed a fearful thing to be drowned by inches—to watch every wash of the waves go

recherche basket. The Freeths were to up to me, and I felt it was but a matter of ing fishing tackle and a small Rook rifle moments. I closed my eyes and tried to pray,

ch Mickery was (or, for that matter, is- | would hear that her only child was gone. I don't see how any change could ever be Higher and more angry! I felt my hands read on it unless some of those Hell Gate relax and I was just sinking when suddenly ineers got at it) a very small, rocky island I felt a good, sound thump on the back. It seemed to revive me, and looking over That bright, dewy, June morning saw us my shoulder, what was my joy to see a

to us his precious gig, resplendent in a the moment I got a firm hold of it I felt I of green and gold, with the parting inetion, "Not to be knockin' and grindin' and managed to propel it to a place in the paint off o' the boat on them —— rocks where I easily got up. As soon I felt my feet on firm footing again I fell on my knees and cried like a child. I must have stayed there some time, for the first thing that aroused me was a dash of spray over my Nature seemed smiling on us. We had all angry snatch at what they had begun to look e glorious beauties of the winding frith on as their lawful prey. This wakened me up angry snatch at what they had begun to look

was thoroughly worn out and numbed.

found the boys over a blazing fire, cooking meat and the fish they had caught.

They all gave a cry of astonishment as they looked up and saw my pale, haggard face and dripping clothes, and commenced a collection which I variety tried to ans, is the picturesque mansion of the Lord volley of questions, which I vainly tried to Roseberry, the headquarters of the G. O. answer. Ned, however, took in the situation, in those celebrated Midlothian cam-gns. Here some lovely demesne, with the about an ounce of black pepper in it, on the fire, he quickly had a drink ready which, I ing sea; and then a castle, grim and gray, am sure, ought to have revived any one who anding out in bold relief. Away in the far had only been a short time drowned, so potent had only been a short time drowned, so potent ance looms the lordly Ochils, the blue was it. Thanks to it, the fire and a good dinner, added to a boy's well known rec

wanderings here and there I can shut my | me till dinner was ready, as they feared they s and fancy once again that I am floating might spoil my getting a shot. They had no We rowed merrily out into the frith and apped our course for the island of our choice and rolling along gloriously area. It is supposition of anything being wrong, only thinking that I was intrenched in some quiet spot, waiting for a "pot shot" at a rabbit.

ing swell. The "Hen and Chickens" is in would have found it hard to find me. After mass of white foam, as the big rollers dinner we went to look at the scene of my We found it a regular seething caldron, and I shuddered as I saw the waves dashing about madly from side to side against the rocks, and thought what would have been re enough, when we reach our destina my fate if I had been a few minutes more in

the position I was in.

There was no sign of the cause of the round and glide into the smooth water adventure, so I suppose it must either have been washed out to sea or have sunk to the bottom. Ned quaintly remarked, when I said, "I wish I knew the fate of my seal," "We'l, one thing is certain,

he was near putting a seal on your fate. We got home all right that evening, and I was none the worse for my dip, but the very first thing I did was to go to Professor Brown for swimming lessons. I soon mas-tered the art under his able tuition, and nough I shall never rival poor Capt. Webb lled cook, as his skill in the culinary art in any of his feats, I will never be caught in well known, and we know he cares not for such "a hole" as when I shot my first seal.—
ything in the sporting line.

Capt. Thomas S. Blackwell in Outing.

Rare Books in Paris.

The decree has gone forth in Paris that a taste for rare books, curious editions and fine bindings is now to be the fashion among all ladies who move in society. It will no longer be the thing to furnish blue and white rooms with books in blue and white, or to banish from the drawing rooms books whose bindings do not match the chairs.-Home

Three new studies have been added to the curriculum of the Louisville high school. They are typewriting, stenography and the venerable old lady were a closk entirely When I got to the eastern point of the Inchest down on a rock to watch the maneuvers the sea birds as they skimmed over the They are typewriting, stenography and looken surf, wheeling and screaming in a cooking.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING. Salt dissolved in alcohol will remove greas

Rub the tea kettle with kerosene and polish

with a dry flannel cloth. Camp chairs are now covered with plush

and bordered with tiny tassels of silk. Flour should be kept in a barrel, with a flour scoop to dip it and a sieve to sift it. Ceilings that have been smoked by a kero-

The surest test of a frozen orange is its reight. If it is heavy in the hand it has not

Cold sliced potatoes fry and taste better by sprinkling a teaspoonful of flour over then Drain pipes and all places that are sour or

impure may be cleansed with lime water or carbolic acid.

Bent whalebones can be restored and used again by simply soaking in water a few hours, then drying them. For a cold on the chest, a flannel rag wrung out in boiling water and sprinkled with tur-pentine, laid on the chest, gives the greatest

When a felon first begins to make its appearance, take a lemon, cut off one end, put the finger in, and the longer it is kept there

When the rubber rollers of your wringer become sticky, as they very often do after wringing flannel, rub with kerosene and wipe dry and they will be nice and smooth.

For a cough, boil one ounce of flax seed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well. Drink as To clean carpets, go over them once a week

with a broom dipped in hot water, to which a little turpentine has been added. Wring a cloth in the hot water and wipe under piece of furniture to be moved. To test cake in the oven, never insert a broom splinter, but draw it gently forward and put the ear close to the loaf; if it is not done there will be a little sputtering sound. When it is thoroughly baked there will be no

GASTRONOMICAL TIDBITS.

A very palatable imitation of mock turtle oup is made out of the ordinary black bean. Epicures rise in meeting and declare the ally way to enjoy reed birds is stewed in

It is late in the day for an exchange to dwell upon the difference between smelts and Just why so many French cooks destroy

omato soup by a flavor of ham has yet to be Alarmists are spreading the usual tales of obable extinction of canvas back ducks

and terrapin. Foolish men continue to get into disputes as to the alleged superiority of different kinds of oysters.

Philadelphians long ago ceased to deny the llegation that they eat sparrows "as a regular thing" for game.

Only the brave deserve the fair, and only ome made mince pies are ever made as the The govern

ported plum pudding, and there is a great howl from the Anglomaniaes. The fashionable buckwheat cake is about contains more of the wheat than the buck. Thousands of people at this season are not

ppy at a dinner at which there is turkey unless they get the delicacy of the bird, which sa wing. Between some hotels' cranberry sauce and rdinary red ink there is very little differ-

nce, and anti slang diners may well say to waiter: "What are you giving us?" A Washington correspondent would have

s believe pumpkin is the almost invariable lessert at this season at a White House din-This, if true, would indicate the "eterual fitness of things," at least in one direct

CURIOUS THINGS OF LIFE.

A Russian miser learned to bark in order to avoid the expense of keeping a watch dog An Atchison (Kan.) man recently acted as pall bearer at a funeral and usher at a wedding the same day.

James Judge, of Kenosha, Wis., although totally blind, is one of the most skillful plumbers in the town. Mrs. Crobar is a powerful lever in a Sag-

inaw, Mich., church society, where the Rev. Mr. Broadax hews a branch from the tree of vil every Sunday. Charles Miller attempt -1 1 masquerade at

Columbus dressed in a convict's striped suit.

A policeman arrested him on surpicion, A citizen of Freemont, Neb., who got drunk and froze his feet so that they had to

be amputated, has just recovered £2,000 damages from the man who sold him th Floyd Tufts, of Westmore, Vt., is but 7 years old, and weighs only 115 pounds, but he is able to shoulder two bushels of corn

with ease and to nift his grandfather, who

weighs 175 pounds, from the floor without exerting himself. In order to try the extent to which a tragic actress is moved by the whirl of stage pas-sion, Sarah Bernhardt's pulse was once tested at the wings immediately after a scene of great intensity. It ticked as regularly and normally as an eight day clock,

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Amelia B. Edwards, the novelist, writes 'Ph. D." and "LL. D." after her name. The queen of Roumania has written a published in her capital.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is suffering from an affection of the eyes and is obliged to do her literary work by the aid of an amanuensis. She is living quietly at Andover, Mass. The queen regent of Spain is gaining a and is said to be a wonderful woman, charm-

ing & manner and possessing preat adminis

There is a lady in Jackson, Miss., so deeply affected by the loss of her husband, whose death occurred recently, that every day she writes him a long letter, and, with her own hands, places it on his grave. This remark upon Jenny Lind appears in

an English paper: "If ever an angel leaning over the crystal battlements happened to let a voice slip out of its possession it fell upon Lady Burdett-Coutts denies that she has any intention of visiting America, and adds that she is afraid that a journey to this counTHE NATIVE AMERICAN.

THE CROW RESERVATION AND THE INHABITANTS THEREOF.

the West-"Blanket" Indians-Pony and Dog-Plucking Out the Beard. Children and Song.

Nothing so molds a savege into a civilized state as the necessity of making a living in civilized ways. There are no other ways for him now. The buffalo are gone from the plains, the elk from the mountains. There is no wild grass for his pony save the grass upon the reservation. Before the advance of railroads and civilization he has yielded year by year, till there is now no more for him to yield to civilization but himself. He yields stubbornly; he does not like the white man's ways. Among 2,500 Absaracas who have fought and associated with the whites for a generation not 100 speak English, and when they are taught it in the schools they disdain

to speak it once they are in the camp again.

The blanket is inseparable from the idea of
the wild Indian. It is the emblem of savagery. Induce him to lay aside the blanket he is civilized. This is so true that they are classed as civilized Indians and blanket Indians. The blanket is wrapped about the body, brought up over the head and all the face enveloped except the eyes. If he is induced to work, he holds the folds of the blanket in the left hand and uses the ax or hoe with the right. With the squaw the blanket serves a double purpose; it is \$1000 for herself and cradle for the papoose. the back and in this the papoose rides, peer-ing beside its mother's head as she trots along.

"The earth is our mother; to plow the ground is to scratch her skin, to dig ditches is to wound her bosom, to open mines is to crack her bones, and she will receive no Indians when they die if they so abuse her."
This is the explanation the Indian gives of his disinclination to work. That is the poetry of it; the fact is that the Indian, like his white brother, is lazy and only works when he cannot help it. But the Indian is learning to labor. His native food, the wild game of the forest and plain, is gone; the government issue of beef and ba-con is scanty, and, like the improvident negro, he often eats the rations for the week in two or three days. The rateulus of bunger has driven him to work Every family of the Absaracas or Crows, among whom the writer sojourns, during the past year has lived at its own home and culvated its own crop. The lands are now being allotted, but the system of separation and family ownership is already in operation under the efficient management of the agent, a distinguished Mississippian. Each family possesses a cabin, a roothouse for winter pro visions, a corral for horses, and a wire inclosure for cultivation, and in this they have raised corn, potatoes, grain, melons and vegetables, the government furnishing all seed and tools.

It was unkind to call them Crows. There is little enough poetry in the real Indian, how noble seever his red brother of romance

flight, common upon the prairie. The Crow reservation is perhaps the largest and most valuable possessed by any tribe. Lying 200 miles along the Northern Pacific railroad in Montana, and extending southward to the Wyoming line, it is traversed by many clear mountain streams with fertile oms, and bordered on the south and west by mountains rich in minerals. The Crows have ever been friends of the whites, abetting them in their long wars with the Sioux, the Nez Perces and other northwestern tribes. They are rich in land, ponies and cattle.

The pony and dog are part of the Indian family. The pony is the property of the buck; he never walks. The dog is the sequitur of the squaw. I have seen as many as eleven at the heels of one Indian woman. y are mongrels of every breed, domestia and wild, are poor and worthless, but eat as the same table and sleep in the same bed with their erect kinsmen. Both men and women 4 years old furiously racing the half broken

Though there are many aged people in the Absarges tribe, I have never seen one whose hair was perfectly white. It is often streaked with gray and sometimes quite grizzly in the very old. When it becomes gray it is often a fancy with them to paint it red. The hair grows long upon the heads of the men as well as the women, and is never cut save as an evidence of mourning. They wear no beard, plucking out each hair as it comes upon the face. They carry suspended from the neck by a string a pair of broad tweezers of their own construction for this purpose, and the young buck in arranging his toilet examines his chin carefully in the mirror be sure no offending capilla is there. Probably from generations of such rough usage the beard grows sparsely when undisturbed There is an imbecile in the tribe who has lacked either vanity or brains to pluck his,

But here is a marvel to me and troubles our theory of heredity. The children of this tribe, among whose ancesters no song was ever sung, are easily taught to sing. The little girls in the agency or mission schools sing the Gospel hymns as sweetly and correctly as the Sunday school children of the south. As their clear, sweet voices ring out on the twilight air in the familiar melodies of "Sweet By and By," or "What Must It be There!" the writer easily imagines himself 2,000 miles away, listening to children among whom are blue eyed and golden baired fairies, instead of these little Absaraca maidens, with coal black eyes and hair of jet.—Crow Agency (Mon.) Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Value of Fast Walking Horses

At the fair many thousand dollars in pre-niums will be given for fine blooded borses, There will be trotting and pacing to every-thing from a sulkly to a stake wagon, and everything from a Kentucky thoroughbred to a Clydesdale or Percheron stallion will be put around the amphitheatre in all the gaits, but there will not be a dollar offered for the fastest walking borse. No accomplishment that can be bred in a draft horse, whether he be intended for dray, stake wagon or plow, is so valuable. Oxen are always judged by their walk.—Stock Dealer in Globe-Democrat.

It has been accepted in certain quarters in Wall street that any and all methods not fair, and are but incidents of the business and the locality. A telegraph operator the other day took a different view of this rule of Wall street ethics. He flatly refused to teach a stock broker telegraphy. The broker said that he was in the offices of many other brok-

NATIVES OF THE NORTH. Tremendous Appetites of the Inhabitant

of the Arctic Regions. When we were at John Howland bay, month ago, on the Arctic coast, I was visiting on the Hunter, where the sailors were scraping off the pieces of the gum adhering to the butt ends of the whalebone. The natives stood by, and as the long shavings were rolled off gathered them all up, eating what they could hold, and storing the rest away in their canoes. I tasted of the stuff out of curiosity's sake, but dropped it as soon as I could. The flavor is about as I would imagine a rotten raw peanut to be. For a steady diet, I should besitate between that

and faith, but the natives all evidently relished it exceedingly, and they chewed by the The greatest feast I have seen the natives have was about two weeks ago, when several whalers were lying at anchor under East cape, on the Asiatic shore. A whale was raised at the southward, working rapidly up along the shore. Twenty-five or thirty whale boats were immediately lowered, and the gauntlet was too much for the whale. He was soon captured and alongside the Lucretia to be cut in. Seven canoe loads of natives came custom has defined as the fins, flukes (the tail), and all the lean they can cut off. The whale was a very large one, making in the vicinity of 140 barrels of oil, producing about 2,500 pounds of whalebone, hence there was a great amount of lean. How the natives did work to save this! To me the whole scene was most amusing. Work was begun about 8 o'clock and finished soon after midnight, but the sun set only to rise in an hour or two, so it was daylight all the time. The officers of the ship were giving their orders, the donkey engine was puffing away turning the windlass, which rattled like a dozen heavy log chains. Twenty or thirty natives were yelling like flends. Huge sheets of blubber

ere being bauled in at the gangway. Everything was excitement and noise. The sea all about the ship was red with blood, and natives were crawling all along the whale's arcass, holding big sheath knives in their teeth, cutting off a piece of meat when oppor-tunity offered, and jabbering away like so many monkeys. When they were through with the skeleton, it seemed as if they could not have removed any more meat even with a piece of sandpaper. All their canoes were loaded down as full as they could carry with meat. Now that the work was over, the east followed. The most toothsome part of the whale to them is the black skin from the lips, the fins and the flukes, and these opened the feast. Imagine a man or a woman, with a slice of meat the size of a four or five pound steak, surrounding a corner with an expansive when the bill is less than \$1 or more steak, surrounding a corner with an expansive mouth, then sawing off the corner and whole piece and not drop any from his mouth. This is the happiest moment one of these natives could wish for.—Cor. Chicago Times.

Edwin Forrest's Turning Point. "In the following spring I went to New York and put up at a boarding house. I was "Yes may be, and surely it is unkind to take from him that little be has. The Absaraca, their own name for themselves, is quite different from the ill famed bird we call a crow. It a small blue hawk, of graceful poise and avrice with the world and resolved to kill myself. I went to a drug store and bought some arsenimagine that they get better attention than the people in the main dining room, and they was on the point of taking it, when, just as such things happen on the stage, I heard a "Well, now, it seems hardly gallant to say" gentle rap on the door. A man came in and so, but few waiters like to serve a lady who waid he was an actor, and that his name was
Woodhull. The object of his visit was to get
me to play for his benefit. He said he had
from a lady, and if there are two of them, never seen me act, but he had heard Ogden the dime answers for both, if, indeed, they Hoffman, a member of the legislature, and give any fee at all. In the up town hotels others capable of judging, say that I was very fine. I told him hastily that I had done with acting, and that I did not know anything about him or his benefit. The actor looked have a long summer to run through. I had tomer who is a shrewd business woman and hoped you would come to my aid and assist takes much pride in her capacity for bare in supporting my family; otherwise I am eggared.' These words touched me so," said beggared. Forrest, "that I finally consented. I played 'Othello' for him. It was a grand sweep, financially and dramatically, for hundreds were turned away from the doors of the (more money than I ever had in my life be- tip top, understand? Here,' and she slips a fore), and engaged me for one year at his theatre. From that time till now my course as been upward and onward."-Dr. Kane in

> Frozen in Midsummer. In speaking of the large number of deaths of English sparrows during the late rain-storms, Professor Otto Lugger, of Baltimore, says that, instead of having been dashed to death, he believed they had been frozen in forty sparrow lying stiff and cold within a tance of three squares. He carried eight home, examined all of them and found no bones broken. Four of them he warmed and they revived. The other four never again showed signs of life. Professor Lugger gave the following explanation of the apparent lifelessness, after the storm, of the birds, ost of which were young ones: In migrating birds fly against the wind. Should the wind iddenly change and blow in the same direc-

> tion as the birds are flying, and at a greater rate of speed, the birds feathers are blown forward, the skin is exposed, and a cold driv-ing rain will soon chill the birds and cause eir death. In this way, strange as it may seem, the birds may be said to have been frozen in midsummer.—Boston Transcript. The dogs of San Domingo have discovered way of outwitting their adversaries. Whenstream he stops and barks furiously for some me, until gradually one by one the yacores gather near the bank on which he stands, poking their vicious jaws out of the water as if in expectation of a feast. The dog knows by instinct when he has gathered all the yaores in the vicinity in one spot, and becoming satisfied of this fact he scampers off at breakneck speed up or down the stream and swims across in safety. It is only the San Domingan dog, however, who possesses this

> the prey of the yacore.—New York Mail and Express. Death of Gen. Phil Kearny. The death of Gen. Phil Kearny at Chantilly has always been shrouded in mys-tery. He was killed instantly, but the hitherto been kept very quiet. Gen. Pierce Young, of Georgia, has just returned from St. Petersburg, where he was United States consul general. He was a Confederate officer during the war, and says that at Chantilly he and his command unexpectedly sur nded Kearny and his staff. had been a classmate and friend of Kearny, motioned to the Union general to escape. Kearny saw the signal, but before he could take advantage of it was shot dead by the

tinct. An imported dog would, plunge

NO. 40.

THERE IS DANGER, SOMETIMES, OF OVERDOING THE MATTER.

TIPPING THE WAITER.

A Fast Young Man's Liberality-The Aver age Tip Less Than Twenty-five Cents-A Schedule-Head Waiters' Fees-Few Tips

A very fashionably dressed man, slightly intoxicated, went into the dining room of a first class hotel in New York the other even ing, and asked for an expensive dinner, a quart of champagne included. The young man with an apron who took his order was all attention, and a dozen other young mer with aprons stood at their vacant tables and smiled enviously. That their envy was well founded was shown when the diner paid his bill. It amounted to \$4.75, and after paying the amount he held the silver quarter of change stupidly in his hand a moment, evi-dently wondering if that would be enough to took a bill from his purse, laid it unsteadily in the waiter's ready hand, and walked away with the proud consciousness of having been exceedingly liberal. The head waiter, a distinguished looking man with mild blue eyes and a long, blonde mustache, smiled com-placently at the episode, and turning to the

writer, said: "That customer did not know that twentyfive cents would have served his purpose just as well, and that half a dollar would have been the extreme of generosity."

"Is twenty-five cents the average tip

waiters?"
"No," answered the head waiter doubtfully: that, though there are men who make a point majority of men make the fee ten cents, and where three or four come together they frequently chip in five cents apiece for the waiter. Few customers neglect the tip entirely, but some of them let it go for a few days and then give a fee of fifty cents. They are the men who really get the best service, for, although at the end of the week they will have paid less than ten cents on the average for their dinner fees, the waiter who gets the silver may have served the customer but once during that time. The effect of that plan is to make every waiter hope by special attention to induce the customer to pay a tip on that particular occasion when he serves.

ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE. "I know a man who varies the amount o than \$5. In the first case he tips ten cents, and never goes above half a dollar. The waiters' regular wages here are \$20 a month and meals, and with decent luck and care any one of them is enabled to double his incom

"Does the head waiter come in for fee "Yes, indeed, and mighty good ones, too. without a dollar. I did not have two shirts much be seized for waiter seldom give him less than \$1. His board in Albany. I was thoroughly disgusted richest opportunity lies in a private dinner with the world and resolved to kill myself. party. Those who dine in a separate room

and restaurants in the shopping district it may be that half the lady customers give a tip. Now and then one appears who leaves a quarter on the plate just like a man, but, alas! they are very rare. We have one cusgaining. When she comes in she selects a table with great deliberation, choosing according to the impression the waiters make upon her. Then she says to the waiter who comes to take her order: 'Now what is your name, my man?' And suppose he answers heatre. Next morning Mr. Gilford, man-ger of the Bowery, put \$500 in my hands 'Perkins, madam,' she continues: 'Well, Per-kins, I want you to serve me in tip top shape: silver quarter under her glass; 'see that! that's yours if you serve me tip top.' Then she looks at him sharply and proceeds to give her order. You may depend upon it she gets served well, but if anything goes amiss quarter goes back into her pecket,"-F. R.

Burton in Louisville Courier Jeurnal.

When any one of their number dies, friend down a tree, hollow it out, and, after having washed and dressed the body, pat sugar can into its mouth and invoked the shades of dead, piace it in this rude cenn, open the eyes so as to look heavenward, and then carefully seal it up. On the day of burial sacrifices are indulged in, according to the means of the relatives of the deceased. The grave is usually made in a forest, and the hewing of trees therein is superstitiously avoided. A soothsayer, or priest, plants two reeds at the border of a stream in such a manner that the parents of the dead can pass underneath; while doing this hesprinkles water upon them which had been used to clean rice, they enter the house, and, in order to show the depth of their sorrow, throw everything about the house into confusion. The priest arriving, he reproaches them, restores order, and sprinkles a kind of holy water in order to drive out the evil spirits.-Popular Science

A well known New York firm recently tried the experiment of importing 70,000 toothpicks from Yokobama. These "cure dents," as they are described in the invoice, each, in bundles tied round with green silk. They are cut from hard wood and have a point at only one end. As a matter of prac-tical economy they could not compete with the double pointed domestic article in yell

can cents per 1,000. To this is added 35 per cent. duty on manufactures of wood. Then, above that, the appraiser has advanced them 125 per cent., which carries a penalty of are the charges, which come to more than the Japs to about \$1.75 per 1,000. The dorestaurateurs, of course, prefer them.-New

A Charge Agains' the Nobility. The London Truth brings a black charge against the noble dukes. It says that in these degenerate days they have taken to selling the game they shoot on their moors. According to the observation of its gossip nine tenths of the nampers at a railroad station, where much of this game is delivered, were directed to dealers. It should add to the that he was in the offices of many other broxers during the day, and thought that if he
could read the ticking of the telegraph instruments it might put wealth into his pockets.—

There are over 100 asylums and homes for
lunatics, friendless men and women and inourables in New York.

directed to dealers. It amount and to the
market price of grouse to know they were
killed by the nobility.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE TELEPHONE.

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Professional cards, \$12 per year. Special rates for large display "ads."

A Fair in Ancient Rome.

A Fair in Ancient Rome.

"Good day, Servius. I suppose I shall see
thee at the temple to-night?"

"At what temple, noble Lucius?" asked the
young Roman, gazing inquiringly into the
face of his companion, an aged and gray
bearded veteran of many wars.

"How now, boy!" exclaimed the old man.
"Hast thou not heard of the fruit and floral
festival under the charge of the Ladies' Aid
society at the temple of the Feretrian Jupiter
on the Capitoline?"

octety at the tempie of the Feretrian Jupitar on the Capitoline?"

The youth shuddered.

"I had forgotten, good Lucius," he said.
"One of the priests had received a call elsewhere, and this festival is for the purpose of raising funds to increase his meagre salary, and thereby induce him to remain. Am I not right?"

"Yes, thou art, O Servius." "I shall not be there. I attended one enter-tainment of this sort some time ago. I had six scrupuli in my possession when I went in, but when I departed I had not so much as a

"Nay, nay, my boy," interposed the old man, "this parsimony becomes thee not. It costs but one denarius to exter—"
"But what does it cost to get out?" moodily

"But what does it cost to get out?" moodily muttered the youth.

"In the temple," continued Lucius, "thou wilt find a large and attractive assortment of fancy goods and toilet articles at prices far below their market value, for they have been donated by various tradesmen and artificers."

"But is it not taking an unfair advantage of these same tradesmen and artificers," said the young man, "to sell their goods at prices lies than their value!"

"Thou art too scrupyous," said Lucius, angrily. "But, by Jupiter, I will persuade thee yet. Know, then, that the fair Tullia will have charge of a table. Hal thou

changest color, boy!"
"Listen, my Lucius," cried the youth, and thou shalt know my secret. It is my purpose to espouse the maiden whom thou hast named. It, therefore behoveth me to guard well the goods which the gods have bestowed upon me. Were I to visit the fair I should be despeiled of all, and my hope of wedding Tullia put fore er to flight."

"Nay, Servius, thou wrongest them, and by the gods I will prove it too thee, if thou wilt but go with me to the temple. Why, boy, a golden lyre of the most exquisite workmanship and worth 100 scrupuli is to be drawn for, and the tickets are but a sestertius each. Who knows but the gods will bestow this treasure upon thee!"
"Enough, O Lucius," said the youth. "I
will visit the fair, but I shall remain only a

"Thou hast decided wisely, Servius. And now I must away; I'll see thee later." That evening young Servius donned his dress toga and a pair of red sandals and hasdress toga and a pair of red sandais and nas-tened to the temple of the Feretrian Jupiter. With his pleasurable anticipations was mingled a vague presentiment of evil, whi. a he found it impossible to banish. He was warmly welcomed by all, including the fair Tullia, who, when the first greetings had been

exchanged said: "Servius, you see yonder statue of Minerva; "Servius, you see yonder statue of Minerva; it is to be given to the priest whe receives the largest number of votes. How many shall I put you down for?"

"Five," replied the youth, with a sinking heart. "What is the cost?"

"Ten sestertii each." The youth handed her a treble scrupulum and waited for his change. When he got tired of waiting he walked moodily away and was immediately captured by a noble until she had sold him an embroidered toga three sizes too large for him, and various other more or less useful articles. And so ready money and given notes for what he had at home. But one hope sustained him: he might draw the golden lyre, which he could sell for 100 scrupuli. His ticket was numbered exviii, and he fancied that it had

Finally the hour of the drawing arrived The tickets were all placed in a helmet, and the infant child of Lucius thrust in her hand

No. exviii, anneunced the priest. "Young Servius has drawn the prize." Servius' melancholy was now changed to joy; but while he was indulging in manifestations of glee he was approached by Tullia, who said:

"Thou knowest, I suppose, Servius, that it has been generally expected that whoever drew the lyre would donate it immediately

to the temple. It would be very bad form not to do so." "Take it, then," exclaimed Servius, as with gesture of despair he rushed from the

A few minutes later he was found lying dead just outside the door. He had fallen upon his own sword, and had perished instantly. The next week his goods were sold to discharge his indebtedness to the Ladies Aid society.-Tid Bits. Gainesborough hats are as fashionable as they were two seasons ago, and, if anything,

The latest nonsense recommended for a beautiful complexion is to rub the face night and morning with olive oil. Picturesque garden party hats are of cream colored India muslin shirred upon fine wired and trimmed with garlands of pale yellow daisies with hearts of golden brown.

How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation. knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is torpid the Bow-els are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy Liver than any agency known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficacy.

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W. J. McElack, Macon, (