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CURIOUS THINGS OF LIFE. On public occasions the governors of the British provinces in Australia all appear in military uniform. Yet no one of them is a professional soldier. Mrs. Le Baron, of Leavenworth, fell dead as she was making a pie, and at the same time a clock which had been out of time for five years deliberately struck 12. A New York girl dropped dead two hours after having become engaged to be married. It is supposed her death was caused by an attack of heart disease brought on by joy. A citizen of Marietta, La., put some chestnuts on the roof to dry, and the rats gnawed holes through the roof to get the chestnuts, and when it rained the water came through those holes with a rush. An old observer tells that one's eyebrows are an infallible guide to his age. No matter how young looking the person may be, if his eyebrows lack a gloss and do not lie flat and smooth, it is no longer a young man. A woman in America, Ga., fell asleep during a recent Sunday night service and didn't wake up until after everybody had gone home and the door was locked. She remained imprisoned three days before she was discovered and rescued. Among the Continental armies the German soldiers have the longest legs, judging by the length of step. It is eighty centimeters. The step of the French, Austrian, Belgian, Swiss, and Swedish is seventy-five centimeters. The burgomaster of Zurich, in Switzerland, has a nose that has been used as a model for the nose of the statue of the harbor of St. Augustine, Fla., years and years. The porpoise is particularly tame and frolicsome. He is called Old Ghoul, and is known by having one fin gone. He often plays around the fishermen's boats and his presence always augurs a good catch. Workmen in a gravel bed on the Western railway of Alabama recently came upon the skeleton of what they think was an Indian princess. On it was found a silver coronet, silver bracelets, a necklace made of silver buckles, tied together with a sash ribbon, and a peculiar knife with a sash blade. Medieval superstitious linger in Austria. The burgomaster of Zurich, in Galicia, has just instituted a prosecution before the criminal court of Sotowina against a man named Jean Kovalesnik for having "by his malicious curses and incantations caused a hail-storm to devastate the fields of Zurich on July 28. R. F. Kregman, of Curtis, Fla., received a lot of toilet soap for his barber shop. In placing the cakes on the shelf he noticed that one of them was much heavier than the others. He found it afterward that the happy father sent the young man a note of thanks accompanied by a \$1 bill, which was immediately and indignantly returned. The daughter of a rich banker stopping at Bar Harbor ventured beyond her depth while bathing, and was only saved by the efforts of a young man, who risked his life to save hers. A young man who had the happy father sent the young man a note of thanks accompanied by a \$1 bill, which was immediately and indignantly returned. Mrs. Langtry on rainy days dresses very thinly, trusting to wrap for warmth, high boots with thick soles, silk stockings, baptiste underwear, silk petticoat, and a gown with at least a silk skirt. Mrs. Heaton throws conventionalty to the winds when it rains, wearing a childish, loose gown, "girly" looking hat and cloak and heavy shoes. Her skirt reaches to the ankles and about eight inches of the ground.

Girls Written To. A public school teacher of Milwaukee has in her note book the following composition on "Girls," written by a boy: "Girls are very stuck up and dignified in their manner and behaviour. They make fun of boys, and then turn round and love them. I don't believe they ever killed a cat or anything. They look out every nice and say: 'Oh, ain't the moon lovely?' This is one thing I have not told, and that is they always love their less sons better than boys."—Chicago Herald.



Philal. Wealthy but Economical Father—Do you know, my son, what strict economy would do for you? Robert—I know what it has done for me, father, and I respect you for it.—Life.

Senator Jones' Great Luck. The senator Jones of Nevada has always been really a very good character. He believes sincerely in the outside help that comes from no one knows where to shape circumstances around the path of a lucky man so that success is certain. As an illustration of the peculiar luck which he has had at all times during his life when he has once got his mind to hunting for a specific result the senator related a story of his early life when he was a sheriff of a certain county in California. "We set out one day to go up a great canyon which was near my headquarters. There was no road to it; it was a most fatiguing route for any one to travel over; it was as difficult, owing to the necessary climbing up and down, to travel six miles in this canyon as it would have been twenty-five upon the open highway. I had one of my deputies with me. We were out seeking for certain violators of the law. About midday we had traversed half the distance necessary to go and we stopped for a rest. I pulled out my meerschaum pipe, for I was very fond of smoking even then. I loaded up with tobacco, when to my consternation I found that I had no matches and no material for kindling a light. My companion was not a smoker, and of course he had no matches. I was almost dying for a smoke. I hated to give it up, and in my wondering what I should do, I turned around and I saw a match lying on the ground in the sand near a little stream that came down through the canyon. The sight of that match actually frightened me. I looked all around to see if there was any one in sight. I looked up to see if there was anything passing over that way, and then I walked up and picked up the match. I said to myself: 'Of course it won't light; it's been lying on this wet sand.' But it did light, and I had my smoke. I never knew anything to beat that piece of luck, but I've had in many close calls in my life such similar evidence of good fortune that I can but believe to a certain extent in good and bad luck."—New York World.

Joel and the Steer. The people of East Killbuck, in the adjoining county, think they got a funny thing occurred in that neighborhood long ago. Mr. Joel Thomas, who is the hired man of an East Killbuck farm, has a reputation for mixing himself into every dilemma that can find no other unfortunate person to fall victim to. One morning a few weeks ago Joel went to the barn to yoke a pair of very large untamed steers. The yoke was large and cumbersome and the bows were big, but he got the wooden loop over one steer's head and pinned him with the rest of the yoke. He was slipping about in the treacherous yard in his effort to hold the animal by one horn and carry the heavy yoke end with his free arm. Finally, by an inexplicable mischance, either the yoked steer twisted the other bow over Joel's head and below his arm, or Joel fell into it, he doesn't know which. A moment later a neighbor approaching the house beheld the unhappy hired man yoked up with the frantic steer, his wild face protruding through the big loop, his legs sticking out with terrific speed down the road toward him. Joel espied the neighbor, and at every jump he roared in uttering tones: "Head us off, it's head us off!" The neighbor succeeded in doing it, turning the team by dint of very active work from an angle of a stone wall. Then he nervously hopped around to the steer's head, meaning to release the animal before Joel was quite killed. It was at this point that the hired man manifested the striking originality of his mind and his disgust at the neighbor's lack of gumption at the same time. He yelled: "Here, you what are ye up to! Never mind the steer; come round here and unyoke me!"—Norwich (Conn.) Special to New York Sun.

A Bit of Dramatic Criticism. The varying emotions springing from a force and power that were cut and worn over a tucker of fine old lace, evincing skillful expression of subdued passion and hanging the apparent faults of diction and antiphrastic grandeur by a rare refinement of speech and motion which convey a gown of dead leaf brown cloth, slip up the sides and open in front over an earnestness which is never subordinate to the robe of black satin, which is a mass of jet ornaments from throat to breast, displaying a much higher order of dramatic ability than she evinced last season. —Norristown Herald.

Selfish Man. Cultured Dame—Just like a man! You grab the paper as soon as it arrives, keep it all to yourself, and then blame me for not being informed on matters of public interest. Husband—Well, my dear, I'll read the paper aloud, if you wish. Let me see.—Another Ocean Horror.

Another Way. Walter Besant says that one should write poetry in order to acquire command of language. Editors achieve the same result by reading it.—Time.

A LAZY GIRL'S WISH. You ask if I could be That which I would be. What, from all nature's sisterhood, Would I change place with— Would I circle in space with The stars, as a star or, from yonder wood, Pour my soul singing As upward winging, I sought the blue, fit home for a bird? No, a bird is too busy. And a star might get dizzy. So, I'd be neither—now, don't say a word! Pray, do you suppose that Lovely red nose that Noels and beacons and beams on me Ever gets weary? That ever a tear she sheds but for joy that she can be? And that great daisy, So white and lacy. That stands with her sisters there in the sun— Has she a care, a Burden to bear, a Frouble in life? O no! not one. I've read the story Of the King in his glory Who "was not arrayed like one of these;" 'Twas So'omon; still he Couldn't equal a lily— red but thy stains in the breeze. So, if I could choose me, With none to refuse me, I'd be all like those of all on earth, 'Twould be that of the flowers Who all through the hours, Have nothing to do from the hour of their birth. There are no traces On their fair faces Sickiness, sorrow, of grief or sin; Their only duty On earth is to be— They toil not, neither do they spin. —Wide Awake.

HEAT AND VENTILATION. A Simple Way of Keeping the Air in Rooms Moist in Winter. People who use their brains habitually, teachers, writers, artists, must keep warm as the saving of their abilities. They must have fires early, and use foot-warmers day and night, and dress like Esquimaux if necessary, or congestion of the brain or lungs is the penalty. The inflammation of the lungs which carried off George Eliot, and Mrs. Browning was descended from the chilliness and poor circulation which these brain-workers had borne for years. Care must be taken, with all this heating, to have a current of warm, fresh air circulating in the rooms, and to have it healthily moist. Such precautions give a soft and lovely complexion, equal to the famous Newport bloom. The best way to secure this constant ventilation without draft is by having the top of the window fitted with a perforated board, pierced by many conical borings, only a quarter as wide at the center as at each surface of the holes. This gives a fine, forcible play of minute currents through the room instead of a dangerous large draught. It is a woman's invention, and a very clever one for keeping rooms perfectly healthy and fresh. It is a little remarkable that a plain American woman should have worked out a plan of cheap, efficient ventilation in the same principles as the French invention which drew the applause of scientific men years later. To keep the air moist, the simplest way is to keep a pan of water in the heat register, with a large sponge in it, or a wet towel hung with ends in the water, giving off moisture to the air which flows over it. Pans of water alone do very little good, though better than nothing. The moisture must be directly in the path of the air to be absorbed by the water pans for stoves should be large enough to cover the whole top, and to be kept clean, and full of fresh water. Such water pans purify the air, as well as keep it moist, as they absorb impurity. A little niter, iodine and salt in the water is very strengthening to breathe, having a mild effect of sea air. —Shiely Darc, in Philadelphia Press.

IT DIDN'T WORK. A Confidence Man Strikes a Merchant Who Had "Been There Before." He walked hurriedly into a Maiden Lane Jeweler's store, and said: "Will you let me use your telephone?" "Certainly." "Hello, Central! Say, give me 607 Brookline. Hello! Is that you, dear? Well, say, I forgot my gold watch this morning; left it under the pillow. I've got to take a train right away, and haven't time to go home, so I wish you'd bring it over and leave it here for me. I'll borrow a silver watch in the meantime. That's all, Central." "Thank you," he said, turning to the clerk. "I suppose you heard what I said to my wife. Now, if you can let me have a silver watch until I get back I will consider it a great favor. My wife will leave my gold one as security." The clerk simply pointed to the door. "Do you mean get out?" "Yes." "Too old?" "Yes." "Been there before?" "Yes." "Well, good day."—Jeweler's Weekly.

Parrots as Parlor Pets. Parrots were more common drawing room pets a century ago than they are now. No fashionable belle's boudoir was complete without one. Belinda had a presentiment of her coming misfortune when "Poll sat moping, and Shookey was most unkind." The beauty of the bird's plumage and its amusing tricks may account for this partiality; but it has certainly been valued as a domestic favorite for many centuries. It is said that parrots were first introduced into Europe in the time of Alexander the Great, though only one variety, the green parakeet with a red neck (brought from India) was known to the ancients until the time of Nero, when the Romans discovered other species in Ethiopia. The discovery of America enriched parrot fanciers by the addition of many beautiful Brazilian varieties of the species of their list of pets. —Philadelphia Press.

STORIES ABOUT MEN. Something of a liar, but Not for Forty Years. A number of members from the house of representatives have stolen away at various times and for short periods from their congressional duties. Most of them have been joyed themselves, but none to a greater extent than did Wade, of Missouri; Lind, of Minnesota, and Sawyer, of New York. They invaded the state of Maryland and studied the unsophisticated natives until they got tired. The last place at which they made any stay was Leonardtown. From there they intended coming to the capital by boat, but that semi-occasional craft having departed, they were compelled to travel by rail. The train was started with a pinbar and proceeded at a very deliberate gait. Occasionally the conductor would get off and gather a few peaches, with which he would treat the passengers. After the train had been crawling along for an hour and had covered at least six miles, the conductor collected the fares, which, for the congressional crowd, amounted to 85 cents each. When he reached Col. Wade, that genial "bald knobber" remarked, in his innocent way: "Do you charge preachers full fare on this road?" "No, sir," was the conductor's reply. "We only charge on half rates. Are you a preacher?" he added, looking squarely at the colored Methodist countenance. "No, I am not," said the Missourian, "but that gentleman who belongs to Judge Sawyer, who sat a couple of seats in front of him. The conductor at once returned to the judge, and after a searching glance at the sun kissed countenance of the New York statesman, proffered him 40 cents, with the remark: "We only collect half rates from preachers." "Who in blank said I was a preacher?" asked the judge, with considerable show of anger. The conductor threw his thumb back his shoulder in the direction of Col. Wade, and looked as though he thought all the time that the colored man was garbling the facts in the case. In the meantime the three dimes, the nickel and five pieces reposed calmly in the judge's fat palm. He regarded them in silence for a moment, and then handed them back to the official, saying: "I am a good deal of a liar, but I will never be for 40 cents, with the remark: 'We only collect half rates from preachers.'" Then he relapsed into absolute silence and would not look at Col. Wade until Washington was reached.—Washington Post.

The Bill Was Passed. An ex-member of the Virginia state senate told me the other day of an incident in his legislative career which I do not remember ever having seen in print before. A. L. Pridmore, not many years ago a member of the house of representatives from the Ninth Virginia district, was brought to come to Washington a member of the Virginia senate. One day he introduced a bill for the relief of the sureties of H. G. Wax, who was a collector of taxes in Scott county. He made a brief explanation of the bill, and when he sat down, Edgar Allen, familiarly known as "Yankee Allen," who represented the Farmville district, rose and said: "I wish to ask if Mr. Wax has been a tax collector?" "In collecting the tax?" "If such are the facts I am willing to relax and remit the tax which he has exacted. We should exact Of his sureties." It is needless to add, my informant says, that the bill passed by a unanimous vote.—New York Tribune.

Goodwin Had the Best of It. Nat Goodwin is pretty slick and can get out of a scrape as clean as any man living. A gentleman in New York, writing to a friend here, made some comparative allusion to Chicago and the eastern metropolis. I concluding he wrote: "But I know you feeling toward Gotham," and then added: "Here is a little story on Nat Goodwin that is not malapropos: One day Nat Goodwin met young Mr. Henderson, a friend of mine. Nat looked at Henderson, and said: 'How have you been long?' 'Oh, up in Boston, Montreal and Philadelphia,' returned Goodwin; 'and, Billy, I continued. I am glad to get back to New York. All other places in the country are just camping out ones.' Nat looked at the letter, smiled, and said without hesitation: 'Why, my dear fellow, you don't think I would be guilty of mentioning Chicago in connection with those places, do you? Philadelphia? They can't trot in the same class with this city.'—Chicago Herald.

Accounted For. Col. "Dick" Wornum, of Kentucky, is probably the best story teller in Washington today. If he doesn't always confine himself strictly to the truth, nobody will find fault with him, for he tells his little anecdotes with such a serious mien as to carry conviction to the minds of those of his listeners who do not know him so well as some of his friends do. He was speaking the other day at Chamberlain's of the way in which adverse luck will sometimes pursue a man, and remarked that he once played at the White Sulphur Springs and never held a trump. Some one in the company suggested that that was impossible, because he must have held at least one trump every time he dealt the cards. "But," replied the colonel, bringing his fist down on the table in front of him, "every time I dealt it was a misdeal."—New York Tribune.

Stan's Legal Rights. A London correspondent writes from Finland that a property holder in one of the interior towns of the province left a will bequeathing all his possessions to the devil. The dead man's family protested that the will was void, but the Finnish lawyers were disinclined to interfere with the rights of so formidable a personage as the now legat, and the correspondent adds, the devil has become, by legal right at least, a Finnish landowner.—New York Tribune.

Had to Be a Venus. "You are looking lovely to-night, my dear," said Gracie. "I must be," she replied, "because while coming home in a car this afternoon a Philadelphia gentleman gave me his seat."—New York Evening Sun.

Inducements. Said a persuasive Egyptian guide to a traveler who refused to climb the pyramids: "Carry up one side, down the other, twenty minutes, no more broke, and you're very happy, only two shillings."—Youth's Companion.

NEGRO SUPERSTITION. AFRICAN FETTERISM SOFTENED BY CONTACT WITH CIVILIZATION. Charms Worn for Protection Against the Evil One—The Belief in Witches and "Conjur Niggers"—Signs Portending Death—Various Lascivious Notions. The contact of the African with a mighty civilization modified and softened his fetichism, and today his superstition is of a different fiber. He is a firm believer in a personal devil, and accepts him with all time honored stage properties—horns, tail, cloven foot and red pointed ears. For protection against this awful one the negro wore the greatest number of charms. To ward off his familiar the wiches, every negro nailed to his cabin door a horseshoe. This charm, however, had no power unless it had been accidentally found. The "white folks at de big houses" were often presented with one of these witch dollers, and if they failed to use it, the giver, pitying and surreptitiously, nailed it somewhere on "maaster's" premises. Old negro nurses teach their charges that the tangles which after a night's sleep are apt to appear in the hair are knots tied by wiches, and everybody in the southern states is familiar with the darkies' belief that wiches ride horses and are in the dead of night, exhausting their strength. To ward off the approach of any of the foul sisterhood silver dimes and five cent pieces with a hole in them, strung on a cord and suspended from the neck, are considered Odds and ends of bones strung together, and blessed by a Voodoo priestess, constitute a Grigri, which is a marvelous foil against the Evil One. In southern Louisiana there are large numbers of negroes who believe that certain other negroes have commered with Satan, receiving from him a liberal endowment of his diabolic power. These are known as "conjur niggers," who can "hou-doo" you. To insure the ill will of one of them is a grievous misfortune. As every negro, even the most debased, is sure of salvation, and speaks with confidence of his place in heaven, where he will "set de de table eat de white folks," it is not strange that he reveals no signs portending death. His heaven, like the Mussulman's, is one of sensual delights, and corpses and funerals are to him a great joy. To put a black pin into a child's dress, to try on any one's mourning garments, to open an umbrella in the house, to break a looking glass, to carry a spade through the house, are all signs of death. To drive a nail after dark, except in making a coffin, will bring death; and any man so unfortunate as to have three wives will bury six. A spider seen in the morning brings good luck; at noon, disappointment; and in the evening, bad luck. If a black cat enters your house you will receive money; an itching palm denotes the same thing, while an itching sole signifies that you will travel. Should your rat burn, then some one is talking in your favor; but if it be the left, the tongue is evilly treating you, and you must immediately wash that with your own urine. Should you succeed in pulling a hair from your nose, you are your enemy. If a knife, fork or scissors in falling sticks up in the floor, prepare for visitors; also if a black cock crows three times in succession at the back door. The possession of a frizzly hen means good luck to the owner, while two frizzly hens denote a measure of prosperity which rouses the jealousy of "ole Satan." There is a ludicrous belief that to step over the outstretched legs of any one will stop his further growth. But the evil spell which is backward, for by stepping back over the legs they resume their suspended work of development. No work in garden or field can be done without stepping on a worm, and in the same way my family would never make soap except in the full of the moon, and then the soap must be stirred only one way. Her soap stick, of rare virtues and great age, was believed to have certain occult powers, which made it popular among the soap making sisters. Ask a negro man why he wears a brass ring in one ear, and he tells you it will cure sore eyes. Chills and fever are cured by swallowing cobweb pills, and the pain from any insect bite is instantly removed by rubbing the puncture with three kinds of grass. What folly to endure warts when by rubbing them with a piece of stolen fat bacon, and then burying it secretly, the warts will disappear in a few days. So, too, why weary the flesh with looking for a lost article when you need only to throw something away to find the thing mislaid? Your mind, however, must be fixed upon the thing lost to succeed, so that here one of the elements of the faith cure seems to come in. Any lady who throws away the combings after dressing her hair will suffer with headache, for the birds weave this hair into their nests. The young generation of negroes, who are now skinning over the contents of a multitude of text books with high sounding names, are in bond to the same superstitions which enchain their fathers. Not all of the mental and moral philosophy set down in the books with which they are burdened can break the thrall cast by the wits and the conjur man," while the study of the higher mental faculties has not yet developed that reasoning faculty which exercises the incarnate devil with all his gallimaufry of evil spirits into the limbo of unbelief.—Harper's Bazar.

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Inducements. Said a persuasive Egyptian guide to a traveler who refused to climb the pyramids: "Carry up one side, down the other, twenty minutes, no more broke, and you're very happy, only two shillings."—Youth's Companion.

A SINCERE OPINION. An Anecdote of the Earl of Dorset and Lord Dryden. "We talk of writing dryly and dashing off impromptu; how say you if we should try it now? Here are six of us, who are all thought to have some knack of that work; and here are pens, ink and paper ready to our hand. Let us see who can write the best impromptu." He who thus addressed the gay group of London fashionable wits assembled in the chief room of Will's coffee-house (at that time their favorite place of resort) was a tall, handsome man in the prime of life, who still lives in English history as Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, one of the kindest as well as richest men in all England, the friend of all distressed poets, and himself possessed of powers that would have made him a poet of no mean rank if he had but had the luck to be born poor. "Agreed!" cried the rest, with one voice; and "glorious John!" here shall be our umpire." The last words were addressed to a plump little old man with very large bright eyes, who was sitting in a snug corner by the fire, and seemed to be treated with great respect by the whole company, notwithstanding his rather shabby suit of threadbare black. Nor was this without reason; for this quiet old man was no other than John Dryden, the greatest poet whom England had produced for a whole generation. Dryden readily undertook the office of judge, and to work went the whole of six with paper and pen. But to the amazement even of those who best knew his ready wit and wonderful fluency, Lord Dorset finished and folded up his contribution almost before his companions had begun theirs. "You see now, gentlemen," said a laughing voice, "why Charlie proposed this trial to us; he had his 'impromptu' ready beforehand." "Thou canst scarce rail at me for that, Jack," retorted the Earl, "for men say thou hast once written an 'impromptu' which took thee a month to compose." The papers were handed over to Dryden, who had hardly taken time to glance over them when he pronounced that the best was that written by Lord Dorset. All the other competitors looked surprised, as well they might; but the wonder ceased when the contributions were examined, and Dorset's effusion was found to run thus: "Pay to John Dryden, on demand, the Sum of One Hundred Guineas.—Dorset."—David Ker, in Harper's Magazine.

MOTHER GOOSE'S AGE. Interesting Information Concerning America's Most Popular Author. Mother Goose was not a mythical person, nor a non de plume, but a real live woman, who, although she may not have had so many children that she didn't know what to do, and was not compelled to live in a shoe, nevertheless had children, grandchildren, and (probably) great grandchildren of her own before she died at the advanced age of ninety-two. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. She was born in the year 1656, was married to Isaac Goose, or Vergoose as it is written in the description of her contained in the probate of her will in 1698, and died in 1747. The first edition of the songs, which she sang to her grandchildren, was published by Thomas Fleet, in 1761. There is an edition of her works published by Houghton, Osgood & Co., of Boston, well worth perusal by all mothers who would like to know about the good old lady who wrote the lullabys and melodies which are now sung and will continue, doubtless, to be sung for ages yet to come. Mother Goose resided in Charleston, where she was born, until her marriage. She then moved to Boston, where her husband had a home ready to receive her on what is now Washington street. She was Mr. Goose's second wife, and began her maternal life as step-mother to ten children. This numerous fact was probably the cause of her writing the touching melody of "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," especially as we learn that she afterward had six children of her own. One of her own children became the wife of Thomas Fleet, the publisher of the "Melodies by Mother Goose." And as Mother Goose's first grandchild was born she insisted on going to live with her son-in-law as nurse to his son. She sang lullabies to this grandchild from morning till night—"Goose, go to bed, Where do you wander? Up stairs and down stairs, And in my lady's chamber," etc.—until her son-in-law became alarmed at the fertility of her genius for making this kind of rhyme. Mr. Fleet took down the various songs she sung until he had a book full, which he printed. This book had a great sale, and it is needless to say, has increased in popularity until this day, so that there is scarcely a child in the land that does not know Mother Goose by name, and her melodies by heart. She was left a widow in 1710.—Chicago Mail.

Experience Teachers. "Mister," said a countryman to a Sixth Avenue dry goods dealer, "I want to get a shawl for a purty little girl down at Starin's Corners. You needn't say nothin' 'bout it to the newspapers, cos I want to keep it quiet, but we're goin' to be married in a month an' I'm thinkin' of givin' her a shawl. Suthin' like 'up-an'-sums'." "I can show you a fine line of India shawls, sir." "N-no, I guess I don't want them. I had a pair of meecumins onct, an' I'm dinged if the beads didn't fall off 'em."—N. Y. Sun.