

MEN have fought and died for this flag. We do not ask you to fight and die, but we would be pleased to give you a receipt for the TELEPHONE-REGISTER for one year. Price, \$2. Best Paper in the County.

The Telephone-Register.

HARDING & HEATH, Druggists.
McMinnville, Oregon.
Telephone-Register.
This Every Year.
PUBLIC OPINION, M. D.

Circulation Guaranteed Greater Than That of Any Other Paper Published in Yamhill County.

REGISTER—Established August, 1881.
TELEPHONE—Established June, 1898.
Consolidated Feb. 1, 1889.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1890.

VO. II. NO. 24.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

H. BALLINGER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office in Fletcher building, Third Street,
McMinnville, Oregon.

DR. J. C. MICHAUX

Practicing Physician and Surgeon,
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

S. A. YOUNG, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon,
McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

Office and residence on D street. All
calls promptly answered day or night.

J. F. CALBREATH, E. E. GOUCHER.

Calbreath & Goucher,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

(Office over Braly's Bank.)

J. D. Baker, M. D.,

SURGEON AND HOMEOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN.

Office at B. F. Fuller's drug store. Residence,
first house south of Baptist church,
McMinnville, Or.

The St. Charles Hotel.

Sample rooms in connection.

Is now fitted up in first class order.

Accommodations as good as can be
found in the city.

S. E. MESSINGER, Manager.

McMINNVILLE

TRUCK AND DRAY CO.,

CARLIN & HIGH, Proprietors.

Goods of all descriptions moved and care-
ful handling guaranteed. Collections will
be made monthly. Hauling of all kinds
done cheap.

B. F. RHODES, M. D. L. RHODES,
(NOTARY.)

RHODES & RHODES,

Real Estate, Insurance, Collection,
and Loan Brokers.

McMinnville Oregon,
Office in old Post-office Building.

McMINNVILLE NATIONAL BANK.

Corner Third and C streets, in Braly block,
McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

Transacts a General Banking Business.

President.....J. W. COWLES

Vice President.....LEE LAUGHLIN

Cashier.....J. L. STRATTON

Sells sight exchange and telegraphic
transfers on Portland, San Francisco and
New York.

Collections made on all accessible points.
Interest allowed on time deposits.

Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Eurisko Market,

J. S. HIBBS, Proprietor.

Fresh Meats of all kinds constantly on
hand. Highest price paid for "Butcher's
stock."

THIRD STREET, McMINNVILLE, OR.

TRIPLETT & BOND,

Proprietors of the
PEOPLE'S MARKET.

The nearest place in the city. Animals
carefully selected for killing—insuring the
finest meat. Poultry, etc., bought and
sold. Highest market price paid for every-
thing.

WM. HOLL,

Watchmaker
and Jeweler.

Dealer in All Kinds of Watches, Jewelry, Plated Ware,
Clocks and Spectacles. McMINNVILLE, OR.

MONEY TO LOAN

Improved Farm Property

On Short or Long Time in Sums to suit.
Lowest Rates and no Commissions.

INSURANCE NEGOTIATED.

Call on or address:
W. T. SHURTLEFF,

At J. L. Kight & Co.'s McMinnville, Or.

HEWITT BROS.

DEALERS IN

BOOKS, STATIONERY

AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

Musical Foods and Instruments
of all Kinds.

In building formerly occupied by Mc
Minnville News Co.

Furniture Factory,

B. CLARK, PROPRIETOR.

Furniture of all the Latest Styles made to
order in Oak, Ash or any Wood
desired.

FINE WORKMANSHIP A SPECIALTY!

Orders taken for all kinds of work and
satisfaction guaranteed. Call at factory
and see specimens of furniture.

Do not buy without first seeing the furniture
manufactured here in your own state and
county.

B. CLARK.

Prices Consistent with Good Work.

Six Rooms for Sale!

A SIX ROOMED HOUSE AND TWO
LOTS, 100x100 feet, price, \$800; or with
three lots, 100x150 feet, \$900; or four lots,
100x200 feet, with barn, \$1100. A good variety
of fruit trees, new fence and sidewalk.
I also have fourteen other good residence
lots for sale at from \$75 to \$100 per lot, or a
good block for \$700, or a half block for
\$350. Call or address me on the premises,
three blocks north of the courthouse, Mc-
Minnville, Yamhill county, Oregon.
(April 10th) A. D. SIMPSON.

JOHN DEERY, JESSE EDWARDS,

Edwards & Deery,

Proprietors of The McMinnville

TILE FACTORY TILE

Situated at the Southwest corner of the
Fair Grounds. All sizes of

First-Class Drain Tile

kept constantly on hand at lowest living
prices. EDWARDS & DEERY,
McMinnville, Oregon.

H. CLAY BURCH,

Real Estate, Collection, Insurance
and Employment Agent.

Money to Loan.

Any business entrusted to me will receive
prompt attention, and SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED.

OFFICE WITH W. T. SHURTLEFF.

Harness and Saddles.

ELSIA WRIGHT.

Carries the Largest Assortment of
Harness and Saddles and also the
LARGEST STOCK IN YAMHILL COUNTY.

Harness of all kinds Made to Order. Re-
pairing Saddle Done.

Robes, Whips and all the Necessaries
are Kept in Stock in Endless
Variety.

Call and See Stock. Store on Third Street,
McMinnville, Oregon.

The Leaders In

PLUMBING

And all kinds of

PIPE WORK.

IS GLENN & GRIFFITH.

Bath Tubs and Sinks,

Hot Water Boilers,
Wash Basins, Etc.

WE CAN FIT YOUR HOUSE
WITH HOT AND COLD
WATER.

All work done in first class order.
Give us a Call.

GLENN & GRIFFITH,
Third St. McMinnville.

5
TON SCALES
\$66

Beam Scale
\$45.00
Send for Terms

JONES
OF
BINGHAMTON
N. Y.

ADVERTISING SPACES in this paper, or obtain estimates
on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at
45 to 49 Randolph St.

The Advertising Agency of
LORD & THOMAS.

A PRIVATE.

Rudyard Kipling is the lionized literary man of the hour. In England he has nearly succeeded Stanley in the affections of the people. His writings are more than ordinary merit. The following is a sample from his pen:

Hurray! hurray! a soldier's life for me! Shoot, boys, shoot! for it makes you jolly and free.

—The Ramrod Corps.

People who have seen, state that one of the quaintest spectacles of human frailty is an outbreak of hysterics in a girl's school. It starts without warning, generally on a hot afternoon among the elder pupils. A girl giggles till the giggles get beyond control. Then she throws up her head and goes "Honk, honk, honk!" like a wild goose, and tears mingle with the laughter. If the mistress be wise, she will say something at this point to check matters. If she be tender-hearted and send for a drink of water, the chances are against her, for another girl laughing at the afflicted one, and herself collapsing. Thus the trouble spreads, and may end in half of what answers to the Lower Sixth of a boys' school rocking and whooping together. Given a week of warm weather, two stately promenades per diem, a heavy mutton and rice meal in the middle of the day, a certain amount of nagging from the teachers, and a few other things, some really amazing effects can be secured. At least, this is what folk say who have had experience.

Now, the mother superior of a convent and the colonel of a British infantry regiment would be justly shocked at any comparison being made between their respective charges. But it is a trifle of water, the chances are against her, for another girl laughing at the afflicted one, and herself collapsing. Thus the trouble spreads, and may end in half of what answers to the Lower Sixth of a boys' school rocking and whooping together. Given a week of warm weather, two stately promenades per diem, a heavy mutton and rice meal in the middle of the day, a certain amount of nagging from the teachers, and a few other things, some really amazing effects can be secured. At least, this is what folk say who have had experience.

But the fancy that came to him most frequently and stayed with him longest, was one connected with the great roll of fat under Lesson's right ear. He noticed it first on a moonlight night. "Thomas isn't a brute, and his business demands that she shall have his ammunition to his hand. He doesn't wear silk stockings and he really ought to be supplied with a new adjective to help him express his opinion; but, for all that, he is a great man. If you call him 'the heroic defender of the national honor' today, and 'a brutal and licentious soldier' the next you naturally howler him, and he looks upon you with suspicion. There is nobody to speak for Thomas except people who have theories to work off on him; and nobody understands Thomas except Thomas, and he does not know what is the matter with himself.

That is the prologue. This is the story: Corporal Slane was engaged to be married to Miss Jhanst McKenna, whose history is well known in the regiment and elsewhere. He had secured his colonel's leave, and being popular with the men, every arrangement had been made to give the wedding what Private Ortheris called "reklar." It fell in the heart of the hot weather, and after the wedding Slane was going up to the Hills with the bride. None the less, Slane's grievance was that the affair would only be a hired carriage wedding, and he felt that the "reklar" of that was meager. Miss McKenna did not care so much. The sergeant's wife was helping her to make her wedding dress, and she was very busy. Slane was, just then, the only moderately contented man in the barracks. All the rest were more or less miserable.

And they had so much to make them happy, too! All their work was over at 8 in the morning, and for the rest of the day they could lie on their backs and smoke Canteen plug and swear at the punkah-coolies. They enjoyed a fine full meal in the middle of the day, and then threw themselves down on their cots and sweated and slept till it was cool enough to go out with the less "towny," whose vocabulary contained 600 words, and the adjective, and whose views on every conceivable question they had heard many months before.

There was the Canteen, of course, and there was the temperance room with the second-hand papers in it; but a man of any profession cannot read for eight hours a day in a temperature of 96 or 98 degrees in the shade, nor up sometimes to 103 degrees at midnight. Very few men even though they get a pannikin of flat, stale beer and hide it under their cot can continue drinking for six hours a day. One man tried but he died, and nearly the whole regiment went to his funeral because it gave them something to do. It was too early for the modified excitement of fever and cholera. The men could only wait and wait and wait, and watch the shadow of the barracks creeping across the blinding white dust. That was a gay life!

They lounged about canteens—it was to hot for any sort of game and almost too hot for Vice—and fuddled themselves in the evening and filled themselves to distention with the healthy nitrogenous food provided them and the more they stoked the less exercise they took and the more explosive they grew. Then the tempers began to wear away and the men fell a-brooding over insults real or imaginary. They had nothing else to think of. The tone of the "reparates" changed, and instead of saying "light-heartedly," "I'll knock your silly face in," men grew laboriously polite and hinted that the canteens were not large enough for themselves and their enemy, and that there would be more space for one of the two in a place which it is not possible to mention.

It may have been the devil who arranged the thing, but the fact of the case is that Lesson had for a long time been worrying Simmons in an aimless way. It gave him occupation. The two men had their cots side by side, and would sometimes spend a long after-noon swearing at each other; but Simmons was afraid of Lesson and dared not challenge him to a fight. He thought over the words in the still, hot nights, and half the hate he felt toward Lesson he vented on the wretched punkah-coolie.

Lesson bought a parrot in the bazaar, and put it into a little cage, and lowered the cage into the cool darkness of a well and sat on the curb shouting bad language down to the parrot. He taught it to say, "Simmons, ye so-soor," which means swine, and several things unfit for publication. He was a big, gross man, and he shook like a jelly when the parrot caught the sentence correctly. Simmons, however, shook with rage for all that room was laughing at him—the parrot was such a repulsive puff-broke green feathers, and looked so human when it chattered. Lesson used to sit, swinging his fat legs on the side of the cot, and ask the parrot what it thought of Simmons. The parrot would answer, "Simmons, ye so-soor." "Good boy," Lesson used to say, scratching the parrot's head; "ye 'ear that Sim?" And Simmons used to turn over on his stomach and make answer: "I 'ear. Take 'eed you don't 'ear something some of these days."

In the restless nights after he had been asleep all day, fits of blind rage came upon Simmons and held him till he trembled, while he thought in how many ways he would say Lesson. Sometimes he would picture himself trampling the life out of the man with heavy ammunition belts, and others smashing in his face with the butt, at others jumping on his shoulders and dragging the head back till the neck-bone cracked. Then his mouth would feel hot and fevered and then he would reach out for another sup of beer in the pannikin.

But the fancy that came to him most frequently and stayed with him longest, was one connected with the great roll of fat under Lesson's right ear. He noticed it first on a moonlight night.

"Thomas isn't a brute, and his business demands that she shall have his ammunition to his hand. He doesn't wear silk stockings and he really ought to be supplied with a new adjective to help him express his opinion; but, for all that, he is a great man. If you call him 'the heroic defender of the national honor' today, and 'a brutal and licentious soldier' the next you naturally howler him, and he looks upon you with suspicion. There is nobody to speak for Thomas except people who have theories to work off on him; and nobody understands Thomas except Thomas, and he does not know what is the matter with himself.

That is the prologue. This is the story: Corporal Slane was engaged to be married to Miss Jhanst McKenna, whose history is well known in the regiment and elsewhere. He had secured his colonel's leave, and being popular with the men, every arrangement had been made to give the wedding what Private Ortheris called "reklar." It fell in the heart of the hot weather, and after the wedding Slane was going up to the Hills with the bride. None the less, Slane's grievance was that the affair would only be a hired carriage wedding, and he felt that the "reklar" of that was meager. Miss McKenna did not care so much. The sergeant's wife was helping her to make her wedding dress, and she was very busy. Slane was, just then, the only moderately contented man in the barracks. All the rest were more or less miserable.

And they had so much to make them happy, too! All their work was over at 8 in the morning, and for the rest of the day they could lie on their backs and smoke Canteen plug and swear at the punkah-coolies. They enjoyed a fine full meal in the middle of the day, and then threw themselves down on their cots and sweated and slept till it was cool enough to go out with the less "towny," whose vocabulary contained 600 words, and the adjective, and whose views on every conceivable question they had heard many months before.

There was the Canteen, of course, and there was the temperance room with the second-hand papers in it; but a man of any profession cannot read for eight hours a day in a temperature of 96 or 98 degrees in the shade, nor up sometimes to 103 degrees at midnight. Very few men even though they get a pannikin of flat, stale beer and hide it under their cot can continue drinking for six hours a day. One man tried but he died, and nearly the whole regiment went to his funeral because it gave them something to do. It was too early for the modified excitement of fever and cholera. The men could only wait and wait and wait, and watch the shadow of the barracks creeping across the blinding white dust. That was a gay life!

They lounged about canteens—it was to hot for any sort of game and almost too hot for Vice—and fuddled themselves in the evening and filled themselves to distention with the healthy nitrogenous food provided them and the more they stoked the less exercise they took and the more explosive they grew. Then the tempers began to wear away and the men fell a-brooding over insults real or imaginary. They had nothing else to think of. The tone of the "reparates" changed, and instead of saying "light-heartedly," "I'll knock your silly face in," men grew laboriously polite and hinted that the canteens were not large enough for themselves and their enemy, and that there would be more space for one of the two in a place which it is not possible to mention.

It may have been the devil who arranged the thing, but the fact of the case is that Lesson had for a long time been worrying Simmons in an aimless way. It gave him occupation. The two men had their cots side by side, and would sometimes spend a long after-noon swearing at each other; but Simmons was afraid of Lesson and dared not challenge him to a fight. He thought over the words in the still, hot nights, and half the hate he felt toward Lesson he vented on the wretched punkah-coolie.

Lesson bought a parrot in the bazaar, and put it into a little cage, and lowered the cage into the cool darkness of a well and sat on the curb shouting bad language down to the parrot. He taught it to say, "Simmons, ye so-soor," which means swine, and several things unfit for publication. He was a big, gross man, and he shook like a jelly when the parrot caught the sentence correctly. Simmons, however, shook with rage for all that room was laughing at him—the parrot was such a repulsive puff-broke green feathers, and looked so human when it chattered. Lesson used to sit, swinging his fat legs on the side of the cot, and ask the parrot what it thought of Simmons. The parrot would answer, "Simmons, ye so-soor." "Good boy," Lesson used to say, scratching the parrot's head; "ye 'ear that Sim?" And Simmons used to turn over on his stomach and make answer: "I 'ear. Take 'eed you don't 'ear something some of these days."

In the restless nights after he had been asleep all day, fits of blind rage came upon Simmons and held him till he trembled, while he thought in how many ways he would say Lesson. Sometimes he would picture himself trampling the life out of the man with heavy ammunition belts, and others smashing in his face with the butt, at others jumping on his shoulders and dragging the head back till the neck-bone cracked. Then his mouth would feel hot and fevered and then he would reach out for another sup of beer in the pannikin.

But the fancy that came to him most frequently and stayed with him longest, was one connected with the great roll of fat under Lesson's right ear. He noticed it first on a moonlight night.

"Thomas isn't a brute, and his business demands that she shall have his ammunition to his hand. He doesn't wear silk stockings and he really ought to be supplied with a new adjective to help him express his opinion; but, for all that, he is a great man. If you call him 'the heroic defender of the national honor' today, and 'a brutal and licentious soldier' the next you naturally howler him, and he looks upon you with suspicion. There is nobody to speak for Thomas except people who have theories to work off on him; and nobody understands Thomas except Thomas, and he does not know what is the matter with himself.

That is the prologue. This is the story: Corporal Slane was engaged to be married to Miss Jhanst McKenna, whose history is well known in the regiment and elsewhere. He had secured his colonel's leave, and being popular with the men, every arrangement had been made to give the wedding what Private Ortheris called "reklar." It fell in the heart of the hot weather, and after the wedding Slane was going up to the Hills with the bride. None the less, Slane's grievance was that the affair would only be a hired carriage wedding, and he felt that the "reklar" of that was meager. Miss McKenna did not care so much. The sergeant's wife was helping her to make her wedding dress, and she was very busy. Slane was, just then, the only moderately contented man in the barracks. All the rest were more or less miserable.

And they had so much to make them happy, too! All their work was over at 8 in the morning, and for the rest of the day they could lie on their backs and smoke Canteen plug and swear at the punkah-coolies. They enjoyed a fine full meal in the middle of the day, and then threw themselves down on their cots and sweated and slept till it was cool enough to go out with the less "towny," whose vocabulary contained 600 words, and the adjective, and whose views on every conceivable question they had heard many months before.

There was the Canteen, of course, and there was the temperance room with the second-hand papers in it; but a man of any profession cannot read for eight hours a day in a temperature of 96 or 98 degrees in the shade, nor up sometimes to 103 degrees at midnight. Very few men even though they get a pannikin of flat, stale beer and hide it under their cot can continue drinking for six hours a day. One man tried but he died, and nearly the whole regiment went to his funeral because it gave them something to do. It was too early for the modified excitement of fever and cholera. The men could only wait and wait and wait, and watch the shadow of the barracks creeping across the blinding white dust. That was a gay life!

They lounged about canteens—it was to hot for any sort of game and almost too hot for Vice—and fuddled themselves in the evening and filled themselves to distention with the healthy nitrogenous food provided them and the more they stoked the less exercise they took and the more explosive they grew. Then the tempers began to wear away and the men fell a-brooding over insults real or imaginary. They had nothing else to think of. The tone of the "reparates" changed, and instead of saying "light-heartedly," "I'll knock your silly face in," men grew laboriously polite and hinted that the canteens were not large enough for themselves and their enemy, and that there would be more space for one of the two in a place which it is not possible to mention.

It may have been the devil who arranged the thing, but the fact of the case is that Lesson had for a long time been worrying Simmons in an aimless way. It gave him occupation. The two men had their cots side by side, and would sometimes spend a long after-noon swearing at each other; but Simmons was afraid of Lesson and dared not challenge him to a fight. He thought over the words in the still, hot nights, and half the hate he felt toward Lesson he vented on the wretched punkah-coolie.

Lesson bought a parrot in the bazaar, and put it into a little cage, and lowered the cage into the cool darkness of a well and sat on the curb shouting bad language down to the parrot. He taught it to say, "Simmons, ye so-soor," which means swine, and several things unfit for publication. He was a big, gross man, and he shook like a jelly when the parrot caught the sentence correctly. Simmons, however, shook with rage for all that room was laughing at him—the parrot was such a repulsive puff-broke green feathers, and looked so human when it chattered. Lesson used to sit, swinging his fat legs on the side of the cot, and ask the parrot what it thought of Simmons. The parrot would answer, "Simmons, ye so-soor." "Good boy," Lesson used to say, scratching the parrot's head; "ye 'ear that Sim?" And Simmons used to turn over on his stomach and make answer: "I 'ear. Take 'eed you don't 'ear something some of these days."

In the restless nights after he had been asleep all day, fits of blind rage came upon Simmons and held him till he trembled, while he thought in how many ways he would say Lesson. Sometimes he would picture himself trampling the life out of the man with heavy ammunition belts, and others smashing in his face with the butt, at others jumping on his shoulders and dragging the head back till the neck-bone cracked. Then his mouth would feel hot and fevered and then he would reach out for another sup of beer in the pannikin.

But the fancy that came to him most frequently and stayed with him longest, was one connected with the great roll of fat under Lesson's right ear. He noticed it first on a moonlight night.

"Thomas isn't a brute, and his business demands that she shall have his ammunition to his hand. He doesn't wear silk stockings and he really ought to be supplied with a new adjective to help him express his opinion; but, for all that, he is a great man. If you call him 'the heroic defender of the national honor' today, and 'a brutal and licentious soldier' the next you naturally howler him, and he looks upon you with suspicion. There is nobody to speak for Thomas except people who have theories to work off on him; and nobody understands Thomas except Thomas, and he does not know what is the matter with himself.

That is the prologue. This is the story: Corporal Slane was engaged to be married to Miss Jhanst McKenna, whose history is well known in the regiment and elsewhere. He had secured his colonel's leave, and being popular with the men, every arrangement had been made to give the wedding what Private Ortheris called "reklar." It fell in the heart of the hot weather, and after the wedding Slane was going up to the Hills with the bride. None the less, Slane's grievance was that the affair would only be a hired carriage wedding, and he felt that the "reklar" of that was meager. Miss McKenna did not care so much. The sergeant's wife was helping her to make her wedding dress, and she was very busy. Slane was, just then, the only moderately contented man in the barracks. All the rest were more or less miserable.

And they had so much to make them happy, too! All their work was over at 8 in the morning, and for the rest of the day they could lie on their backs and smoke Canteen plug and swear at the punkah-coolies. They enjoyed a fine full meal in the middle of the day, and then threw themselves down on their cots and sweated and slept till it was cool enough to go out with the less "towny," whose vocabulary contained 600 words, and the adjective, and whose views on every conceivable question they had heard many months before.

There was the Canteen, of course, and there was the temperance room with the second-hand papers in it; but a man of any profession cannot read for eight hours a day in a temperature of 96 or 98 degrees in the shade, nor up sometimes to 103 degrees at midnight. Very few men even though they get a pannikin of flat, stale beer and hide it under their cot can continue drinking for six hours a day. One man tried but he died, and nearly the whole regiment went to his funeral because it gave them something to do. It was too early for the modified excitement of fever and cholera. The men could only wait and wait and wait, and watch the shadow of the barracks creeping across the blinding white dust. That was a gay life!

They lounged about canteens—it was to hot for any sort of game and almost too hot for Vice—and fuddled themselves in the evening and filled themselves to distention with the healthy nitrogenous food provided them and the more they stoked the less exercise they took and the more explosive they grew. Then the tempers began to wear away and the men fell a-brooding over insults real or imaginary. They had nothing else to think of. The tone of the "reparates" changed, and instead of saying "light-heartedly," "I'll knock your silly face in," men grew laboriously polite and hinted that the canteens were not large enough for themselves and their enemy, and that there would be more space for one of the two in a place which it is not possible to mention.

It may have been the devil who arranged the thing, but the fact of the case is that Lesson had for a long time been worrying Simmons in an aimless way. It gave him occupation. The two men had their cots side by side, and would sometimes spend a long after-noon swearing at each other; but Simmons was afraid of Lesson and dared not challenge him to a fight. He thought over the words in the still, hot nights, and half the hate he felt toward Lesson he vented on the wretched punkah-coolie.

Lesson bought a parrot in the bazaar, and put it into a little cage, and lowered the cage into the cool darkness of a well and sat on the curb shouting bad language down to the parrot. He taught it to say, "Simmons, ye so-soor," which means swine, and several things unfit for publication. He was a big, gross man, and he shook like a jelly when the parrot caught the sentence correctly. Simmons, however, shook with rage for all that room was laughing at him—the parrot was such a repulsive puff-broke green feathers, and looked so human when it chattered. Lesson used to sit, swinging his fat legs on the side of the cot, and ask the parrot what it thought of Simmons. The parrot would answer, "Simmons, ye so-soor." "Good boy," Lesson used to say, scratching the parrot's head; "ye 'ear that Sim?" And Simmons used to turn over on his stomach and make answer: "I 'ear. Take 'eed you don't 'ear something some of these days."

In the restless nights after he had been asleep all day, fits of blind rage came upon Simmons and held him till he trembled, while he thought in how many ways he would say Lesson. Sometimes he would picture himself trampling the life out of the man with heavy ammunition belts, and others smashing in his face with the butt, at others jumping on his shoulders and dragging the head back till the neck-bone cracked. Then his mouth would feel hot and fevered and then he would reach out for another sup of beer in the pannikin.

THE FALSE PROPHET'S SON

He Says He will Avenge His Father when He Becomes a Man.

An officer of the French government while visiting a school near Paris the other day saw some bright-eyed black boys among the pupils. He called one of them, a lad about thirteen years old to him and asked him what he intended to do when he became a man. "I shall avenge the death of my father," was the quick response.

The French government will doubtless take good care, says the New York Sun, that the son of Mahmadu Lamine never has an opportunity to avenge his father's tragic death. They will not repeat the blunder they made five years ago when Mahmadu Lamine appeared in Senegal, on the Senegal river, a suppliant for friendship and assistance, and was treated by the French with honor and dismissed with presents. Three months later the humble suppliant was filling a great region between the Senegal and the Gambia with war, burning French posts, killing French traders, beheading chiefs who opposed him, rallying all the tribes to his standard, and