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ABOUT MISTAKEN WIT.

THE PIPE IN GRANDFATHER'S MOUTH —HOW GRANDMAMMA DANCED.

Will You Have Some Claret?—Caricatures Not Relished by Their Subjects—"Don't Laugh at Your Own Jests"—When to Be Funny and When Not to Be Funny.

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We sometimes hear persons playfully warned "not to be so funny or they will hurt themselves."

But it is quite true that mistaken ideas of humor often do result in misfortune to the humorist, and one generally feels that the misfortune is well enough deserved.

I knew one young man who cut himself out of his grandfather's will by sketching a pipe as coming out of the mouth of that venerable gentleman's portrait, and a young lady who lost the gift of her grandmother's brocade dress of unknown value by humorously illustrating the old lady's probable style of dancing in her youth.

As for more severe practical jokes, few persons in these days are so regardless of decorum as to practice them, and yet some are. Not a year ago I heard a gentleman ask a lady sitting at the same table with me whether she had ever tasted an especial brand of Burgundy. She said no, and he rejoined, "Permit me to pass you the bottle." She took it and tipped gently and then more strenuously, until it became evident that it was empty, whereupon not only the donor but his wife began to laugh and look about for applause. The victim of the joke laughed also, but not pleasantly, and rejoined, "You might as well have given me your own head."

The joker ceased laughing and angrily demanded, "Why?"

"Because there's nothing of value in it," replied the lady, and there were two enemies for life, not to count the man's wife and as many of the lady's family as she chose to complain to.

Another practical joke which came under my notice was the contriving that two very susceptible young people should discuss "spoons" in an arbor where a wag was hidden, who, imitating the girl's father, suddenly cried out: "Unhand them, villain! My ducats and my daughter!" and then fled, but was pursued and caught in the midst of his accomplices, and so was started a feud that no time will heal.

But apart from such crass brutalities as these how many persons sow endless regrets for themselves and others by mistaken humor. Most women are sensitive as to their age. It may be foolish, but it is almost universal, and there is no intimacy, no degree of relationship, no *sensibleness* on the part of the recipient, that can make a jest that turns upon *age* acceptable to a woman, or for that matter to a man, for the lords of creation have a great deal more petty vanity than they wish to take credit for. I once heard a bachelor of about 50 dogmatically asserting that Washington's inauguration day was very hot. The question was discussed until at last one young lady flippantly remarked, "Well, since Mr. So-and-so was there and saw it we must believe it." Poor So-and-so always has a spiteful word for that girl's name whenever it is mentioned.

Nor do any circumstances or relationship make a caricature of him or herself acceptable or funny to its subject. There are very few of us who might not be caricatured by a clever draughtsman so as to make all our friends shake with laughter, but not one of them nor would the artist himself find a caricature of their or his own peculiarities one-tenth part so funny; in fact, most of us would quietly set up an abiding dislike to the perpetrator of this admirable jest.

Nor is it ever safe to jest upon another's mistakes in social or educational matters.

"Just fancy what my wife said when Professor Lunis asked her if she thoroughly understood his theory of asteroids. She asked if they weren't a kind of punctuation marks! Thought he meant asterisks!" So said a great, stupid, good natured man the other night in company, and had no idea his wife would rather he had surreptitiously pinched her black and blue.

Nor, if you would keep your friend, ever point out or narrate or seem to perceive anything absurd in connection with him or her. No matter how ridiculous he looked running for the train, with his coat tails flying out behind, don't make a good story of it, whether in his presence or absence. No matter how funny her attitude and expression were when the mouse seemed bound in seeking refuge under her skirts—if you tell anybody else half you think about it you will win a laugh and very probably lose a friend.

"I never since have dared to be as funny as I can," says Holmes, and for various reasons a good many humorists might echo the confession.

Another class of mistaken wit is that by which a rather slow and simple person is made the target for some sharp shooter's stinging arrows for the amusement of a listening crowd. In the first place few people are as obtuse as they appear, and many a man who has not the wit to retort quite comprehends the hidden gibes and innuendoes and almost insults the jester is launching at his seemingly stolid comprehension. I was once present at a most painful scene, where the rather deaf, exceedingly commonplace and decidedly disagreeable head of a house suddenly remarked to a guest: "Madam, I have always thought it very ill manners to allude, in the presence of visitors, to family matters from which they are excluded, and I will therefore mention that when my sons use the term 'rish' to describe anything especially slow, tiresome and stupid they mean 'fatherish,' which is with them the synonym of all these qualities.

Those young men were very witty fellows, but I must confess that I have seldom seen a confessed fool look more foolish than they then did.

A phase of this dangerous form of wit is that whereby a bright girl or young married woman seeks to sparkle in the eyes of certain of her admirers by making of others a whetstone for her satire. The butt of her ridicule, however clever, however polished her rapier play may be, feels each thrust with smarting anger, and the bystanders, although they laugh and applaud, go away whispering in each other's ears: "What a tongue! I'm glad she's not my wife!" And to my mind more girls have failed to attract the men whose admiration they wished through their wit than through their stupidity. A man's ideal woman—that is, the ideal woman for a wife—is, I fancy, never very witty, and in fact may be decidedly stupid, but invariably she must be amiable, smiling, sweet, patient, and in a word comfortable, and these qualities seldom exist with wit.

Another mistaken form of wit is the irrepressible, and this is more often found among men than women. Who does not know him, usually middle aged, often a bachelor, but sometimes the product of a course of female adulation administered by wife, mother and sisters! Conversation with such a person as this becomes impossible, for he regards whatever you may say as a mere opening for his own brilliancy.

"I have lost my father since I saw you," induces the reply:

"He's gone farther but not to fare worse," or perhaps, "Profit and loss I trust it will prove."

I know a person of this sort to whom it is impossible to narrate anything; he is so busy in looking for an opening for his own jokes that he cannot follow the thread of any story or take a rational interest in any discussion. I once wrote a note inviting him to lunch to meet a stranger, but added, "And please not to make any puns and very few jokes, as this gentleman is not capable of appreciating humor, and might think himself insulted."

Another mistaken humorist is he who appreciates his own jests more than anybody else does, and begins by saying: "I'll tell you the funniest thing! You'll just die of laughing," and laughs so immoderately himself that you can hardly gather what he says, and feel much more like yawning than smiling.

The most successful manner of jesting is the unconscious, and nobody ever made me laugh so much as a long, lean, sallow, lantern jawed western man, who used to sit looking as if he were at his mother's funeral, and in a low, monotonous voice without a smile in it tell stories absolutely painful in their mirth compelling quality.

Two most objectionable forms of humor are the indelicate and the profane, and I am happy in believing that these are largely going out of fashion among decent people, or, at any rate, in the presence of people of another turn of mind.

No matter how funny such a jest or such a story may be, it is emphatically a mistaken form of wit, and I for one always feel that I have received an injury by having an association of ideas forced upon me which I may never be able to forget, and by which things that I might reverence or admire, or matters of which I have hitherto taken no thought, become subjects of annoyance and mortification, for no woman wishes to understand, or to appear to understand, a *double entendre*, and to force her to do so is both an insult and an injury.

Another odious form of humor is what college boys call *hazing*, and consists in the united attack of a certain number of persons upon a solitary victim. There are persons whose lives are made a weariness and a burden to them through this kind of persecution, who never can get anybody to treat them seriously, who are in the position of Victor Hugo's *L'Homme qui Rit*, and never open their mouths on the most solemn or tender subject without being greeted with derision and jocose replies.

This form of humorous persecution is often seen in families where all seem to have tacitly agreed to make some one member the butt of all the rest, and I have often been present at scenes that reminded me of a pack of terriers worrying a poor pussy unable either to escape or to defend herself. Of course it is "all in fun" and not maliciously intended, and probably if the victim were seriously ill or in great visible affliction the terriers would become sympathetic brothers and sisters, father and mother, husband or wife, but until the matter comes to some such issue nobody guesses the pangs of humiliation, anger, wounded feeling and even growing hatred that a long course of mistaken wit can induce in its object.

I have quoted the father whose sons used "rish" as a synonym for stupid, dunce, or blundering, and I also knew a wife and mother to whom nature had been unkind in inducing an enormous bulk and unwieldy figure. Her husband was a witty man, and his two daughters inherited this talent as well as a slight and elegant figure. No doubt they were fond of the mother, who was on her part blindly devoted to them, but one could hardly pass an hour in their society without hearing some jocose allusion to her peculiarities. Sometimes she was called "Jumbo," and asked if she could pick up needles and hated tailors, and sometimes Barnum's fat lady and sometimes "Hippie," as short for hippopotamus. If the family went to drive there was always a jocose discussion as to the safety of the carriage springs and the cruelty to the horse.

If she was to go in a boat there was an outcry that she must be put in the middle, or plenty of ballast taken in to counterbalance her weight, or a wonder if the sheathing of the boat would stand such pressure; in fact, the manners and forms of gibe were manifold, but all came to the same end, and in spite of great self control and dignity on the part of the sufferer, I have too often seen the sudden flush, or the compressed lips, or the glistening eye, to doubt whether the family victim felt her position or not. At last the father died, and it was observed that the widow did not mourn as one utterly broken hearted, and also it was observed that she found her companies and her occupation as far as possible from her daughters. Probably the wittiest of strangers would not consider it appropriate to jest her upon her figure, and she preferred loneliness to humiliation.

In fact, to sum the whole thing up, personal peculiarities are mistaken objects of humor, and so is anything that shall injure the *amour propre* of the subject, or anything that shall expose him to the ridicule of others, or anything that shall throw an atmosphere of absurdity around him and his future utterances or actions. To monopolize the conversation, or to intrude our jests upon other people's serious moods, or to herald them with one's own approval, or to laugh while one tries to make others laugh, or to make puns where the taste of the hearer revolts at that form of humor, or to insist upon being funny when your hearers prefer to be serious, or to be indelicate, or to be irreverent of matters sacred to your hearers, whether it be the holy cats of the Ganges, the "control" of a Spiritualist, the fetich of a Theosophist, or those matters once universally regarded as holy, whatever the thing may be, if it is a thing held sacred by your auditor, it should be sacred from your wit.

In fact, it is very easy to tell what is mistaken wit, but I have not undertaken to tell, nor do I intend to attempt telling, what is real wit. Suffice it to say that, like the poetic afflatus, it is "*nascitur non fit*"—born, but not manufactured.

Mrs Frank Leslie

Improved Smoking Arrangements.

Quite a change appears to be taking place in the general opinion as to the best arrangement of smoking room accommodations on some classes of passenger trains, and it is quite possible that the common smoking car will before long cease to form a part of the better class of trains. Quite a number of railroads have constructed their chair cars with smoking rooms of sufficient capacity to provide accommodations for the occupants of each car. The practice of thus furnishing a smoking room for each car is rapidly extending to the common day coaches, and a number of very prominent roads are putting a smoking compartment in nearly every car.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Signor Crispi, the Italian prime minister, is a man of 70, tall, thin and surprisingly active for one of his years. He laughs incessantly. His mouth is large, his eyes are piercing and he is completely bald. He wears jeweled rings on every finger and his shirt studs are diamonds.

The Fashions of Paris.

The late fall styles are so pretty and coquettish that even a plain woman may look pretty in them if she only knows herself, her failings and her best points, and dresses to make the best of the worst ones and enhance the best. Two of the prettiest of the season depend upon the ensemble for their full effect. One is of

ESSENTIALLY PARISIAN.

prune faille with velvet stripes, made sheath shaped in front and fan shaped in the back, quite plain at the foot. The waist has a Figaro jacket made of a full jabot frilling of Spanish lace, with high puffs and frills of the same on the shoulders. The vest front is of maize colored satin. The gloves are maize color, and the felt hat is large, cream colored and trimmed with yellow velvet asters and black velvet. This costume can be worn as a carriage dress, a reception and visiting costume and a dinner toilet. The black fan has a bunch of asters and a flot of corn colored satin ribbon.

The other charming gown is of faded indigo blue camel's hair, trimmed with rich passementerie in cashmere colors, and a high wired frill of lace around the neck. A dark blue velvet shirred toque is trimmed with shaded plumes in blue. This is a very dainty and delicate costume for a young girl.

Walking dresses are divided between the distinctively French and the English. One lovely walking gown is of the beautiful new cachemerienne, which is of mauve, brocaded in white lace pattern, cut on the bias. The skirt has the wrinkled apron drapery in front and full plaits in the back, the bottom plain. The corsage is yoke shape, with black velvet sides coming down to a pointed girdle, with flots of velvet ribbon at the side. The sleeves are medium high, tacked in gracefully here and there. A dainty little mauve toque with purple asters completes this.

WALKING COSTUMES.

The English style produces a gown of drab smooth faced cloth with a wide band of brown and white polka dot surah around the bottom, and the vest front and forearm of the sleeves of the same. It is sheath shape and tailor finished with high flaring collar. With this is worn the sailor hat in brown very correct but not graceful.

The Left Leg.

There is a popular idea that because the right arm is more often used and stronger than the left, so the right leg is stronger than the left. This is not correct; there is evidence that the left leg in most people is stronger than the right. From the theoretical point of view it would appear that in all manual labor requiring increased use of the right hand, the left leg is also employed on the principle of equilibrium.

In the case of the lower animals (except ambulators, camels, etc.), and babies, when walking on all fours, the right fore limb moves with the left hind limb, and vice versa. It follows from this that man, using the right arm more than the left, would probably use the left leg more than the right.

Many people find less exertion in walking around large circles to the right than in going to the left. This is also the case in race paths for athletic sports, nearly all of which are arranged for the racers to go in circles to the right in running. Again, travelers have observed that hunters, when lost on prairies, wander around in circles to the right.

This fact has been attributed to their following the course of the sun, but this does not appear to be necessarily the case. Many skaters can perform more figures on the left than on the right foot—or, at any rate, in commencing, figures are more readily done on the left foot. With rope dancers it is usually observed that the more complicated feats of balancing are performed on the left foot.—Nineteenth Century.

College Societies.

Thousands of men and women in the United States recall their membership in the Greek letter fraternities as one of the most enjoyable and profitable features of their college life. Long after the last traces of memory of the Greek conjugation have vanished, after the Odes of Horace and the swinging lines of the Æneid have faded into the irrevocable past; after all mathematics but the rule of three has lapsed into the secret recesses of the mind; after the finer classifications of the "genus" and "species" have given place to such everyday terms as "mud cat" or "dog fennel;" after all these and a hundred other once important departments of learning have been forgotten, still the recollections of the fraternity, the jolly meetings in the old hall, the exclusive picnics and parties; the dinners, cheap but seasoned with wit and warm geniality; the solemn advice to the erring brother, the sitting up at nights with the unfortunate of the number who fell sick, the anxiety to outdo all rival fraternities in securing good men who entered college, the throb of pride when one of "our boys" won a prize or some special college honor—these things remain as vivid and fresh in the memory as though commencement day were only yesterday.—Indianapolis News.

A Commonplace Buffet.

An old fashioned, plain top bureau, without marble or glass, is transformable into a nice looking dresser or buffet. A set of book shelves, the sort with carved ends and shelves strongly screwed on them and the back, may be placed on top of the bureau, whose plainness they will set off. The space in front of the shelves is to be covered with an embroidered buffet scarf or a damask towel. Place on the shelves any odd or colored pieces of china or glass, and the whole will be no mean addition to a dining room.

The time to be occupied by a dinner has gradually been curtailed to such a point of brevity that in France fashion is returning to a more leisurely service of the meal. Diners complain that courses follow so quickly on each other that there is opportunity neither for appreciation of the food nor for conversation.

CULTIVATION OF THE OYSTER.

How the Crop in Long Island Sound Is Regularly Planted and Dug.

Science is about to apply its attention to the propagation of oysters in order that every one may be able to buy as many of the succulent bivalves as he wants to eat without extravagance.

At present the supply of oysters is but a fraction of the demand. What the fish commission desires to accomplish is to bring the mollusk within the reach of all. To accomplish this end it proposes to establish at least one station devoted to breeding oysters by methods newly invented.

The young oysters thus obtained, called "spat," are to be planted in all the oyster producing waters of the United States. Up north, on the Connecticut shore of Long Island sound, and in the rivers and estuaries of New York state, the fishermen are most anxious to be assisted in this way; down south a widespread desire is felt to make use of fresh scientific discoveries for the purpose of creating a new industry. It is only in Maryland that an entire apathy seems to be felt on the subject, and the oyster beds of the Chesapeake are being permitted to go to ruin, simply because the state does not think them worth keeping up. Within a few years, if things continue to go on as they do now, the Chesapeake will have ceased to be an oyster ground. At all event, so the fish commission says.

The French people were the first to introduce oyster culture upon a commercial basis, and in this country the state of Connecticut led the way in taking it up. Ten years ago a law was passed there directing the state to sell, as if it were so much real estate divided into lots, the bottom of Long Island sound outside of the natural oyster beds near shore. Since that time oyster farming has become a large industry in Connecticut.

Oyster beds for many miles out into the sound are cultivated, just as potato fields might be, and with great profit to those who pay proper attention to the work. Such beds are not usually self sustaining, as are the natural ones inshore, but by planting them each year with young oysters they are made to produce several hundredfold. The production of young oysters for planting in this way has grown to be an important part of the business, and the planting of them has been reduced to a most scientific basis.

To begin with, in making a new oyster ground, a basis is established by covering the bottom over the area to be planted with a material called "cultch." This cultch is usually composed chiefly of oyster and clam shells or any stuff of that sort. Thin shells of whatever description that may be most readily obtainable are desirable for the purpose, inasmuch as they soon rot and fall to pieces, thus distributing the individual oysters attached to them. It is important that the young oysters should be distributed as much as possible, because when a lot of them attach themselves to a single permanent object, like a small rock, they overgrow one another and aggregate themselves into a mass less useful commercially, while their growth is itself impeded incidentally. A kind of limestone called "bluestone," from the Hudson, is found very useful for this purpose, smashed up into about the size employed for macadamizing roads.

Having in this way prepared the bottom for what is to be an oyster bed you must next procure your oysters. You can buy them of dredgers, who sell them to you in the shape of old shells and all sorts of such truck scooped up from below, which is found to be incrusted with young oysters of various ages. From thirty cents to fifty cents a bushel is charged for this material in the crude, and you simply throw it into the water and let the oysters do the rest. As the shells decay they will distribute themselves, and soon you will have an oyster bed of your own. Each year you dump in as many more bushels of young oysters as may be necessary to recruit the supply and your crop is as sure as any other so long as you take care to keep away the enemies which may attack it. If you know how to manage the thing you will have a number of beds, permitting the occupants of some to grow big while you dredge in others.—Washington Star.

Not a Pressing Creditor.

Dr. T. M. S. Kenney tells this story of foreign mission collection experience:

"I was preaching," said he, "in a certain section of the country, and after the close of the service a dear good brother invited me home to dinner. If I had known what I afterward knew I think probably I should not have gone. I had talked for a collection for the purpose of missions, and as we were driving to the brother's home he said to me:

"'Brother Kenney, did you notice that I did not give anything this morning?'

"'No,' said I. 'I never notice who give and who do not.'

"'Well, I didn't,' continued he; 'I couldn't afford it. I'm too much in debt, but when I get rid of these troublesome demands I'll give something to the work of the Lord.'

"'But,' said I again, 'don't you owe the Lord something?'

"'Well, I don't know; I suppose I do. I never thought of it before in that light.'

"'I'm glad you see it now in a different light,' I ventured to remark, encouragingly. The dear brother hastened to add, however:

"'The Lord don't crowd me as the others do.'"—Kansas City Journal.

South Carolina's Redbones.

There are a singular race of people in South Carolina called the Redbones. Their origin is unknown. They resemble in appearance the gypsies, but in complexion they are red. They have accumulated considerable property and are industrious and peaceable. They live in small settlements at the foot of the mountains and associate with none but their own race. They are a proud and high spirited people. Caste is very strong among them. They enjoy life, visit the watering places and mountain resorts, but eat by themselves and keep by themselves.

When the war broke out several of them enlisted in the Hampton legion, and when the legion reached Virginia there was a great outcry among the Virginians and the troops from other states because we had enlisted negroes. They did not resemble the African in the least, except in cases where Africans had amalgamated with Indians. This intermixture, which is common in the Carolinas, produces marvelous results. It takes the kink out of the hair of the African, straightens his features and improves him in every way except in temper.—Interview with Senator Hampton.

Necklaces of Savages.

Uncle Sam has a vast collection of the jewels of savages. He has silverware made by the Indians of Arizona, carved ornaments from Alaska and great bracelets and anklets of gold, silver and brass from India. One of the most curious necklaces in his collection is one of human fingers which the medicine men of some of the Indian tribes wear, and one is made of sixty-seven human teeth, with holes pierced at their roots to string them. This necklace is ten inches long and a number of the teeth evidently need filling. It came from the Fiji Islands and was found there in 1840.

Another necklace is made of human hair, into which the tusk of the walrus was woven. It is about two inches thick and twenty inches long. Another savage necklace is one of human and dog teeth combined, and there are necklaces of stone, of gold, silver, copper and brass, of all shapes and sizes, gathered from all parts of the world.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Turkey's Government.

Briefly stated, the government of Turkey consists of the sultan, who is supreme and absolute in theory, if not entirely in practice. The legislative functions are performed by two bodies, one the council of ministers, which consists of the respective ministers of state, such as the minister of foreign affairs, the minister of the interior, the minister of public instruction, the minister of war, of the navy, etc., and the sheik ul Islam, who is head of the religious orders. The council of ministers is presided over by the grand vizier, the highest official in the empire. The council of state consists of some thirty members, comprising the leading men of the empire. Every law has to be passed by both these bodies, and then receive the sanction—styled the irade—of the sultan.—New York Herald.

CALVES FOR FIFTY CENTS APIECE.

They Make Bob Veal, and the Industry Thrives in the Catskills.

They are selling calves for a half dollar apiece up in the Catskills. One night a number of farmers met around the stove in the office of a Greene county hotel to talk the matter over. They seemed to think that a half dollar was a fair price for the calves, inasmuch as the meat these very young bovines afford is a questionable article of diet. It is ordinarily called "bob veal."

One farmer said that a neighbor of his was making a great deal of money buying these calves from the farmers. He sends a wagon over a wide extent of country, buying all the new born calves, which the farmers are anxious to get rid of, because they say it pays them better to dispose of the calves and to sell the milk which the calves would require to make them good veal; so the dealer buys the calves at 50 cents apiece when he takes them from the farmer's barn yard, and sometimes he pays 75 cents or $1 when they are delivered at his own premises. He kills and skins the little animals, for their hides are worth a trifle, and sends the dressed carcasses by the hundreds to New York, where, in spite of the prohibition against bob veal, they are sold in great numbers.

It happened that evening that a New York commission man sat with the farmers in the hotel office. His business in the Catskills seemed to be to stimulate the bob veal industry, and he tried to persuade one old fellow to go into the business of collecting the calves, telling him that there was really a good deal of money in it. According to his story very little money is made from one of these calves unless it weighs, dressed, about sixty pounds. A calf weighing from forty to fifty pounds brings only two or two and one-half cents in the market, while a large calf is often sold for several times that amount as good veal, and the purchaser therefore reaps a large profit.

The farmers were curious to know what was done with this sort of meat, which the New York health board prohibits. "Well," said the commission man, "if you come down to New York you are likely to eat bob veal without knowing it. You step into a saloon and find on the sideboard some chicken salad that looks appetizing. The chicken in this salad nine times in ten is bob veal from Orange, Greene or Herkimer county, or some other cattle producing region. A good deal of canned chicken does not contain an ounce of chicken, bob veal being made to do noble service as a substitute.

"The great public does not seem to know the difference. Bob veal, however, flourishes chiefly on free lunch counters and on excursion steamboats, though butchers both in New York and Brooklyn are known to palm it off as good, honest veal. There is a demand for every bit that comes to New York, and though once in a while a load of it is confiscated by the health authorities, the most of it enters into the consumption of the two big cities."

Some of the farmers present did not seem to regard it as exactly a legitimate business, but every one of them said that if they had any calves to get rid of the dealer in bob veal was welcome to them at from 50 cents to $1 a head.—New York Sun.

A Feat That Beats Sword Swallowing.

An old colored man about 75 years old, calling himself Uncle Dick, created a sensation in this town Monday with a magnificent rattlesnake four feet long, having nine rattles. Uncle Dick, the "snake charmer," surrounded by a crowd of Washingtonians, took a glass of cold water, swallowed it, rolled up his sleeves, made several cabalistic signs, and finally plunging his right hand into a sack in his basket brought out, to the amazement of the spectators, a monstrous rattlesnake. The reptile slowly coiled himself around the neck and arm of the old man, while its head grazed the white beard of Uncle Dick, who in return was caressing with gentleness the reptile and talking to it as if it were a baby.

After handling the snake for twenty minutes the old man announced that he was going to swallow part of the reptile. At that moment the crowd surveyed all the surrounding doors, so as to be sure of making a successful break if it should be necessary. Uncle Dick seized the snake by the neck, made more mysterious signs, took a firm attitude, with his eyes riveted on the serpent's eyes to fascinate it, and all of a sudden he swallowed the snake by the head to about a length of twelve or fourteen inches in his stomach, and quickly brought it out. The spectators expressed freely their astonishment.

Uncle Dick, proud of such an ovation, raised himself, stretched his old body, and waving his right hand like an orator, said: "Gentlemen, I am the master of all 'insects,' and can make any one of you gentlemen handle that snake just like me." We will quickly say that Uncle Dick's proposition was not accepted. He opened with his fingers the reptile's jaw and showed the fangs to the astonished spectators.

Uncle Dick says he can pick up the wildest rattlesnake or any other "insect" in the woods as easily as he would a spring chicken.—Washington (La.) Advance.

Escorted to Church by the Footman.

A week or more ago of a bright Sunday morning, while the organ at St. Thomas' was pealing forth the voluntary and the people had risen to their responses, a curious and most wonderful thing happened. In the middle aisles, just a seat or two from the front, is one long pew simply upholstered in dark leather that has for a year been quite empty, but which bears on it a silver plate holding a name well known in Wall street. The pew's owner we all know has made a pile of money. He has a family consisting of a wife and two daughters, who for the last year or two have lived abroad. Often have we wondered if when they came back to America would they gain an entrance to the upper circles, and much speculation concerning the pew and its holders has been indulged in by inattentive worshipers.

Sunday before last curiosity was in one way satisfied and again whetted anew, for, as the services began, the double green inside doors of the church flew open, there was a tread of feet and up the way came first his lordship—the most prosperous man in the street—rigged out in London clothes, a flower in his coat, and followed by madam, radiant in much rich silk of a sober tone, and half leaning on a gold headed, tortoise shell stick. Behind her came the daughters, types of English maidens, severely gowned, prim and haughty; but public astonishment stopped not there, for in the footsteps of the daughters moved with stately stride a gigantic footman in full regimentals, his high nose held well up and a bag of books on one stout arm.

The family filed into the pew, settled themselves, the footman unbent, opened the silk embroidered bag, doled out the books and noiselessly stepped back and down to another empty pew, where he humbly said his prayers. Service over, he collected his books and charges, marshaled them out to the street and followed them three blocks to Fifth avenue, watched the entire way by an amazed audience of St. Thomas' frequenters.—New York Cor. Chicago News.

An Animal Flower.

The inhabitants of St. Lucie have lately discovered a most singular plant. In a cavern on that island near the sea, an immense basin of brackish water has collected. The waters are as clear as crystal and reveal millions of varied colored pebbles on the bottom. Each of these pebbles furnishes a resting place for from two to five of a most remarkable species of plant—a plant much more nearly allied to the animal than to the vegetable kingdom. The shallow waters around the edge of the pool look for all the world like well kept beds of rare and wonderful flowers; all bright and shining in color, the majority of them reminding one of the marigold family, only that the tint is much brighter.

Those seeming flowers, on the approach of the hand or a stick, retire, like a snail, out of sight. On examining them closely, the middle of the disk is found to be provided with four brown filaments, resembling spider's legs, which move around the petals with a brisk, spontaneous motion. These filaments have pinchers with which to seize the food upon which this queer animal plant subsists, the food of the strange creature being spawn of fish and marine insects thrown into the pool by the action of the tides.—St. Louis Republic

BURIED ALIVE FOR A YEAR.

A writer on East India jugglery tells us of the wonderful trick of having the baby fall down from the clouds, containing his remarkable narrative on the wonders of Oriental legerdemain says: It is impossible to fathom their secrets of working apparent miracles. These fellows have very scanty clothing and apparently no apparatus whatever. I have seen a man throw a number of balls into the air, each numbered from one upwards. As each went up and there was no deception about their going up, it was seen clearly in the air getting smaller till it disappeared from view altogether. When they were all up, twenty or more, the operator would politely ask you which ball you wanted to see, and then would shout out at the top of his voice, 'number one!' 'number seven!' 'number fifteen,' and so on, as instructed by the spectators, when the ball demanded would fall violently at his feet as though coming from a great height. I don't know of any American, English or French sleight-of-hand performer that could equal that feat. Then, too it is authenticated fact that some of these jugglers, on more than one occasion in recent years, have suffered themselves to be buried alive, and have been dug out alive and well after the lapse of a year.

That Hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure We guarantee it. Sold by Howorth and Co.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—In all the World there is but one cure, Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.
It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

Brick For Sale!
We have a large quantity of
FIRST CLASS BRICK,
Which we will place on board cars in Hillsboro for
$6.75 per 1,000
Address all orders to
J. S. ADAMS,
Hillsboro, Oregon.

The People's Market.
Carries the Best Line of Choice Meats in the City. Game and Fish in Season. Poultry, hides, etc, bought for the highest market price and cash paid for same. Your attention is called to the fact that we always serve the best meats to be found. Your patronage is solicited.
H. M. BOND.

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.

JOHN DERBY, JESSE EDWARDS.
Edwards & Derby,
Proprietors of The McMinnville
TILE FACTORY TILE
TILE 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 & DERBY,
41- McMinnville, Oregon.

BEST COUGH MEDICINE,
PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.
It has permanently cured THOUSANDS of cases pronounced by doctors hopeless. If you have premonitory symptoms, such as Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, &c., don't delay, but use PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION immediately. By Druggists. 25 cents.

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IS NOW AT PORTLAND, OREGON.
THE SCIENTIFIC HEALER.

THE SUCCESSFUL PHYSICIAN.
FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT POSSIBLY CALL PERSONALLY, HOME TREATMENT PLACED WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL THAT WILL GIVE INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF AND A PERMANENT CURE.
The most speedy, positive and permanent cure for Catarrh of the Head, Asthma and all Throat, Bronchial, Lung, Heart, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Affections, Nervous Debility, etc. Consumption, in its various stages, permanently cured. DR. ABORN'S ORIGINAL MODE OF TREATMENT and his MEDICATED INHALATIONS gives instantaneous relief, builds up and revitalizes the whole constitution and system, thereby prolonging life. Weak, nervous, debilitated and broken-down constitutions, old and young, invariably gain from ten to thirty pounds in from thirty to ninety days.
DR. ABORN'S phenomenal skill and marvelous cures have created the greatest astonishment on the Pacific Coast and throughout the American continent, during the past twenty-five years. Asthma, Catarrh of the Head, and all Throat, Bronchial and Lung trouble instantly relieved, also Ear Diseases and Deafness often cured permanently at first consultation. DR. ABORN'S essay on the "Curability of Consumption," and a treatise on "Catarrh of the Head," with evidences of some extraordinary cures, mailed free. Call or address
DR. ABORN,
Fourth and Morrison Sts., Portland, Oregon.
NOTE.—Home treatment, securely packed, sent by express to all parts of the Pacific Coast, for those who cannot possibly call in person.
ALL INVITED TO CALL FOR FREE CONSULTATION

ADVERTISERS or others, who wish to examine 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.

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ADDITION
ARE SELLING FAST!
And It Is Building Up.
Soon Lots will be scarce and Command a Higher Price.
Buy Now Before Too Late.
Price Ranges $50 up. For full particulars apply to
J. I. KNIGHT & CO.,
Real Estate Agents, McMinnville.
THE INVESTMENT CO.,
49 Stark St., Portland, Or.
F. BARNEKOFF & CO.,
McMinnville Flouring Mills.

PRESTON'S HEDAKE
CURES ANY HEADACHE "While You Wait," BUT CURES NOTHING ELSE.

East and South
—VIA—
Southern Pacific Route
SHASTA LINE.

Express Trains Leave Portland Daily.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	7.00 p m	San Francisco	10.15 a m
San Fran	9:00 p m	Portland	9.35 a m

Above trains stop only at following stations north of Roseburg: East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction city, Irving, Eugene

Roseburg Mail Daily.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE	
Portland	8:00 a m	Roseburg	5:40 p m
Roseburg	6:20 a m	Portland	4:00 p m

Albany Local, Daily, Except Sunday.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	5: p m	Albany	9: p m
Albany	5: a m	Portland	9: a m

Pullman Buffet Sleepers,
Tourist Sleeping Cars,
For accommodation of second class passengers attached to express trains.

WEST SIDE DIVISION
Between Portland and Corvallis.
Mail Train Daily, except Sunday.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	7:30 a m	McMinn'	10:10 a m
McMinn'	10:10 a m	Corvallis	12:10 p m
Corvallis	12:55 p m	McMinn'	2:56 p m
McMinn'	2:56 p m	Portland	5:30 p m

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific.

Express Train Daily, except Sunday.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	4:40 p m	McMinn	7.25 p m
McMinn'	5:45 a m	Portland	8:20 a m

Through Tickets to all Points EAST AND SOUTH.

For tickets and full information regarding rates, maps, etc., call on the Company's agent at McMinnville.
R. KOEHLER, Manager. E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G F. & P Agt

Administratrix' Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned Kittie Davis has been appointed by the County Court of the County of Yamhill State of Oregon, Administratrix of the estate of Jefferson Davis, deceased.

Therefore all persons have claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same with proper vouchers to the undersigned at McMinnville Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 20th day of November, A. D., 1890.

KITTIE DAVIS,
Administratrix of Said Estate.
F. W. Fenton, Attorney for Estate.

Administratoris Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the County Court of Yamhill county, Oregon, duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Jasper N. Cebb, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present the same to me at the office of James McCain, in McMinnville, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 15th day of November, 1890.

WM. M. COBB,
Administrator.

Citation.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Yamhill.

In the matter of the estate of James A. Walker, deceased.

To Tilla Walker, George C. Walker, and James W. W. Walker, greeting:

In the name of the state of Oregon, you are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Yamhill at the court room thereof, at McMinnville, in the County of Yamhill, on Tuesday, the sixth day of January, 1891, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the following described real estate be not sold as prayed for in the petition of John H. Walker, Administrator of said estate, to-wit:

Beginning at the south east corner of the north half of the south east quarter of section fifteen (15) in t, 3 s, r. 5 w, of the Willamette Meridian in Yamhill County, state of Oregon, running thence north one hundred and twenty (120) rods; thence west eighty (80) rods; thence north forty (40) rods; thence west sixty-four (64) rods; thence south forty (40) rods; thence west sixteen (16) rods; thence south one hundred and twenty (120) rods; thence east one hundred and sixty (160) rods to the place of beginning in Yamhill County Oregon,

This Citation to be published in the TELEPHONE-REGISTER by order of Hon. Wm Galloway, Judge of said court. Made at McMinnville, Oregon, December 2, 1890

Witness the Hon. Wm. Galloway, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Yamhill, and the seal of said Court hereto affixed this 2d day of December, A. D., 1890.

[SEAL]

Attest; J. W. HOBBS, Cler