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OF THE AGREEABLE MAN

HIS CHARACTERISTICS DISCUSSED BY MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

When a Man May Talk of Himself—One Sure Way of Being Agreeable—The Good Hearted Fellow Is Generally an Agreeable Man.

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"COME and dine on Tuesday; I want you to meet such an agreeable man," said my friend, and I went.

But the agreeable man was not at all to my taste, although he seemed to fancy himself immensely. He was fluent and flowery of speech, and he had seen almost everything under the sun in every corner of the world, but for that very reason he was fatiguing. One could speak of nothing without eliciting such a flood of information that one was nearly drowned in it, and seized upon any straw to reach land again, only to be submerged afresh before one had done gasping after the first deluge. And this was what I said to my friend and hostess when she unwisely insisted upon an opinion. Of course she didn't like it; we never do like to have our friends refuse to look out of our eyes, although we are constantly declining to look out of theirs.

"Well, what kind of a man do you call an agreeable man if he is not?" demanded she, rather pettishly.

"What kind of man?" repeated I, musing over the question. "Why, a man who pleases me is to me an agreeable man."

"That is to say," retorted she, laughing, "if you like that kind of a man that is just the kind of man that would please you?"

The entrance of a visitor broke off the conversation; but, as is my habit when a social question has been raised in society, I unconsciously carry it home, and sometimes ponder it in the weary hours of sleepless nights.

What is an agreeable man, and where have I most frequently found him? demanded I of myself that afternoon as I drove around the park and exchanged salutations with a hundred or so of my acquaintances. Is it this horseman? Is it this pedestrian? Is it either of these two with the tandem team, or is it that dear old man in the baronche? But still the voice within said "No!" The horseman is silly and fatuous; the pedestrian is buried in abstruse studies, and is at this moment walking off a surfeit of Semitic roots before undertaking a light collation of Dead sea fruits. The two boys with the tandem team will bring it with them to whatever reception they attend tonight, and tell everybody just what time Xerxes and Artaxerxes made last week on the trotting course, and how they are capable of beating Cyrus and Darius "into fits" at any moment.

As for the old gentleman, he is very dear and very sweet, and I make a point of talking to him for three minutes whenever we meet, but after three minutes he has told me all about his health, and where his wife is, and how warm and crowded the room is, and that is the end of our subjects of mutual interest, for he is too deaf to hear any remarks I might offer, and too self engrossed to care to listen if he could hear.

So collating the egotistical traveler, and the vain exquisite, and the bookworm, and the horsey pair, and the self absorbed old gentleman, one sees that they have one fault in common, and that is selfishness, and it becomes evident that the agreeable man must not be selfish, or at least that he must, by education and good breeding, have learned so to disguise that "original sin" common to every child of Adam, that it shall not offend other people. As for eliminating it, I do not suppose that is ever done, and perhaps it would not be well if it could be, for if self preservation is the first law of nature a certain amount of selfishness is as necessary to the protection of every man as claws are to a cat; the thing is to keep those same claws sheathed in a velvet paw.

HE STAID NEARLY TWO HOURS.

But an agreeable man must not make self his perpetual topic, especially in society or with mere acquaintances. There are, to be sure, occasions and companies when he can do nothing better than talk of himself, but he must have that divine gift of tact to know when those occasions present themselves. Between man and man I doubt if these occasions ever do present themselves, or if a man is ever interested in getting an interior view of another man's character unless in the way of business, or for legal investigation, or some other practical result.

But a woman, that is to say, an intelligent woman, is generally keenly interested in studying the "true inwardness" of masculine human nature. She loves to point out the faults she discovers and to bestow much sage advice, exhortation and warning; she loves to exclaim in pretty wonder at modes of thought and action so different from her own, to argue which method is better, and to ask explanations of what is contrary to her own experience. In fact there are appropriate occasions when a man can establish himself as an agreeable man in no way so surely as to talk about himself, but, as I said before, he has to know how and when.

But there is one topic perfectly safe for a man to choose if a woman is his sole auditor, and that is herself. It is an infallible rule for being agreeable, that is to say, of course, if he knows how to treat the topic; a stranger must not plunge at once into personalities, unless, indeed, his auditor is one of those women with whom an inordinate love of flattery outruns self respect; such women there are to whom a man in the first half hour of their acquaintance may praise her face, her figure, her dancing or her clothes, and meet with complacent acceptance, but there are other women who would meet such audacity with freezing rebuke, so that a man has need to be very careful in the beginning of an acquaintance, although he may be pretty sure that if he knows my sweet Lady Disdain long enough he will come to the same point in the end. And, then, there are so many ways of talking to a woman about herself; personal appearance is the very crudest and most elementary part of the subject, but it is capable of treatment in infinite variety.

"I am sure you like Browning," he says, and she, smiling placidly, asks:

"Why? How can you judge?"

"Because I notice you use some of his wonderfully eloquent turns of speech. You express yourself, if I may so say, Browningesquely."

And she is delighted!

Or he remarks: "One can see at a glance that you have traveled a great deal; that gracious and ready courtesy is only learned in the royal courts of Europe."

Or, "I notice that you always wear lilies of the valley, and use that scent. How delicate and refined it is!"

Perhaps there is nothing so "fetching" to a woman as to have her favorite perfume and color noticed by a man to whom she has never mentioned them. Or, going deeper, he appeals to some unusual knowledge he declares her to possess upon some abstruse subject, and begs for information, or in most confidential and tentative manner he speaks of her loving nature, her sweetness of disposition,

"I'M SURE YOU LIKE BROWNING."

her gentle faith in the goodness of those about her, and he warns her of the danger such an innocent lamb as she incurs by trusting the wolves so fearlessly. Of course he is no wolf, oh, no! But probably the innocent lamb knows the marks of a wolf quite well, and will take care of herself even while she seems implicitly to receive the warnings and revelations of her kind guide and mentor.

A man who can talk judiciously and acceptably to a woman about herself will be voted by that woman an agreeable man, and if he has a pretty large female acquaintance he will have a nucleus of admirers to proclaim this opinion.

But to be a universally agreeable man—a man whom other men will admit to be agreeable, although they won't use that word—requires something more. A man to be agreeable in general society, at a dinner party, at a reception, at any of those places and times when tête-âtêtes are either impossible or in bad taste, must be able to talk to more than one person and upon impersonal topics. He must know something about a great many subjects, and yet not have the air of instructing his hearers. Nothing is much more irritating than the ex-cathedra style, when the speaker seems to mount a rostrum and hold up his hand for silence before each utterance. That was the matter with the agreeable man first mentioned, and he annoyed me so much that I resolutely forgot all the valuable information so carefully imparted.

Another rock upon which I have seen a great many men meet shipwreck is unadaptability; they talk and talk well, not too learnedly and not too satirically, but they talk upon subjects which have no interest for their audience. A gentleman once called upon me and a bright little girl who was visiting me. He staid nearly two hours and he talked almost without intermission upon some scheme for irrigating Arizona and establishing mills upon the artificial water courses. I do not doubt that it was a most brilliant and interesting exposition if only we had cared anything at all about the irrigation of Arizona, but my entire vitality was absorbed in the effort to keep awake and look politely interested, while my little friend made Punch and Judy puppets out of her handkerchief and some tidies, and at appropriate moments bobbed Mr. Punch's head in assent or caused Columbine to caper with delight.

Certainly that man did not know how to make himself agreeable!

People sometimes ask me, knowing that I am familiar with most parts of the civilized world, where I have found the most agreeable men and the most acceptable companions.

It is a hard question to answer, for one's taste changes so much from time to time, and according to the conditions of one's own life.

In early youth I was thrown much with men of Latin blood, Spaniards and Frenchmen, and naturally learned to think their modes of thought and speech, their somewhat formal courtesy and stately grace the most agreeable ensemble in the world. Later I have seen very much of Englishmen, and nothing can be more agreeable than the frank, honest high bred courtesy of a true English gentleman, although he cannot claim much of grace, vivacity or versatility.

But today I give the palm to my own countrymen, for they combine the splendid strength and honor of the Englishman with the wit and worldly wisdom of the Frenchman, and the Spaniard's appreciation of and graceful devotion to women; in fact, as the people of these United States are the union of all the races of the earth, where but among their men should we look for specimens of the best qualities of all men? Perhaps this estimate will not hold good in all directions; perhaps not every American combines the romance of the Spaniard with the wit of the Frenchman, and the nobleness of the Englishman or the German ancestor of the Englishman, but the combination is very possible, and in greater or less degree I have seen it among the agreeable Americans of my acquaintance.

I said so the other day and my hearer at once inquired:

"Where most frequently? North, south, east or west?" and I replied after due consideration:

"I have found the agreeable man north, south, east *and* west."

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

How a Great Opportunity Was Lost at a Wedding Ceremony.

Marian V. Dorsey tells in the New York Herald the story of a bride who was opposed to the word "obey" in the marriage service. She arranged with the minister through a third person to omit the hateful word. She was a woman of mature years, large brain, strong will, wide experience and a writer of note. The idea of her obeying anybody was therefore ludicrous. She went calmly to church and stood at the altar in the fond belief that the vows would be as she had arranged. What was her horror therefore to have the preacher propound the same old whiskered chestnut, "love, honor, obey." A moment she hesitated, then, "without the quiver of an eyelash," swallowed the dose, obey and all. She said afterward that she was unwilling to make a scene. But what a glorious scene it would have been had she possessed the courage and dignity to refuse, for the sake of outraged womanhood, to pronounce the monstrous promise. It would have been woman's splendid declaration of independence. The brave bride would have been the heroine of the hour. She would have done more than a thousand sermons could have done to wipe this foul blot from the churches of the end of the Nineteenth century. Her new husband would have admired her all the more for a woman of spirit, and would have known by this that the promises she did make she meant to keep faithfully. But no! She lost her opportunity.

One thing is certain: If women are willing to let that anachronism, the word "obey," be retained in the marriage service they ought to keep the promise they make and literally obey their husbands, whether the husbands be brutes, lunatics, drunkards or reprobates. The marriage vows are the most solemn of their lives, and women perjure themselves by making promises they do not intend to keep.

Under the new constitution, which was adopted by so overwhelming a majority in their state, the unfortunate women of Kentucky are put back a thousand years—relegated to the position of their sex in the Dark Ages.

Mrs. Ellen Dortch is the plucky young editor of the Carnesville (Ga.) Tribune. The county printing has been awarded to her paper. To the insinuation of a masculine rival editor that she got the printing because she was a woman, she retorts that she never in her working life either asked or received any favors on account of her sex. Brave Ellen Dortch! This is the right spirit for a working woman.

The secretary and treasurer of the Indiana Dairymen's association is Mrs. Laura D. Worley, of Elletsville, one of the most successful dairy farmers in the state. She has a herd of forty Jerseys and sells her dairy products chiefly in Cincinnati, getting prices that enable her to do whatever she chooses in life. Mrs. Worley was a delegate from Indiana to the National Dairymen's association at Chicago.

Mrs. Laura D. Worley, dairy farmer, and Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith, breeder of Shorthorn cattle, are two of Indiana's commissioners for the World's fair. These two conspicuously successful Indiana business women are enthusiastic friends.

Governor Hoard, of Wisconsin, says he has been acquainted with many women who carried on farming more or less extensively, and he never knew one to make a failure of it. They pay closer attention to details than men, he explains, and make their way more cautiously.

Women are designing creatures anyhow, says Judge, and it is no wonder they can be architects. But one of them, Mrs. Horatio N. May, of Chicago, has designed probably the most stupendous work of any women of her time. This is nothing less than a great steel boulevard tunnel to connect the north and south divisions of Chicago in one continuous and beautiful driveway along the lake shore. The tunnel, 3,200 feet long, ventilated by electric fans and illuminated by concealed incandescent lamps, will be only less attractive than the lake shore drive itself, of which this subway will be a part. It is expected that the tunnel will be completed in time for the World's fair.

Miss Hayden, architect of the woman's building for the World's fair, has planned lovely aerial gardens as a part of her design. None of the other exposition buildings will be provided with this feature.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

A GIRL'S MINUTES.

What Is It That Young Women Do That Compels Them to Be Always "Busy?"

Does anybody know what becomes of a girl's time? Was there ever a girl who could tell what she did with it or where she put it, or account in any reasonable way for its mysterious disappearance?

Are the girls' minutes like the lost pins of which nobody ever finds a trace, though the factories have been at work so long that one would think that the dropped ones would constitute in themselves an adequate source of supply?

There are some things which have this capacity for utter annihilation. Wild animals are never found dead in the forests; watering place friendships vanish into wind swept space; the hole in the stocking speaks of a texture which once was there, but is there no longer; yet these things get out of the world no more quietly and unaccountably than the hours and minutes of a good proportion of young women.

There is a theory, which is commonly accepted, that a girl's time is all spent upon dress. Certainly a little of it goes in that way, but the amount must be small. Older women, with many social and domestic cares, dress quite as well as young girls, and usually better.

They cannot give all their time, or even any appreciable part of it, to the planning and purchasing of their raiment, so there is evidently a fallacy in the idea that feminine attire is capable of engrossing the entire attention of a woman.

There is another theory that a girl's time is spent in entertaining members of the other sex, but this is absolutely untenable. Even the mildest of flirtation calls for two flirters, and, as the student of our social system is never weary of pointing out, we have no class of men whose time is their own.

A girl may spend her evenings and Sundays in amusing the masculine half of creation, but business hours are sacred from her invasion. Her will might be good to so spend the hours from sunrise till midnight, but in the nature of the case her opportunities are limited.

Is it domestic cares which are so absorbing? The newspaper paragrapher would say not, and I think on the whole he is right. This is not because most girls are unwilling to share the household responsibilities, but because, during the time of their education home life goes on without their assistance, and once out of school they find no place ready made in which they can be useful.

It is about as easy for the camel to go through the needle's eye as for the daughter of a well to do family to find any domestic duties worthy the name in her father's house.

There are yet other ways in which it is popularly supposed a girl's time is employed, such as study and correspondence. But did you ever go to a morning class? If so you know perfectly well the formula: "I was so busy I hadn't a minute to spare for preparation!"

Have you any women among your correspondents, and did one of them ever write a letter without explaining how busy she was, and had been for weeks past and would be for weeks to come? Whatever the mysterious, grinding tasks which fate imposes upon the young women who have apparently nothing to do, by their own confession studying and writing are not among the things sought.

Perhaps the subject is worthy of scientific investigation. It would be as useful to the race as the discovery of the north pole; and, though the inquiry might be as long and tedious as an arctic exploration, it would not be so dangerous. Industrially it might be of value.

Here is a vast amount of labor which we know, on the testimony of every girl in the land, is put forth daily, yet without visible result. Would not experiments to make it productive be as legitimate as those for the reduction of aluminium or the utilization of the solar force?

Anthropologists might spare a little time from the study of cranial development and turn their attention to finding out what becomes of a girl's time. It ought surely to be done, if for no other reason than to gratify the dear girls themselves, who certainly are as much in the dark on this question as any one else.—Kate Field's

ODDS AND ENDS.

Japan has built its first factory for the manufacture of woolen goods.

Beware of the vicious man who proposes to reform his life on the installment plan.

The manufacture of cotton goods in the island of Ceylon has made remarkable progress.

The life insurance policies in force upon the lives of the citizens of Pennsylvania amount to over $448,000,000.

Sparrows have become such a nuisance in some parts of Germany that a reward is offered for their destruction.

The governor general of India receives a salary of $250,000 a year and extras which increase the amount to $500,000.

It is estimated that 30,000 horse power will be required for the electric lighting plant of the Columbian exposition.

Old newspapers torn in small pieces and wet in water softened by the addition of a little ammonia are excellent to wash lamp chimneys.

Can any one tell why it is that when a woman is being weighed she smiles, while a man having his weight ascertained always looks serious?

The Greeks sacrificed many dogs in honor of Hecate, because by their baying the phantoms of the lower world were supposed to be disturbed.

The output of cigarettes throughout the country for the month of March amounted to 250,501,860 against 154,234,800 during the same month of last year.

The Coreans are the largest eaters known. Their stomachs are generally abnormal in size, and the one possessing the largest is generally considered the richest.

Baron de Rothschild has a collection of postage stamps that is valued at $40,000. He is also a prominent and enthusiastic member of a Paris philatelist society.

A Church Flooded with Honey.

Who ever heard of a church being flooded with honey? The very idea sounds ridiculous, and in any other place than California would excite only a smile of incredulity. We have all heard about places that "flowed with milk and honey," and metaphorical references to the "droppings of the sanctuary" are familiar, but it has remained for a swarm of bees to make literal facts of these familiar metaphors.

It appears that a lot of vagrant bees, while in search of a suitable home, found an admirable location in the loft of an Episcopalian church in Tulare county. Here, having an abundance of space, they increased and multiplied, and at the same time laid in a large store of honey. Great white combs were attached to the rafters overhead, and were built downward and added to until hundreds of pounds of sweetness were hidden away in the delicate white waxen cells.

One contingency, however, was not provided against, and, indeed, was not expected. The normal temperature in the contracted proportions of the loft was of a character admirably suited for the best advantage of the bees, and had that temperature continued this story would never have been written.

It is almost unnecessary to remind readers that a week or two ago California was visited with something bearing a remarkable likeness to a sirocco. In a word, it was hot—deucedly hot.

In the loft of the church, where the bees were holding high carnival, the temperature rose and rose until it reached the melting point. Wax gave way beneath the torrid heat, and now, down the rafters, along the scantlings, over the laths and down the joists began to flow streams of liquid sweetness. They found crevices here and there, and soon altar, pulpit, chancel, furniture, prayer books and all the belongings of the interior of the sacred edifice were treated to such a deluge as the world had never seen.

Efforts were made to stay the sticky tide, but these were only partially successful, and before anything could be done the interior of the church was a sight to behold, and damage had been done that required expense and hard work to remedy.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Baby's Foot Is Like a Monkey's.

"How many people have ever taken notice of a baby's foot, except to admire its pinkness and prettiness?" said a well known scientist. "And yet to the anatomist it is a revelation. Take, for example, the tootsies of a child of ten months that has never walked nor stood alone. It has a power of grasping to some extent and is used instinctively like a hand. The great toe has a certain independent working, like a thumb, and the wrinkles of the sole resemble those of the palm. These markings almost entirely disappear after the pedal extremity has come to be employed for purposes of support and locomotion.

"The hands and feet of a human being are strikingly like those of the chimpanzee in conformation, while the gorilla's resemblance to man in these respects is even more remarkable. The higher apes have been classified as 'quadrumana,' or 'four handed,' because their hind feet are hand shaped; but this designation is very improperly applied, because the ape's posterior extremities are not really hands at all. They merely look like hands at the first glance, whereas in fact they are but feet adapted for climbing. The big toes cannot be 'opposed' to the other toes as thumbs are to the fingers, but simply act pincerwise for the purpose of grasping.

"Now, funnily enough, the 'infant's' feet have this same power of grasping pincer fashion, and the action is performed in precisely the same way. Advocates of evolutionary theories take this to signify that the human foot was originally utilized for climbing trees also before the species was so highly developed as it is now. Also they assert that the fact that the art of walking erect is learned by the child with such difficulty proves that the race has only acquired it recently."—Washington Star.

Why Does the Sun Continue to Burn?

Thousands of curious and ingenious theories have been brought forth to account for the fact that the sun, although he has whirled his burning disk across the heavens for untold ages, continues to burn without being consumed or his bulk being lessened in the least. Some learned men affect to believe that the great orb is a monstrous ball of gas, but even a great ball of gas would be consumed in its utmost atom in the course of a few thousand years. Others pretend to believe that its fires are kept up by the remains of wrecked worlds which are constantly falling into its depths, but even this seems far from probable, not to say a purely absurd conclusion.

In giving his opinion on the last contention, one of the most eminent astronomers of the day has figured that a mountain range consisting of 176 cubic miles falling into the sun would only be sufficient to maintain the present heat for a single second; a mass equal to that of our earth would engender only enough of heat to last ninety-three years.—New York Telegram.

What a "Ration" Is.

A ration is the established daily allowance of food for one person. For the United States army it is now composed of the following: Twelve ounces of pork or bacon or canned beef (fresh or corned), or one pound and four ounces of fresh beef, or twenty-two ounces of salt beef; eighteen ounces of soft bread or flour, or sixteen ounces of hard bread, or one pound and four ounces of cornmeal.

To every 100 rations, fifteen pounds of beans or peas, or ten pounds of rice or hominy; ten pounds of green coffee or eight pounds of roasted coffee or two pounds of tea; fifteen pounds of sugar, four quarts of vinegar, one pound eight ounces of star candles, four pounds of soap, four pounds of salt, four ounces of pepper and four ounces of yeast powder to each 100 rations of flour.—St. Louis Republic.

The Wax Palm.

On the high mountains of New Grenada, as high up as the lower limit of perpetual snow, grows the wax palm. Its tall trunk is covered with a thin coating of a whitish waxy substance, giving it a marbled appearance, which is scraped off and forms an article of commerce. It consists of two parts of resin and one of wax, and when mixed with one-third of tallow it makes very good candles.—Washington Star.

In Corea sheets of paper pass for money; one sheet brings one quart of rice, or twenty sheets a piece of hemp cloth.

Jerry Built Fortresses in Russia.

Some extraordinary revelations have just been made at St. Petersburg as to the manner in which certain frontier fortresses recently constructed, and, as it was supposed, strengthened, have actually been built. It appears that even in this perilous field of enterprise the jerry builder has been reaping a rich harvest. At two separate fortresses his frauds have been detected. A commission of revision on inspecting the walls of the celebrated stronghold Novo Georgievsh, formerly known as Modlin, and situated between Warsaw and the German frontier, found that the newly constructed outer walls were not more substantial than those of a piece of theatrical scenery.

A thin outer layer of half bricks concealed a hopelessly rotten fabric composed of the veriest rubbish—gravel, brick dust, sand and chalk—the whole being utterly incapable of withstanding a cannonade by guns of the smallest caliber. These facts having been reported to the minister of war, the chief constructor of the fortress was arrested and tried by court martial, but he escaped with so light a penalty as dismissal from the service, it having been proved that he suffered from a painful affection of the eyes. The chief constructor of the fortress of Doubno, the other stronghold concerned, was not so fortunate. The fortress was inspected by the Grand Duke Nicholas shortly before his illness, and he found the walls built so contrary to the rules of military engineering that they were incapable of affording any real defense against modern engines of war.

In accordance with the report which he made to the emperor on the subject, an order was issued that the whole of the walls in question should be razed to their foundations and rebuilt. The chief constructor solved the problem of his own punishment by blowing out his brains, and all his subordinates who were in any degree responsible were sent to Siberia. Every endeavor has, of course, been made to keep these occurrences from the knowledge of the public, but the facts of the case have come to hand through a thoroughly trustworthy channel.—Leeds Mercury.

Sun Spots.

For several years the sun has been in a quiescent condition, his surface being comparatively free from spots, and his prominences of comparatively infrequent occurrence and insignificant proportions. The great luminary has been passing through his minimum sun spot period; for the spot producing activity of the sun is governed by laws that the close observation of the last two centuries has interpreted, while observers are still groping after the cause of the spots themselves.

It takes about eleven years to complete a sun spot cycle, though the intervals are irregular. Each cycle includes a maximum and a minimum period, which are also irregular. The spots vary greatly in number. During some cycles the sun's face is never free from them; during others it is unmarred for days, and even for months. As the last maximum period occurred about 1881-2, it is time to anticipate a recurrence of solar activity, and recent observations show that the activity has already begun.

Enormous fluctuations are taking place on the surface of the sun, and will be followed for the two or three coming years by spots of every variety. There will be normal spots, consisting of an umbra and penumbra, and spots irregular in form or gathered in groups. The sizes of the spots vary from 500 miles to 50,000 miles or more, and they are often large enough to be visible to the naked eye. They may last for a few days, or for weeks or months. Their distribution is mostly confined to two zones on the sun's surface, between 5 degs. and 40 degs. of latitude north and south.

Other signs of solar agitation follow in the wake of the sun spots. Gigantic solar eruptions, known as rosy protuberances, rise from the sun's border, like tongues of flame, sometimes to the height of hundreds of thousands of miles. The earth bears witness to the disturbed state of the sun, for auroras flash in the heavens, magnetism reaches its greatest point of oscillation and electricity takes on its most brilliant manifestations.—Youth's Companion.

Gruff Ben Butler.

Butler has a great law practice, and many irons in the fire besides—his bunting factory, his granite quarries, and so on and so forth. But much of his law practice is made up of desperate cases, such as those claims before the court of claims which no one else will undertake, and in which the compensation is all contingent upon success. Besides, like other men with many irons in heating, he cannot keep them all white hot, and loses every now and then on one of them. Then, too, he is one of the most generous and charitable of men. He lives on a scale which seems extravagant to most men, keeping up three or four establishments—one here, one in Lowell, one in Boston, and so on—and treating all his relatives and friends most generously in all his dealings with them.

Rough and gruff as he sometimes seems, his heart is tenderness itself, and his compassionate ear and hand are always open. He gives away a small fortune every year, to say nothing of his "thank you" practice, which exceeds that of any other lawyer in the United States, and probably in the world. Naturally, with all his shrewdness, he is deceived by the designing, and loses more money in this way than most people give away. Unless his forthcoming "Reminiscences" yield a large sum, Butler will not leave a large fortune behind him.—Philadelphia Record.

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In the matter of the assignment of Geo W. Sappington, insolvent debtor:

State of Oregon } ss
County of Yamhill }

By virtue of a general assignment for the benefit of all his creditors in proportion to the amount of their respective claims made and executed by the above named G. W. Sappington on the 27th day of December, A. D., 1890, which instrument of assignment was thereafter, and on the 8th day of January, A. D., 1891, duly filed for record in Yamhill County, State of Oregon, the same being the County in which the business in respects of which the same was made, has been carried on said assignment having been made under and by virtue of an act of the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon, entitled: "An act to secure creditors a just division of the estates of debtors who convey for the benefit of creditors, approved October 18th, A. D. 1878," and acts amendatory thereof, I have, as assignee of said debtor and assignee named in said assignment become seized, possessed of and own all the right and title to the one-half undivided interest which the said G. W. Sppington had and owned at the time he made said assignment, to-wit: The 27th day of December, A. D., 1890, of, in and to the following described real property and premises, to-wit.

Commencing at the southeast corner of lot 3, block 1, running north one hundred and ten feet, thence west fifty five and three tenths feet, thence south one hundred and ten feet, thence east fifty-five and three-tenths feet to the place of beginning, in the town of North Yamhill, as recorded in the Recorder's office in the County of Yamhill, in the State of Oregon, which said real property and premises I shall expose for sale and offer for sale as the law directs, at the Courthouse door, in said Yamhill County, State of Oregon, on the 15th day of September, A. D., 1891, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the said day, the same being between the hours of 9 o'clock in the morning and 4 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at Public Auction.

G. A. DOUGLAS, Assignee of the estate of G. W. Sappington, Insolvent debtor.

Dated this 16th day of July A. D., 1891.
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Roseburg	6:20 a m	Portland	4:00 p m

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Albany	9: a m	Portland	9: a m

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Corvallis	12:35 p m	McMinn'	2:56 p m
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