Solomon Spanked.

To his mother, fair Bath-sheba,
Solomon the Wise, said he:
"Adonijah, Haggith's son,
Hath done evil unto me;

"For as we were playing now
Just outside the city wall,
Lo, he knocked me down, and did
Me a sneaking rascal call!"

"Did you give him blow for blow?"
Bath-sheba the Fair, said she.
"You just bet your life I did;
He'll not lord it over me!

"When he hit me, called me names,
I stopped not to make replys
From the shoulder deep I hit out,
Giving him a black eye!"

Very grave was then Bath-sheba,
As she sadly shook her head;
"Only brutes resort to blows,
Solomon, my son," she said.

"When again he striketh thee,
Be not hasty, check thine ire;
Thus on his unruly head
Shall thou heap up coals of fire."

Solomon the Wise but smiled;
"Guess I'd better go and see
If he'll give those marbles back
That he won from me," said he.

"Marbles! Did you play for keeps?"
Cried Bath-sheba, shriek on shriek,
And she caught her recreant son
Ere he had a chance to speak.

From her foot her sandal drew,
Took him there across her knee,
And the way she flogged the lad
Was a sight for men to see.

Solomon the Wise was mute,
Till he was well out of reach,
Then he said, "Oh, mother, why
Don't you practice what you preach?"

—Anne Louise Brakenridge.

CHILDREN'S FAULTS.

TOO OFTEN THEY ARE ASCRIBED TO PARENTAL NEGLIGENCE.

But Sometimes the Most Careful and Tender Watchfulness Proves Unavailing to Make a Tidy Girl Out of a Sloven—An Original Sin Theory.

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"IT IS the commonest thing in the world," said a sensible woman the other day, looking up from a newspaper, "to lay all the faults of children to their bringing up. Here's a story about a young girl who was impertinent to her mother in public, and it states that every one who heard her remarked, justly, that it wasn't her fault—it was her mother's, who had not taught her properly.' There is, too, a Spanish proverb, 'There are no ungrateful children,' which of course means that bad children have had no training to be grateful for. Now, I do not believe that doctrine. It is cowardly and unjust to lay the ingratitude and undutifulness of all children to their parents. The argument leaves no room for inherited tendencies—inherited perhaps from remote ancestors—nor for the differentiation which makes every individual unlike every other individual. If training were all, why are not all the children of one family alike? Perhaps you will say that parents often indulge one child more than another; but how is it that those children who are reared in asylums and refuges, and subjected to precisely the same training, influence teaching and discipline, turn out to be just as different from each other as children reared in different families?"

"You have brought up several children of your own?" asked her listener.

"Several of my own, and two or three which were not mine," replied the lady, "and I know that even the most careful and watchful training will not turn children out all alike, like shoepegs or clothespins. Why, in the very first family that ever existed, according to the Bible, one child was good and the other bad. It is quite probable that they were trained very similarly. They had no long ancestry to furnish them with 'inherited tendencies.' Was it training that made Cain a murderer, or want of training?"

"You do not believe, then, that evil tendencies may be corrected by advice, precept and teaching?"

"Sometimes perhaps. But all the training in the world will not alter a child's nature. You may perhaps teach a child of a sullen, willful, obstinate disposition to keep it somewhat under control, but you can never make that child into a cheerful, amiable, lovable person. A tendency to flippancy and self conceit (the groundwork of this impertinent girl's ordering her mother about in public) it is next to impossible to train out of a child. Even those qualities which would seem much more external, like untidiness and indolence (for I have often heard it preached that habits of order and neatness are simply matters of teaching and habit) are very hard to eradicate. Did I ever tell you about the child that I tried so hard to make into a trim, tidy, frugal, neat and economical woman?"

"No, and I should much like to hear how a woman who has all those qualities in so good measure as yourself could fail to impress them on any child under her control."

"Well, I did fail miserably, and that experience showed me the injustice of laying all faults to training, or the lack of it. I began with that child before she was old enough to do the simplest kind of work—began by insisting on her picking up her toys and putting them in place every night; by having a row of hooks low enough for her to reach in the wardrobe, where she was taught to hang her clothes at night and her nightdress in the morning; by teaching her to have her small undergarments—hose and so on—laid nicely in her drawer, ready for her wearing. Despite all my care, I doubt if she ever put toys or garments in place without being specially reminded.

"As she grew up she showed an utter lack of tidiness and order; her clothes were scattered all about her room, her schoolbooks were anywhere, wherever she chanced to drop them; she could never find her pencil, scissors or thimble; her handkerchief was never at hand; when she had half a dozen pretty white aprons for school they were always all soiled at once; if she had several cambric, gingham or muslin frocks she was sure to have no fresh one among them unless I watched her dressing every day. How hard I tried to teach her to be neat and careful with her clothes, to show her that she must always have clean garments ready for need; that she must not wear clothes which needed mending; that she must not pin patch; that she must not toss her clothes on chairs and then sit on them and press them full of wrinkles; that she must not use pins where buttons should be; that she must keep her room tidy, and that she must brush her teeth night and morning!"

"Then you think her headlessness and untidiness were hereditary?"

"No, I cannot see how that could be; her mother was a good New England housekeeper, careful, neat handed and orderly, who knew how to do all kinds of housework and sewing, and did them well. But that girl would as soon wear a dress slit from waist to hem as not (at least about home; she was vain enough about her appearance in public). If a button came off her clothing she would pin the fabric all to rags rather than replace it, and my life was a burden of constant watchfulness and reproof. I had to threaten to brush her teeth myself in order to get her to do it, and I believe I did it once or twice. Now you are tempted to say I was too severe with her; but I assure you she was never punished excepting by being made to take off a torn garment and mend it, or to do something over which she had scamped the first time.

"It was precisely so about her room; it was just at the head of the stairs, and unless I took it in hand myself, as I was often obliged to do, the carpet was always so covered with dust, lint and shreds that the litter was continually being swept out into the hall and over the stairs by her going down after she was old enough to wear long dresses. It was a pleasant, large room, comfortably furnished, but it was always in disorder; her clothes, her brushes, hairpins, shoes, ribbons, gloves and books were everywhere, and over all she reigned queen of misrule.

"In fact she did just as the average boy does in a house where he has been allowed to believe that his privilege is to disarrange without ever putting in place; to enjoy without responsibility; to use without taking care of; where he can toss things about at his pleasure for some patient slave to pick up and restore to cleanliness, neatness and order without the least trouble to him. And I have the comfort of knowing that, wherever that girl or woman is today, all who witness her slipshod ways are saying:

"'Poor thing; it just shows how she was brought up; never was told any better, never had any training, you know!'"

Her listener laughed.

"So I gather that you don't altogether believe in the old saw—

"'Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined?'

"Well, I found my trouble in bending the twig," replied the other; "no doubt if I had succeeded in bending it in the right direction it would have grown so. Some natures can be molded by training, others cannot. There may be something in training; there may be something in heredity, but I am inclined to think there is still another factor to be considered in the matter of rearing children, a factor that 'Hints to Parents,' and 'Mothers' Guides' seem to ignore altogether when they hold a mother responsible for all her daughter's faults and a father responsible for all the evil acts of his son, and that factor is, for want of a better name, original sin."

E. A.

A STAR FETE.

A Unique Entertainment on the "Five Point" Plan.

It was certainly a brilliant affair, got up by some society for the purpose of raising money, and it was so successful that others would do well to copy some or all of its bright features. The entertainment was held in a large hall, to which admission was had by the presentation of five pointed tickets.

The hall was decorated with bunting, stars and flowers, everything conforming to the name of the fete. There were evergreen stars on the walls, alternating with tricolored ones. From the chandeliers hung clusters of stars made by covering pasteboard forms with gilt paper. They shone as they moved slightly in the warm air of the place. In one prominent place was a star made by bending a gaspipe into that shape and connecting it properly. When lighted it made a bright and suitable addition to the other jets and the piano lamps that were used for illumination.

The booths were all five pointed and trimmed with silver or gilt stars against drapings of dark blue, which covered the wood. The articles for sale were classified, and similar articles were grouped together on one point. The booths had their advantages—they afforded places for five people to stand while selling goods, neither one interfering with the other and all having access to the money, which was kept on tables in the center; also they gave more space for purchasers than a round or square booth covering the same space would have done. Of course much of the fancy work conformed to the prevailing pattern.

The booths for flowers had star shaped floral decorations against an evergreen background. One was devoted to the sale of potted plants and over it were inscribed Longfellow's words about flowers, "Stars that in earth's firmament do shine." Over the one where cut flowers were sold was the line, "There is a lesson in each flower." Little girls who carried about crush baskets with bouquets to sell were dressed in yellow, with spangles, and crowns of stars on their heads, belts of stars and a five pointed bit of gilt paper on each slipper.

One part of the hall was partitioned off for fortune telling. The entrance was draped with star trimmed curtains of dark blue, and over the mysterious entrance was written "Star-tling Disclosures," atrocious as a witticism, but so striking at the fete that it attracted many curious patrons. The fortunes were told by astrology or what was supposed to be that time honored science, as well as by palmistry. A gentlemen in a dark blue gown bordered with stars told fortunes from the hand; a lady in dull yellow, with fillet girdle, bracelets and necklace of gilt stars, presided over the astrological department. The place was lighted by yellow shaded candles, and the sides were draped with dark blue, caught up with stars.

Another feature of the evening which might or might not be successfully copied was "The Pleiades," seven bright ladies in navy blue, each wearing a cluster of seven shining stars on her left shoulder, whose duty it was to see that the guests had a good time and were being entertained.

There was some exquisite singing of songs about night or stars, including "Stars of the Summer Night" and the reading of that beautiful old favorite, "A Child's Dream of a Star." Refreshments, including ice cream and ices frozen in star shaped molds, pointed cakes and confectionery, sherbets and coffee, were served on small tables, each lighted by a centerpiece of candles placed in the prevailing five pointed pattern.

ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.

Indiana Has No Cause to Complain.

Indiana was first represented on a national presidential ticket in 1852, when George W. Julian was the candidate of the Free Soil Democrats for vice president. The ticket received no electoral votes. Indiana's next representative was Schuyler Colfax, who was elected vice president along with General Grant in 1868. In 1872 no Indiana name was on any of the regular tickets. But after Mr. Greeley's death the Democratic electoral votes were most of them cast for Thomas A. Hendricks, and a few vice presidential votes were cast for George W. Julian. In 1876 Thomas A. Hendricks was the candidate for vice president on the Democratic ticket. In 1880 William H. English played a similar role. In 1884 Thomas A. Hendricks resumed his place as second on the Democratic ticket. In 1888 Indiana for the first time had the first place on the presidential ticket. Benjamin Harrison was placed in the White House. This year he is on the ticket again. It is thus seen that in every presidential campaign since 1868 Indiana has had vital interest in the result.

A THREE CORNERED DESK.

It's Neat and Useful and May Be Made from a Packing Box.

Procure a packing box of such dimensions that a three cornered portion of it can be sawed off, fitting into the corner of a room and extending about two feet from the wall angle on each side. This is the foundation of a homemade desk that will cost not four dollars and will serve to write letters on and to keep writing materials in, and will be an ornamental piece of furniture. When cut the box must be planed and sandpapered. A board cut just large enough to fill the entire open space of the embryo desk, and finished at the cut ends with cleats of wood to keep it from warping, forms the table of the desk, and is to be fastened neatly with sunken screws to the lower edge of the opening and fitted at the top with a lock and key, also with chains that are fastened to the inside of the desk top and allow the table to be let down flat.

If you can have assistance from some one at home in the carpenter work the sole bill for outside labor will be for fitting the lock and key. The box or desk is to be placed on upright boards two feet wide and thirty inches long, which are fitted into the corner where the desk is to stand. When the desk is placed on these uprights a little under closet is left, which must be fitted up with three cornered shelves. A pretty curtain may be made for the front by decorating blue damask cloth or denim with outlining in gold thread.

Some very thin pieces of board will be material for making pigeonhole compartments in the upper part of the desk. Here may be kept the stationery and other writing materials that need to be kept away from dust. The entire desk, inside and out, is to be finished with oak stain and then varnished. A little cover to match the curtain finishes the top, and on it can be set books and any little trifles. The curtain is finally put in place on a brass rod, concealing a convenient stow place for magazines, and when complete the desk will repay its owner for all the trouble of construction.

Ohio's First Newspaper Woman.

There is a bright little woman on the staff of the Xenia Gazette who has quite a history as a member of the profession. Years ago she was a young schoolgirl there named Lua Cary, and was a relative of the famous Cary sisters, the sweet singers of College Hill, and also of General Sam Cary, the Democratic orator.

Lua Cary had a literary ambition and became a valued reporter on The Gazette, and was probably the first female reporter in Ohio, for she was ready at any time to report anything from a wed-

LUA CARY COOPER.

ding to a murder. She married Charles Lawhead, a young lawyer. His health failed and he went to California. She went along and there nursed him to the end, and brought home his body for burial. The determined character and devotion of the woman was shown when she worked day after day in a fruit canning factory that she might earn money to support her invalid husband, while she wrote at night letters which won great credit but little money.

On her return she at once rejoined The Gazette staff, and did not give it up altogether when she was happily married to George Cooper, from Springfield, Mass., who is now general manager of the Xenia water works. Her literary ability promises something in book form, but she loves the general work of a newspaper, with its varying interesting changes and daily dramatic features.

Autumn Fashions.

There will be much fur worn next fall and winter, the furriers say, and they are providing it for every possible need. Walking boots and house slippers even will be bordered with some kind, and gloves will have gauntlets of beaver or some other short-pile fur.

Velvet and uncut velvet will enter largely into the autumn bonnets. They are not all small by any means. For those who look better in large hats or bonnets there are flaring pokes, and picture hats with towering plumes, and bonnets of shirred silk, satin and velvet.

Beaded fringe at the waist is much worn over silk, and with this is usually purchased a beaded and wired Medici collar, and both can be made postiche, so as to be transferred from one costume to another.

An Episode at the Convention.

It was a pleasant episode at the meeting of the Christian Endeavor convention when Ira D. Sankey referred to the pleasant relations of England and America. The Canadian delegates sprang to their feet as Mr. Sankey sat down and electrified the audience by striking up "God Save the Queen." The convention broke into cheering and all the women in the house waved their handkerchiefs.

When the Canadians were through the audience promptly continued the song, substituting the words "My country, 'tis of thee." It was now Canada's turn to cheer and wave handkerchiefs. She replied to "America" with "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." The whole audience joined and there was another scene of enthusiasm.—New York Letter.

Shot an Anaconda in a Tree.

Arthur Seeds discovered a huge snake in the top of a tree in Olathe recently, and shot the reptile through the head. The snake was over six feet in length and a fine specimen of the anaconda. A side show disbanded there some time ago, and, being hopelessly stranded, turned two monkeys and eight snakes loose on the community. The monkeys were captured soon after, but the snakes have been at large ever since.

It Was Well Meant.

Everybody in the fire department knew Father Cohen, the oldest reporter in New York, and everybody liked him. The news of his death especially grieved Battalion Chief McGill, who had known the venerable reporter for years. When he heard that Superintendent Byrnes, the police commissioners and others of the police force were going to send a floral piece to be laid on Cohen's coffin, he determined there should also be something from the fire department. He collected nearly fifty dollars among the firemen. The exactions of department business prevented him from looking after the matter himself the next day, and he handed the subscription money to a fireman and sent him to a florist with an order for a design.

"Mr. Cohen was a reporter, wasn't he?" the florist said. "All right; I have an idea that will exactly suit. Leave that to me."

Politicians, policemen, firemen and newspaper men had just begun to gather at the old reporter's home, in Harlem, on the day of the funeral when the bell rang, and a messenger from the florist delivered a huge floral piece, and said it was sent by the firemen of New York. It was a superb bed of roses, and in the center was a facsimile in white immortelles of the reporter's fire badge issued to Father Cohen by Mr. Richard Croker when he was fire commissioner. Worked in red letters was the inscription of the official inscription:

ADMIT ONLY WITHIN FIRE LINES.
BY ORDER OF
FIRE COMMISSIONERS.

It was a handsome piece of work, but it was set in a corner with its face turned toward the wall, and other flowers took its place on the coffin.—New York Sun.

Angler Carson and the Whale.

William Carson was out on one of the tugs one week ago Saturday, and with the crew of the tug was engaged in taking halibut on the banks about three miles west of the bar. After catching a 40-pound halibut, several smaller ones and a few soles, Mr. Carson hooked something that "walked" away with his line in a steady manner. He called for assistance, and with the captain and one of the tug's crew the result was the same, the line steadily walking away from the three of them. A turn was then taken around one of the bits, when, as the strain increased, it was seen that the tug was swinging to the strain, and the line at the same time appeared to be moving toward the surface.

Judge of the surprise of Mr. Carson when a whale about forty feet long came to the surface and blew about 200 feet from the tug, with the line fastened to one of his flukes. With a sudden lurch of the tug the line parted near the bit to which it was fastened and went flying through the air in the direction of the whale. The whale staid close around the tug for a couple of hours, and was struck with chunks of coal and shot at, to which he paid no attention whatever.

After Captain Nelson had stuck him and lost his line also, the tug steamed a couple of miles farther out to get away from him, as, besides getting away with the lines, he had so disturbed the fish that they would not bite.—Humboldt Times.

Why He Pays Duty on the "Pants."

Some rather fine distinctions are drawn in the matter of customs decisions by the treasury department. A citizen of Detroit went over to Canada and bought a pair of trousers, which he wore home. The customs officers taxed him $2.60 duty on the new pantaloons. He applied to the treasury department for a rebate, and in his letter said, "I fancied those pantaloons and bought them."

When he used the word "fancied" he gave his case away. Assistant Secretary Crounse informed him that the McKinley law admits free of duty articles of clothing which are a "necessity," but as the claimant himself admits that he bought the pantaloons because he "fancied" them it stands to reason that they were not an article of necessity. Therefore he must pay duty.—Washington Star.

Claimed Millions, Got a Pauper's Grave.

Mrs. Ann Dodge, who was mentioned in a New York paper recently as one of Montana's millionaires, is reposing tonight in a two cent grave. She claimed to own vast estates in England, and had papers to give an air of probability to her claim. The matter had been pending for years. Meanwhile she had become old and poor. She came to Butte from San Francisco a year ago, and while here was forced to go to the poorhouse, where she died Wednesday. By a contract with the county a local undertaker infers Butte's paupers for two cents per head, and that is the kind of a grave in which rests the body of a woman who believed herself the rightful owner of $8,000,000 in property.—Butte Cor. Helena Independent.

The Voice of the Robin.

No bird is better known to us than the robin. Its song is sweet and plaintive; it rises early and goes to bed late; it loves to dwell and nestle near to man, and has an air of sprightliness and confidence which endears it to us all.

The songs of birds may be divided into six utterances. The call note of the mate in spring; the loud, clear note of defiance, the note of fear when danger threatens the nest, the note of alarm or war cry, the note of affection for their young, and the soft, tender, full, melodious love warble.—Troy Times.

Grew Anxious.

The residents of Cartersville, Mo., became somewhat alarmed and unusually pious, a few days ago, on discovering that the ore in a zinc mine thereabouts, at a depth of eighty-five feet, proved so hot that it could not be handled without thick gloves. They thought that satan had suddenly changed his abode and moved his heating apparatus unpleasantly near Cartersville.—Yankee Blade.

Three Black Crows Again.

The growth of a "hue and cry" was well illustrated the other day on the banks of the Seine. Two fishermen in a boat got into an altercation with a woman engaged in washing a poodle on shore, splashed her with water and fled from her wrathful shrieks. A crowd collected, the cry was raised that a woman had been drowned, and scared by the success of their joke the two fishermen attempted to escape down the river.

They were finally arrested at some distance on the charge of having murdered a woman and her baby for the sake of the rings worn by the former, and of having thrown the bodies into the water, and it required all the energy of the police to save them from the 2,000 people who had followed them along the shore in order to lynch them.

The government telegraph service of Great Britain operates about 30,000 miles of line and handles nearly 33,000,000 telegrams a year. Last year 6,000,000 telegrams were handled in London alone.

"Take your tennis shoes aboard ship with you," said a young woman who has done it. "The rubber soles make the best of footholds on the often slippery decks."

Shall We Have a Yacht Race?

There has been an annual stir—more or less a newspaper stir, be it confessed—every year since 1887 over the prospect of an English yacht coming over to race for the America's cup, and each year, after a few days' exploitation, the commotion has given place to the usual peacefulness that characterizes international yachting matters on this side of the Atlantic. The same old "if," as applying to rescinding the dimensions clause in the deed of gift, is always the stumbling block, and has become a veritable bete noire to American yachtsmen. This year the stir is without foundation, for no challenge has been sent, and even had one been received and accepted, no race would be held until 1893. But the prospect for an international race is very gloomy.

The Englishmen declare positively they will never race under the present deed of gift, with its dimensions clause compelling them to give away all the measurements of their boat ten months in advance of the race, and those members of the New York Yacht club who have the matter in charge are equally positive in declaring that the dimensions clause shall remain. To the outside yachtsmen—in fact, to any sportsman—it looks as though the New York Yacht club committee, having taken this position, was determined to hold it, despite the consequences. However, as the races have always been arranged between two or three men on each side, it is possible that some contingency, of which none outside the innermost circle are informed, may have demanded this "obnoxious clause."

Whatever the cause, the fact remains that yachting on both sides the Atlantic is suffering from the deadlock.—Harper's Weekly.

Fun in the People's Party Convention.

One of the funniest incidents of the People's party convention was the presentation of a collection raised for the Moore boy drum corps, which accompanied the Renville county delegation.

The boys are all members of one family. The oldest, about twenty, beats the big bass drum, the second is a snare drummer, the third and fourth are fifers, while the fifth and sixth, fourteen and twelve years old respectively, make up the complement of snare drummers.

Chairman Stewart called the drum corps "the Renville band," and "at the suggestion of your chairman" a collection was raised for the boys. The populists responded freely, and the hat collection footed up $38.35. The "band" was called to the platform to receive the contribution, and the boys came up ready to play a tune in acknowledgment of appreciation. After Stewart handed over the money the boys played "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and some delegate was reminded of the mother of all those boys.

"I move a vote of thanks to the mother of those boys," he shouted. The motion was put and carried by a rising vote.

After Stewart had declared the motion carried a man on the floor called out:

"What's the matter with the old man?"

Then followed the most ludicrous scene of the convention. Men howled themselves hoarse, and it was several minutes before business could be resumed.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Snakes Rob Pigs.

Eight little pigs that were suckled by their mother on the farm of Mrs. Stinson, two miles from Bridgeton, Bucks county, suddenly began to grow lean and thin. They appeared as if they were being starved to death. As the maternal swine was fat and had the appearance of being a rich source of the necessary lacteal food, Mrs. Stinson was unable until yesterday to discover what ailed the hungry pigs.

Quietly covering the pigsty, she was astounded to see two immense milk snakes, over five feet long, quietly clinging to the udder of the mother hog, which apparently was not at all disturbed. They had persistently been robbing the pigs of what belonged to them. One of the serpentine pirates was killed by Mrs. Stinson, but the other escaped through a hole in the floor.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

A Cold Day in the Senate.

Celebrated though it may be for the dignity of its proceedings, the senate occasionally affords rare amusement to those who are compelled to attend its sessions. Friday it furnished an incident which is still being laughed about.

There is a new reading clerk in the chamber. He has a good voice, but has not "caught on" to the ins and outs of his position. Vice President Morton laid some executive communications before the senate, among them, by mistake, a treaty negotiated by this government with Great Britain for the improvement of the condition of sailors on the high seas. Some time ago the London papers announced that this treaty had been perfected, but not even a whisper concerning it has been dropped in the public ear by the president or those associated with him.

The new clerk seized upon this message and began to read it.

"I herewith transmit to the senate for ratification," he began.

Instantly the experienced employee next to him grasped his arm, the ancient Captain Bassett shot out of his chair, and the mercury in the thermometer hanging near dropped 30 degs.

While the senators looked helplessly around the treaty was rescued and a document containing no executive secrets was placed in the clerk's hand. His voice was husky for the next hour, and the temperature in the neighborhood of the clerk's desk continued low until after the adjournment.—Washington Letter.

A Story About Disraeli.

Lord Beaconsfield once delivered a famous speech in Edinburgh, which was not reported in its entirety, at all events out of Edinburgh, for the very good reason that it could not be done. It was the oration in which he boasted of having educated his party—a stinging reminder for which his aristocratic following did not thank him. On this oration hangs a tale. It was delivered at a banquet, and the flower and chivalry of the Tory party were around the premier at the head table.

By some mistake a decanter of good port instead of light claret was placed in front of the mystic statesman when he rose to speak, and every time he took a sip he felt rejuvenated, and the more he took the more he felt inclined to talk in radiant spirits. With his arms folded, his eyes glowing and his manner unusually sprightly, Disraeli poured forth column after column for hours, and the reporters were turning out the "copy" with manufacturing rapidity far beyond the abilities of the telegraphists to cope with.

The wires were gorged, the great speech only reached the newspapers in a mangled form, and wherever it was read there was mystification and a considerable row. But it may be added that some of the reporters on that occasion had looked upon the wine when it was red, and their notes were taking exercise on stilts when they came to decipher them.—San Francisco Call.

Nearly 60,000 veterans have indicated their intention to attend the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in Washington in September.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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Citation.

In the County court of Yamhill county, State of Oregon.

In the matter of the last will and testament of Joel Stowe, deceased.

To Caroline Sue, Margaret Taylor, Joel E. Stowe, Robert A. Stowe, Mary M. Stowe, Francis M. Stowe, Nancy E. Roberts, Elizabeth E. Streeter, Missouri B. Smith, Lulu M. Woodly, Marion T. Roberts, Ruth A. Groves, Elizabeth E. Brower, Marvel T. Stowe, Robert L. Stowe and Sarah Thompson.

In the name of the state of Oregon:

Whereas, Isaac Lambright, sole executor of the last will and testament of Joel Stowe, late of this county, deceased, has filed in the above named county court his petition praying said court to grant him license and authority to sell, in the manner provided by law all the real property belonging to said estate, to-wit:

The donation land claim of James P. Yocum in township 5 south, range 5 west, of the Willamette Meridian in Yamhill county State of Oregon, containing 160 acres more or less, and also the following described parcel to-wit: Beginning at a point 1.82 chains west of the northeast corner of said donation land claim, thence west 13.52 chains, thence north 10 degrees and 15 minutes, west 7.09 chains, thence north 3 degrees east, 9.60 chains, thence north 10 degrees east, 12.69 chains, thence easterly parallel with south boundary of James Coleman's donation land claim, 5.38 chains, thence easterly to east line of James Coleman's donation land claim, 13½ rods northerly from southeast corner of said claim, hence southerly on east boundary of said claim, 13½ rods, thence west on the south boundary line, 1.32 chains, thence south, 4.10 chains to the place of beginning, containing 46 acres situated in said county and state and described on pages 460 and 461 of book "P" of the records of deeds of said county; and whereas, said petition is based on the provisions of said last will and testament, and whereas, said county court has ordered that said petition be heard by said court at the usual place of holding said court in said county, on Saturday, the 8th day of October, 1892, at the hour of one o'clock p. m. of said day and directed the issuance and service of this citation. Now, therefore, you and each of you are hereby notified and required to be and appear in the above named county court at the said time and place appointed by said court for hearing said petition as aforesaid and show cause, if any exists, why an order of sale of said real premises should not be made as in said petition prayed for.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the said county court at my office in said county on this the 6th day of September, A. D., 1892.

(SEAL) WM. GALLOWAY,
County Judge.
ED. HENDRICKS,
Clerk of the above named court.
RAMSEY & FENTON,
Sept 8-37 Attorneys for estate.

Two Bottles Cured Her. VI

CARROLL, Ia., July, 1889.

I was suffering 10 years from shocks in my head, so much so that at times I didn't expect to recover. I took medicines from many doctors, but didn't get any relief until I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; the second dose relieved me and 2 bottles cured me. S. W. PECK.

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of intelligence and quick-witted enough to know a "GOOD THING" at sight, but who has Lost the Most Precious Possession on Earth, viz. GOOD HEALTH, WILL NOT require a SECOND TELLING to be induced to become a purchaser

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THE GREGG ELECTRIC CURE CO.,
501 Inter Ocean Building, Chicago, Ill.
and mention this paper.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have been appointed by the county court of Yamhill county, state of Oregon, administratrix and administrator of the estate of Erastus Downing, late of said county, deceased. Therefore all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present them, with proper vouchers therefor, to us at our residence in said county within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated September 7th, 1892.

MARY BROCK,
ISAAC LAMBRIGHT,
Administratrix and administrator of said estate.
RAMSEY & FENTON
Attorneys for said estate.

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THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administratrix (with the will annexed) of the estate of Samuel Turner, deceased, by the county court of Yamhill county state of Oregon; and has duly qualified as such administratrix. Therefore all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present them with the proper vouchers therefor to me at my residence near North Yamhill, in said county, within six months from this date.

Dated July 28 1892.

NANCY TURNER,
Administratrix.
Ramsey & Fenton, Attorneys for Estate.

SUMMONS.

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

Stina Madson, Plaintiff,
vs
James R. Madson, Deft.

To James R. Madson, said defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby notified and required to be and appear in the above named court in the above entitled suit by Monday, the 26th day of September, A. D., 1892, that being the first day of the next term of said court following the expiration of the six weeks' publication of this summons, and answer the plaintiff's complaint therein filed against you, and you will take notice that, that if you fail so to appear and answer, for the want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to said court for the relief prayed for in said complaint, which is in brief, for a decree of said court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and the defendant and for an order of said court giving the plaintiff the custody of the minor children of the parties and changing her name to Stina Nelson.

This summons is served by publication thereof, by virtue of an order of Hon. Geo. H. Burnett, judge of said court, bearing date of August 2nd, 1892.

A 11-33 RAMSEY & FENTON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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Portland	8:05 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	8:55 a m

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