THREE NATIVES OF PIKE

By DAN DE QUILLE.

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CHAPTER II.

THE STORY OF THE SECOND PIKE.

"The turtles left off boxin and went to buttin heads."

This Pike was called Bud. He opened by saying: "Gents, I can't tell you a fish story, for I never keered a durn 'bout fishin. I might tell you some stories of 'gator shootin in Florida, cock fightin in Cuba, rattlesnake and porkerpine fights in Mobile and sich like things, for I was allers a dry land sport and better at gittin up dog and peccary fights and them kind of games than anything elst. I made mighty well for a good while travelin with two fightin peccaries that I picked up in Texas. I had a fightin coon to ketch the colored brother, a fightin armadiller from Honduras and other sich rackets, but my greatest show ventur was made down in Orleans.

"Gents all, though I don't look it now, I was onct in a fair way to be a bigger man in the show business than old Barnum. My great exerbition was the edercated turtles. For nigh onto six weeks my show drawed powerful—was all the rage. All over New Orleans was seen in big letters, 'The Edercated Turtles; the Greatest Livin Wonder of the Age.'

"I had my hall crammed every day and every night. Larned perfessors wrote long articles 'bout 'the almost human intelligence of the giant soft shelled turtle.' I was making money hand over fist when an accident happened that busted my business—but of that you'll soon hear.

"My show was a beautiful one and 'highly instructive,' as it said on my bills. It was my pride to give an exerbition. With a light rattan cane in my hand I'd appear on the stage, take my place near the footlights and relate how I'd led the life of a hermit six years on Florida Keys and at Tortugas, edercatin my four turtles, which I'd hatched out in my bosom from the eggs, and which, as would be seen, had now attained a length of nearly five feet. I had a long speech that a newspaper feller wrote out for me for six bits.

"At last, when I'd worked up the audjence to sich a pitch that the cries of 'Trot out yer turtles' and the whistlin and stampin drowded my voice, I'd face about, flourish my rattan and at the word of command two of the turtles would come marchin in from opposite sides of the stage. Then they'd lumber along down to the footlights, run out their heads and make a bow. Then the other pair would march in and take their places between the first, likewise bowin.

"Music then strikin up, the turtles would get up on their hind legs, take their places and dance a French four. They'd also do double shuffles and pat juba, which fetched all the nigs. They played leapfrog, made pyramids and wrastled; also their drill with wooden guns was very pleasin. The big thing after all was the boxin match at the wind up. That allers brought down the house, but it was that which at last busted the whole business.

"One Sunday night, when two of the turtles was boxin and the other two actin as seconds, the glove contest all at once turned into a reg'lar fight. To the astonishment of all the whites, and to the delight of all the niggers, the turtles on a sudden left off boxin and went to buttin heads.

"Only a few dashes was made afore off went the head of one of the turtles, and the other was butted clean out of his shell, exposin to view two little naked darky boys.

"A howl went up from the audjence, and seein that a rush was likely to be made for the stage, I gave the word to my turtles and we all skipped by a back door, rippin the little nigs out'n their shells with my jackknife.

"Next day the papers gave the whole thing away. They told that to the back shells of turtles had been added artificial heads and necks, that the belly part was too flaps of cotton cloth sewed to the edges of the shells, and painted to imitate shell, and fastening up in front with small, well concealed hooks and eyes. They had it about right.

"But for the papers blowin the thing I would have taken my show up the river as far as St. Louis, and likely clean on to New York.

"In gittin up this show the worst of the job was findin little darkies of jist the right build. They had to have long necks and small heads to play the part of turtles. The masks were all the skins of turtles' heads greatly stretched and fitted with glass eyes, and the boys wore turtle slippers tanned till as soft as a kid glove. The animal stuffer who got up the rig charged two hundred dollars for it, and warranted that no deception could be detected from the front, nor would there have been any trouble but for the fight between the two little nigs. The buttin busted out the show.

"A curious thing was that in gittin up the show, when I first stripped one of the little nigs to fit him into his shell I noticed a peculiar scar on his back. I asked him how he got it, and he told me by bein put onto a big hook and used for catfish bait. Then he ups and tells me the whole story of his bein swallered by a catfish twenty-five feet long; how he was taken out alive and with but one little scratch, all jist as Buck here has told us. I then thought him a awful little liar, but I now see that the poor child was simply tellin me a God's truth."

CHAPTER III.

THE STORY OF THE THIRD PIKE.

After another libation poured to the "rosy god," the third Pike, who was called 'Lige, said: "I never had no adventurs, bein allers engaged in trade and specerlation, but Bud Crowner's account of his performin turtles nat'rally brings to mind my great tarrapin specerlation. Hearin of the big prices that was bein paid for tarrapin stews in Washoe and California in the airly and flush times of the silver mines by mining superintenders, big lawyers, sports and highfliers in gineral, I concluded to make a bold stroke for a fortin.

"I collected all the tarrapin I could find in Missouri; then had brought to me all that the niggers and 'white trash' in Kaintucky, Tennessee and Arkansaw could skeer up. When all the tarrapin had come in they covered four sections of land as thick as the cobblestones in an old St. Louis pavement. All the people for fifty miles around come to see the sight. Every son of a gun of 'em tried to pump me to find out what I was goin to do with them four sections of tarrapin. I kept mum or told 'em lies. Not a soul suspected that I was preparin to make a great tarrapin drive acrost the plains to Washoe and California.

"When I got ready to start my drove I found I couldn't do the fust thing toards gittin 'em in line. When I'd start a quarter section or so of 'em ahead the rest would begin movin out sideways, and would soon be so scattered that I had to raise all the niggers in the county, big and little, to go 'round 'em, whip 'em in and get 'em massed agin.

"After three or four attempts at startin the drove an ole nigger came into my camp one night 'bout midnight. His har was white as wool and he looked more'n a hundred year old. He wore a sort of breechclout made of 'possum skins, but nary another stitch of duds. The ole feller stood over six feet high and was straight as an arrer. He looked 'bout the same as any other ole nigger, except his head and face, which made me think of a big snappin turtle.

"By a rattle the ole feller had in his hand, and by the string of snake heads and things he had 'round his neck, I seed that the ole feller was a hoodoo doctor. The ole man told me there was only one way of gettin my drove of tarrapin started and makin 'em travel—I must git for their leader the 'tarrapin king.'

"I asked whar the king of tarrapins was to be got. The ole doctor told me he was in the big lake in New Madrid—the biggest lake that was formed when

"I stood up and pulled on the halter of my big turtle."

the ground sunk in the great airthquakes of eighteen hundred and eleven and twelve. I asked him how I was to git this 'tarrapin king,' and the ole man said he'd git him for me. I asked how much he'd charge and when he'd bring him. The ole feller said that if I'd give him one of my tarrapin that he'd pick out and a little nigger boy that I had I'd find the tarrapin king standin beside my tent at daylight in the mornin.

"I agreed to this, for the little nigger was sich a devil that I could do nothin with him, and as for the one tarrapin it didn't signerfy ther snap of a finger. But how the king of the tarrapin was to travel so far in a few hours I couldn't see. The ole doctor said that was his business; all he wanted was for me to shake hands on the bargain. I reached out my hand and shook, and feelin in the palm of my hand somethin sharp, like claws, I looked and I swar the ole feller had hands like the fore feet of a big snappin turtle.

"Soon as the bargain was clinched the ole critter went to the door of the tent and began to shake his rattle. In 'bout a minute a tarrapin come marchin in and set up on end before the ole doctor.

"The ole man told me this was the tarrapin I must give him. I said, 'All right, take the darn thing,' for you see I was skeered of it when I seed it set up on end.

"The ole man took the tarrapin up in his hands and began talkin to it in some kind of hoodoo lingo. Turnin to me he told me he was instructin the tarrapin to go and bring the 'king.'

"'If that's it,' said I, 'he'll git him here 'bout this time next year.'

"The ole nig said nothin; jist made a motion for me to come outside the tent.

"A full moon was shinin bright as day. The ole man held the tarrapin out on his open right hand and began talkin to it. All at once, as I'm a livin sinner, there come out from the sides of that tarrapin's shell two wings like the wings of a bat, only ten times bigger, and away it sailed like a bird.

"When I seed this I thought I'd drap. I was jist divin into the tent when the ole man grabbed me by the collar and hauled me back. Again he began to shake his rattle and soon I heard the sound of a bell. Nearer and nearer it come till it sounded clear and beautiful close by. A little black cloud passed onto the moon, a dark shadder rushed toards us from somewar and the bell fell at the feet of the ole doctor.

"It was 'bout the size of a sheep bell, round in shape and bright as silver. The sound of it had set all the tarrapin in motion. They came toards the tent from all quarters, climbin on one another's backs till they were three tarrapin deep round the ole hoodoo doctor.

"The ole feller then took from among the 'possum skins at his waist a long line of twisted har, and takin the collar of snake heads from his neck he tied the cord to it and hung on the bell. He then told me to put the bell and collar on the king of the tarrapin when he arrived and to lead him by the cord when I was ready to move out with my drove.

"I asked if he would take the little nigger, seein he was startin off. He said no; he'd take him when he wanted him; meantime he'd leave him to bring up the rear of my drove. I said the boy was of no account. 'I'll make him some 'count,' said the ole doctor, and, haulin the little nig out'n the corner of the tent whar he was snoozin or pretendin to snooze, he buzzed in his ear for awhile, then told me the boy would be all right. This done, he passed out at the door of my tent, and closin it behind him ordered me not to look out till I heard a great noise.

"I turned in for a nap, and had been asleep a couple of hours when a noise like the flight of millions of wild pigeons or the roarin of the sea waked me. I got up and found it was broad daylight. My fust look was at the sky, for I thought a cyclone was comin. All was clear overhead, but the roarin kept on. Looking to the ground I then saw thousands of acres of tarrapin standin on end clappin their hands.

"Says I to myself, 'it must be that the king of tarrapins has just arrived.' Goin back of the tent, what do I see but a turtle with a back shell on him as big as the top of an omnibus. Hearin my step the monster rose upon his feet. He stood five feet high, and his head was as much higher when he stretched up his neck and gazed at me. Ef I'd seed nothing but the head of the critter I'd have thought I was lookin the old hoodoo doctor in the face.

"In my astonishment I cried out, 'The king of the tarrapins!' If I'm not the biggest liar in America the big turtle nodded as much as to say, 'You've said it.'

"Thinks I, now I'll just skeer that little nigger inter fits. I snaked the boy outen his nest and on a sudden pushed him 'round the corner of the tent. Instead of droppin down in a faint the little devil gave a yelp of delight, and jumpin on the back of the big turtle put his arms 'round its neck and began to kiss its ugly mouth. I expected every minute to see the boy's head snapped off, but the big turtle seemed to rather like the foolin.

"While I was at breakfast the cheerin of the acres on acres of tarrapin subsided. Takin the collar and bell out, I went up to the tarrapin king. He held down his neck and I fastened on the collar. Thinks I, 'Ole feller, you've been well trained.' The big turtle give himself a shake, and at the sound of the bell all the tarrapin for miles 'round raised their heads.

"Next I piled my tent and other traps on the back of the big turtle, and takin the hair rope, struck my course and led out, tellin the darky boy to stand whar he was and bring up the rear. Lookin back after I had gone some distance, the whole face of the country seemed in motion. Four solid sections of tarrapin followed the sound of the bell. Afore night they'd formed in a column twenty rods wide and several miles long.

"The tarrapin moved at a pretty fair gait, grazin and pickin up their feed as they traveled, which I was glad to see. I'll not bother you with an account of the trip day by day and week by week. It is enough to say that I got along fine till after I struck the deserts and dry and gravelly plains of Colorado. Then my troubles began. The sharp stones made my tarrapin footsore. Soon they got so lame they could hardly travel. Finally I was obliged to stop at a big foundry, have shoes cast for them and git every mother's son of 'em shod. I had a set of shoes cast for the big turtle, but he wouldn't stand shoein. He raired and pitched, snorted, bellered and kicked the blacksmiths sprawling, so we had to let up on him.

"Next we got into great sandy plains whar water was scarce and the sun awful hot. There it was slow and lazy travelin. Findin that my big lead turtle was strong as an ox, I used to get on his back and ride most of the time.

"'Bout this time I noticed that my little nigger boy was allus a-slippin out and packin his blanket. What he was up to I couldn't think. So one day I got off my bell turtle, tied the lead rope 'bout his neck and told him to go ahead. I stopped and stood by the side of the road while the column moved past. The ground was so paved with tarrapin that you couldn't have stuck your finger down between 'em.

"At last the rear of the column approached, and what did I see? That little nigger had spread his blanket out on the backs of the tarrapin, and ef he wasn't a-layin thar sound asleep I'm the biggest liar in the world. I took out my pistol to shoot him, but reflectin that he belonged to the hoodoo doctor, and also that I might kill a tarrapin, I let him alone.

"Soon the sand got worse. For four days we found no water. All the tarrapin was pantin like lizards. We was nearin the Platte river, but I was afeard of great loss before reachin it. However, we toiled on and at last I seed a stragglin line of cottonwood trees, and standin up on the back of my turtle I waved my hat and cried, 'Hurrah, the Platte!'

"At this moment the whole of the column of tarrapin smelt the water and stampeded. The king sat off on a gallop for the river and all the rest follered, kickin up a great cloud of dust. I stood up and pulled on the halter of my big turtle, but couldn't turn him an inch. At last, seein he was goin straight into the river, I leaped from his back. I was jist in time, for at the next jump he went over the bank into ten feet of water. The whole column of tarrapin follered, tumblin off the bank into the river in a solid sheet with a roar like a big milldam.

"I could only stand back, look on and tear my ha'r, for I seed that as fast as the tarrapin struck the water they went to the bottom. Owin to their heavy iron shoes they couldn't swim a lick.

"I danced about, swung my hat and shouted, tryin to head off and save a few acres of the tarrapin, but to git in front of 'em would have been as bad as gittin before a herd of buffalo, so I was obliged to see 'em all leap over the bank.

"I was as good as ruined, but I did have one laugh surprised out'n me. That was when the rear of the column came up and I see the little nig stretched on his blanket tossed to and fro as by the waves of the sea. Over he went into the river and down to the bottom under a shower of tarrapin.

"One lone tarrapin stopped on the bank instead of jumpin into the water. Says I to myself, 'I'll jist ketch you for luck.' I stooped to pick him up when out came a pair of wings and he sailed away across the river. If I hadn't seen this infernal flyin tarrapin before I'd have fainted and tumbled into the river.

"I watched the devilish thing and seed it land near the opposite bank with a big splash. At the same spot and in an instant up to the surface comes the king of tarrapins, with the little darky on his back. The big turtle blowed a cloud of spray into the air like a spoutin whale, and when it cleared away I seed the ole hoodoo doctor, an ole woman and my little nig leave the edge of the water and walk off into a little grove of willer trees.

"I seed then how I'd been hoodooed and ruined, for I'd put almost my last cent into the venture. As I stood lamentin on the bank a man on hossback come up and asked what was the matter. He was a man from the foundry and one of the blacksmiths that had helped shoe my tarrapins.

"I told the man that I'd lost my whole four sections of tarrapin; that bein wild with thirst they had stampeded, jumped into the river and gone to the bottom, where they would stay on account of the iron on their feet. I didn't say a word about any hoodoo.

"The man asked what I'd take for my whole drove of tarrapin as they lay at the bottom of the river. I asked what he could do with 'em. He said: 'Iron is wuth a big price out here. I might dredge the river and git the shoes.'

"'What'll you give?' says I.

"'Enough to take you to California,' says the feller.

"'It's a whack,' says I, and as soon as I had the money in my pocket I cut stick, bein afeared the blame fool would back out. So on I came to this neck o' woods, and here I am yet and poor as Job's turkey."

"Did you ever hear how the man came out who bought your terrapin drive?" asked a man of our party known as Colorado Joe.

"Never a word," said the Pike.

"Well," said Joe, "I can afford to treat on that trade."

"Are you the man I sold out to?"

"The very man."

"I swar!" cried the Pike; "I thought I'd seed you before. Let me see you get up and walk. Jist so—jist so! You're the man that got his right kneecap split by a kick from my big bell turtle."

"There you see the scar," said Joe, baring his right leg.

"Waal, I swar!" cried the Pike. "Did you rekiver much iron?"

"About all the iron and terrapins also."

"The devil! The tarrapin too? Why how could you git the tarrapin when they were sunk in ten feet of water?" and the Pike began to look wild.

"No trick at all," said Joe. "I bought all the horseshoe magnets in Denver, stuck 'em onto the ends of poles and set a whole army of men and boys to fishing up the terrapins. At every prod they'd bring up a terrapin, and sometimes two or three, their iron shoes sticking fast to the magnets."

"Not alive, was they?" asked the Pike.

"Yep; all alive and kickin," said Joe. "Just nicely refreshed."

"See my dam luck!" cried the Pike, and he seemed ready to shed tears.

"As soon as I'd git out about ten acres of 'em," continued Joe, "and my blacksmiths had got the shoes off 'em, I sent 'em in a drove to a big swamp down the river. Out of the four sections of terrapins I only lost about nine acres. For ten years I had the biggest terrapin ranch in America."

"One thing more," said the Pike. "Did you never see anything of my big bell turtle what kicked your kneepan open?"

"Yep; I fixed him!"

"What?"

"Well, one day a man came riding to my house yelling: 'Joe, Joe, Joe! Joe, your tarrapins is all marchin away from your ranch. Go an head 'em off or you'll lose every mother's son of 'em!'

"I mounted my horse and struck out. A column of terrapins five miles long was moving across the plain, the big bell turtle at the head steering straight back toward Missouri.

"I lassoed the old devil, but nothing could stop or turn him. He was as strong as a rhinoceros. He dragged me and my horse along as if we were mere toys. I says to myself, 'This is no human turtle,' and leaving my lasso on the old fellow's neck I went back home."

"You give in to him—you let him go?" cried the Pike.

"Noap," said Joe; "I went home, molded some silver bullets, loaded my revolver with 'em and rode back.

"The column of terrapin was then at least ten miles long and moving over the plain like a monster tapeworm. I commanded the big turtle to halt. He went on. Dismounting, I said, 'Stop and turn back or I'll shoot.' On he went. I stuck the pistol on his neck, just at the edge of his shell, and fired.

"At the crack of the pistol there fell at my feet an old white headed nigger and a stream of blood spouted out of his neck as big as a hochandle. He gave an awful bellow and sat up and rolled his eyes at me.

"Up comes a terrapin and makes a dive for the bell that was on the old fellow's neck. It was a big terrapin and was getting bigger every second expanding in every way.

"'Aha!' cries I, and I sent a silver bullet into the thing, when down tumbles a little nigger boy.

"Next minute something brushed me in the face that felt like a leather apron, and down drops a flying terrapin and grabs at the silver bell. I pops this one with a silver bullet, and before me lies an old nigger woman all a-kicking and a-squalling.

"In three minutes all three were dead, and I then took the silver bell and collar off the old man's neck. I started back toward home a-ringing the bell and the whole band of terrapins turned about and marched after me. From that hour I was the 'king of the terrapins.' I could lead 'em anywhere, though they'd never leave the swamp until they heard the music of that silver bell."

"Stranger, shake hands!" cried the Pike. "I hope you made half a million out'n them tarrapin, and I don't begrudge it to you. In what you've told you've mor'n paid me for all my trouble and losses. This is the happiest day of my life. Buck and Bud never would believe in my tarrapin drive, but now they've got to back water—now the whole thing is proved Gospel truth!"

After a parting round of redeye the three Pikes took leave of us. They marched Indian file into the tules skirting the northern end of the lake. They parted the tall rushes to right and left, as a farmer waves aside the stalks when he passes through a field of growing grain. They made a bee line for the ranching settlement lying to the westward of the lake along the timbered foothills of the Sierras.

Our chief of commissary looked after the retreating Pikes and said, "Three as queer and well matched cattle as I ever saw, and as capable drinkers!"

"Three tolerably capable liars," said our chief cook, who was always grumbling.

"The only thing worthy of a second thought in all their yarns," said the critic of our party, "is this—how came that fellow Lige to know that Colorado Joe here—a stranger to him—had a scar on the cap of his right knee?"

"Um, the fact is," said Joe, "I 'bunked' at the cabin of the three Pikes last night when you here thought I was lodged at a hotel in Franktown, at the other end of the lake."

Critic—Ah, I see! So it is to you we are indebted for the visit and peculiar style of entertainment we have been favored with today?

Colorado Joe—Yep!

THE END.

The Instinct of Eating.

All beings, except man, are governed by natural instinct, and every being with a stomach, except man, eats before sleep, and even the human infant, guided by the same instinct, sucks frequently day and night, and if its stomach is empty for any prolonged period it cries long and loud. Digestion requires no interval of rest, and if the amount of food during the twenty-four hours is in quantity and quality not beyond the physiological limit, it makes no hurtful difference to the stomach how few or how short are the intervals between eating; but it does make a vast difference in the weak and emaciated one's welfare to have a modicum of food in the stomach during the time of sleep, that instead of being consumed by bodily action it may during the interval improve the lowered system.

Should the weakly, the emaciated and the sleepless nightly take a light lunch or meal of simple, nutritious food before going to bed, nine in ten of them would be thereby lifted into a better standard of health.—New York Ledger.

Quick Eating.

An old and quaint little woman sells pies and tarts in Exchange place, just off Broad street. She brings her stock down town early in the morning in a large basket and arranges it upon a piece of oilcloth spread in the street close to the curb. Her customers are mostly brokers' messenger boys, and, unlike the typical district telegraph boy, they are usually in a hurry. Minutes are precious in the delivery of stocks, checks or orders to buy, and the broker's boy generally times himself while eating his modest luncheon. For the especial benefit of such customers the quaint little pie woman keeps a tiny clock, which dangles from the handle of her basket, and tells each boy just how much time he devotes to the absorption of pastry. The average boy can devour a five cent pie in about one minute.—New York Times.

The Bicycle Stoop.

The safety stoop is becoming universal. The almost invariable tendency of the bicycle rider is toward the "racing form," and if this is persisted in an upright man, physically speaking, will be an exception among us and the "safety stoop" will become the rule. The "safety" bicycle is a practical machine, which the "ordinary" was not, but the "safety" has an influence upon its rider to stoop as in caressment which the "ordinary" did not possess in any marked degree.

The L. A. W. should incite the wheelmen to uprightness of carriage, which is next to uprightness of conduct, so that the threatened "safety stoop" may be nipped in the bud. The "stoop" is necessary in racing, where leg power is the great thing, but the human race can very well dispense with it.—Boston Transcript.

A western girl, Miss Amy Johnson, has started on an 800-mile bicycle trip.

THE AFTERNOON TEA.

HOW IT IS DISTINGUISHED FROM KETTLEDRUMS AND HIGH TEAS.

Evolution of a Pleasant Social Custom of England in America — How to Give a Tea in Town or Country—A Promoter of Hospitality.

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PROPERLY speaking, there are three grades of "teas"—the "5 o'clock tea," the "afternoon tea" and the "kettledrum." Originally the 5 o'clock tea in England was the light breaking of the fast between the 2 o'clock luncheon and the 8 o'clock dinner. Society people drove in the row or paid visits in the early afternoon, and on returning felt the need of a bit of nourishment before beginning the serious dinner toilet.

In country houses the pretext of tea and biscuits—a generic term for crackers in England—similarly assembled the household for a half hour's cozy chat before the open fire, the ladies in loose gowns and the men in shooting jackets. In town it was the hour when the chatelaine was sure to be at home and the intimates of the family "dropped in."

Gradually its function became enlarged. The "5 o'clock" was dropped, and a "tea" became a certain day "at home" from 3 to 5 or 4 to 6, as the hostess approved, at which tea and chocolate and varied biscuits were served.

Finally by the addition of cream and sorbets the "kettledrum," or "drum," as it is usually called, was evolved. One more form of the same general style of entertainment is the "high tea." This corresponds to an ordinary village tea party. Guests enough to sit around the table are invited, the table is spread, and hot bread muffins or waffles, broiled chicken, croquettes or other warm dishes served with fruits and small cakes. The hostess pours tea and chocolate at one end of the table.

From the cities the "afternoon tea" has crept through the country. In town and village alike it is valued as an easy promoter of hospitality, and its still wider adoption is a thing to be urged.

To give a "tea" a woman takes her engraved card and writes beneath her name thus:

MRS. JOHN BROWN.
At Home
Tuesday, December eighth.
Tea at three o'clock.

Or in lieu of the latter sentence may be written the words, "From 3 to 5 o'clock." This card inclosed in an envelope may be sent by post or delivered by messenger, as suits one's convenience. In large communities where social engagements are apt to be numerous and conflicting a hostess may issue these cards a fortnight in advance of the date. Three or four days, or a week at most, is ample notice for smaller places.

On the designated day the parlor floor of the house is put in order, and bowls and vases of flowers are placed about. In an inner room adjoining, or near that into which the guests first enter, a small table is spread with a dainty teacloth and set out with the tea and chocolate service, or, if preferred, simply a tea service, which should include a kettle swung over a spirit lamp.

Pretty plates or small trays spread with a fringed napkin and piled with wafers, crackers or any of the crisp, toothsome tea cakes are added just before the "tea" begins. At this table an intimate friend is asked to sit and dispense tea.

In a village where the guests cannot be very numerous a single tea service will suffice. At large "teas" hostesses place extra sugar bowls and cream pitchers on small tables through the rooms. A maid is then needed to hand the cups of tea around. Usually the beverage is served in the English fashion, with cream. Often, however, Russian tea, clear, with a slice of lemon in each cup, is offered. In either case lump sugar is indispensable.

The hostess, with her daughters, if she have any, or any friends who may be assisting, stands just inside the parlor door to receive her friends. The guests are gloved and bonneted, but in cold weather a room should be ready where heavy wraps may be laid aside. All visitors drop their cards in a tray or basket provided for the purpose in the hall. It is not necessary to send regrets if you are not able to accept a "tea" invitation. A call afterward is, however, expected.

If you have among your list a friend who plays well or recites or sings, it is a pleasant diversion to beg her contribution to your "afternoon." At formal city affairs half an hour's stay is all that society women, with perhaps the necessity to show at half a dozen in an afternoon, can give. It is, however, a compliment to one's hostess to spend nearly the time designated on the cards.

"Color" teas—pink, yellow, heliotrope and other tints—are easily managed with the introduction of color effects in the decoration.

MARGARET H. WELCH.

The world's psychic congress, the only one of the many at Chicago next summer to place women on its advisory council, is to have also a special woman's committee of arrangements. Mrs. Mary Bundy, of Chicago, is chairman of this woman's committee. Women will be able to assist greatly at the world's psychic congress. Their psychic faculties are usually more highly developed than those of men, and they take more interest in the subject.

A Prize Picture Puzzle.

EXPLANATION.—The following picture contains four faces, a man and his three daughters. Any one can find the man's face, but it is not so easy to distinguish the faces of the three young ladies. The picture was published in a few newspapers some time ago, and attracted considerable attention to our standard remedies. We now offer a **new** prize competition in connection with it. As the sole object is to **introduce** our medicines into **new** homes, those who entered the former competition are requested not to compete in this one. As to the reliability of "**The Ford Pill Co.,**" and the estimation in which their medicines are held in Toronto, Canada, where they are best known, patrons are referred to the daily newspapers, wholesale druggists and leading business houses generally of Toronto.

The proprietors of "The Ford Pill Co.," will give an elegant pair of **Shetland Ponies, Carriage and Harness,** valued at **$600,** (delivered free in any part of the United States, to the *first* person who can make out the three daughters' faces. To the *second* will be given an elegant **Lady's Gold Watch,** set in sapphires and diamonds. To the *third* will be given a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-rings.** To the *fourth* will be given a handsome **China Dinner Service.** To the *fifth* will be given a **Kodak Camera.** To the *sixth,* a **Swiss Music Box.** To the *seventh,* a **French Mantel Clock.** To the *eighth,* an elegant **Banquet Lamp.** To the *ninth,* a pair of **Crown Derby Vases.** To the *tenth,* a complete **Lawn Tennis Set,** and many other prizes in order of merit. Every competitor must cut out the above "**Puzzle Picture,**" distinguish the three girls' faces by marking a cross with a lead pencil on each, and enclose same with U. S. two-cent stamps for **one** of the following "Prize Remedies:"—"**Ford's Prize Pills,**" "**Ford's Prize Catarrh Remedy,**" or "**Ford's Prize Cough Cure.**" Select any one of the above remedies you desire. Address "**The Ford Pill Co.,**" Cor. Wellington & Bay Sts., Toronto, Canada. The person whose envelope is postmarked **first** will be awarded the first prize, and the others in order of merit. As this advertisement appears simultaneously throughout the United States, every one has an equal opportunity. To the person sending the *last* correct answer will be given an elegant **Upright Concert Grand Piano,** valued at **$500.00.** To the *first* person from the *last* sending a correct answer will be given a gentleman's fine **Gold "Sandoz" Watch,** which strikes the hours and quarter hours on small cathedral gong at pleasure, and valued at **$300.00.** To the *second* from the *last,* a first-class **Safety Bicycle,** pneumatic tire. To the *third* from the *last,* a first-class English **Shotgun.** To the *fourth* from the *last,* a suite of **Parlor Furniture.** To the *fifth* from the *last,* a handsome Silver **Tea Service.** To the *sixth* from the *last,* an elegant **Piano Lamp.** To the *seventh* from the *last,* a handsome pair of **Portieres.** To the *eighth* from the *last,* a genuine English leather travelling **Trunk.** To the *ninth* from the *last,* two pieces of genuine French **Statuary,** and many other prizes in order of merit.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR EACH STATE.

A special prize of a **Silk Dress Pattern** (sixteen yards, any color), or a **first-class Sewing Machine** (any make desired) will be given to the *first* person in each State in the U. S. who can make out the three daughters' faces. We shall give away **200 valuable prizes,** besides special prizes, (if there should be so many sending correct answers.) No charge is made for boxing and packing of prizes. The names of the leading prize winners will be published in connection with our advertisement in leading newspapers next month. **Extra** premiums will be given to only those who are willing to assist in introducing our medicines. Nothing is charged for the prizes in any way. They are absolutely given away to introduce and advertise "**Ford's Prize Remedies,**" which are standard medicines, and will be used in every family for years where they have been once introduced. All prizes will be awarded strictly in order of merit, and with perfect satisfaction to the public. The remedies will be sent by mail, postpaid, and prizes **free of duty.**

A WATCH FOR EVERY CORRECT ANSWER.

An **extra** premium of a genuine "**Fearless" Watch,** (stem winder,) will be awarded to every person who sends a correct answer within 30 days after this advertisement appears, in case they should not be fortunate enough to secure one of the larger prizes. That is, if any one can find the three faces and enclose them within 30 days from the time this advertisement appears in the newspaper, they are guaranteed either one of the leading prizes, or an **extra** premium of a watch on conditions stated. No answer will be noticed that does not contain 30 cents for one of **Ford's Prize Remedies.**

Address THE FORD PILL CO, "37," Cor. Wellington & Bay Sts., Toronto, Canada.

Notice of Final Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned as the administratrix of the estate of Edwin B. Fellows, deceased has filed her final account as such administratrix, in the county court of Yamhill county, Oregon, and said court has set the 3rd day of January, 1893, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the county court room at McMinnville, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing said account.

Therefore, all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified and required to be and appear at said time and place and show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be allowed and said estate be not finally settled and said administratrix discharged. ELVIRA D. FELLOWS, Administratrix.

F. W. Fenton, Atty for Estate. (Nov. 17—48)

JAPANESE PILE CURE

A new and Complete Treatment, consisting of Suppositores, Ointment in Capsules, also in box and Pills; a positive cure for External, Internal, Blind or Bleeding, Itching, Chronic, recent or hereditary Piles, and many other diseases and female weakness; it is always a great benefit to the general health. The first discovery of a medical cure rendering an operation with a knife unnecessary hereafter. This Remedy has never been known to fail. $1 per box, 6 for $5; sent by mail. Why suffer from this terrible disease when a written guarantee is given with six boxes, to refund the money if not cured. Send stamp for free sample. Guarantee issued by WOODARD, CLARKE & CO., Wholesale & Retail Druggists, Sole Agents, Portland, Oregon.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

St. Vitus Dance Cured. VIII

SAN ANDREAS, Cal. Co., Cal., Feb. 1889.

My boy, 13 years old, was so affected by St. Vitus Dance that he could not go to school for 2 years. Two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic restored his health, and he is now attending school again.

MICHAEL O'CONNEL.

Could Have Saved Misery.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., January, '89.

I was treated by several physicians since 7 years to get cured of epilepsy, but the attack became more violent and oftener; since I take Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I feel delighted at my improvement. Had I known of this remedy years ago, I could have saved much misery and worriment of mind and body.

MRS. W. PETERS.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75, 6 Bottles for $9.

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

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."
CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

Ely's Cream Balm THE CURE FOR CATARRH HAY-FEVER AND COLD IN HEAD

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE ELY'S CREAM BALM 50¢

Ely's Cream Balm is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into the nostrils it is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head, allays inflammation, heals the sores. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.

50c ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street NEW YORK. 50c

It Will Build You Up

Are you all run down? *Scott's Emulsion* of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda will build you up and put flesh on you and give you a good appetite.

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Scott's Emulsion

A San Francisco Paper

Would Form an Interesting Addition to Your Winter Reading.

THERE ARE MANY REASONS WHY

THE....

WEEKLY EXAMINER

IS THE BEST PAPER IN THE WEST.

9,000 SPECIAL PREMIUMS GIVEN AWAY VALUE, $135,000

It is brimful of news from all parts of the world, and its Literary Department is supplied by the foremost writers of the day. In addition to its great news and literary features,

IT GIVES TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER HIS CHOICE FROM TWO MAGNIFICENT WORKS OF ART,

The Examiner's Art Album,

Consisting of eight beautiful reproductions from masterpieces of the world's greatest artists, the whole collection bound in a handsome bamboo leatherette case;

Or a beautiful reproduction, in all of its original colors, of the famous historical painting, 22x28 inches,

Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella.

And besides all this, THE EXAMINER will this year distribute among its subscribers 9,000 Premiums, aggregating in value the stupendous sum of $135,000. This is the fourth annual distribution, and the list of premiums is larger and more valuable than ever before offered. Remember that these premiums entail no additional expense to the subscriber whatever. They are absolutely free. The cost of the WEEKLY EXAMINER, together with these magnificent premium offers, is

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NOW ON THE MARKET

AND FOR SALE.

That Desirable and Most Beautifully Located Property Known as

Pleasant Home Addition

To McMinnville.

Situate and adjoining the BAPTIST COLLEGE and Park; Only five minutes walk from the main street of McMinnville; By taking into consideration the Fine Avenues and Streets, the Sightly Situation and Lovely Surroundings Pleasant Home addition furnishes the grandest and most convenient property for those desiring a beautiful home. Pleasant Home is subdivided in four acre-blocks and is sold on reasonable terms. For information apply to WM. F. BRIEDENSTEIN, Sole Agent, Cor. Third Street and Railroad, McMinnville, Or.

ONLY ONE