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METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 9:30 a m. Prayer meeting 7:00 p m. Thursday. S. E. MEMINGER, Pastor.

CUMB. PRESBYTERIAN—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a m and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Y. P. C. E., Sunday 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday, 7:30 p. m. E. E. THOMPSON, Pastor.

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KNOWLES CHAPTER No. 12, O. E. S.—Meets a Masonic hall the first and third Monday evening in each month. Visiting members cordially invited. MRS. O. O. HODSON, Sec.
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THE GRAVE DIGGER.

Oh, the shambling sea is a sexton old,
And well his work is done.
With an equal grave for lord and knave,
He buries them every one.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,
He makes for the nearest shore,
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,
Will send him a thousand more.

But some he'll save for a bleaching grave
And shoulder them in to shore—
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
Shoulder them in to shore.

Oh, the ships of Greece and the ships of Tyre
Went out, and where are they?
In the port they made they are delayed
With the ships of yesterday.

He followed the ships of England far,
As the ships of long ago,
And the ships of France they led him a dance,
But he laid them all arow.

Oh, a loafing, idle lubber to him
Is the sexton of the town,
For sure and swift, with a guiding lift,
He shovels the dead men down!

But, though he delves so fierce and grim,
His honest graves are wide,
As well they know who sleep below
The dredge of the deepest tide.

Oh, he works with a rollicking stave at lip,
And loud is the chorus skirled!
With the burly rote of his rumbling throat
He batters it down the world.

He learned it once in his father's house,
Where the ballads of old were sung,
And merry enough is the burden rough,
But no man knows the tongue.

Oh, fair, they say, was his bride to see,
And willful she must have been
That she could bide at his grewsome side
When the first red dawn came in!

And sweet, they say, is her kiss to those
She greets to his border home,
And softer than sleep her hand's first sweep
That beckons, and they come.

Oh, crooked is he, but strong enough
To handle the tallest mast.
From the royal bark to the slaver dark
He buries them all at last.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,
He makes for the nearest shore,
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,
Will send him a thousand more.

But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,
And shoulder them in to shore—
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
Shoulder them in to shore.
—Bliss Carman in Atlantic Monthly.

A PRESIDENT MAKER.

Adolph Friederichs!

A most fascinating man—brilliant, dashing, sparkling, optimistic, impulsive and generous—a natural leader of men. He had all the qualities that win men's admiration. He had follies—and, I almost said, vices—that could only be condoned by overshadowing them with his multiplied virtues. By birth a German; by naturalization an American; by profession a journalist. If you would know more of him, he was a short, stocky man about 40 years of age, with a smoothly shaven, round face, and a leonine head like Millocker, the composer. He married a sweet faced, mild tempered, little woman, who idolized him and whom he loved with all the warmth of an impulsive and affectionate nature.

His income was sufficient for the needs of an economical man, but Friederichs was not economical; he did not premeditate extravagance, but was one of those unfortunates whose tastes were patrician and whose means were plebeian. He knew little or nothing of the value of money; a bill or a coin was to him as a leaf, and he "the owner of unbounded forests." He gambled sometimes—not often. When he won, he felt no pleasure other than what came through the purchase of some luxury for the little wife at home. When he lost, he was depressed—not for the loss of the money, but because the little wife would suffer some deprivation. Then his exuberant disposition would assert itself, and he would cheerfully borrow such sums as he needed from the first friend who would lend. Many such obligations were never repaid. His inability to meet them within a reasonable length of time caused him much temporary annoyance; then he neglected them and eventually forgot them.

Anomalous as it may seem, his sense of honor was high and strong. Had he been accused of being truant to any debt of honor he would have resented it to any extremity. His weakness was his optimism. It mattered not how dark and cheerless the present, the future was roseate, the past was dead.

The morning of that rosy future never dawned.

Friederichs sat in a room in a Chicago hotel with two senators of the United States. The city was filled with people gathered for a special occasion. Men were rushing about, pausing for hasty handshakes or whispered consultation, secret conferences were being held behind locked doors, and everything portended that an event of importance and magnitude was about to take place. Without a swelling cheer is heard, mingled with the notes of a patriotic air played by a brass band. Presently the band wheels into sight from across the street and marches down one of the great thoroughfares. Following comes an army of men with flags and banners. The conspicuous attire is long linen coats and tall white hats. On their coats are badges of ribbon denoting the organization to which they belong. They carry no more formidable weapons than light walking sticks and sun umbrellas. They are greeted with cheers from the surging, struggling mass that lines the sidewalks, and an answering cheer goes up from the ulstered, high hatted line. Occasionally some unduly excited individual utters a yell.

As the procession passes out of sight a similar one crosses on a side street, and the crowd shifts and struggles into position to obtain a view of the latter. Thus the day is spent, thus the evening and far into the night. It is a scene with which Americans are familiar. They know the meaning of this assembling of hosts, this gathering of clans. On the morrow a national convention of a great political party is to be held to select a candidate for president of these United States.

"Senator, I cannot do it," said Friederichs to one of the men in his apartments. "You might as well expect the colonel of a regiment to desert his general in the midst of battle with victory in sight. I have been with him from the first. What would the German people think of me if I deserted now? I have written hundreds of columns in his favor. They have read and believed. What you ask is impossible."

"But, Friederichs," replied Senator Black, "you have more to gain with us. Come, be reasonable. A foreign mission for you. I promise it. You do not doubt my authority to promise it in the name"——

"No, I do not doubt you, senator, but I must not think of myself. I must think of him."

"Well," petulantly exclaimed the senator as he arose and rapidly walked the floor, "you think you know him, but you do not know him so well as I." A revengeful light shone in the senator's eyes as he suddenly stopped in his walk across the room and confronted Friederichs. "I do not wish to offend you, Adolph, but I tell you I know him. He's as cold as an iceberg in the polar sea, as unsympathetic as a frost bitten squash, as ungrateful"——

"Stop, stop, senator!" cried Friederichs. "It is not right for you to say those things to me. I know him very well indeed. He is not magnetic—no, I admit that—but he is a good man; a little chilly, yes. But ungrateful, ungrateful to me? I cannot believe it."

"With the support of your delegation and the influence its vote will have on other states I believe he will be nominated," said the senator, preparing to take his departure. "If nominated, he will be elected. In that event you should have a seat in the cabinet, but mark me, Adolph, he will try to put you off with a second class postoffice."

Friederichs laughingly replied: "Ah, senator, you are too severe. You wrong him; you do really. Good night, good night." And so the interview ended. There was no possibility of swerving this faithful friend. His constancy was the central and most refulgent jewel in his crown of virtues.

Senator Black's belief was verified—the candidate supported by Friederichs was nominated. Immediately the fawning for possible administrative favor began. Messages of congratulation were showered upon the successful candidate. One delegate, who had voted for the strongest of the opposition candidates, sent the following telegram to the nominee:

"We were successful. I never at any time doubted your popularity with the intelligent representatives of our great party. Accept my sincere congratulations."

A few delegates attended an evening session to nominate a candidate for vice president. Friederichs was neither with those who sent congratulatory messages nor the enfeebled minority that named the vice presidential candidate. He was with a party of kindred spirits celebrating the victory and extolling the nominee before the shrine of Bacchus. With a charming accent that betrayed his German birth, but left his English undefiled, Friederichs recounted the virtues of the great man. Long after the great man himself had retired, and mayhap was soundly snoring, his faithful Friederichs was sounding his praises and predicting for him magnificent achievements. Nor was the great man the only person discussed by the assembled statesmen. The name of Adolph Friederichs was on many tongues, and there was much speculation as to what post of honor he would be called in the event of the great man's ultimate success.

"A cabinet portfolio," said one. "Minister to Berlin," hazarded a second. "A consulate in a congenial clime," ventured a third. "Private secretary," "public printer" and many others were suggested.

When the great man rode down Pennsylvania avenue in the magnificent inaugural procession, he was the happiest person in the grand pageant, with one exception. That exception was Adolph Friederichs. His great, round, good natured face fairly beamed with the joy and triumph that swelled his heart. He had played a conspicuously brilliant part in the campaign, and the reward was in sight. With a position of honor, trust and profit under the administration he would be relieved from financial embarrassment and would have an opportunity to distinguish himself for faithful public service—a most honorable ambition.

It would be a proud day for him indeed when he could go back to his state with a commission to an important office. With what delight he would exhibit it to the old political veteran, Senator Black, and exclaim: "Ungrateful, eh? Cold and unsympathetic, eh? You see, senator, you were mistaken. You did him an injustice." He would feel no selfish exultation. His chief desire was to vindicate the president in the eyes of Senator Black. And possibly he might do the senator a good service. He would at least ask the president to cherish no resentment, as he was sure the senator acted from conscientious motives in favoring the nomination of another candidate. And the little wife—ah, how proud and happy she would be!

The day after the inauguration Friederichs called at the White House, but he did not see the president. The great man was closeted with some statesmen who were to occupy seats in his cabinet. He left his card, on which was his hotel address. He was content to await the great man's pleasure. The president would, of course, be besieged by office seekers, and he would appreciate the delicate courtesy of one who had a right to intrude in not doing so. The president would wish to see him soon, of course. He would wait until he should be summoned.

A week went by. Two weeks, three, and not a word from the president. In the meantime strong opposition to the confirmation of some of the great man's appointees had developed in the senate. Senator Black was leading this opposition. It was too bad that Black still misjudged this great man and carried his animosity to such an extreme. He would see the president. Possibly he could do something to put an end to the antagonism and at the same time learn the president's intentions with reference to himself. He hastened to the White House and sent in his card.

"The president desires that you wait just a moment, when he will be at liberty," said the polite attendant, returning.

In a moment more the door to the president's private room opened, and to Friederichs' amazement, but gratification, out walked Senator Black.

"Ah, Friederichs," he said, extending his hand, "I am glad to see you. How warm and muscular your hand feels—quite a contrast to what I have just undergone, cold, Friederichs, and clammy," and the senator gave an involuntary shiver.

"You are not yet friends?" queried Friederichs. "I had hoped you would be."

"Friends? No, but we understand each other better. There is a way to deal with cold people. Oh, yes. If you make it hot enough, they're sure to thaw. He's melting a little," and the senator nodded his head in the direction of the president's room. Then with a hearty "goodby" he hurried out, and Friederichs thought he heard a soft chuckle as the senator passed into the main hallway.

Friederichs was shown into the presence of the great man. The president greeted him in a manner meant to be cordial, but somehow Friederichs did not feel wholly at ease. The great man had changed. There was an air of conscious exaltation and power about the chief executive that he did not like.

"By the way," said the president after they had exchanged formal greeting, "this is the first chance I have had to thank you for your assistance in my behalf during the campaign and at the convention. I appreciate what you have done, and I intend to reciprocate when occasion offers."

"When occasion offers?" thought Friederichs. "What better occasion would there ever be than the present?" But he only said, "I am glad to have been of service."

The president continued, "If I had a place left worthy of your superior abilities—but I haven't, so it is not worth while to discuss that."

"But, Mr. President, I did not expect"— He was going to say that he did not expect one of the best offices, when the president interrupted him:

"Of course not. You did not give me your support with the expectation of reward. Your motives were wholly unselfish and patriotic. That is why I so warmly appreciate your friendship and support."

Did the president purposely misunderstand him or was this but an honest exhibition of obtuseness? A feeling of indignation and resentment came over Friederichs, but he repressed it. The president did not understand his condition politically or financially. Of course not, or he would cheerfully offer him some post under the administration. Then he thought he would tell the president that all his friends expected him to receive some distinct mark of favor; that he would be humiliated in the eyes of the people of his state if he failed to receive it; that his efforts in the president's behalf would be a jest for his enemies. He was on the point of saying all this, but his pride overcame him. If the president was so insensible of his services, he would not run the risk of further rebuff by asking favors. His face was flushed and hot. The president mistook the flush of resentment for the blush of modesty.

"A man of your attainments, Friederichs," the president continued after a pause, "should be in public life—not in an executive or time serving place. You should be in congress. I am sorry you did not run this last time, but two years soon slip away. There is no reason why you should not represent your district in the lower house two years from now. If you decide to make the race, let me know, and I will help you. I never go back on my friends, and I count you one of them."

Friederichs put up his hand in protestation, but the president continued, "The lower house is the place for a man like you to make a name."

"Mr. President, I cannot afford it. The cost of a campaign is as much as the salary for a term. I am not a rich man."

"True, but see how many men have entered congress poor who are now rich and many of them there now. Of course they get out of the house into the senate as soon as possible. It's true the salary is not much, but there are opportunities, Friederichs—business opportunities—for a bright man like you in congress."

The flush on Friederichs' cheeks deepened. He felt parched and choked.

"It is out of the question, Mr. President," he replied as soon as he dared trust himself to speak. "I thought it possible that you might"— He could go no further. He would not have said more had he been able. He was angry with himself for beginning the sentence. What? Ask this man for a place? Beg an office? He would rather face his political adherents and have them know the truth. Yes, he would die in a gutter before he would further humiliate himself. The president, however, divined what he was going to say.

"Offer you something? Quite right, Friederichs, quite right, but I really think you would do yourself an injustice to accept an appointment. I think we can arrange it—a consular appointment. Before we decide, however, I want you to see Senator Black and arrange the matter with him."

"Why should I see Senator Black?" inquired Friederichs, with an effort to conceal the amazement he felt.

"What I am going to say must be confidential," replied the president. "Senator Black has always been opposed to me. He has caused me much trouble of late. I want for him. He was here a few moments ago. He has agreed to withdraw his opposition if I give him absolute control of the patronage in his state. I felt that I could afford to do that. As you and Black both come from the same state, he would probably consider it a breach of faith—at least a breach of etiquette—if I appointed you without having the suggestion come from him or without in any way consulting him."

Friederichs could scarcely credit what he had heard. He, the faithful supporter of the president, and Senator Black, the president's erstwhile enemy, for a place under the administration! Senator Black, who had come to him at Chicago and begged him to desert the cause of the man who was now president! Great God! The room swam before his eyes, and the form of the president seemed but a speck in the chaotic mass, while voices rang in his ears, "As cold as an iceberg in the polar sea, as unsympathetic as a frost bitten squash, as ungrateful"——

When his vision cleared, he felt a desire to take the president by the throat and choke him. He controlled himself and said in a voice that was really calm and cold:

"I cannot see Senator Black about this."

"You and Black must not be enemies," said the president in a conciliatory tone. "You must settle your differences and be friends."

"The senator and I are friends—good friends."

"Then why do you refuse to go to him?"

Should he tell the president what had passed between Senator Black and himself, of the offer of a foreign mission, of Black's words, "cold, unsympathetic, ungrateful?" Should he make the issue Senator Black or himself and rely on the president's sense of honor? Then came the thought, Would the president repudiate his contract with Senator Black even though he knew all? And, again, would not his course be unjustifiable? Senator Black was his friend. Of that he was sure. No, he would not wrong his friend by even entertaining such a thought.

"Why do you refuse to see the senator?" repeated the president.

Friederichs felt all the glow and pride of honest manhood as he replied, "Mr. President, I cannot tell you."

Friederichs had no distinct recollection of how the interview ended. He was heartsore and mentally confused. How could he face the score of political friends who expected something at his hands? How could he bear the jeers, taunts and ridicule of the opposition? How could he meet the sweet and patient wife at home, who was already chafing at his absence and fearful for his success? In this state of mind he entered his hotel and ordered writing material sent to his room.

After leaving the White House Senator Black spent two hours at the capitol, two more with some friends, and then went to his apartments, where he wrote the following note:

DEAR FRIEDERICHS—Dine with me tonight at the Riggs. I wish to consult you with reference to federal appointments in and from our state. I know you must have political obligations in the way of offices to discharge, and as I have a thorough understanding with the president on the matter I intend to see that all your proelection promises are kept. There is a highly honorable and lucrative office to be filled which there will be no trouble to secure for yourself. I send this by my own servant, so that it may not miscarry. Sincerely yours,
BLACK.

P. S.—If you are short of funds, do not hesitate to draw on me for what you need. I have been short myself many a time and oft. B.
To the Hon. Adolph Friederichs, National hotel, Washington, D. C.

The senator rang for his servant, who at that moment entered at the hall door.

"I went for a copy of the afternoon paper, sir," said the valet. "Suicide of a prominent politician at the National hotel."

The senator glanced at the headlines and turned pale. Then he read the story.

"Poor Friederichs!" he said.

Farther on he read, "No cause can be assigned for the rash act."

Another paragraph:

"The deceased carried a heavy life insurance."

"What's this?" The senator's lips curled as he read:

"Mr. Friederichs was a warm personal friend of the president, who as soon as he learned of the sad occurrence sent a dispatch of condolence to the widow, in which he highly eulogized the character and eminent abilities of the deceased."—Richard Linthicum in Chicago Times.

Sleep Producers.

If you fear a sleepless night, undress in the dark. Light stimulates and arouses the activities. Darkness is supposed to produce drowsiness. Put some chopped ice in a rubber bag and place it at the lower extremity of the spine. This is particularly quieting to the nerves. Do not use anything except a rubber bag, or you will surely have a damp cloth and rheumatism by morning.

Do not use a pillow. Relax every muscle so far as it is possible. Sprawl over the bed with arms and legs stretched out. Take a sponge bath with tepid water just before going to bed.

Lie on your face instead of on your back. That is the way babies sleep, and their methods are scarcely to be improved upon in this particular. All pressure is removed from the spine by this means, and a delicious feeling of restfulness ensues.

Make up your mind that you want to keep awake long enough to hear some one come in or to outline the next day's work. You will drop asleep immediately.—Philadelphia Times.

The Polypus.

The common polypus has the most wonderful power of life. Cut one into a dozen pieces, and a dozen creatures are the result. Two have been sliced and joined together, producing monsters with two heads. When turned inside out like a glove finger, they do not seem to notice any change or sustain any inconvenience.—Exchange.

A HOUSE OF FREAKS.

THE QUEER WHIMS OF AN ECCENTRIC RESIDENT OF CHICAGO.

He Has Money to Spend and Pays It Out For Work Upon a Hotel Which Is Altered as Often as Once a Year, but Which Has Never Been Occupied.

On a certain west side street there stands a big white four story building. One would say it was an apartment house were it not that it seems to be empty. But each spring and fall signs of life invest the place. Workmen in blue overalls and jumpers come in gangs. Wagons drive up and unload lumber, bricks and mortar. Windows and doors are opened, and the ears of the people in the vicinity are greeted with the sound of hammer and saw. Were this building to be destroyed a landmark would disappear, and were its owner to die Chicago would lose one of its characters.

Possessed of an ample fortune, this man, who may be called Colonel Perkins, gratifies some of the queerest whims which ever burdened mortal man or caused a mirthful public no end of amusement. This building is the object on which the colonel works his own sweet will, and its interior has probably worn more different aspects within the last five years than any other building in this city.

For heaven only knows how many years the colonel has intended to open a hotel. Once always and sometimes twice every year workmen are engaged, material purchased, and for a few weeks great bustle and confusion go on within the white walls. Partitions are torn down and put up, painters and paper hangers change the appearance of the rooms, and a great renovation is effected. This goes on for perhaps a month. Then suddenly the workmen are called off, doors and windows are closed, and the house is apparently empty for months. About the time the people are becoming accustomed to the deserted appearance of the place the workmen again appear and tear out what they had put in.

The colonel spends from $500 to $5,000 every time he gets the workmen into the house. As you go into the building you first notice a great oak staircase leading from the main hall. Years ago the colonel was in Vienna. In some old building there he saw a staircase with painted panels and inlaid tiles and scrolls and gimcracks of one sort and another in it. He was entranced and determined to have a counterpart of it in his new hotel, which he would open for the World's fair year. When he came home, he hired workmen, and a part of them he put on the staircase. The men started to work with sandpaper and pumice stone to take off the old paint and varnish. The colonel stopped them. They must scrape it with glass, he said. The foreman tried to explain that they could do it quicker and better their way, but to no purpose. It would not do. It must be scraped with glass. He was paying for that staircase, and he was going to have it done his way. So the men got pieces of broken glass and began to scrape. From morning till night a half dozen men scraped and scratched away with bits of glass. They finished the work in time, but the sum which it cost the colonel was something prodigious.

Then he concluded that a furnace in a house was a poor idea, so he had that taken out and the registers stuffed up. He said when he opened his hotel he would furnish the guests with candles, and they could have stoves if they chose to pay for them. The cheapest room in the house was to be $3 a day.

Personally Colonel Perkins does not like running water in a room. Therefore he has had it shut off in his room and a basin set in the stationary bowl. A pitcher of water sets on the floor. This oddity's bed, or rather the way it is placed, is the queerest imaginable. If a person were to walk suddenly into this man's bedroom, he would rub his eyes and wonder where he was. Suspended in the center of the room by chains from the ceiling is the colonel's bed. He reaches it by means of a small stepladder, which he had built for the purpose. The reason he assigns for having his bed placed in this singular position is that the air circulates better up there. How the circulation of air could have any bearing on the case is not easily seen, as the transom and every window in the room is nailed shut with big spikes.

The blankets on the bed are of the finest silk. These he sends to Boston to be cleaned, where he also sends his trousers every month to be pressed.

One time during an annual campaign of repairs the colonel concluded the mattresses and pillows needed refilling and the chairs and sofas needed new upholstering. Instead of sending the things out to be fixed he had men come to the house. The mattresses, pillows and furniture were all ripped open, and the contents he had the men pile in one room. Half way to the ceiling was a heap of hay, corn husks, curled hair and excelsior, and there it remains to this day, or at least a part of it is in that room. A portion, through carelessly opened doors and windows, has been blown through the rest of the house. The frames of the furniture also had to be all scraped with glass, and the cost was something like three times what new furniture would cost.

Another innovation which the colonel says he will embody in his hotel is doors which sink into the floor. He proposes to have the doors fitted so that by pressing a button they will sink into grooves until the top is flush with the floor. Pressure upon another button brings them up again.

Whenever he intends to go on a trip his trunks are packed and sent on exactly three days before he leaves. If by any accident the baggage is delayed one day, the colonel postpones his departure just one day.—Chicago Tribune.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.
Castoria allays Feverishness.
Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
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Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

SOLDIER'S SONG.

The camp is hushed, the fires burn low.
Like ghosts the sentries come and go.
Now seen, now lost upon the height
A keen drawn saber glimmers white.
Swiftly the midnight steals away—
Reposez-vous, bon chevaliers.

Perchance into your dreams shall come
Visions of love or thoughts of home.
The furtive night wind hurrying by
Shall kiss away the half breathed sigh
And softly whispering seem to say,
Reposez-vous, bon chevaliers.

Through starlit dusk and shimmering dew
It is your lady comes to you.
Delphine, Lisette, Annette—who knows
By what sweet wayward name she goes?
Wrapped in white arms till break of day,
Reposez-vous, bon chevaliers.
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

Brief History of an Edifice That Is Famous In England.

Magnificent in its decay and a study alike in its mass and its details, Kirkstall abbey was founded for the Cistercian order by Henry de Laci in 1159. Its founder had the rare felicity of seeing the work completed.

With his own hands he began the edifice, and he gave unstinted aid in its construction and in the promotion of its religious work, and he did not rest content until he saw on the meadow land selected for the purpose a thoroughly well organized monastic establishment.

The abbey proper, as seen today, is but one out of a series of buildings erected as a compact and interworking whole. It was the opinion of Sir Gilbert Scott that all the essential features of the combined structure—the church, the chapter house, the cloisters, the refectory, the dormitory and other buildings, whose foundations at least may still be traced, were the work of one and the same period and the same mind—struck, as it were, "from a single die."

Of no other important ecclesiastical edifice of the Norman or early English period can as much be said. The abbey became the mausoleum of its founder. In it he and his son were given sepulture. For nearly four centuries the work of the abbey was conducted with more or less influence.

Some of its heads made their power felt in parliament, and the line of their succession had run to the twenty-ninth abbot when the dissolution changed the character and fortunes of the place. The monastery and the estate around it were then granted by Henry VIII to Archbishop Cranmer and his heirs in exchange for other possessions.

The grant was confirmed by Edward VI, but in Elizabeth's time the property had in some way reverted back to the crown. It next passed to private owners and was secured eventually by the Savilles of Howley Hall, from whom it was transferred by marriage to the Cardigans.

In the hands of the Cardigans it remained until 1889, when "the unexpected" happened, and the abbey, with its grounds, was purchased by Colonel J. T. North at the price of about $55,000, and by him handed over as a gift to Leeds, his native town. Kirkstall abbey is about three miles from Briggate and is within the borough. — Cassell's "Cities of the World."

The Pikeman and His Weapon.

The pikeman was covered with defensive armor, an iron headpiece, iron "back and breast" and "tasses," a kind of iron apron protecting him from waist to knee. He carried a pike 16 feet long, with an ashen shaft, an iron head and a blunt iron spike at the butt end, whereby to fix it in the ground, and besides the pike a rapier.

The pike, from its great length, was a weapon which required deft handling in order to be of effective use, and, as may be imagined, was excessively showy on parade. The modern lance exercise is a pretty sight enough, but the old pike exercise, perfectly executed by a large body of men, must have been superb. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that the postures or instructions for this exercise are extravagantly minute.

To give one example, at the close of the instruction, on the word "Order your pikes," we find after a mass of complicated details the following conclusion: "You place the butt end of your pike by the outside of your right foot, your right hand holding it even with your eye and your thumb right up; then, your left arm being set akimbo by your side, you shall stand with a full body in a comely posture."—Macmillan's Magazine.

Centipeds.

In some parts of the world centipeds are regarded with superstitious veneration. A friend of the writer's once visited Buenos Ayres and engaged a room at a boarding house. He found eight large centipeds in his quarters before he went down to dinner. Having killed them, he informed the landlady of the circumstance. She expressed the utmost grief and declared that the destruction of the creatures would take away all good luck from her establishment for eight years to come—one year for each centipeds.—Washington Star.

The stones that were formerly passed from hand to hand as being the gems found in the head of the toad were fossil teeth of the sea wolf.

PATENTS

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SUMMONS.

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

HETTIE L. TOLSON, Plaintiff,
vs.
C. P. TOLSON, Defendant.

To C. P. Tolson the above named defendant:

In the name of the state of Oregon, you are hereby notified and required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above named court by the first day of the term following the expiration of the time prescribed in the order for the publication of this summons, to wit: Monday, September, 24th, A. D. 1894, and if you fail so to appear or answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for relief prayed for in the complaint herein, to wit: A decree dissolving the marriage contract now existing between the plaintiff and the defendant and changing the name of the plaintiff to her maiden name, to wit, Hattie Lawson, and for such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

This summons is served by the publication thereof for six weeks, by order of Hon. Geo. H. Burnett, judge of said court, made August 9th, A. D. 1894.

JNO. J. SPENCER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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