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A. O. U. W.—Charity Lodge No. 7 meets first and third Fridays of each month, 7:30 p. m. Lodge room in Union block.
H. C. BURNS, M. W.
J. D. BAKER, Recorder. 10

Yamhill Lodge No. 10 D. of H. meets in Union hall second and fourth Friday evenings of each month.

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ANCIENT LOG CABIN.

STANDS ON LAND THAT ONCE BELONGED TO WILLIAM PENN.

With Additions It Is One of the Old Manor Houses and Was the Birthplace of Prominent Families—Finding an English Coin of 170 Years Ago.

In the northwestern part of the pretty little town of Media, the county seat of Delaware county, Pa., on a tract of land known as "Star Mount," owned by Samuel W. Powell, is located a genuine curiosity in the form of an old log house, which contains much to interest the antiquarian, and to afford material for the historian. The structure measures 22 feet in length and is 20 feet wide and 15 feet high. It is said to be one of the original manor houses constructed shortly after the arrival of William Penn and his colony on the banks of the Delaware river. Circumstances point toward that belief, and prove the claim to antiquity, which makes the old log house an important link connecting the distant past with the present.

This house is constructed of oak and chestnut logs hewn from the primeval forest, while standing beside it is a giant oak, the largest by all odds in the surrounding country, which is a living witness of the age of the lowly dwelling which finds shelter beneath its huge outspreading arms. Tree and house are each the complement of the other, and seem destined to continue their intimacy during succeeding years, and perhaps ages.

In the year 1681 A. D., on the 2d day of March, Peter and William Taylor purchased the land upon which these objects of interest stand from William Penn in England, and on the 22d inst. Thomas Powell took title to the land upon which the house and tree stand and adjacent tracts, and after numerous transfers it finally came into the possession of Mr. Powell, who formerly resided in this city, but who now lives in "Star Mount," in northwest Media. Upon discovering the historic value of the house and oak, he subsequently took precautions to preserve the objects of a past age and civilization.

The house is constructed of logs, and to prevent the entrance of cold air they were chinked with mortar. The small windows and doors were hand made, from the primitive oak cut from the forest. The faces and ends of these logs are scarred and defaced by exposure to the storms of at least two centuries, and show plainly the ravages of the "tooth of time," but at heart are as hard and sound as when first placed in position to form a house for one of Penn's followers.

The present owner, desiring to both preserve this ancient structure and to improve its surroundings, added some seven or eight years ago several additional rooms to the original mansion, but outside the massive old chimney is exposed to view, and inside the logs with their plastering, the windows and doors with their wooden latches and strings may be seen, while the low ceiling of homemade boards point to a date when the ax and saw were almost universally used by our forefathers.

At the time when the additions above mentioned were made an old English coin was found. Upon examination the coin proved to be a penny of the reign of King George I, and while the date is almost illegible, it seems to be 1724, or perhaps an earlier date. This old English penny was lying under the old wooden door sill, and had become imbedded in the ground, and was only brought to light by the use of pick and shovel. History and tradition unite in the story in relation to this old house.

Beginning with the river Delaware and reaching as far as portions of Chester county, and bounded also by Ridley and Crum creeks, were some two tracts of land deeded to the Taylors, Powells and others in 1681 by the proprietor and founder of our state, William Penn. Upon each of these two tracts or parcels of land log houses were erected, and one of them was destroyed by fire. One of these houses, the one now owned by Mr. Powell in Upper Providence township, adjoining the town of Media, is the sole survivor, and it is correspondingly prized by him.

The house and old oak, together with the curiosities connected with them, are very antique, and there is no doubt but that the claim of antiquity is well founded. In 1715 it was in the old log cabin that John Powell changed from the Quaker to the Baptist faith, and organized the First Baptist church of Delaware county, known as the Brandywine church. The congregation was formed on June 14, 1715, with 15 members, and among the delegates were Abel Morgan of this city and James Jones and Joseph Eaton of Delaware.

Thus the old house, constructed by a first settler from the virgin forest, which extended from far inland to the shores of the Delaware river, has both a civil and a religious history, and has been both the birthplace of prominent families and the habitation within whose walls a prominent denomination of this and surrounding country first sprung into existence.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Hereditary Names.

According to the invariable custom of the Duke of Richmond's family, it is prescribed that the eldest son and the eldest son of the eldest son shall be named after King Charles II, to whom they owe so much. The same principle is preserved in Lord Salisbury's family, where the eldest sons are named James, after James I, who bestowed the earldom of Salisbury and viscounty of Cranborne on the original founder of the house.

Getting to It.

Anxious Mother—Has Mr. Bashful proposed yet?

Daughter—Not exactly, but last evening, when I was holding little Dick in my lap, Mr. Bashful went to the piano and sang "Would I Were a Boy Again."—Quiver.

WIVES AS TREASURERS.

A Man Whose Wife Carried the Purse—A Bachelor's Wisdom.

Two passengers on a New Haven train approaching the city a few mornings ago conversed together in a loud tone—that is, one of them, who was bluff, hearty, stout and a bachelor, talked in a particularly loud voice, while his companion, who was thin, meek and a benedict, answered in lower tones, which were still not inaudible after the passengers in the seats near by began to take an interest in the conversation.

"No," said the bachelor, "they want me to get married, but I tell them that I've seen enough of married people and I don't care to be tied down the way most of them are. Why, there was a man down in our place died not long ago, and the widow came down to get his wages. He had died on a Friday, and he had a week's wages coming to him. You ought to have seen that widow when she found out how much he got a week. He had been taking his wages home to her every week and giving it all to her to divide, as she supposed. But when she found out that he had been getting $8 a week more all the time she seemed to wish that he were alive again just for a little while, but I guess that he would just as soon have been dead if he had had his choice then. I have heard lots of people say that you ought to take all your money home to your wife, but I don't want any one telling me how much I shall spend for carfare or luncheon."

"Well, there is something in that," said the married man basely. He was a particularly humble looking man, who crouched down in his seat as if he did not dare sit upright, but his wife was far away, and he was emboldened, in the confidences of talk on a suburban train, to reveal his woes. "Now, I do feel badly sometimes when I want to take a man out to luncheon with me and spend some money in entertaining him. If I don't do it, I cannot very well keep his custom, and if I do it, it costs so much money that my wife, who knows just what I receive, thinks I am dreadfully extravagant, and talks to me about the way in which I am wasting money."

"Yes, that's just it," said the loud voiced bachelor. "If you don't spend money you lose trade, and yet you married men are half of you afraid to go around and spend money freely on your customers. I know a man in our store who doesn't dare spend more than 35 cents for luncheon for fear his wife will find it out. They talk about letting your wife spend all your money, but for my part I'd rather spend it myself, and that's why I tell all my friends that I am not going to be married."

Just at this point the train entered the Park avenue tunnel and the voice of the base revealer of secrets, who did not worthily support the part of the married man, was lost in the rumble of the train.—New York Tribune.

AMONG THE LEPERS.

Those of Molokai Have Many Ways of Occupying Their Time.

Here in this sea girt asylum of people afflicted with the most dreaded of known diseases, from which there is no escape but through the portals of death, is presented one of the noblest and brightest pictures of the glory of Christianity, with its marvels of self sacrifice amid surroundings and under circumstances the most depressing. These poor victims, doomed to the ravages of a disease that completes its deadly work in an average of four or five years, the progress of which is marked with the most significant and destructive precision, can alone appreciate at its true worth the Christian heroism of those who are laboring among them, following in the footsteps of the venerated Father Damien, and ready as he was to accept, if need be, the burden of the disease itself in their behalf. And yet unhappiness does not chill the air of Molokai. Death has lost its terror by reason of its very familiarity, and by the silver lining their faith has given the cloud. The Hawaiians are naturally a light hearted people, and even the shadow of leprosy cannot suppress for long their buoyant temperament.

In Molokai lepers may be found engaged in pleasant pastimes, and among them one may hear the light and cheerful words of greeting and see the sunny smiles. Horse racing, which is a favorite national sport, is indulged in frequently. Nor are the lepers idlers; far from it. They work, while able, in the cultivation of the ground and in other ways, and altogether lead a far pleasanter and more contented life than might be supposed. The improvement of their condition, as compared with what it was when Father Damien took up his residence on the island in 1873, has been chiefly brought about by his influence and the labors of his successors.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Marie de' Medici.

Marie de' Medici, the second wife of Henry IV, who married her in 1600, a year after his divorce from Margaret of Valois, was an Italian beauty, petite and dark. She was hot tempered, and her intolerance of her husband's infidelities caused constant domestic bickering. Her voice was shrill, and when angry she raised it almost to a scream, so that when the king and queen were engaged in a domestic argument everybody in the house knew all about it.

For Females Only.

Mr. Caustic—By the way, dear, let me give you a point about letter writing.

Mrs. C.—What is it, dear?

Mr. C.—Hereafter always write your postscript first, and it will save you the trouble of writing your letter.—Richmond Dispatch.

Were we eloquent as angels, yet we should please some people more by listening than by talking.—Colton.

Out of 226,000 farms in Denmark only 1,900 are more than 250 acres in extent.

Artificial Cotton.

Artificial cotton, says a Paris journal, resembles the natural product in this—that both are formed of cellulose nearly pure, and as nature has prepared cotton by means of the elements of the air and soil forming the cellulose in fine fibers by means of secret forces and offering it in the state of wool to be transformed into what is required of it, so the chemist in his laboratory takes the natural cellulose of the tree and separates it from the substances with which it is combined, transforming it into threads by means of suitable appliances. For this purpose fir wood is employed, this being submitted to a series of mechanical and chemical operations, and the threads are drawn out, afterward being rolled on bobbins. The material when manufactured resembles ordinary cotton, though having a slight defect, which can be easily corrected—that is, it is a little less solid than natural cotton. On the other hand, however, the new substance is worked and woven easily. It can be dyed as readily as natural cotton, and when passed through a weak solution of tannin and certain other reagents it will take every shade of artificial colors and can be dressed and printed on just as are the tissues of natural cotton.

Cost of Living In Paris.

An able statistician has been estimating the cost of living in Paris at the present time, and has compared it with that of 40 years ago. He shows that in the fifties an average middle class family could do with a budget of 10,000 francs, or £400, annually. That did not mean luxury, but it was sufficient for comfort and required no economical engineering for the purpose of making both ends meet. Nowadays the case is different, and an official with a wife and three children dependent on 10,000 francs a year has to work miracles of saving in order to avoid getting into debt. Accordingly, in less than half a century the conditions of life in Paris have been completely modified. It is no exaggeration, in fact, to say that prices have doubled and with them has increased the desire for a more luxurious mode of living than that led by the average Parisian of the fifties. The statistician has revealed nothing new, but his figures serve to emphasize the fact that the French capital is the most expensive place of residence in Europe.—London Telegraph.

A CENTURY HENCE.

Samples of Items That May Then Appear in the Papers.

A horse, an animal said to have once been quite common in our city streets, was seen in this city yesterday. He attracted much curiosity and he was followed wherever he went by immense crowds. It is almost impossible to believe that our ancestors could have trusted their lives to so formidable a creature. It is understood that the animal escaped from the Equine Food abattoir in Brighton.

An almost unprecedented event happened in this city last evening, when Mr. and Mrs. John Brownsmith celebrated the anniversary of their marriage. The Brownsmiths were married a year ago. It is quite remarkable for a couple to live so long together in the state of wedlock, and their celebration naturally drew to their residence a dense throng of admiring friends. Congratulations were poured upon the happy pair, with wishes that they might continue together long enough to observe the second anniversary of their wedding.

The directors of the Euripides Manufacturing company have been convicted of the charge of failure to examine into the accounts of their treasurer, and have severally been sentenced to imprisonment in the state prison for a term of five years. Their counsel argued that, inasmuch as the treasurer's accounts, as shown by expert examination, were faultless during his ten years of service and that no suspicion had ever fallen upon him, the sentence should be lighter, but the court very justly remarked that the offense was the same as if the result had been severe loss to the stockholders.

It was curious to see a pedestrian in Washington street today, the first one that has been seen in the city for many years. He occasioned no small amount of vexation to the unicyclists, in whose way he was getting continually. There can be no objection to people walking in their own houses or in the country, where there is plenty of room, but it is clearly out of the question that the practice should be permitted in our crowded city streets.

The death of Solomon Strongmind, which occurred this morning, calls to mind the remarkable fact that during his long residence of five years or more in this city he has never mysteriously disappeared for even once. Undoubtedly Mr. Strongmind was somewhat eccentric in his habits generally, but in this especial matter the controlling cause must have been something far more potent than mere oddity.

A man appeared on the street dressed in trousers and cutaway coat yesterday. He was promptly arrested and carried to the station house. When he next made his appearance he had donned the petticoats and other garments appropriate to his sex.—Boston Transcript.

WHAT NORDAU HAS DONE.

Professor Lombroso Has High Praise For the Author of "Degeneration."

In "Degeneration" he has the great merit of combating certain dominant influences, particularly that of mysticism, which, recrudescent in these latter days, thanks to certain errant geniuses, has led astray a vast throng of talents. In this book, too, he is ever the man of our century who has most felt the pulse of his times, and he has not only put his finger on our most open wound—on that egotism which is sterilizing our moral sense and rendering us cruel to one another—but he also has succeeded in finding its explanation in the special tendencies of the degenerate; whether it be the higher class degenerates who invents the strangest freaks to catch the public eye—as weddings in a balloon or Cardinal Lavigerie's crusades—or the imitative degenerates who deem themselves original in simply copying.

Finally he has had the supreme merit of applying psychiatric research to literary criticism. He has carried this reform to its utmost applicability, seeking, with that audacity, intrepid even to insolence, which he exhibited in his "Conventional Lies," to demolish the reputations most firmly established. And thus he has been able to overthrow the work of the French and German Symbolists and Decadents, who proclaim science untrue because in 100 years of toil she has not given them the key to all the mysteries. These pages of his are among the most splendid written in this century, such as could be wrested from an artist thinker by the sight of four idlers, who insult the legion of tireless workers busy in searching and researching nature, even into her inmost recesses. And very just is his diagnosis of them—that they have for their characteristics a nebulosity of mental representation, a confused and motley ideation, too much eroticism, an abnormal demotional fabric and an exaggerated egotism which causes them to observe things only in relation to their own selves.—"Nordau's 'Degeneration,' Its Value and Its Errors," by Cesare Lombroso, in Century.

Sharpening a Pencil.

From childhood up man, naturally destructive, with an inherent desire to smash things, has been taught to take care of everything that is nice, tidy and ornamental. If you want to know how well the lesson has been learned, watch men sharpen pencils. Did you ever see one begin at the end that has the pretty gilt letters on it? The rudest and most careless man will turn the pencil end for end to whittle on the plain part.—New York Press.

Assistance Not Necessary.

"Help! Help!" cried the man who was being robbed.

"Calm yourself," said the highwayman. "I don't need any assistance."—Town Topics.

The Bonnet's Peculiarity.

"Her bonnet is too young for her."

"Yes, and the older it gets the younger it looks."—Detroit Tribune.

When La Volte Was Danced.

Southey, in his "Commonplace Book," II, 327, says Gifford, shows that the waltz of the present day is La Volte, which our ancestors, two centuries ago, became either tired or ashamed. This dance was first introduced at the court of Henry II at Fontaineblean in 1555 by the Comte de Sault, and its history is thus stated by Vincent Carloix in the memoirs of his master, Marechal de Vieilleville:

"He, the Comte de Sault, had the principal vogue in a ball royal for his fondness for dancing and his good grace. So that he introduced at court a sort of dance called 'La Volte de Province,' which had never been danced there, and which has afterward had a great run throughout the kingdom. It has also been said that he invented it, for many called it 'La Volte de Sault,' and this name is suitable, both because of the etymology of the word and the character of the dance."—Notes and Queries.

Abbe Liszt.

Franz von Liszt was a great pianist, perhaps the greatest pianist ever known. He was born in Hungary in 1811, and made his first appearance in public in 1820. He studied in various places for a few years, but was continually giving concerts, so that "publicity became his chief instructor." In 1827 his father died and he became a teacher of the pianoforte. Between 1836 and 1847 he traveled all over Europe; in 1847 he became hof kapelmeister (or director of the royal concerts) at Weimar; in 1861 he went to Rome, and from 1870 he lived in Rome, Pest and Weimar. He died at Baireuth, Bavaria, July 31, 1886. Pope Pius IX made him an abbe in 1865. The title was honorary, but Liszt received the tonsure and wore thereafter clerical garments, though he gave concerts, taught as before and followed his previous manner of life.

Without a Shadow.

The most famous "man without a shadow" was Peter Schlemihl, the hero of a story of the same name by Adelbert von Chaisso, a German novelist. Peter sold his shadow to a little man in gray who proved to be the devil. The contract was disastrous, and Peter Schlemihl is a name given nowadays to any one who makes a bad bargain. But others than Schlemihl have lost their shadows. In the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" Lady Bucclengh's father is mentioned in passing as having lost his shadow to the devil when he studied the black art. In fact, all who studied magic were believed to sell their shadows to satan.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Boston's Handsomest Rubber Tree.

The handsomest if not the oldest india rubber tree in this vicinity is one at the corner of Boylston and Berkeley streets. The owner claims that it is very nearly 100 years of age, having been owned by the same family during that period. For a changing people like ourselves this long possession speaks well for the family and well for the tree, which must have passed through many vicissitudes and tribulations incident to passing generations. It is a noble plant, however, and looks hardy enough to live another 50 years, to say the least. Long may it wave!—Boston Herald.

The famous sacred Mohammedan flag enshrined at Constantinople is said to be a portion of a silk nightshirt formerly worn by the great Mohammed himself.

The cap of a Chinese mandarin sports a button at the top, which by its color and material indicates the rank of the wearer.

FOREVER AND A DAY.

Urge me not, I pray.
All the air is golden;
Every thorny spray
In the sunlight blushes,
And my thoughts are holden
By the warbling thrushes.
Urge me not today.

Oh, when winds of May
Shake the boughs with laughter
Till they toss and sway,
Till they kiss and sever,
Speak not of hereafter,
Breathe not of forever—
Give me but today.
—J. K. Wetherill in Travelers' Record.

WHAT A LETTER DID.

How a Southern Congressman Innocently Made a Lifelong Enemy.

"Speaking of stenographers," said a gentleman well known in Washington, who for a number of years represented a Louisiana district in congress, "I once had a secretary, an unusually careful and competent fellow, too, whose slight slip in a typewritten letter to a constituent of mine cost me that gentleman's friendship, a friendship valued much more highly than I can express.

"This is the way it came about: At a time when I was well nigh submerged with committee duties I received a letter from the head of one of the most influential and widely respected families of the state. His residence had just burned down, he wrote me, the loss coming at a moment when it affected his financial matters to no inconsiderable extent. Could he not presume upon our many years of friendship to the extent of asking a loan of $250, until the insurance companies should settle his claim? I was deeply moved to learn of his misfortune, and immediately dictated, along with a number of other letters, the following lines to him:

"'My Dear Sir—I am greatly pained to hear of the calamity which has come upon you. I regret I have not $250 in available funds at present; will send check in a day or two.'

"Promptly enough the check went, but with equal promptness it was returned to me, with no word of explanation. I own I was surprised, but concluded he must have received his insurance money, and the circumstance was gradually forgotten. But it was very forcibly recalled to my mind when next I paid a visit to my home, for he did not call upon me, as he had always been wont to do. On the contrary, he shunned a meeting with me.

"Imagine my dismay upon finding that the letter I had sent him, in the most kindly spirit possible, contained these words: 'I regret I have got $250 in available funds; will send check in a day or two.' In vain I explained, apologized, implored. To his dying day he never forgave what he termed my studied and unwarranted affront.

"That is what the touch of a finger upon a wrong key did for me, and for years I have never mailed a letter, long or short, without first subjecting it to the most rigid scrutiny. I tell you, sir, it pays to be watchful in this respect."—Washington Star.

The Last Straw.

Henry Van Meter, who died in Bangor about 25 years ago at the advanced age of 110, was a genuine old Virginia darky who drifted down east in some mysterious way in the early part of this century.

He imagined himself charged with inspiration from various spirits and was in reality unbalanced in his mind for the greater part of the time, on account of the superstitious beliefs which possessed him.

At one time he was summoned to court as witness in a certain case, and the counsel on each side badgered him with questions until his wits became so entangled that his answers grew quite wild and preposterous. Noticing the distress and confusion of the poor old witness, the judge, who was a most kind hearted man, hushed the lawyers and put a simple question to the bewildered darky, with the intention of bringing him back to the starting point.

This third assault, for so Van Meter regarded the kindly judge's interposition, proved the last straw to the old darky.

"Now, look a-heah, yo' ole gray haired gemman up on de bench dar," he broke out, shaking a trembling forefinger at the judge, "don' yo' interfere wid dis yer bus'ness at all. Dis chile's got jess as much as he can do to take care ob dese two fellers down heah, an dat's de truf!"—Youth's Companion.

A Dog In a Crowd.

It is really cruel to take a dog, and particularly a small one, into a crowd. No one possessing any imagination would ever do it. Can you fancy what the feelings of a little animal must be when it finds itself in a perfect forest of legs, each leg provided with a foot shod in hard leather and liable to come down on one of its poor little paws? Its small brain must be in a ferment of apprehension all the time, and if it could command any language it would probably be of a powerful kind.—Philadelphia Ledger.

How They Eat.

The following is the daily ration of the animals at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris: Ten pounds of flesh for each lion, tiger and bear; seven pounds for the panther, three pounds to six pounds for the hyena, one pound for the wild cat, and two pounds for the eagle.

There is a "rocking stone" in Sullivan county, N. Y., which is estimated to weigh 40 tons, and which is so evenly balanced that the strength of one finger is sufficient to set it in motion.

The British Medical Journal states that the strain of railway racing must tell upon the drivers, and either they must work shorter hours or that greater risk must be run.

In the Ural mountains the peasantry believe that if a wolf sees a man before the man sees the wolf, the man will be struck dumb and remain so as long as the wolf lives.

Why Jumbo Was Attached.

It was eight or nine years ago, and the cars containing the animals were unloaded near the Canal street freight house. The animals were guided across Exchange place by attendants, and the elephants went along very peaceably.

They hadn't gone a great distance, however, when Jumbo's back began to itch. The big elephant tried to reach the place with his trunk, but didn't manage to. So he stepped from the line and looked for a suitable place against which to rub his back. There were two objects in sight—a big flagstaff and Paddy Burns' shanty, which stood in the rear of the Three Ones' fire station. Jumbo picked out the shanty, and by the time he had relieved his feelings things inside were upside down, and the building had nearly been removed from its foundations and shoved into the water.

Paddy Burns looked for a lawyer, and found the late Ambrose E. West. The attorney issued a writ and gave it to a deputy sheriff, with instructions to attach Jumbo. The officer presented the paper to the treasurer of the circus and then took up a position near the elephant, but out of the reach of the swing of his trunk.

The bill for damages was promptly settled, but the officer said afterward that if the animal had decided to walk away he hadn't any idea how he could have proceeded to enforce the law by compelling him to remain.—Providence Journal.

Regulated by a Hair.

One solitary human hair seems a very small thing, but it is the most important part of an important machine in the capitol at Washington. This machine warms and ventilates the house, the senate and the various committee rooms and runs several electric dynamos. Its most curious feature is the appliance for telling the proper temperature of the air in the building. A dial arranged like a clock marks different degrees from 0 to 100. Zero means perfectly dry air, 100 saturated air—i. e., air carrying all the moisture it will hold.

Human hair absorbs moisture like a rope, becoming shorter when it is wet, in the same way. The hair here is six inches long. The difference in length between it when wet and when dry stands for the 100 degrees of moisture on the dial, and as the moisture of the hair varies the pointer on the dial moves. According to the necessity, more steam is thrown in or steam is allowed to escape, the atmosphere being in this way regulated and kept at a healthy point.—New York World.

Dangers of the Compartment Car.

The beauties of the compartment car plan are illustrated by the following occurrence to an excursion train in France: "After passing Amiens it was noticed that the roof of a compartment containing nine passengers was on fire. The passengers tried to draw the attention of the driver and guard, but found the communication cord broken, and as the flames were every second obtaining a firmer hold of the woodwork one of the occupants, at the risk of his life, went along the footboards to the guard's van, only to learn that the latter had no means of communication with the engine driver. Meanwhile, as the train rushed on, the flames increased in volume, and the passengers, in a panic, fired revolver shots to attract the attention of those on the engine. Even this failed, however, and the condition of affairs was becoming most serious, when the guard succeeded in scrambling across the carriages to the engine. The train was stopped and the fire eventually subdued."

Artificial Respiration.

Dr. Berthold Beer advocates the following method of artificial respiration: The mucous membrane of the lips and of the mouth is rubbed slowly with a piece of ice, the rhythm of the motion corresponding as nearly as possible to that of normal respiration. Dr. Beer has noticed that the inevitable result of the treatment was the return of respiration, at first in a very pronounced form, but becoming, on the continued application of the ice, very regular, quiet and deep. Ice used in this way has also a general sedative effect, and its quieting action has been successfully turned to account in the treatment of cerebral troubles. Dr. Foges of Vienna has obtained equally favorable results with this treatment in cases of asphyxia. It is very much to the advantage of this method that it may be employed for several hours at a time, and is harmless for the patient and easy for the physician.

Must Have Learned Somewhere.

"I gave you that parrot as a birthday present, did I not, Matilda?" he asked.

"Yes, but surely, Albert, you are not going to speak of your gifts as if"—

"It was young and speechless at the time?"

"Yes," with increasing wonder, "and it has never been out of this parlor."

"There are no other young ladies in this house?"

"No, there are not."

"Then why, why when I kissed your picture in yonder album while waiting for you did that wretched bird assume your voice and say, 'Don't do that, Charlie, please don't?'"—London Telegraph.

When She Trumped.

There was Dr. Belman. He was playing whist one evening with a maiden lady for a partner. She trumped his best card, and at the end of the hand he asked her the reason why. "Oh, Dr. Belman" (smilingly), "I judged it judicious."

"Judicious! Judicious! Judicious! You old fool!" She never again touched a card.—Saturday Review.

Economical.

Mrs. Sweet—Do you find it economical to do your own cooking?

Mrs. Burnem—Oh, yes; my husband doesn't eat half as much as when we had a cook.—Yonkers Statesman.

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The New York Weekly Tribune,

the leading republican family newspaper of the United States, will publish all the political news of the day, interesting to every American citizen regardless of party affili