

been kept out of the Chicago papers. But the Fifth Avenue of Chicago, West Prairie ave. A SHORT SESSION. BEHIND THE DIAMOND. A favor. The name of the name is left favor.

The Daily Reporter.

D. C. IRELAND & CO. PUBLISHERS.

McMinnville, Or. - Oct. 9, 1886

Life.

We live a life of hope and longing,
We sigh for what's beyond our reach,
We yearn the hour who are daily through,
Nor do their actions wronging touch.

We gaze not as one of their number,
We feel not their weal, nor heed their pain,
A mother's sigh who only number
One moment's time our busy brain.

We haste to go, and yet the flowers
To see ourselves in gardens gay,
Yet careless think not of the powers
Which lend such beauty to the day.

We for a moment stop and ponder
Over pages fraught with love and fame,
But when while passing hearts will wander
Back to pleasure and love's bright flame.

We weep our sorrows, mourn our losses,
Bury our neighbor's happy lot,
And think the thorns which stud our crown
Pierce far the deeper, tenderest spot.

We cling to earth in happy hours,
Tutal not of death's cold, grim deity,
But when tomorrow's dismal showers
Bring our pleasure's ecstasy.

We will not feel that in this warfare
We're brothers, slaves to the strife,
But push along, nor heartless care
How oft we would a lonely life.

Why think not that the great Eternal
Will bring us forth to face our doom,
That then and there, each thought's fatal
Home.

Will meet the light of heaven's shore,
—Kane Everett, Chicago.

A Lightning Calculator

A remarkable instance of rapid mental calculation has been discovered in a young Polish boy named Paul Zizisky, living in East Bridgewater, Conn. He has a low forehead, with hair growing down to his eyebrows, is rather sleepily looking, and shuffling in his movements. But whenever his father asks him a question relative to numbers he at once brightens up and becomes excited. A reporter found him in a grocery store in East Bridgewater this morning, and asked his father who was with him, if it was true that his son was a lightning calculator. Mr. Zizisky, who speaks poor English and who is now a poor man, having lost most of his earnings by the late Fry & Son cutlery failure, said in answer: "Paul, how many beans are there in this handful?" The boy at once commenced to dance around the store, and became greatly excited as his father thrust his hand into a barrel of beans, took a handful, and threw them down to a corner, where they lay scattered about. The lad leaped into the air, and almost before the beans had touched the floor shouted "1,765." The beans were carefully gathered and counted, and while the work was being done the boy grinned and waved. The result showed him to be correct to a bean. He repeated this his usual sleepy manner again. The father then seized a handful of oats, and threw them in a heap upon the counter. "Paul," said he, "how many oats?" The boy again jumped to his feet, devoured the oatmeal, and instantly shouted "2,881." It took a long time to count them, but the number was again found to be correct. Next the father seized a half-filled pail of water and asked the boy, "How many cubic inches of water in the pail?" The boy seized it up with his eyes and quickly shouted "112." A careful computation proved the result to be right. Other wonderful answers were given, always in an excited manner, and no comparison of his manner at this time seems to be except as that of the excitement of a dog when "set on" by his master. At each and every successful answer the same joyful expressions returned. —Boston Herald.

Young girls who are desirous of... They bring physical beauty are recommended to... a physician to eat meat once a week, and sweet-hoastess never... a year, also to take a cold wash them. He... to walk every day could not go quite.

Boom in Finger Rings.

And speaking of rings, it must be allowed, however little jewelry is worn elsewhere, the dear creatures who pretend to set a fashion take it out in rings. Never were there more extravagant displays of these sentimental gauds than now. Whether it be owing to the manure who has made most fingers taper and prettier, or to the brilliance of the jewels that cover them, certain it is the modern hand, as now worn, is a mighty attractive member of society. The polished oval shell of rosy hue, finishing the tip of each dainty digit, is almost as much a gem as those encircling it higher up, and requiring as great care, as every well-groomed woman will tell you. A hand should never be loaded with rings, but it is permissible to wear three rings on the third finger and one or two on the little finger of both hands, provided the ornaments are not too large. The variety of designs and the combination of tones admit of infinite latitude in the selection of rings; but it is always well to remember, in purchasing them, to choose only those that soap and water will not injure. Though the brilliancy of the setting may be temporarily dimmed by a plunge into water, it can be more easily remedied than loss, which sometimes overtakes the laying down a ring for an abatement in the room of a strange hotel while traveling. It is in the summer time and at dinner parties that rings assume social importance, and claim those little recognitions which may be said to please a vain lover of precious things, if nothing more. —Boston Beacon.

Practical Joker in Trouble.

The fool who thinks it is funny to play a practical joke has come to grief by so doing in Albany. He was in a dry goods store, and saw a gentleman whom he recognized as an acquaintance. He stepped up quietly behind his friend who was standing by the counter, and took a small package from his outside pocket. The joke ought to have come in here, but it didn't. The clerk saw the affair, and thinking he had detected a thief plying his vocation, at once took the supposed culprit by the collar. The joker explained his joke, and called on his friend to help him out of the scrape. But to his consternation, the gentleman proved to be an utter stranger to him. Everyone decided that the poor joker looked like a hardened thief, and a policeman was at once sent for. After much difficulty, however, the joker convinced the policeman of the law that he was a respectable man, and he was released.

He Was Kept Alive.

A peasant, whose father was taken suddenly ill, turned off to the cure's house late at night, and remained at the door nearly three hours, knocking every now and then so gently that nobody heard him. When the priest at length came down, "What are you here for?" he asked. "And why did you not knock louder?" "My father was dying when I left him," was the reply, "but I did not like to disturb you." "Then he must be dead by this time," observed the cure, "and it is useless for me to be of any use." "O, no, monsieur, not at all," eagerly answered the visitor; "my neighbor, Pierrot, promised me faithfully that he would keep him alive until you came." —All the Year Round.

He was a tramp, and when he had carefully scanned the back yard for the expected wood pile, and had found none, he quietly slid around, knocked at the front door and began his story of misfortune and his inability to get work. "Yes," said the farmer, who was of a classic turn, "but labor conquers all things; you remember the old saw, don't you?" "Yes, indeed I do," said the wayfarer as tears started to his eyes, "and the remembrance is indeed painful, but as I came along I didn't see any hanging up on the bank of the house, so I thought I would ask you for something to eat. Yes, I remember the old saw and the wood pile, too, but have no use for them. Good day," and he vanished into the whiteness of the whither. —Boston Post.

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