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## Abstracts of All Lands and Town Lots in the County.

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ANTI-CLIMAX

I walked a city street, and suddenly I saw a tiny lad. The winter wind Howled fitfully, and all the air above The clear cut outline of the buildings tail seemed full of knives that cut against the face. An awful night among the unhoused poor! The boy was tattered; both his hands were thrust The boy was tenered; on its manus were tartus. For show of warmth within his pocket holes. Where pockets had not been for many a day. One trouser leg was long enough to hide. The naked flesh, but one, in mockery. A world too short, tho he was monstrous small. Left bare and red his knee—a cruel thing! Then swelled my selfish heart with tenderness and pity for the waif: to think of one So young, so seeming helpless, homeless, too, Breasting the night, a-shiver with the cold! Gaining a little, soon I passed him by My fingers reaching for a silver coin To make him happier, if only for An hour, when—I marveled as I heard— His mouth was puckered up in cheery wise, And in the very teeth of fortune's frown He whistled loud a scrap of some gay tunet And I must know that all my ready tears Fell on a mood more merry than mine own.

-Richard E. Burton in Harper's Magazine

## FELICIE.

No one remembered such a drought. "If old Gaspard had not died," said Edmond confidently to himself, "he could have matched it; but then he's dead, so no one renembers so bad a drought as this one."
But no one heard Edmond; if any one had

eard him, he would have paid no attention, or Edmond did not have all his wits. The grass and the crops, which once had een green, were now brown: the earth was baked hard, and everywhere little cracks ran Perhaps he had stopped his prayers. in all directions. The rough places of the roads were all hidden under a thick mantle

village elder to another. said Edmond, re-

So the great drought lasted. Then Armand Hamel died. It was not the drought that killed him. No one knew exact-God's doing," the doctor had said. But he was dead; and after death comes the funeral.

earth, and under the gentle clouds the grass and the crops seemed actually to revive a little, and even to raise their heads again.

'Does this mean rainf' one villager would ask of another as they met in the parish house, while their wives went at once into the

Perhaps the man addressed would answer, with a shrug, "The clouds hang low over the cape;" or perhaps he would go out upon the gallery, whence he had just come, and looking around at earth and sky and sea would say, cautiously: "Who knows? Perhaps."

In either case the answer was satisfactory. Every one hoped for rain; almost no one expected it; and the question was asked rather to pass the time until the funeral service should begin than because Eugene Da-sylva thought that Joseph Bilet could read the weather signs better than he himself.

No one asked Edmond, but he of all those

present said nothing doubtful. To Eugene he said at once, "It will rain; the grass is getting ready for a shower." But no one heard him; at all events, no one paid any at-

tention; he was only half witted.
From the gallery in front of the parish house one could see many things. Directly in front was the road white with dust, filled with the caleches and planches and quat'-roues which had brought the farmers and villagers to the church. Across the road were fields, and beyond the fields hills, cut into terraces by great glaciers melted ten thousand years ago. On the right was the church, with its tin roof and its spires; and at of it, and the convent and the graveyard. On the left, behind the poor brown trees, was the seigneury; and behind the house, across the river-a mile wide when the tide was in, barely two yards when the tide was out-rose the cape which gave the town its name, and seemed to protect the town it

clouds, but so little did they indicate rain that the farmers' eyes more readily sought the church and the priest's house than they

In course of time a constant succession of remarks and replies on the subject of the weather had emptied the parish house of all its male inmates; the women and children had already gone into the church. The men most in sileuce; no one cared to talk about the errand which had brought them together; so they stood waiting for something in anx-

Suddenly from the steeple of the church rang out sharply the little bell, and at the sound the men started, and crossed themselves. Then, as if the expected had happened, they moved toward the church, the oldest man leading the way, the younger men struggling to avoid bringing up the r Again the bell rang out. It was tolling. Out of the cloud of dust, along the narrow,

worn road, came the yellow hearse, open to now, wherein slept Armand Hamel. Behind vehicle, brought out on great occasions like Xavier Hamel, Philomene his wife, and little elicie Pelletier, the maiden who was to have been Armand's wife. Had Armand lived but a month longer, Felicie had been their daughter; now she was neither their daughter nor The men halted awkwardly at the church

door, and removed their hats as the hearse drew up. The priest stood on the steps, mis-sal in hand, and placing himself before the coffin began the office of the dead. Most of the men without the church and the women within repeated audibly their prayers:
"Deliver me, Lord, from them that hate

that the pit wherein they have cast me ove me." And again: God, king of the ages, thou alone art full of ways ready to pardon; guard my soul, and

Meantime the mourners had entered the church, and were making their way to their seats. They walked slowly, delayed rather by the emotions of the girl than by any weak ness of the older mourners. At last they reached their places, and the burial service

began.
All this time the clouds that had encompassed the cape came nearer, and more and more assumed the character of rain clouds. The cape loomed up, and the miles of water

between it and the church seemed but yards, so near it seemed to be. Edmond put out his hand, as if to touch the great rock; then be looked at the sky and went into the church. Everything was strangely still. The voice of the priest sounded as if it came from a great distance. The children, usually restless, sat quietly. The darkness of an ap-proaching storm pervaded the church; the

there was a strange brightness; but he did

not feel afraid. At last the priest closed his book, and the ongregation signed with relief as he de-ended from the sanctuary and stood at the head of the coffin. Then priest, coffin and ent congregation left the church, and went through the narrow gate into the graveyard. There a grave had been dug, next to that in which the shipwrecked Portuguese had been buried, and around the grave gathered they

In the center stood the priest and the grave diggers; next to them were old Xavier Hamel and his wife, Philomene, and between them stood Felicie Pelletier,
"Poor Felicie!" thought Edmond. "She is

very young, and so little."

Slowly the old priest read the words of committal, and then the poor red coffin was

lowered into its place. As the coffin disappeared from sight thun-der began to roll. The distant bills, the great cape were lit up by flashes of light-ning, and far away the rain could be seen falling heavily. As yet, however, no breath of itsfreshness reached the kneeling habitans. A movement ran through the crowd as wind sweeps through standing grain. Women and men looked up timidly; children looked around boldly. Even the priest hastened his

utterance, to finish before the storm should Still the thunder rolled. It had not begun uddenly, but slowly, majestically; at first afar off, but ever coming nearer; not a sul-len roar, not the ill humored crashing that some thunder is, but awful and grand.

The crowd rose; the priest's voice was no longer heard in the noise of the thunder

Then suddenly from the black cloud that hung directly above the congregation burst a of dust, as kindly in its appearance as the flash of lightning—not the forked lightning winter's mantle, but less so in reality. Unless that strikes down dwellings and crops and the rain came—well—

men, but a great broad flash, so bright and "God knows what we shall do," said one glorious that all fell again upon their knees and hid their faces in their hands; so won-'And he never tells us until he is ready," drous and awful that they dared utter no sound, but remained silent and motionless

Only two stood upright—Felicie and Ed-mond. Felicie had kneeled, weeping on the rought that killed him. No one knew exact what had killed him. "I cannot tell; it is gave back to earth all that had made her life happy. Armand and she had been betrothed so long, their wedding day had been so near, For the first time in months the sky was overcast; the red sun ceased to glare upon the strangely and so suddenly. So while the priest read the sacred sentences, and the people who had loved Armand stood about his grave, she whom Armand had loved kneeled and sobbed, hearing not at all the murmured words of Mme, Hamel, hearing as if they were spoken afar off the words of the priest. But now that even the priest was terror stricken and cowering, Felicie stood up, no longer clinging to Armand's mother, and looking up into heaven she spoke to the

"My father," she said, or so it seemed to the lad who stood almost by her side.

And, as if in answer, the thunder, which had not ceased to roll, crashed yet again, and the echoes rolled back from the cape and died slowly away in the distance, and all was silent. And Felicie spoke again, but the lad could not hear what she said, and she bowed

Again the thunder answered, a majestic peal, yet not to make those who heard it afraid. But Felicie said nothing more; she stood with her face turned to the dark sky.

as if in expectation. Then came a blinding flash of lightning. For an instant only dared the boy look; then he clapped his hands over his eyes and fell upon his knees. But in that instant he saw Felicie standing in the midst of the glory of the great brightness, smiling, and above her was a great rift in the clouds. Further than ever before could the lad see on high; then he presed his hands to his eyes, and sank upon his knees, and cried aloud in terror.

only that the drought was broken, and rejoicing. But when they saw Felicie they remembered everything, and stood still, as if

Felicie stood at the head of the grave. Her lifted up, and she was smiling. What she looked at, what she ww, no one could tell. The priest approached her almost timidly "Felicie," he said, but she made no answer "Felicie," he said, more loudly And again, more loudly still, "Felicie,"

ad, the priest laid his hand on her arm. She moved, and he gave a sigh of relief. "Felicie, come with me," he said; but the girl moved not, nor made as if she heard him. The people moved nearer and looked at her, aimost with terror.

As if he feared that she had been struck

At last the maiden lowered her eyes and looked toward the priest; he looked her full in the face, and his cheeks paled. "Felicie," he said imploringly, "do you see

What is this?" murmured the priest, hoarsely; and Edmond, the half witted boy,

"Father," he said, touching the priest's arm, "Felicie has seen God, and hes speak, and spoken to him. I do not think, father, that she can see you or hear you; your face is not bright enough for her eyes to see; your voice is not loud enough for her

The priest turned to the lad suddenly, and the boy stepped back abashed; but the priest held out his hand, and the boy took it and

"My children," said the priest, and at his words the crowd knelt in wonder on the earth, no longer dry; and the priest spoke: "The Lord hath spoken in the thunder to Felicie; he hath appeared to her in the light-What ears have heard the Lord, them hath he sealed; what eyes have seen the Lord, them hath he closed; what tongue has poken with the Lord, that bath he sile ot on earth can those ears hear, those eyes

e, that tongue speak. isten, my children; Felicie hath heard God, and she is deaf; she hath seen him in his glory, and she is blind; she hath spoken him, and she is dumb. But it is no Felicie that this is so; for the words the Lord have comforted her inner sorrow and made all earthly words unfit for her to or; his glory makes dark all mortal things to her; the tongue that has spoken with God ast speak with no mortal man. Blind, then, is Felicie, deaf and dumb; yet pity her not, my children, for the hand of the upon her gently; he hath honored her above all women, save only one, and today, more than ever before, is she happy; today is she

in very truth Felicie." In silence the people heard the priest, and when he had spoken the benediction in silence they went to their homes, thinking much. Then old Xavier Hamel and his wife Philomene took Felicie to their home, and she was as their daughter; and the people thought of her as one unhappy, but as ne honored greatly by God and chosen out to have her sorrows ly by God and chosen out to have her sorrows turned to joy. But Felicie neither saw nor heard nor spoke again on earth, and in God's time she fell asleep, to meet, awaking, Ar-mand.—R. N. Trevor in Harper's Weekly.

Piente Song. The skies are blue, the morning dew

Shines brightly on the grass. The bob-o-link and meadow lark Salute us as we pass.
The air is cool; all thoughts of school
Are vanished far away.

Our minds from care are free as air On this our pienie day.

With song and shout of glee,
While zephyrs make the green leaves shake
On every bush and tree.
From out his house amid the boughs
The frisky squirrel peeps
His head, to view our notsy crew.

Then back to cover lear s. Now o'er our heads the forest spreads

Its branches green and cool,
Through leafy screen the sunlight's sheen
Falls on the dimpling pool.
This is the neok, where, from the brook
Bright flowers beckon gay.
Put up the swing; the baskets bring!

ut up the swing; the Hurrah for picnie day!
—Yankee Blade.

A Confusion of Soles. A superfluity of Soles has caused the postmaster general and Representative Ray, of Pennsylvania, a great deal of trouble. There has been a heated contest over the postoffice at McKeesport, Pa., and a dozen or more candidates. The congressman to whom the matter was referred declined to make any recommendation, but telegraphed to some candidates they preferred. The answer Providence. was short and decisive, and it read: "We want Soles."

The congressman had that morning reto his good character and capacity, and supposing him to be the Soles wanted, informed the postmaster general, and the

nomination was sent in. his uncle, that they wanted. His papers, as Baron Shinbaum. which were very strong and voluminous, several months when his nephew Edwin, a bright and ambitious young man, thinking there was no chance of the uncle getting the appointment, thought he would go in for it, and sent down his

application.

When the facts were discovered the nobility. nomination of Edwin was withdrawn and Elmer named in his place.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Hail in California Three Inches Deep. which was apparently three or four miles the birthright of a real son. wide, was attended by heavy thunder the thunder had died away, came the rain.

In torrents it fell, and all sprang up, forgeting Armand almost and Felicie, thinking all along the course the hail was as large.

Brothers Being Sha as small marbles.-Stockton Indepen-

The other day, as a royal train of Pennforemost car-the smoker. Pressing almost upon his heels was a rather rough looking fellow making the same journey. It happened that as I raised my eyes I saw behind that bunch of lilacs a pair of shining steel handcuffs connecting the gentlemanly man's wrists. It would be interesting to know whether it was the convict's idea or that of his keeper to my mind there was something very poetic about it.-Julian Ralph.

Singing Mice on Shipboard. About three months ago J. F. Chelton, of Woods Cross Roads, Va., captain of the schooner Anna Lloyd, captured a singing mouse in the cabin of his vessel off Gloucester Point, Va. The little fellow was caged, and he sang merrily at all hours, his notes being somewhat like the subdued trill of a canary bird. Thersday another musical ouse was caught in the cabin by Capt. previously captured. They keep up a lively concert at all hours of the day and night.-Baltimore Sun.

Bishop Potter Described.

Bishop Potter is one of the handsomest men in the city when he is arrayed in evening dress. He does not look much older than he did twenty years ago or pale faced, clean cut race, of bilious temperament, and, as a rule, long lived. They naturally take pride in their family, for they have had brains a-plenty and means to cultivate them. Perhaps no name in the country is better known than that of Potter.-Exchange.

The sale of the interesting original manuscripts of Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, with some autograph programmes of private theatricals in which both took part, will begin in London in June. The entire original manuscripts of "No Name." "The Moonstone" and "The Woman in White" of Collins and the manuscripts of some of Dickens' poems are in this collection.

The West End electric railway station in Boston is to have 18 engines of 1,000 horse power each. They are to be triple compound, with cylinders 21, 86 and 52 inches diameter. The power is Royalston, Mass. Though small they transmitted by two belts for each en-

TITLED AMERICANS.

There Are Many Subjects of Uncle Sam

Who Hold Orders of Nobility. It is well known that the constitution of the United States frowns upon titles and orders of nobility, yet there are many native born Americans whose dignities range from the humbler orders of knighthood to the exalted rank of princes. And I am not now alluding to heiresses who have been raised to the peerage by marriage. These instances are already familiar to the public. What is less known is the fact that many American men have won a bilitate itself. similar elevation by direct grant from a foreign crown.

The famous scientist, Count Rumford, was a plain New England Yankee named Thompson, who went abroad, attracted general attention by his chemical discoveries, and was ennobled days Edison has been made a count, and Pullman, of parlor car fame, a marquis, by King Humbert, but neither of them cares to sport the title and it is only alluded to in a jocular fashion by their friends. The pope has conferred the order of chevalier on several confidence asking which of the several millionaire, Joseph Brannigan, of his eyes off my figure.

The father of Edgar Saltus was knighted by Queen Victoria, and has began backing cautiously from me. ceived an application for the office from Saltus, but has the good taste never to put distance between us in that way. A exercise that right. Marmaduke Richardson, a well known New Yorker, was made a count by King Humbert, but never sports the title. There are many McKeesport almost, including the men not so modest. A certain American who wanted Soles, commenced to bom- criminal, well known to the police here bard the department with protests. It as Max Shinbaum, and by numerous was not Edwin Soles, but Elmer Soles, other aliases, is now living in Belgium

And a former Bostonian. Charles had been on file in the department for Hamilton Fiske by name, made his appearance in Wurtemberg a year or two ago as the Count de Vernois, and for a period enjoyed the highest favor of the king, until he was deposed by concerted action on the part of the native

In both these cases it is not certain that the titles were genuine, although it is quite possible that they may have been acquired by purchase, an easy step on the continent of Europe. Genu-F. J. Baldwin, a farmer, who lives ine Spanish titles, for example, may be three miles east of Belotta, reports that bought pretty cheap, the price ranging a heavy hail storm visited that section from 30,000 francs for a countship to Saturday afternoon, coming from the 800 for a knightship. In Italy, the desouth and moving northeasterly into cayed nobility are entitled to adopt Calaveras county. The storm commenced at about 3 o'clock and lasted one and a half hours, when three inches of consideration, and the adoption carries hail was lying on the ground. The storm, with it such titular dignity as would be

The consideration, as a rule, is not and lightning. There seemed to be a large. A New York journalist, now continual peculiar heavy rumbling in the living abroad, is said to have purchased clouds that could easily be heard in the the title of "Prince Chialdini" for a intervals between roars of thunder. Old mere trifle of seventy-five dollars. To settlers say they never saw anything like conclude, an instance of titled Amerithe storm in this state. Cattle ran be- can citizens born on American soil is fore the storm seeking shelter, but be-came bewildered and ran wildly about chioness Lanza, the novelist, all of When the lightning had become dim, and the thunder had died away, came the rain. until they were tired out, when they laid the thunder had died away, came the rain. down and submitted to the pelting. The

Brothers Being Shaved.

A Maine family consists of six brothers so exactly alike that no one but their closest friends can tell which is which. One day they happened to be sylvania parlor cars pulled out of the in a strange town and all wanted a Jersey City depot, a gentlemanly man shave. One of them went into a barcarrying a huge bunch of lilacs made his ber shop, was shaved and paid the cusway from the rear of the train to the tomary ten cents. Five minutes later apparently the same man came back into the shop very wrathy, his beard bristling with a three days' growth. He swore that he had not been half shaved, and demanded that the work be done over.

The astonished barber apologized put flowers to that strange use. But to when not ten minutes later his customer came back madder than ever, his beard still showing on his face, and demanded another shave. Again the barber, after some protest, complied, but when his man returned the fourth time it was too much.

'See here!" he cried, "if you're trying to sell me some patent hair raiser I'll take your whole stock, but if you are an escaped museum freak either you've got to get out or I'll have to macher!"- Exchange. close this shop."

The fifth and sixth brothers had to Chelton, and was caged with the one pay for their shaves. - Lewiston Jour-

Where Carlyle and Ruskin Differed. Thomas Carlyle was a devotee to the pipe, and he vainly sought to break off the fascination. He is said to have smashed no less than thirteen "cutties" on the hearthstone of his Ecclefechan cottage, with the vow that he would more, when he was rector of St. John's smoke no more. But as sure as the church, Troy, N. Y. The Potters are a next day came he would be found puffing at a new one.

Tobacco smoke," he writes, "is the one element in which by our European manners men can sit silent together without embarrassment, and when no man is bound to speak one word more than he has virtually and actually got Ruskin, however, who aped Carlyle in

so many things, has never imitated him in this. A great pity. for Carlyle found that it tranquilized irritability. Why should not Ruskin have found the same? Indeed Ruskin's gravamen against the cigar is that it enables so many people to pass their time happily in idleness. Truly, a blessing instead of a curse!-New York Sun.

Aquamarine, a sort of beryl, is plentiful in New England. The richest colored gems of this kind come from Are Dogs Afraid of Ghosta?

"Perhaps you are not aware," said a young lawyer to the scribe, "that dogs White through the azure, and horses are as much afraid of ghosts and other uncanny or mysterious things of Nemi's waters as are the most timid of the human race. I proved it one time on two dogs, at any rate. Not long after the war the negroes were so bad about our place in Kentucky that it was with difficulty Wavering deep through the lake as he swimthat we could keep our belongings on our place. Every other method having failed ! finally hit upon the plan of frightening them by appearing before them dressed as a ghost is said to have the said in the sunlight in the midst of his

"Of course, the negroes were successfully frightened away from us, but And trailing behind him in glory of scarlet, upon one occasion I also frightened our A branch of the red berried ash of the moun two watch dogs as badly as any negro ever was frightened by ghostly apparition. The dogs were flerce fellows, and would allow no stranger or strange by the king of Bavaria. In our own thing on the place; but one moonlight night they came upon me in spectral attire. The dog that first caught a With the scarlet berries. glimpse of me just humped up his back. Green are the leaves and scarlet the berries, until all four of his feet covered not more than six square inches of Ken- Bine the deep heart of the still, brooding laketucky soil. His eyes stood out and his hair stood up, and he began moving of the leading citizens in whom he had Americans, the most notable being the backward, never for an instant taking

'His companion came up, through the same movement, and both the right to call himself Sir Francis And as long as I could see them they few moments later I heard them barking at home, half a mile distant. They had taken refuge under the house, and

Hard to Swallow.

The teller of "tall stories" generally finds his rebuke awaiting him in an intelligent company. On one occasion, when several physicians had met, the conversation ran to the subject of the extraordinary things which a human being might swallow and still live.

The familiar stories about swallowing silver dollars, sets of false teeth, and so forth, had been related, when

Dr. Longbow began to speak. Two years ago," he said, "I called in great haste to attend a carpenter in my town, though the message said that the man was beyond doubt already dead, for he had, while holding large gimlet in his mouth at his work, suddenly been taken with a fit of hiecoughs and swallowed the gimlet.

"But when I arrived at the man's house I found him very comfortable. The gimlet, gentlemen, gave him no trouble at all to digest.' There was silence for a moment.

Presently one of the other doctors rebow, the man was lucky that it was only a gimlet that he undertook to

swallow. 'What do you mean?" Why, if he had tried to swallow one

of your stories it would have choked him to death."-Youth's Companion.

A Laconic Correspondence. It is said that the celebrated German theologian Schleiermacher was rather inclined to save than to spend money. He was at one time quite ill, and sent for a renowned physician, Dr. Grafe, who was court physician at the time, and whose son became the great oculist. Schleiermacher recovered, and when fully restored to health he sent a polite note to Dr. Grafe, expressing his gratitude and inclosing four louis d'or, begging the physician to accept this small

the services which had been rendered The following day he received his and complied, but judge of his horror gold pieces again, accompanied by the following laconic note from the great physician, "The poor I cure for nothing; the well to do pay me according to the regular 'medicine tax'; the rich reward me lavishly, according as it suits their pleasure!"

sum as a token of his appreciation of

Thereupon the clergyman sat down and sent Dr. Grafe this still more laconic answer:

"The four louis d'or are received back with gratitude. The poor Schleier-

A Somnambulist the Thief.

A somnambulist story comes from Georgia. The somnambulist mysteriously lost four suits of clothing, one after the other, and his son, unknown to the father, thought he would set a trap for the thief. Invariably the thefts were committed at night. So the son hid himself in the room. The thief came, but it proved to be the father himself. He got out of bed, dressed himself, walked down to the river, and after placing his garments in the hollow of a tree, took a swim; finishing, he couldn't remember where he had put his clothing, and so returned home without it, all this while being asleep, and even not awakening on tumbling

into bed again. It was in this manner

that he had lost all four suits. - Phila-

Calls for Domestic Animals. In controlling the movements of domestic animals by the voice, besides words of ordinary import, man uses a variety of peculiar terms, calls and inarticulate sounds-not to include whistling-which varies in different localities. In driving yoked cattle and harnessed horses teamsters cry "get up" (usually "git ep"), "click, click" (tongue against the teeth), "gee," 'haw," "whoa" or "wo," "whash," "back," etc. All of the above are used in English speaking countries. In

THE SWIMMER OF NEML

Orient, His strong limbs sever the violet hollows.

Like gorse in the sunlight the gold in his yel-low hair, Yellow with sunlight and bright as with dew-

Red o'er his body, blossom white mid the blue-

White as a moonbeam The purple twilight

White are the limbs of the swim

The high Alban hills in their silence and beauty, Purple the depths of the windless heaven

A Horse's Joke.

A Mansfield (O.) doctor is the owner of a horse which has a fondness for playing practical jokes. Recently the physician drove out into the country to answer a sick call. Arriving at his desit was four days before we could coax tination he tied his horse to a post, near Then there was a row. The whole of Americans now living abroad who are them out again."-Charleston Demo- which hung a rope attached to a large bell used as a dinner signal for employes on the place, and went inside. Suddenly the bell rang. The doctor and the man of the house both looked out, but could see nothing except the horse. They had hardly turned away, however, before the bell rang again, and again they looked but could see

This was repeated, and the doctor house he stepped out and hid in the yard. He kept his eye on the bell rope, and in about a minute was surprised to had got even with somebody. see his horse lift up his head, smile slyconfronted the horse the animal instantly tried to put on a look of innocence but was unsuccessful. -- Boston Herald.

Jewels Found in New York. rock crystals are gathered, specimens, them at ! ittle Falls, N. Y., are worked mass of the sphere is iron.

were taught at the nursery table was to use a bit of bread, a "pusher," most children call it, when something on our plate that ought to go on a fork would This was almost as sacred a tenet of table manners as that bread should not be bitten from the slice. It is something of a blow to read from presumably good authority that this is a barbarism almost as bad as eating in one's sovereignty of China as a tea exporting gloves. People who persist in breaking down good established laws should at least offer some good substitute; if the woman who says we must not scurry stantly declining. The increase apround after some slippery peas or elusive spinach with a morsel of bread, as a valuable assistant tells us what we must do, all will be forgiven.-Her Point of View in New York Times.

How Two Merchants Chose,

A merchant refused to hire as a clerk a young man whose pantaloons, he noticed, were worn at the knees and seat, because he judged that a good clerk would not thus wear his clothing. In another case a merchant chose from twenty applicants a boy who stopped to wipe his muddy feet before entering his office, and whose finger nails were

"It is attention to little things that makes a good clerk," the merchant said. - Youth's Companion.

An Odd Hair Wreath. Miss Hattie J. Chipps, who lives near Budd's Lake, N. J., has fashioned portions of hair from the heads of over 2,000 individuals into a large near proving the death of the man. wreath of over 1,000 flowers and leaves. This unique oddity is composed of hair of every shade and color known to the anthropologist. The young artist spent gun, stepped on by the cow, discharged over a year in collecting the locks of hair before commencing work on the wreath. -St. Louis Republic.

The Good Old Times. Old Man-Talkin 'bout circuses, nuthin can come up to th' ole fashioned one ring circus, with one clown. Young Man-Only one clown!

must have been so enjoyable.-Good

TALKED TO DEATH.

Her Husband Sees That the Fact Is Plainly Set Forth on Her Graveste

Undertakers and tombstone men often meet with strange experiences. This is well illustrated by an incident that occurred at the marble works of Frazier & Leffel, of this city. A tall, lank man, with a tall, narrow head and a positive expression on a well cut countenance, entered the aforementioned establishment and intimated to the business manager that he wanted a tombstone for his wife. Manager Leffel, with one eye to business and the other adjusted to a proper expression of sympathy in his patron's bereavement, proceeded to show him the large array of designs in

his establishment. A suitable stone was soon found, and here the work began. His patron of positive countenance had more to do with the inscription than with the style of stone. It must be just so. He must have cut on it just what he wanted and as he wanted it. He was willing to pay his money for what he wanted, but didn't want any assistance to say what that was. The undertaker tried in vain to suit him, but to no avail. He couldn't catch the spirit of his dream. There was something in this case that outreached the rigid experience of many years. Finally the tall, lank patron said:

"Give me your pencil and I'll tell you what I want." And here it is: 'Kiss me and I will go to sleep. Alice, first and last wife of Thomas Phillips, Talked to death by friends."

No date of birth, no date of death is given. The age is omitted. Thomas had but two purposes in his mind-one was to let the world know that he would never marry again and the other was to let it know that his wife had been talked to death by the neighbors. "There, now, I want it just as I write it; nothing more and nothing

less. I propose to pay for just what I Being assured that his wants would determined to solve the mystery; so at be strictly complied with, he paid for the third ring, instead of going into the the monument and, giving directions where to place it, departed with the satisfied air of a man who felt that he

This stone is an actual fact, and stands today in a cemetery near Boully, and give the rope a good, hard tug. Stands today in a cemetery near Boul-When the physician sprang out and der, in Clinton county, Ills.—Centralia Cor. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Gold in the Center of the Earth.

Geologists are agreed that the interior of the earth is largely composed of Near Lake George in New York state metals. Whereas the surface matter of great quantities of small and very pure the planet weighs only about two and one-half times as much as water, it is both natural and cut, being mounted known as a fact that toward the center in jewelry and sold to tourists. Many the average weight of things is eleven of them are whiter than any diamond times that of water. This is due to the "With you for his physician, Long- and frequently as brilliant and trans- circumstance that while this sublunary parent. A specimen with a drop of orb was cooling and condensing the water inclosed will sometimes sell for heavier particles sought the middle. as much as \$30. Certain mines of Therefore it is probable that the great

by tapping the rock until a hollow But there are other metals more sound is heard, indicating a cavity, and heavy than iron, and these would natwithin such cavities the crystals are urally form an accumulation immedidiscovered, sometimes as many as a ately about the center of the globe. bushel. In one cavern years ago were Among them may be mentioned, as found several tons of these quartz crys most important, gold. Geologist Gilbert, tals, the sides of the cavity, thirty feet of the geological survey, said the other long and six feet high, being complete day that he would rather expect to find ly covered with them. The sale of a vast accumulation of gold at that such stones in that region amounts to point than anywhere else, his notion fully \$10,000 per annum. - Washington being that such of the yellow metal as is found on the surface of the earth is

only an aecidental detritus. However, there are two or three sub-One of the things a good many of us stances known even more weighty than gold, and one of them is platinum, which has doubled in market value within the last year or two, owing to the increased cost of production .-Washington Star.

Changes in the Tes Trade.

It is not Ceylon and Assam only that are undermining the once undisputed country. Japan also finds her tea exports rapidly increasing, while those of her great continental neighbor are conpears to be progressing at a rate of more than three and a half millions of pounds weight per annum.

It seems to be a common quality of tea-at least such is the exported article-and the demand appears to be practically confined to the United States. Russia, according to Consul Troup, will have nothing to do with the "Japan Congous," and all Europe takes in a year only some 300,000 pounds. On the other hand, Canada buys annually upward of 8,000,000 and the United States nearly 19,000,000 pounds.-London News.

An Unlucky Combination.

A man, a cow and a gun in a Connecticut pasture. The man intent on woodchucks. The cow quietly chewing her cud. The gun "lying low," both hammers cocked, in the grass, That was an apparently innocent and harmless combination; but it came The cow, prompted no doubt, by bovine curiosity, approached the gun. The man took a stick to the cow. The its load into the man's right leg, which the surgeons afterward amputated .-Forest and Stream.

A Waitress' Retort.

Curran once so far forgot himself as to tell a witness, whose evidence he wished to discredit, that there was scoundrelism reflected in his face, "I was never before aware that my face made such a good mirror," retorted the

The answer was all the more pointed