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JONES' PRIVATE ARGUMENT.

That air same Jones which lived in Jones. He had this pint about him. He'd swear, with a hundred sighs and groans. That farmers must stop pitting loans. And get along without 'em.

That bankers, warehousemen and sica. Was fattening on the planter. And Tennessee was rotten rich. A-raising meat and corn, all which Drawed money to Atlanta.

And the only thing, says Jones, to do Is, eat up meat that's bountiful; But eat up every I. O. U. And plant all corn and sugar for true To quit a-raising cotton.

Thus shouted Jones when folks could hear, At court and other gatherings. And thus kept spouting many a year, Proclaiming loudly and near. Such fiddlesticks and blatherias.

But one alfred sweatin' day It happened I was hoci. My lower corn field, which it lay 'Round the road that runs my way. When I can see what's goin'.

And after 12 o'clock had come I felt a kinder facin' and wycin'. And laid myself 'neath a plum To let my dinner settle down. When long come Jones' wacchin'.

And Jones was settin' in it so, A readin' of a paper: His miles goin' powerful slow, For both the lines he had tied to The staple of the scraper.

The miles they stopped about a rod From me and went to feedin' 'Longside the road, upon the soil, But Jones, which he had took a tod, Not knowin', kept a readin'.

And presently says he: "Hit's true, That Cissy's goat is level. Thy's one thing farmers all must do To keep themselves from goin' low Bankruptcy and the devil."

"More corn, more corn; must plant less ground, And mustn't eat what's bountiful; Next year they'll do it reason's sound, And cotton'll fetch 'bout dollar a pound; Tharfor, I'll plant all cotton."

—Savannah News.

In Mental Ruts.

"The monotony of certain lines of business and slight use of the mental faculties consequent upon a familiarity of a simple, unvarying routine," said an observant gentleman, "soon gives a stolid, apathetic, half idiotic cast to the human countenance. Take anybody who has little or no variety in his daily life, and in a short time his face is as blank as a piece of putty."

"A wooden impassiveness of feature takes the place of what we term expression, and the intellectual powers relapse into that dormant state that characterizes alike the savage and the idiot. You will see the same thing in the idle, listless man about town, who is too lazy to work or think, and hasn't enough energy or even inclination to be tired. It is irritating to talk to such people. The restless, nervous man of keen intellectual edge who comes in contact with them chafes inwardly and sometimes outwardly."

"Half the trouble and friction that arises between individual members of the great, active, hustling public and officials of various lower grades is from this very fact. Neither the offender nor the offended understands the seat of the difficulty in dealing with each other."—New York Herald.

Gypsies as Players.

From their first appearance down to the present the gypsies have been great players and second rate actors, and it is asserted by one writer that there is not a theater or music hall in England or America that does not include one or more persons of gypsy descent. In this country many of them conduct small circuses or traveling shows, which they erect in the woods where they pitch their camps, and charge a nominal sum for admission.—George E. Walsh in New York Epoch.

A Physician in Every Menagerie.

All keepers are supposed to study the needs and ailments of the animals under their charge, and they understand the best methods to coax their dumb friends into submission; but in addition to these keepers every circus and menagerie has one or more physicians who prescribe for the sick animals. An imported wild animal is too valuable to lose without an effort to save its life, and all that science knows is brought into requisition to cure it of any complaint.—New York Epoch.

Mosquitoes Not Afraid of Alligators.

It has been said that mosquitoes object to the strong smell of the alligator, but if this be so they can overcome their dislike when there is a chance of a draft of human blood, for Humboldt relates that while dissecting a large alligator, eleven feet long, the odor of which infected the surrounding atmosphere, he and his assistants were fearfully stung.—Knowledge.

Chamois skins are not derived from the chamois, as many people suppose, but are the flesh side of sheepskin. The skins are soaked in lime water and in a solution of sulphuric acid; fish oil is poured over them and they are carefully washed in a solution of potash.

It has been proved that wasps' nests sometimes take fire from spontaneous combustion—the chemical action of the wax upon the inflammable material of the nest. This fact may account for some of the strange fires which occur in barns and storehouses.

The average expectation of life on the principle of heredity may be found, according to a statistician, by adding the ages of a man's parents and grandparents, if dead, and dividing the result by six.

The greatest artisan well in the world has been struck in South Dakota.

BUMBLEBEES AT CAMP MEETING.

Rough Boys Devise a Performance More Exciting Than Preaching. One hundred bumblebees and 4,000 people were at camp meeting in Murdock Grove, Ills. Excursion trains had brought strangers from miles around. The great tent could not hold half the people, and in the path leading to it thousands strolled all day, a constant procession coming and going through the woods. At the edge of the path, and not six rods from the tent, five boys found a bumblebee's nest. Here was a chance for fun. They shoved sticks into the nest until the bees were mad enough to sting even Lily Langtry. The youngsters then turned the bees loose on a tree. Along this path, within a foot of the nest, passed the people. A large farmer came along eating crackers and cheese. He looked as innocent as a spring pullet.

Buzz! Buzz! "Jerusalem! Guess I'd better jog along! West! B'good! Whoop!"

He darted into the woods, rubbing his left ear. The boys behind the tree dared not laugh aloud. Soon came a Frenchman, an artist from Blooming, walking slowly. His mustache was waxed artistically.

Buzz! Buzz! "Zut! Ze bird! Ze bang! Ze bee! Ze devil!"

He leaped for the woods, striking right and left. The flesh of his right eye puffed out. An interval of several minutes, then came a German horse doctor from Decatur. A meerschaum pipe stuck out of his coat pocket.

Buzz! Buzz! "Yant! Yant! Yant! Mine Gott!"

He waddled into the woods, and down on a log and pulled a stinger out of his neck. All was quiet until there came two ducks with eyeglasses, dainty cans, cigarettes and sickly grins at pretty girls. They were chattering like monkeys.

Buzz! Buzz! "Bah! Jove! Fun Chappie! Wun Cholie, wun! Bah! Bah! Bah!"

He did not stop until they reached the well, where they thrust their burning hands into a pail of cold water. The boys now threw a few sticks at the nest to keep the bees in fighting trim. Next came two lovers, a coachman and a servant girl from Rock Island. Her pocket like him. He murmured softly very near his face.

Buzz! Buzz! "Holy Muldoon!" she yelled, springing into the arms of her lover, who carried her swiftly into the depths of the forest. Her upper lip was badly swollen. The bees seemed more and more excited. Along came a city woman, gayly dressed, her pretty little nose stuck away up in the air, as if she despised everything rural. Her skirts were lifted just enough to display a foot of which any woman might be proud.

Buzz! Buzz! "She jumped two feet straight into the air, clutching her nose, clutching at her ankle. 'Ouch! Shoot! Shoot! Police!'"

Services in the tent were nearly over now. The presiding elder thought he noticed too much commotion outside the tent. He walked down toward the boys behind the tree. He weighs 300 pounds. He is joyful, woman, body like him. He came and stood right over the nest.

"Boys," he said, "if you are making unnecessary noise you must stop. It is true that the devil goeth about like a roaring lion."

Buzz! Buzz! "Whack! Slam! Bang! Biff! Up into the air he leaped and came down seated plump on the nest. Buzz! Buzz! Whack! Slam! Bang! Biff! Up he jumped, and to the tent he bounded without a word. The long meter doxology sounded from the tent, and the boys walked up to receive the benediction.—Chicago Herald.

How He Got the Money. William S. Walsh says this story was told him by a traveling friend. The friend was in Paris. Presenting a check at a bank, he was met with the customary formula, "You must be identified."

"Whom shall I get—the American consul?" with a shade of sarcasm in his tone. "No, I don't know the American consul," the teller objected that it was rather hard to expect of a total stranger that he should have already effected an entree into the society graced by the teller. But the latter was obdurate. Then the traveler had a brilliant idea.

He went into a neighboring cafe and called the waiter to him. "Do you know the teller of that bank?" he asked, pointing to the building. "Oh, yes; he stops in here every day for his lunch." "Well," said the traveler, "I want you to step into the bank with me and tell him that I am M. —, of New York." The waiter shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, monsieur, but I don't know the teller of that bank. That makes no difference, here's half a franc." The argument was conclusive. The waiter took the tip, accompanied the traveler to the bank and the teller accepted the identification without a murmur.—Once a Week.

Why the Inkstand Went Astray. A very popular young preacher was the recipient of much attention on the part of the ladies of his congregation, and one day and blushing spinster on the occasion of his birthday chose for him a pretty silver inkstand at —. She gave to the clerk the following penciled inscription to be engraved upon its base: "To my pastor, from his grateful Malvina S." The change, however, was not made. "The inkstand," said the astonished young clergyman read: "Tony Pastor, from his grateful, etc.," and naturally wondering what could be the connection between the theatrical manager and Miss S., whom he looked upon as one of the pillars of the church, he sent the package back to the jeweler's, to be forwarded, as he supposed, to the rightful owner. It was not until the young man himself, wondering why his gift was not acknowledged, made inquiries at the shop that the egregious blunder was discovered.—New York Tribune.

Peaks of a Young Man. About a year ago a young man jumped from Lake Ontario in a steamboat in midlake and was rescued by officers and passengers a fortnight, from which they have hardly recovered yet. After paddling about and screaming for help he struck out for the steamer only after a lifeboat had been manned and launched. Recently this athletic genius overturned a Broadway cab when a companion "dared" him to. He placed his shoulder to the wheel and cab and horse and driver, a gutter, one common ruin. A prompt and liberal application of American greenbacks allayed the ire of the cabman.—New York Advertiser.

Lowell's Jacobite Ancestors. It is a curious and interesting fact that the late Mr. Lowell was descended, through his mother, from an ancient Jacobite family—the Fradels, of Bieho, in Fifeshire. His father, Mrs. Charles Lowell, was the only mother, Mrs. William Traill, of West.

Fruits for Young Children.

The subject of fruits is one which deserves more than a passing notice. Some parents would withhold them altogether from their children until after the second year. This is a very good general rule, but it will admit of exceptions. It is an undeniable fact that some of them are most wholesome foods, and the earlier children can be accustomed to them the better. Very many even before they are two years old can safely take, and are much benefited by, the juices of sweet, mellow fruit. Children also frequently suffer from habitual constipation, and these juices act far better than medicinal remedies.

Notwithstanding all this, the giving of fruits to children before they are two years old should be very guarded, and limited to the juices of those which are positively fresh, known also to be easily disposed of in the system and not likely to cause diarrhea. As a child approaches its third year, its allowance of fresh fruits may be more generous, due care being invariably used in their selection; still, moderation should be the rule, for intemperance indulgence in even the most digestible fruits is quite sure to be followed by unpleasant, if not serious consequences.

Those fruits which are very acid, and require much sugar to make them palatable, should be withheld. Oranges, apples and peaches, if perfectly ripe and sound, may be occasionally allowed, unless, of course, there is an irritability of the stomach and bowels. Pears are less digestible than these, but if thoroughly ripe can do no harm if not too freely indulged in.—Boston Herald.

Do We Teach Geology?

The cultural aspects of civilization are due to geologic structure, but in how many of our institutions are students taught to appreciate the topography or configuration of the earth's surface and its relation to structure, or to observe with inquiring eye the forms and contours of the landscape? The student usually learns the chemistry of certain nicely arranged hand specimens of hard rocks and memorizes the names of leading fossils or the crystallization of minerals under the guise of economic geology. As a result, the study is supposed to be merely the study of hard rocks and curious fossils.

Although the student knows these by sight he cannot trace a rock sheet above the ground or below it, or see the great soft terraces void of fossils and rocks which make up the larger area of our country, and cannot appreciate the broader relations of structure to agriculture, hygiene, climate and civilization. Hence the great unfossiliferous terraces are unknown; for example, the nonmountainous regions of the west and south, over which in places one may travel from the Rocky mountains to the Gulf of Mexico without finding a fossil, a crystal or a building stone.—Robert T. Hill in Popular Science Monthly.

Too Many Languages.

There is undoubtedly a good deal of advantage in learning foreign tongues from a nurse in childhood, but it is easily possible to do this at the expense of English. If the child is not to know its mother tongue there is not a great deal of advantage in having a smattering of a foreign one.

On the piazza of a summer hotel were observed not long since a group of over-dressed children who were about setting out for a walk under the care of a governess who was unmistakably French.

"Maudie," a small boy of the party said to his sister, "ain't the fraulein a-goin' to come?"

"Nong," the girl answered, "elle ain't neig'nt, and I be awful glad she ain't well this mornin'."

These children had a French and a German governess at the same time, but neither of them was bothered about so unimportant a matter as English.—Youth's Companion.

Two Curious Knives.

When Sheffield first became famous for its cutlery a peculiarly shaped knife, designed for a variety of uses, was made with great care and sent to the agent of the Cutler's company in London. On one of the blades was engraved the following challenge.

London, for thy life, Show me such another knife. The London cutlers, to show that they were equal to their Sheffield brothers, made a knife with a single well tempered blade, the blade having a cavity containing a rye straw 2 1/2 inches in length, wholly surrounded by the steel; yet notwithstanding the fact that the blade was well tempered, the straw was not burned, singed or charred in the least!

It is needless to add that the Sheffield cutlers acknowledged themselves outdone in ingenuity.—St. Louis Republic.

Two Peculiar Springs.

In Corea there are two springs, situated at a considerable distance from each other; in fact they have the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. They have two peculiarities: When one is full the other is always empty, and notwithstanding the obvious fact that they are connected by a subterranean passage, one is bitter and the other pure and sweet.—North China Herald.

Asking Fool Questions.

"Is that eagle thoroughbred?" "Yes."

HER ABILITY RECOGNIZED.

Mrs. Wittenmeyer of Civil War Fame Honored by Her Associates.

The lady who was chosen as president of the Woman's Relief corps for the current year was one whose life for the last thirty years has been devoted to this country and its defenders, and among the many noble women who have endeared themselves to the dead as well as to the living, none has secured a more lasting gratitude than the lady thus honored. Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer is a descendant of an officer who participated in the battle of Saratoga, and sacrificed his life to secure the victory of that decisive battle. He died without the knowledge that the sacrifice had not been in vain, but the honors which he thus won are treasured by his descendants with laudable pride.

His son, inspired by like patriotism, served with distinction in the war of 1812, and in the next generation three of the brothers of Mrs. Wittenmeyer were found in the defense of the Union. It is not strange, therefore, that Mrs. Wittenmeyer should feel the patriotic impulses of her family, and abandon the comforts of home to alleviate suffering in the camp and in the hospital. With a brave but tender heart she went to the front to minister to the sick, the wounded and dying. While there the legislature elected her to the position of sanitary agent of that state, and authorized Governor Kirkwood to grant her a commission. The various supplies which were sent from that state to the troops were distributed by her direction, and money necessary for the care of the soldiers were entrusted to her.

She was placed at the head of the special diet kitchen system of the Christian commission, which employed as managers nearly three hundred ladies, where by food suitable for the sick and convalescent was supplied without waste, and best adapted for their proper nourishment. In this field of labor she received substantial aid and co-operation from every officer of the government, including President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton and Surgeon General Barnes, who manifested a lively interest in her work. She was privileged to travel from point to point, as she deemed advisable, at the expense of the government. She also secured free transportation upon her order for all women employed by her.

Mrs. Wittenmeyer thus became aware of the movement of the troops and of any necessity for supplies at points widely distant, the one from the other, and was enabled to send nurses wherever they were or might be needed. She might well be said to have been in command of the organized charities of the north, and to have been acclaimed queen of the army nurses.—New York Telegram.

Ohio's Champion Woman Walker. The champion lady pedestrian of Ohio lives in Middleport, two and one-quarter miles below The Telegraph office, in Pomeroy, where she has been employed as a compositor for the past eight years. Every week day, winter and summer, for the eight years she has walked to and from her work, with but six weeks' rest. Her walks average twenty-seven miles per week, through rain and sunshine, snow, mud and summer heat, and she often clambors around the bluffs to get by flooded districts.

This gives her 1,404 miles per year, or 11,232 miles in eight years. Subtracting 162 miles for six weeks she rested she has 11,070 miles still to her credit. During the eight years she has actually performed 34,600 miles of labor, and has set about 18,680,000 cms. of type. When she began walking and working she was not enjoying good health, but now she is rosy cheeked and vigorous, and thinks no more of a jaunt of half a dozen miles than most ladies do of walking around a square in the city.

Crazed by Hair Dye. A lamentable case of softening of the brain has come to the knowledge of a few society people, and it will result sooner or later in the confinement in a private asylum of a beautiful young woman who has been a favorite in fashionable circles.

She has for several years been addicted to the dangerous practice of bleaching her hair by means of certain powerful acids, and her mind has become so seriously affected therefrom that her physicians regard her case as incurable.

For several months past her actions have been so peculiar as to excite the surprise of those of her acquaintances who were unaware of her mental disease, but the secret has been carefully guarded by the family, and very few of her friends outside of the home circle know of her malady.

She was an exceptionally bright girl, and her misfortune is therefore all the more to be deplored.—Louisville Post.

A Woman Taxpayer. Miss Floretta Vining is one of the largest taxpayers in Hull, Mass., and a public spirited citizen, who is always doing something for the town. Not long ago she attended the town meeting, as she wished to call attention to the discreditable condition of the public cemetery. With two or three exceptions all the men present were merely poll tax payers; but this woman, who bore so large a share of the expense of the town, had to ask permission to speak in the town meeting, and could only be allowed to do so as a favor. But Miss Vining's suggestions were adopted, and \$1,500 was appropriated to repair the cemetery.—Boston Letter.

Great Reformers Move Slowly. The scheme of Pandita Ramnarai to rescue the child widows of India, for which she enlisted substantial sympathy by her lectures in this country a year or two ago, is not proving as successful, it is said, as she and her friends hoped it would. A reform which strikes at one of the greatest social weaknesses of caste bound India cannot, however, be expected to travel with railroad speed.

IN A SAFETY VAULT.

The Place Where People Keep Bonds, Jewels and Valuable Papers.

What looks like the iron rail door of a cell may be seen just beyond the entrance to the Lincoln bank. It is the passage way to the vault for money and valuables. The cell door is always locked, and in the daytime a man is always in the vault. Besides the open iron rail door, there is a set of others of steel plates, which close in the passage way. The vault is lighted by gas, and except for a small desk, there is nothing to be seen in it besides steel and iron and copper. The floors and walls and ceiling are of steel four and a half inches thick. The vault is on the ground floor, and it is believed that if the building should fall or be burned down by fire, the vault room would remain unharmed and intact. Debris as thick as the layers at Pompeii might fall upon it, but the vault would still be there all right. And the bank people think that with a little defense by guns the place would be mob proof, too.

The room is not much more than twenty feet square, and a tall man can touch its ceiling with his hand. There are 2,500 large and small safes built in its walls. They run from \$8 to \$1,000 a year. People keep bonds, stocks, mortgages, deeds, other valuable papers and jewels and money in them. When a man calls to cut off his coupons or look at his papers, he is identified by the keeper of the vault, who stands by him while he unlocks his compartment. The man takes out the tin box, and is ushered into one of a series of little rooms off the vault. They are about as big as a Turkish bath, and each closet, and contain a desk and one or more chairs. The minute of the arrival of the man, his name, the box number he opened, and a few other things are recorded in a book kept by the vault keeper. The little closet he is shown to is examined to see that there is nothing in it except the desk and writing materials and chairs. When the man has clipped his coupons and brings back his tin box to put it in his safe, the time of his departure is recorded, and the closet he occupied is inspected to see that he left nothing valuable behind.

Some of the rich men come to look at their papers only once in a month or two. Others go there once in the morning, when they are going down town to their offices, and then stop there again in the afternoon, when returning home. These are the men who leave their whatever extra actual money they have from day to day. But gold and silver and treasury notes are not largely left in the vault.

The contents of the boxes are chiefly the papers representing money. However, at the time of the Grant & Ward failure plenty of people got frightened and brought big rolls of bills from down town banks and stuffed them into their compartments. Lots of men who don't rent boxes permanently did hire them then for short periods.

Many of the safes are used by trustees of estates. These safes cannot be opened by one person. For as many trustees as there are there are as many keys, and whenever the safe has to be unlocked all the trustees have to come. Each key performs a different service in opening the lock. The keeper will insert his key, twist it and thus prepare the lock for the insertion of Trustee A's key. Trustee A's key is put in by him and turned, and it makes the lock ready for the key of Trustee B. At last the bolts are turned and the door may be opened. This mechanical device has to be resorted to in order that no single trustee may get access by himself alone to the papers of the estate.—New York Sun.

Hard Work in a Mail Car.

The German makes the best mail route agent, but very seldom find an Irishman or American who will submit to the severe discipline that is necessary to perfect him in distributing. I have seen beginners, on the run from St. Louis, enter Kansas City with the blood streaming from their hands and the fingernails torn off. The injuries are regularly incurred in working the newspaper mail.

The sacks become filled with all kinds of refuse from the floors over which they are dragged. After standing the motion of the cars for fifty miles the papers are frequently coated with particles of iron, steel, glass and splinters, and tear a man's hand to pieces as he dives blindly into the sack for the packages. A few days are always necessary to cure a novice of sore hands. The second day he is crippled, as his fingers are drawn up, and he cannot open his hands without the most excruciating pain.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Deep Lunged Recitationists. The feature of recitations at receptions has developed into a colossal bore. People are supposed to go to such places for the pleasure of meeting their host and hostess and others, and having some little conversation with them. But frequently the deep lunged recitationists are all there and the evening goes by like unto one in a hall where there is a regular programme of elocutionary exercises. This puts a stop to conversation and forces everybody who has ears to hear. If the recitationist took to the humorous weariness of their auditors might not be so apparent; but many of them can very strongly toward the tragic—so strongly, in fact, that their props do always sustain them.—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

Secretary Bayard's Day's Work. The secretary of state begins his day's work before breakfast, at his house, where he receives the early mail, and usually takes him till 10 o'clock to read it. If he has any time remaining he answers his private letters with his own hand, and at 10 the official carriage calls to take him to the department. Reaching there, he spends the rest of the morning receiving the public, and the afternoon in attending to his official correspondence, and in holding conferences with his assistants. About 3 o'clock the official letters and other documents which require his signature are placed upon his table, and it usually takes him an hour or more to read and sign them. His work for the day is not often finished before 5 o'clock, when he goes for a horse.

AMERICANS IN LONDON.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THEIR ACTIONS AND MANNERS.

There is No Need of Travelers from America Stopping at English Hotels, Because Houses Run Upon the American Plan Are Numerous and Good.

One of the glaring anomalies observable in the actions of wealthy Americans who come to London in these days is that they almost invariably stay at the old fashioned hotels conducted upon the English plan. And not only do they select those which are merely different in their style of general management from American hotels, but eagerly seek admittance to those whose ways and customs would have been antiquated in the reign of Queen Anne and are renowned for the observance of all those petty rules which make the lives of the English upper classes ridiculous in the eyes of the rest of the world, but without which there are some people who fervently believe the nation would not be safe nor the crown secure.

Why Americans should do this is past comprehension, unless it be the result of a confusion of mind as to the meaning of the English word "hotel." The English word is the controlling principle of the Anglomaniac's existence. It can not be because they like it—really like it. If it be done for the gratification of curiosity purely and only we might be able to understand it. If American ladies and gentlemen are large and unselfish means want to see what a characteristic English hotel is like, and go to it so to see, it is one thing. But if they go because English people go to it, and that, therefore, it must be "the correct thing to do, don't you know," it is quite another. I am afraid the latter motive controls the whole business.

AMERICAN HOTELS IN LONDON. All I can say is it is pitiful and enough to bring a blush of shame to the faces of real Americans. It is not as if there were no hotels in London conducted on the American plan, and as in the days when George Wilkes wrote "Europe in a Hurry," a certain number of hotels were to be found in London which were run upon the English plan. But there are dozens of hotels such as are the rule in America and under the roofs of which you would be justified in supposing an American lady or gentleman would feel thoroughly at home.

One of the modern hotels any American, with an American love of comfort, might be contented. There they can have hot and cold water, bathrooms, a billiard room, an elevator and a table d'hôte. Everything (with perhaps a slight English tinge) which they are accustomed to in America they can have in these hotels. Yet Americans seem to prefer the opposite. Instead of going to the sort of hotels they have been used to all their lives, and their fathers before them—the sort of hotels which even some opium-eating English people are generous enough to admit are the best hotels in the world—they turn their backs upon them and rush to London, Claridge's and Morley's, where they are no more really at home than a bird would be in a cage.

As a rule, the better classes in England do not stay at hotels in London. Some do, of course, but the majority stay at the residences of their own, and when in London during the season they live in them. But sometimes, when obliged to be in town when the season is over, they may go for a night or two to a hotel—and to hotels such as Long's and Claridge's.

But they go to hotels of this kind simply because they prefer them, and they prefer them because they have always been accustomed to them. They would sooner walk up stairs than be carried up by a "lift." They would rather have their bath in a portable tub in their bedroom than in the most elaborately appointed bathroom; they would sooner shave themselves than go down to the hotel barber shop, and are decidedly happier with a small can of hot water, brought up by the chambermaid, than they would be if drawing it themselves from a silver plated tub. The very things they do not like in a hotel Americans do (or ought to); the very things they do like Americans do not (or ought not to). Yet all reversed directly Americans come to London.

Another thing. It costs a lot more to stay at Long's or Claridge's than at the American hotels—or rather those English hotels which are kept on the American plan. Besides which, all and every of the great evils of high life, when ever they may be compelled to go to a London hotel, always go to Long's or Claridge's, or one of the other leading West End "family" hotels. In which case their arrivals and departures are carefully chronicled and published in the "Fashionable Intelligence" column of The Morning Post. The American plan hotels do not soar to this height.

SWAGGER. PEOPLE ABROAD. The great puzzle to Englishmen in this respect is why Americans want to show off in England. They can understand their liking to live well and have nice things and to live in good houses as they themselves do; but what they do not comprehend is why they do not prefer America to England. English "swagger" in its true sense and meaning, is indulged in only in England. I allude, of course, to the best people. They swagger at home because it is perfectly legitimate that they should. It is their right and privilege and habit to do so. They swagger, and to be thought very swagger by people beneath them. It is the snobs who swagger when they go abroad on the aristocratic-native principle. They cannot swagger at home and so they go abroad.

On the other hand, the really swagger people in England are quiet, unobtrusive and simple when they travel, or go to stay in the country. If you see a man traveling with half a dozen servants, showing up at every station and a great row and noise going on whenever he makes his appearance, be sure he is a retired tailor or butter maker. The dukes and earls go about like other people. They keep their swags for their own country, and do not assert themselves abroad. Therefore, they cannot imagine why Americans who have a standing at home are not content with it.

I suppose you might talk and write till doomsday, but you could not hope to impress these American swags abroad with the utter "bad form," in English eyes, of the things they do. Of course, they have a right to do what they like, if they can pay for it. But because a man is able to pay for a thing is not a justification for his doing it or having it.—London Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.

How Swedish Maidens Tell. In Sweden maidens anxious to foretell the future place a ring, a coin and a piece of

THE OBLITERATING FIEND.

Handwork of an Ever Present Character in Every Public Highway.

The obliterating fiend, like the poor, is always with us.

We do not, of course, mean the postal authorities of the Russian empire, who obliterate in all publications entering the kingdom every description of matter obnoxious to the czar and his nation.

We refer to the man or the boy (most frequently the latter) who the moment his eye catches the sight of printing is seized with an irresistible desire to change the meaning originally intended.

On private property may often be seen the legend, "No bills allowed here," but after a passing visit of the fiend the warning to the bill sticker assumes the form of a caution to the medical profession regarding an imaginary patient, for does it not read, "No pills allowed here?"

And, again, the familiar placard, "No smoking allowed," usually exhibited in public buildings, appears, after the first word has been erased, as a welcome invitation to indulge in a whiff. But we know better, so we just smile and say he's been at it again. When he has occasion to travel by rail the confinement seems imprudent to him, and to enliven the tedious he forthwith sets his ingenuity a-going.

Starting him in the face is the railway company's beseeching appeal that passengers are requested not to put their feet on the seats, and it is not long till he finds comfort in removing the objectionable little word "not."

Quite on a par with this is the audacious notice to be seen in one of the Glasgow and Southwestern railway carriages running out of Glasgow, on which appeared, "Passengers are particularly requested to put their feet on the cushions and eat the carriages."

Needless to add, the company asked the public to forbear putting their feet on the cushions or seats of the carriages. The name of the neighboring line affords a tempting morsel to the habitual obliterater, as witness the heading in their coaches changed from "Caledonian Railway" to "Alo on a railway."

The fiend, be he ever so clever with his pencil or knife, seldom succeeds in having his work passed off as genuine, although there is one case in which a poor foreigner is said to have suffered.

A Frenchman, newly arrived in the metropolis, found himself on a particularly wet morning compelled to patronize one of the circle trains of the Metropolitan railway in order to pay a visit.

He was about to alight at his station when, looking above the carriage door, he was struck with what appeared to him to be the friendly interest of the company took in its passengers. He read and reread the words, "Wait till the rain stops," and passed his destination several times before attempting to disregard the warning and venture out, never for a moment imagining that the erasing of the letter "t" had been the cause of making him lose his time.—London Tit-Bits.

The Evil Eye. The meaning of the evil eye, the "Ophthalmos baskanos" of the Greeks, the "fascinare" of the Romans, was probably far more than a vulgar superstition. We find traces of it in almost every country