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THE OLD FARM HOME.

If you've been a happy rover
Through the fields of fragrant clover,
Where life is all a simple round of bliss,
When at eve the sun is sinking,
And the stars are faintly twinkling,
You can call to mind a picture such as this:
Hark! The cows are homeward roaming
Through the woodland pasture's gleaming;
I can hear them gently lowing through the dells,
And from out the bosky dingle
Comes the softly tangled jingle
And the oft repeated echo of the bells.
Strange how memory will fling her
Arms about some scenes we bring her,
And the fleeting years but make them stronger
grow!
Though I wander far and sadly
From that dear old home, how gladly
I recall the cherished scenes of long ago.
Hark! The cows are homeward roaming
Through the woodland pasture's gleaming;
I can hear them gently lowing through the dells,
And from out the bosky dingle
Comes the softly tangled jingle
And the oft repeated echo of the bells.
—Chicago Evening Post.

LAST STRIKE AT OPHIR.

Ophir was the most prosperous mining camp on the western slope of the Sierra, and Wash Bonner was the most prosperous miner it contained. His claim, the "Blue Junata," was paying enormously, and Wash had become very popular, for he gave away his money as fast as he made it. Wash was a tall, good humored Missourian, lean, light haired and sleepy. No one gave him credit for much energy or ambition, and the accident by which he had stumbled upon his claim when the camp was first settled was told far and wide as a case of "fool luck."

It happened this way: The camp began as a placer camp, and all the "claims" along the river or on the flat were taken up, when Wash, a tall greenhorn of a new comer, drifted in without a dollar to his name and stood watching the sailor company of runaways from ships in San Francisco bay as they took out their "combs to the man" from the best washings in the camp.

"What are you looking at, young fellow?" said the captain of the company. "Why don't you stake out a claim?" "All taken," said Wash slowly. "Go up on the top of the hill by them oaks," said the man, winking at his comrades. "More there than here."

Wash borrowed a pick, went to the place indicated, and in an hour developed the most famous mine of the district. It was a curious pocket mine in a loose, broken formation, and though every one rushed to the place and staked out the whole hillside, no other claim ever paid a tenth part as much as the "Blue Junata."

In the course of time, as the region became settled and men with families came in, Wash fell in love with the pretty daughter of a farmer in the Sacramento valley. He reviewed the past, a hundred thousand dollars had come out of his mine, and he had nothing left to show for it. He resolved that if the girl would have him he would never waste another cent. He went to the claim, worked all day, struck a "pocket," and took out more than a thousand dollars, the largest yield of a single day in the history of the mine. Then he quit work, went to the town, "spruced himself up," drove down into the valley, called on the girl, proposed and was accepted.

"Jennie," said Wash, "you've got to take me, if you want me, just as if I hadn't any mine and wasn't worth a penny more."

"I do," said Jennie, "it's you I care for, Wash."

A month later they were married, and began housekeeping in a little house of white pine built near the mine. Then Wash began the regular development of his claim. For six months he kept up courage, though not a dollar had come from it in all that time. They lived on what was left of the \$1,000 after the wedding expenses were taken out. Then one day Wash said: "Jennie, the boys think the old mine is played out, but I don't. I'll never give it up while I live. I'll find a bigger pocket in that mountain side than any man ever yet struck in California."

He climbed the hill, and began work on a tunnel which should strike the broken, gold bearing ledges at a lower point than he had yet reached.

Months more passed over the heads of the miner and his wife. One after another their friends deserted them. Their credit gave out, and they lived on game, fish and berries, so that the little money they had could all be spent for blasting powder. Every morning at daybreak Wash, gaunt and silent, went to his work, every night at dark he stumbled home to his cabin.

"Jennie," he said, "I know there is gold there. We will find it soon. I never before worked a month in the old mine without taking out something. This deadlock has lasted more than a year. It can't last always. I will find the lead again, and then we will let the rest go, and buy a farm in the valley, where we can forget about this fight."

She believed every word, for she was a loving, loyal woman, and she knew that this great awkward Missourian was a man among thousands. The very boys in town hooted after him and called him crazy, but she knew better. Her family had once urged her to leave him and come home, but they never ventured to suggest it again. Old miners passing by looked at the claim, and said there was no gold left. Men who had thousands of dollars from her husband, and owed their entire fortunes to him, at last refused to give him credit for a sack of flour or a side of bacon.

"You stick by you," was all that Jennie said. She never told her husband that she had gone to her brother, who was rich, and asked him for a little money to carry them through the winter. "Not for that spendthrift Missourian, go waste," was his answer. "He can work in my store if he will give up his foolishness."

Wash's hair grew gray and thin. He stooped lower and lower. Deep lines were graven in his face, and his eyes became fierce and terrible. Men met him in the gulches trapping game, or down

pectors, climbing over the hills, heard the sound of his pick as he toiled in his tunnel, and laughed him to scorn. "Because he found a few pockets he is boring right into the granite. Crazy as a loon, and his wife as bad. Her relations have done everything to help them—offered them a farm and the best kind of a show down in the valley."

It was an afternoon in October. The saloonkeeper sat on the bench by his door, reading a newspaper. He heard a noise at the head of the street; the village boys were shouting. "Here comes the crazy Missourian miner!" Wash, ragged and miserable, came into sight, and after a moment's hesitation spoke to him.

"Evening, Mr. Riley."

"I can't do anything for you."

"Mr. Riley, listen to me. I haven't a cent in the world. We've sold all our goods and worked in the mine together this month. Jennie's held the drill while I dug it. I can't get a pound of powder, but the holes are all set in the face, ready. Something tells me this time it will touch gold. I can feel it just ahead. I've felt it all along, but now it's right there, within reach of one more blast. I tell you, Riley, I know it's there."

"You're crazy, Wash."

"Riley, you've got money. Give me one keg of powder and I'll make you a rich man. I'll give you half we take out. You don't know how I've worked this year. I've hammered and slept cold, and laid down in a dead faint time and time over. Put your hand there!" He seized the saloonkeeper's hand and held it to his breast. The man felt Wash's heart away several inches, as if it had torn loose from its place, and its wild, loud throbbing was like the beating of a mighty engine. "There," said Wash, "you see I ain't for long. That mine's for my wife. She's stayed with it and with me. I ought to have dropped it and put my pride down long ago, but now it's too late. Riley, will you let me have the powder?"

"No."

Wash looked at his old enemy and turned away.

No one in all that camp understood the proud, myingd soul that had set itself to wrestle with nature and her secret. The afternoon wore on into night, and night into morning, and morning, noon and afternoon built up another day. Wash did not come back. Some boys climbed the hill and went into the tunnel. There lay Wash, dead, at the further end of the tunnel, his pick in his hand. He had gone back to break his own way into the treasure house, but his heart had burst in the midst of a giant stroke, and he had fallen across his own weapon. There his wife had found him, and she, too, weak and sick and heartbroken, lay in a faint over his body.

Ophir camp woke with a start to some dim sense of its crime. Tender hands carried Wash and his wife out of the tunnel, and did all that could be done for the poor woman.

A dozen men went back into the tunnel from which they had taken the dead man, and looked at the place where his last faltering shock had glanced off the flinty rock.

"Boys," said one, "I'll never forget that I told Wash he couldn't have any more powder, not if he died in his tunnel. We'll set off them last blast holes just as he wanted, and then we'll bury him in here where he dropped."

There was plenty of blasting powder now to be had for the asking, and in a few minutes the face of the drift was ready for the blast, the fuses set and lighted, word had got around the camp and every man was gathered at the mouth of the tunnel. A few women were in the old cabin caring for the dying wife. A long silence followed the lighting of the fuses, and suddenly the dull noise of the shock and the fall of heavier masses of rock than usual startled the miners outside.

They ran into the tunnels with their lights. The blast had opened a wide path into an irregular cavern gleaming with gold. Above, below and on all sides was the shining, precious metal. The last blast for which Wash had struggled so bravely had revealed a fortune. The excited miners rushed out again with a wild shout. A woman met them with flushed and frightened face.

"How can you make such a noise?" she said. "The poor thing's dead, crying like a baby for her dead man."

The miners drew close together, ashamed and profoundly affected. After a little a few of them went back to the tunnel and secured Wash's pickaxe, which had been lying against the wall.

"We can't bury them here, now," said one, "the mine will be worked again. They must lie on the hillside, where all his old friends of twenty years ago are laid."

Wash had no relatives. His wife's brother came up and took possession of the claim, which the miners had protected against all intruders. In a few weeks it became generally understood in the region that the wealth of the "Blue Junata's" last and greatest pocket was estimated by conservative miners at a quarter of a million.

But from the day that Wash fell dead in his tunnel a blight seemed to fall on the little camp of Ophir. Mine after mine gave out; miner after miner moved away. A land slide swept off the cabin where Wash had lived, and though, as I have said, the "Blue Junata" yielded all that was expected, and even more, and founded one of the great Pacific coast fortunes, none of its treasures brought happiness to those who worked it. To-day the camp is deserted and its very name a memory.—Charles Howard Shinn in Detroit News.

He Confessed to the Attachment.
Polite Debtor (who has been dining his principal creditor at his country home)—Well, how do you like the place? Creditor—Beautiful! Charming! I confess to an attachment for the place already.

Debtor—Indeed!
Creditor—Yes, my lawyer will serve

THE NEPHEW OF A KING.

A NEW YORK SCHOOLBOY RELATED TO THE RULER OF ITALY.

He is a Real Count, Though Few New Yorkers Are Aware of His Existence. He Mingles with Other Boys and Seeks to Like Them—His Mother an American.

Almost any day during early morning or afternoon hours a bright, sturdy lad, young Count Robert de San Marzano, may be seen going up Fifth avenue from the Bristol hotel, accompanied by his little brother, Carlos, and a female attendant. There are hundreds of unassuming people who pass this small section of nobility day in and day out, on their jaunts about the city like any plain, ordinary American.

It is rather amusing to think of the open mouths and eyes that would turn upon him, like so many kookies, were it known by the present indifferent throng that a genuine live count and future marquis was before them, to elbow, closely scrutinize and possibly ask how he liked America. The people of New York are so frequently treated to counts of the pennant and tontine, that it is not to be wondered at, when the real article appears upon the scene, that some little stir should result.

Unlike the Fauntleroy of old, this little chap is shorn of curls. He does not chat with the grocer around the corner, either, for his mamma is not poor. She is none less a personage than La Marchesa, Helen de San Marzano, who occupies sumptuous apartments at a Fifth avenue family hotel. He is but eleven years old, and tall for his age, well set, and, notwithstanding his Latin origin, is a blond, fair haired and blue eyed. When interviewed in his mamma's boudoir, he showed remarkable self possession and an ingenious courtesy that was most winning.

He was just a nice, hearty, courteous little chap in a suit of fawn trowsers, patent leathers on his shapely patrician feet, a dark, long cravat, immaculate linen, and his blond locks banged across a full, broad forehead.

THE YOUNG COUNT.

Master Carlos, his small brother, was of the impression that Count Robert belonged to a certain company in the military battalion of the Berkeley school, but though he would like to tell it himself, all of which showed tact in the small, black eyed aristocrat, for, sure enough, when the young count issued from his own room, he was introduced, he was "pleased to say" that Company H of the Berkeley battalion was his company, and when questioned as to whether he liked Europe or New York best, he thought that "boys had such a good time in America." He liked best of all the drill in the big Seventh Regiment armory, and was very proud of his connection with the Legion of Honor military corps.

Little Robert was born in New York, was taken abroad when very young, and only three years ago was entered in the Berkeley school in Forty-fourth street. He appears far more enthusiastic over his bicycle than over his time, and said of "the didn't care much about being a count, but would like to command an army, like his father's cousin, General San Marzano, commander in chief of the Italian forces in the late African battle at Massowia."

The lad is grandnephew of King Amadeo of Spain, and his mother, the Marchesa, is a descendant of the Della Cisterna family of Italy. In interviewing his parents the fact was elicited that they are entirely satisfied with American systems of education for boys of any rank or class. Unlike many leading American families, they have not found it necessary to select Europe, for neither have learned and taken advantage of America's broad educational ideal, and New York's vast facilities for the thorough, finished training of their boys.

His relatives.
The Marchesa de San Marzano, the boy's father, is a nephew of Cardinal San Marzano, of Rome. He spends much of his time abroad, principally in Paris. He is a patriotic Italian, proud of his sunny land and proud of his boys.

Little Robert's grandmother, on his father's side, is now living in a small town near Turin, and is a widow. She was the wife of a late ambassador to the court of Prussia at Berlin. A life-sized portrait of that beautiful woman now hangs in one of the richly appointed drawing rooms of the present marquis.

His great-grandmother, on the father's side, was sister to Marie Du Pozzo Della Cisterna, queen of Spain from 1850 to 1870, when her husband, Amadeo, son of Victor Emmanuel of Italy, reigned.

The young count resembles his sister, a young woman of twenty, not a little, and does on her, the younger brother, Charles, possessing marked Italian characteristics.

His mother, Marchesa Helen, is a devout Catholic and devoted mother, giving up a life of social gaiety to the care and supervision of her boy's education, her daughter having finished her schooling. She is an other illustration of the many lovely American women who occupy the much coveted position of wives of the nobles of Europe. Some particular persons seem to have as many specialists as they have organs. I know a lady who boasts of her eye doctor, ear doctor, chest doctor, heart doctor, brain doctor, and nose doctor, as well as what she calls her "general practitioner," and of all of these she speaks as if they were men of different professions, just as she might speak of her watchmaker, her bellows maker or her undertaker.—Dr. B.W. Richardson in Asclepiad.

THE SENSE OF SMELL.
Experts in the manufacture of perfumery say that the sense of smell can be developed just as acutely as the senses of sight, hearing, taste and touch. This would seem paradoxical, for it is a well known fact that after smelling five or six different perfumes the uneducated nose so loses its power that it is unable to distinguish colors, entirely lost. This is due to the fact that the sense of smell is a very delicate sense, and its power lasts longer. An expert is able by putting a drop or two of perfume on a bit of cotton to tell what it is and just what scents enter into its composition.—New York Evening Sun.

A Homemade Cough Remedy.
A good cough syrup is made of one pound of figs, one pound of raisins, three lemons, one-half pound of rock candy, one-half pound of loaf sugar and one quart of cider brandy. Split the fruit and slice the lemons and put them in a tight jar in layers; divide the sugar and rock candy evenly between the layers and pour over the whole the elder brandy. Allow it to stand three days before using. Take a wineglass full three times a day.—Washington Star.

What a Hen Has Done.
The study of finance is evidently deranging the internal mechanism of a hen in Portsmouth, N. H. Last week it laid an egg which contained a one cent piece, and a few days later the lady, who owns this wonderful hen, found in another of its

HADES AT LAST LOCATED.

Claims of a Parson That It Is Fifty-two Miles Beneath the Earth's Surface.

"Hell is just fifty-two miles straight down from Chicago or any other place on the earth's surface."

Such is the startling theory of the Rev. C. A. Taylor, the traveling agent for the Florida African Methodist Episcopal conference. Dr. Taylor has become well known as a firm believer in the literal hades and the theory that the "sun do move."

The preacher is a full blooded negro, with a massive forehead and an intelligent cast of features. He has traveled extensively in America and Europe, and he has taken several degrees in this country as well as abroad. He is a spirited talker and possesses much of the eloquence for which orators of his race are noted.

"Yes, sir," he said to a reporter, "I have measured the distance to hell scientifically and find that it is just fifty-two miles straight down from Chicago. I have taken the Bible and sustain it with science. The Bible tells me and again that hell is down. I could quote text after text to prove that. Now, we find by submarine excavations that the nearer the center of the earth we get the higher is the temperature. I have figured it out carefully and find it is just fifty-two miles to where the molten sea begins. That is hell. Volcanoes prove the Bible to be correct in this regard."

"What is in this lake of fire?"

"The devil and his angels. There are many earthquakes and eruptions of the earth which prove that the old dragon is foaming with rage and clanking his chains beneath us. I do not think that the wicked are yet there. They probably won't go until the judgment day."

"You are also a believer in the Jasper theory that the 'sun do move,' are you not?"

"Most emphatically I am. I can prove by the Bible and science. There are almost innumerable texts which prove that the sun moves. When the sun was commanded to stand still, it must have been moving. It was ordered to go back 10 degrees, it must have moved. If heavenly authority is to be discredited, then the Bible is not and should not be an acceptable book. Job speaks of the lengths of the earth, and in another place the Bible speaks of the four corners of the earth. The earth is a great plain and the sun comes up and goes down."

"Where does the sun stay at night?"

"I do not know, but I will find out before I am through."

"How do you explain the circumnavigation of the globe?"

"I don't believe there is any such thing. The ships simply sail around the horizon. There is no such thing as sailing a globe and down a globe. The mariner's compass is tampered with on a voyage. Its so called variations are regulated by man to harmony with the Bible. The sun does sail around the horizon when it is thought they go east or west. If mariners would let the compass alone and follow its needle without meddling they would come to the edge of the earth."

"What sort of a place is the edge?"

"Very nice, but I do know that the earth is flat, else the waters would all run out of the ponds, rivers and seas. The River Nile does not fall a foot in 500 miles of its flow."

"If the earth is flat, how do you account for the tides?"

"Very easily. They are caused by the evaporation of the water. Rising and falling the shifting water causes the tides. There are many things which I do not yet understand, but which I shall know some day. I believe I am divinely commissioned to revolutionize science and bring it into harmony with the Bible. The sun has been discovered. I believe that, when it is, a great deal of mystery which now curtains my researches will be cleared up. I think the key to many of the most difficult physical problems lies at the north pole, and when that is found I do not think I shall be longer at a loss to understand where the sun goes nights."—Chicago News.

Domestic Health Hint.
Mr. Oldehappé—Ho, ho! And so you are married and are keeping house and have no girl. Well, I sympathize with you. Mr. Youngelappé—I don't need sympathy.

"Tell that to the bachelors. I'm a married man. Your dear little wife is just out of bed, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Ha, ha! I thought so. And you are already suffering the agonies of dyspepsia, aren't you?"

"Never was better in my life."

"Eat what's that? And with a young wife doing the cooking?"

"She doesn't. She makes me do it."—New York Weekly.

Increase of Specialists.
For several years past specialism has taken such hold on the public mind that, perhaps, the universalists have been left to hand down their robes to their successors. Some particular persons seem to have as many specialists as they have organs. I know a lady who boasts of her eye doctor, ear doctor, chest doctor, heart doctor, brain doctor, and nose doctor, as well as what she calls her "general practitioner," and of all of these she speaks as if they were men of different professions, just as she might speak of her watchmaker, her bellows maker or her undertaker.—Dr. B.W. Richardson in Asclepiad.

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THE WIND TO THE WHITE ROSE.

Low murmurs the wind in this vernal hour. The voice of the wind to the heart of the flower.

"I wander afar over wave and land, And numberless are the winds that lead me."

"Vivid in color or wan and frail, From scarlet poppy to briar veil."

"Yet every summer, o'er land and sea, I fly, white rose of the south, to thee!"

"Long have I wooed thee, with passion's pain, Through dancing sunbeams and sobbing rain."

"Thou'rt a pouting petal and wilted thorn, Tender sweet hope but a thing forlorn."

"And the cloistral calm of your virgin breast Has filled my heart with a wild unrest!"

—William H. Hayne in Frank Leslie's.

The Waste in Fat Meat.
Meat making in the United States today is far more wasteful than it need be, on account of the excessive fatness of our meats. The pork producers of the great corn belt select the best broods of sows which, as they say, "will take the most corn to market," and have thus got into the way of growing animals that are little else than masses of fat.

The beef growers of the western ranches, and those of the east as well, produce excessively fat meat. Part of the fat is trimmed out of the meat by the butcher, part is left on our plates at the table to go to the soap man or garbage barrel, and part is eaten. Unfortunately very many of us eat much more fat, both in meat and butter, than is needed for nourishment, and thus do injury to our health.—Professor Atwater in Century.

London Vegetarian Restaurants.
In London are vegetarian restaurants, one of which is called "The Apple Tree." Its bill of fare is long and elaborate. You order "Saronys long," with a triumphant feeling that here at last the cook has been caught in his own ambitious toils and beguiled into serving up flesh. A sort of browned cake is produced, and when one investigates, it offers a kind of many grains and vegetables, so cunningly mingled and so deliciously flavored that neither eye nor tongue can distinguish form or distinct taste.

A vegetable ragout sounds marvellously inspired, does it not? Yet when one has before him a steaming plate of tender young carrots, turnips and other spring vegetables, flavored with wondrous herbs, he must be an exacting man indeed if he is not content. From "The Apple Tree" also are to be gathered delicious puddings of figs and dates, plates of fruit smothered in cream and many colored salads which delight the eye and tickle the palate.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Changing Fashions and Workmen.
When Mrs. Langtry took a notion to wear dresses without buttons the result was the throwing out of employment of many button makers, but when the fashion of buckles and ornamental harpins and hatpins came in there was a new demand for workmen. The rapid introduction of electric lighting has made a lot of gas fixtures obsolete and created a demand for a new set of mechanics to make electrical apparatus. For many years gutta serena and india rubber held the market for a thousand toys and fancy goods, but celluloid came in for a share of the profits and soon afforded employment to thousands of workmen in great factories. Gutta serena has about gone out of the market and india rubber has become so valuable that nobody ever sees the all india rubber shoes that used to keep dry the feet of our grandmothers.—New York Sun.

Why Blue Spectacles Are Preferred.
The ordinary white glass is made of a purity and freedom from color which leaves little to be desired. But a greater degree of hardness might be imparted to it, especially if it is intended for eyeglasses with frames. The colorless glass, however, a colored raw material is made, chiefly intended for the protection of weak eyes. Formerly green glass was much used for protective spectacles, and much travelers have been very glad of them. But green glass extinguishes violet, red and even blue rays and causes objects to appear in dirty colors.

Spectacles of blue glass, colored with cobalt are therefore to be preferred.—Chambers' Journal.

Encouraging.
It was at West Point. He was a young cadet, immaculate in his handsome uniform and happy in doing the honors of the place. I—well, I was looking rather nice myself, and as we had just met, I was smiling my most dazzling smiles for his benefit.

He was speaking of the beauty of one of the summer girls. "I consider her the prettiest girl I ever saw," he said enthusiastically. Then, probably thinking me much hurt, he turned and added encouragingly: "But then, you know, mere beauty never did attract me!"—New York World.

Photography and Engraving.
The discovery and invention of Daguerre has undergone a thousand modifications and improvements, so that the original process has almost disappeared. Photo-engraving has almost entirely displaced with the slow process of wood engraving, and has given employment to thousands of workmen in an entirely new branch of industry. A few years ago illustrated books were expensive. Now they are cheap, and an army of artists has been put to work on them.—Exchange.

During the year 1890 182,396 men were recruited for the German army. Out of these 5,916 were not permitted to enter, as they were in excess of the number provided for by the army budget. The volunteers numbered 12,666, making the total of 188,302, of whom 4,321 are destined for the fleet.

Rains of fishes, frogs, insects and other animals are frequently recorded. They are always caused, apparently, by whirling wind storms, which gather them up in a vortex and carry them to a distance.

The smallest tree in Great Britain grows on the summit of Ben Nevis, in Scotland. It is the dwarf willow, the extreme height of which is only two inches.

The great quantities of clover raised in the island of Malta cause the honey from that section to be of great purity and of most delicious flavor.

More Fruit Is Available Than Ever Before.

An Extensive Salt Mine.
The most extensive salt mine in the world is in Wieliczka, near Cracow, Austro-Hungary. For 600 years it has been constantly worked, and from it 35,000 tons of salt are annually taken. The mass of salt in it is estimated to be 600 miles long, 30 miles broad and 1,300 feet in depth. Its collective galleries are fully 80 miles in length, and its

Colored Glass for Spectacles.

Adams is reported to have been the first to recommend the use of blue glass, but they were at first more widely used in Germany, chiefly through the recommendation of the great oculist Grafe, of Bohm, and others. The blue color of glass is chiefly to be recommended because it absorbs those rays in their passage which belong to the yellow and orange portion of the spectrum, in which the greatest brightness and greatest heat are concentrated, and the eyes, especially weak ones, consequently greatly protected by the blue color, while rays which such eyes are able to bear obtain access.

The material for blue glasses which has to be made in various shades to suit individual eyes, is somewhat less hard than that employed formerly for green spectacles and is also inferior in that respect to white glass, but it has gained in durability compassed with former descriptions of glass.

Still greater is the progress recorded in the manufacture and hardness of "smoked" glass, also used for protecting the eyesight. This kind of glass, which is colored gray or mouse colored, by the addition of manganese, formerly suffered from too great softness by the addition of a large quantity of lead; but the best manufactures now made are nearly equal to white glass in point of hardness. The object of smoked glass is to reduce the glare of light without segregating colors.—Chambers' Journal.

Proper Mastication.
Proper mastication implies that the food be thoroughly chewed and mixed with the fluids of the mouth before being swallowed and that these functions be performed without haste. Most people eat as though they were ignorant of the fact that the stomach has no teeth or means of ensalivating the food with which they fill it. The stomach is a most faithful servant, and makes a long and earnest struggle to preserve its owner from the inevitable consequences of imposing upon it functions which nature intended should be performed by the teeth and the salivary glands; but, like the indulgences of a faithful mother or any other self sacrificing friend, its services are only recognized when it is unable to respond to demands for them.

Most people as they approach middle life lose many of their back teeth, which are the principal implements of mastication, but they fail to bear in mind that they should take more time at their meals in order to properly prepare their food for swallowing. They should remember that nature makes no allowance for their infirmities in this respect, but will hold them to a strict account for any neglect to observe the rules of health.—Washington Star.

Two Sorts of Boys.
First City Boy—I hope we won't take a country house again. I hate it.

Second City Boy—What! Hate the country?

"No, the country is good enough, but there's always a garden; and ma and pa go 'bout crazy over it, plantin things in the spring, and then, when the hot weather comes, they get tired and stop botherin 'bout it, and then the weeds come up, and then they always want me to weed garden, 'cause it's good, healthful outdoor exercise for boys of my age. I hate it."

"Well, you're a chump. We have a garden every summer, too, but I don't do any weeding; not much I don't."

"Have you a gardener?"

"No."

"Then how do you get out of it?"

"Well, you see, I never can learn the difference between weeds and other things, and by the time I've dug up a lot of flowers an vegetables mother comes botherin 'bout it, and then the weeds come up, and then they always want me to weed garden, 'cause it's good, healthful outdoor exercise for boys of my age. I hate it."

"Well, you're a chump. We have a garden every summer, too, but I don't do any weeding; not much I don't."

"Have you a gardener?"

"No."

"Then how do you get out of it?"

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Retire