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"THE FARMER FEEDS THEM ALL."

The proud who walk with haughty tread,
Or ride in carriage gay,
The humble ones who bow the head
And meekly move away,
Dwell they in hut or palace grand,
In camp or courtly hall,
The poor, the rich, throughout the land,
The farmer feeds them all.

Vain fools whose voices in the street
Are raised in endless chime,
The wise whose pow'rs are strained to meet
The exigence of time;
The men who roll the ball of state,
And those who twine the ball,
The ruled and rulers, small and great,
The farmer feeds them all.

The seer who wakes the golden lyre
To heaven's melodies,
And those whose hearts are touched with fire,
That rolls like surging seas,
Who toil for love, who toil for greed,
Who honor freedom's call,
What'er their nation or their creed,
The farmer feeds them all.

REFRAIN.

In vain the pride of high degree
Without his aid would fall,
The countless throngs on land and sea,
The farmer feeds them all.

—Selected.

"JUMPING" A GRAVE.

S. Sherman's amusing account of "stealing a grave," in last issue, reminds the writer (the associate editor), of a similar incident which not only relieved death of its usually solemn features, but turned it into an affair of levity. It happened in the summer of 1863, in the then lively mining camp of Canyon City, Oregon.

One night during a broil in a gambling den, a monte dealer, familiarly known as "Big Dan," was killed. The same night a rough attempted to hold up a miner in the suburbs of the town, but the latter being on the alert, the road-agent was shot through the head and the body given over to the proper authorities. Now Big Dan was a noted character among the gamblers and had considerable money; so ample preparations were made for his burial; but the other candidate for funeral honors was without money and per consequence without friends, and was, of course, to be buried at the county's ex-

pense. Both were to be buried the following day. The gamblers hired parties to dig a grave for Big Dan and the work was done. The justice of the peace also employed a man to prepare a grave for the luckless road-pad, but before he began his work, was told by a friend that he would get nothing but county scrip, which could not be cashed for two-bits on the dollar. That was enough; the man threw up the job but didn't take the trouble to inform his employer. In the mean time the justice had prepared a rough coffin, had his charge conveyed to the grave yard, or "Bone Hill" as the miners called it, found a grave already prepared, consigned the body to its quiet resting place and retired.

It was nearly dark when the gamblers in solemn procession, bore the body of Big Dan up to the burial hill, but imagine their surprise when they found that his grave was already occupied. Here was a dilemma. Their first thought was to oust the present occupant and install the rightful claimant, but finally, seeing through the real nature of the case, they concluded to dig another grave. So those while handed gamblers, each taking his turn, worked industriously. One of their number was at once dispatched to the camp for several bottles of whiskey, with the aid of which they made fair progress, but it was well into the night before the body of Big Dan was consigned to its resting place.

An association has been formed in Buffalo N. Y., known as the Buffalo Gastronomic Association, composed of physicians and scientists.

From the name, one would be led to think it a society of gouty gourmands. Not so. Their object is purely scientific—to discover, by experiment, articles of food suitable for man, other than those in common use. Their bill of fare includes such possibly savory dishes as puppy soup, stewed skunk, sliced cornstalks, broiled rats, horse flesh, woodchuck patties, angleworm soup, fried spiders, owl-on-toast, bean bread, pure soap, birds eggs, snake soup and numerous other more or less toothsome dainties. By the way it is found necessary, at each banquet, to have ready at hand a stomach pump—as a relieving feature. Their experiments will be watched with interest.

Last week's *Examiner* gave an account of an extensive marble cave in Columbus, Cal., lately discovered, in which were found over a ton of human bones—relics of an ancient race.

Chicago is to have a 40-inch telescope.