

REARED AMONG WOLVES.

A Queer Story Told by an American Missionary Returned from India.

In November, 1872, I saw at Secundra, near Agra, in northern India, a boy that had been brought up among the wolves.

He was found in 1867. Some men, passing through an unfrequented jungle, suddenly came upon a child, apparently five or six years old, with out clothes and running upon his hands and feet.

Unable to unearth him by digging and not daring to go into the hole themselves, they reported the fact to the magistrate of the district, who directed them to start a fire at the mouth of the den and smoke out its inmates of whatever sort they might be.

The fire was started, when presently a large white wolf dashed out of the hole, scattering the fire and speeding far away for safety.

He was evidently a child of human parentage, but with the appetites and ways of the wolf. He could not walk erect, he was without clothes, he had no language but a whine, he would eat nothing but raw flesh and would lap his drink like a wolf.

After keeping him awhile the magistrate brought him to an orphanage at Secundra, under the care of the Church Missionary society, where he was kindly received and cared for, and where he has since been, an object of unceasing wonder to the many who have seen him there.

He has been taught to walk erect though he does this awkwardly—to wear clothes, to drink like a human being and to use a fork and spoon. He has lost his appetite for raw flesh, and he has no longer any disposition to escape.

He is now, as far as can be judged, about thirty years of age. His forehead is low, but his features are regular, and his eyes, though wild and restless, have not an idiotic look.

His jaws do not protrude, and his teeth are regular and human. His arms, legs and body differ from those of an ordinary human being only so far as incident to his habits of locomotion when he is first found.

How far he has ever become conscious of moral or religious truth it is impossible to say. The nearest approach he has shown to something like an apprehension of an unseen world was in connection with the death of one who cared for him and of whom he was very fond.

At the funeral, as the body was lowered into the grave, the poor boy looked wistfully at the coffin and then at the bystanders, evidently wondering what it all meant.

By gestures and other signs, by feigning to be sick and dying, and then pointing downward and upward, the bystanders seemed to awaken in him some strange thought of something which could not be seen, and afterward, when sick himself, he lay down and closed his eyes and pointed to the earth and sky.

From a friend in India, who has recently seen him, I learn that he is still living at the orphanage where he was first taken.—Rev. J. H. Seeley in Congregationalist.

He Kept the Knife.

Circumstantial evidence temporarily paralyzed a darky in Ashboro, N. C. When his cabin is a cabbage garden belonging to an acquaintance, another colored man.

Teacher—Why haven't you a coin position? Small Boy—I couldn't think of any thing to write.

Teacher—I gave you a subject. Small Boy—Yes'm; but I couldn't think of anything to write about it.

Teacher—Humph! I suppose if I should give you the subject and the ideas too you could write them, couldn't you?

Small Boy (joyfully)—Oh, yes, ma'am—if you'll tell me what words to use.—Good News.

MITIGATION FOR CONVICTIONS.

Schoolgirls brighten the January of busy men coming to work.

Mixed with the somber stream of suburban humanity that flows into this city every morning by way of the New York Central is a bright and sparkling rill which makes the other, by contrast, even more gloomy.

The stream of grown up commuters immersed in the newspapers or in thoughts of business, clad in dull garments, indifferent to surroundings, unmindful of aught save what is immediately beneath their noses, is insufficiently unattractive and uninspiring, but at those stations well within the city limits this stream is sweetened and brightened and freshened by accessions from the rill of children on their way to school.

Before the busy, preoccupied men know what is going on the car is alaboom with rosy cheeks; cheery bright eyes shine from every alternate seat, and soft curls flutter beside the rough overcoats of the commuters.

The girls come in with a springy step and careless smile. They nestle into vacant seats and save places for favorite friends. There are little girls in the simple garments that become childhood, and eager in admiration of older girls just donning grown up finery.

There are studious girls intent on their books, and willful, dimpled girls full of smiles and gossip. There are eyes of gray, of blue, of black, of brown, of hazel, and locks of every shade save gray.

The grizzled, spectacled man, glancing by accident over the top of his newspaper, sees just beyond the soft curls and pink cheek in the forward seat a book printed in strange, delicate characters that abound in loops and tails.

He can read only the title at the top of the page. It is "The Expedition of Cyrus the Younger."

"What's that girl reading?" he asks of the man at his side, a graduate twenty years out of college. The other looks over his newspaper and over the pretty, unconscious head until his eyes light upon the queer characters, once familiar, and the few English words at the head of the page. Then he utters the single word, "Greek."

"Can you read it?" "No; haven't looked at it since 1872. Don't know either the alphabet."

Meanwhile the dainty creature in front has turned her page, having progressed three paragraphs, and a rapid mechanical motion of the lips begins, accompanied with whispering, gasping sounds that the queer syllables end in, "O," "ei," "ei," "omon," "et," "ousi."

"What's she doing?" asked the grizzled man in spectacles. "And he of 1872, with an odd, far-away look in his eyes, answers, "Conjugating a verb, I fancy."

Then the brakeman comes in, shuts the door, plants his back against it and solemnly announces to his audience, "This station is Seventy-second street. Whereat 'The Expedition of Cyrus the Younger' is closed with a bang, and she of the soft hair goes out, while the grizzled man in spectacles gazes after her with astonishment and he of 1872 with dreary regret.—New York Evening Sun.

The Missouri Moving Westward.

"There is a curious thing about the long, narrow lakes that border the Missouri river," said R. C. Schultz, of Omaha.

"There is but one such lake of any size on the west side of the river from Omaha to St. Louis, while there are hundreds of them on the east side.

This seems to indicate that the bed of the river is gradually moving toward the west, leaving lakes at intervals to fill the old channel. I can't give any scientific explanation of the phenomenon, unless the earth's motion, on its axis, from west to east, is partially overcome by the weight of the water. Thus the weight would be thrown against the west bank and would wash it away more rapidly than it would fill up the east bank. So the river would move west."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Liked the Plan.

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Small Boy (joyfully)—Oh, yes, ma'am—if you'll tell me what words to use.—Good News.



NOT UTTERLY CRUSHED.

He Was Rejected, but Business Is Business.

"Am I too late, Penelope?" With eager eye and trembling lip the young man asked the question.

"Has some other man forestalled me in your affections?" he continued, wiping his brow nervously and choking down the emotion that impeded his utterance.

"I do not think you have a right to ask the question, Mr. Rogers," answered the girl, looking him squarely in the face; "but you are too late. I—I am no longer free."

"And you call this fair treatment, do you? Have you not led me on by every art you could employ?"

"Have a care how you charge me with trifling, Ralph Rogers!" exclaimed Penelope Hankinson with flashing eyes. "If you had not been blinded by your own self conceit you might have spared yourself this—this!"

"Humiliation," said the young man bitterly. "Go on, Miss Hankinson."

"You have been led on by your own good opinion of yourself, sir. You cannot point to one act of coquetry, one instance of trifling or unfairness on my part."

"Forgive me, Penelope," he said penitently. "I was hasty. May I ask you the fortunate young man that—that—I hardly need to ask. It is Harry Maxwell, is it not?"

"I might have known it. Once more, Penelope! I can hardly believe it. This sudden crushing of all my hopes is so overwhelming that I can scarcely credit my senses. Is it true that you have promised yourself to another and that I am nothing more to you than a friend?"

The young girl bowed her head. "Then, Miss Hankinson," he said, recovering himself and looking at his watch, "while I am here I may as well attend to business and save myself the trouble of coming again while on my regular rounds tomorrow. Good afternoon, Miss Hankinson."

And feeling in his vest pocket for a match Mr. Ralph Rogers, inspector for the Great Consolidated Gas company, went out into the hall and groped his way down by the back staircase to the basement to inspect the meter.—Chicago Tribune.

A Big Thread.

There is a good story of George William Curtis which seems never to have been published. He was lecturing on a Buffalo stage once, when suddenly a heavy rope somehow broke loose from its moorings in the flies above and dropped with a tremendous thud to the floor behind the speaker.

Mr. Curtis looked around in mild surprise to see what had happened; then, turning to the alarmed audience again, said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Ah, that must have been the thread of my discourse."

Somebody on a front seat caught the joke first and broke out in a chuckle, which instantly developed into a roar of laughter from the whole house. It was a good many minutes before the thread of that discourse could be resumed.—Buffalo Express.

His Attitude Declared.

An individual who aspires to the parliamentary rank in the house of representatives was talking to a crowd of voters in a neighboring village. One of the party said to him:

"Well, we would like to know how you stand on the Mills bill and the McKinley bill?"

"Well," said the colonel, "I am inclined to think the Mills bill ought to be paid first, as it is the oldest of the two."—Rome Tribune.

An Eye for Business.

A colonial paper has the following advertisement: "Notice to Patients—Dr. J. H.—begs to inform his clients that he has discovered in the course of a lengthy experience that the gratitude of patients is always proportionate to the different stages of their illness; that it reaches its climax when the disease is at its greatest height; that it cools during convalescence and entirely cools on recovery.

Accordingly, and after this date a change will be introduced in the method of payment, each visit to be paid for separately in cash without discount."—Aurifer.

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"Castoria is well adapted to children that I recommend it superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ALEXANDER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Church Directory.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN.—Salem, Oregon, Rev. J. E. Blair, Pastor. Sunday school every Sunday, 10 a. m. Preaching every Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Church house on High street, between Marion and Union. Every-body welcome.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Services established at 10:30 and 7 a. m. Sunday school at 12:45. Epworth League at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Rev. C. L. Kellerman, pastor.

EVANGELICAL.—Corner of Liberty and Center streets. Sunday services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. 8:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday, 7:30 p. m. J. Lowrey, pastor, residence 327 Liberty street.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Church street, between Chenebeka and Center. Preaching morning and evening; Sabbath school at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. 8:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday, 7:30 p. m. Rev. F. H. Gwynne, D. D., pastor.

THE CHURCH OF GOD.—Holds religious services in the Good Templar's hall Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, Sundays at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Elder N. N. Matthews, pastor.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Chenebeka and Center. Sunday services: Low mass 7:30 a. m.; high mass 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school 3 p. m.; Vespers 7:30 p. m.; Mass 8:15 a. m. Rev. J. S. White, pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Center Street and Liberty. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday school 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 8:30 p. m.; prayer meeting 7:30 p. m. Thursday. Rev. C. L. Corwin, pastor.

ST. PAUL EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Corner Chenebeka and Center. Sunday services 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday school 12 m.; service Thursday 7:30 p. m. Rev. W. Lund, rector.

FIRST BAPTIST.—Liberty and Marion. Services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school 12 m.; young people's meeting at 6 p. m.; prayer meeting 7:30 Thursday. Rev. Robert W. Harker, pastor.

FREE METHODIST.—Rev. E. F. Shanley, pastor. Services Sunday morning and evening, Sunday school at 10 a. m., prayer meeting Friday night. Church opposite North Salem school.

FRIENDS.—At Highland park on car line. Services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school 12 m.; Christian Education 7 p. m.; prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Rev. F. M. George, pastor.

GERMAN BAPTIST.—Services in German Baptist church north of Cottage street. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. Evening services at 7:30. Rev. John Fechter, pastor.

CHRISTIAN.—High and Center. Sunday school 12 m.; preaching 10:30 a. m.; young people's society 6:30 p. m.; preaching 7:30 p. m. Rev. W. R. Williams, pastor.

GERMAN REFORMED.—Capital and Marion. Sunday services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Rev. J. Mulhenny, pastor.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—Services in Unitarian hall at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sabbath school 12 m.; Bible study Thursday evening.

UNITARIAN CHURCH.—Devotional meeting at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 12 m. every Sunday until September 1st. All invited.

SOUTH SALEM.—M. E. church. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. J. H. Rook, pastor.

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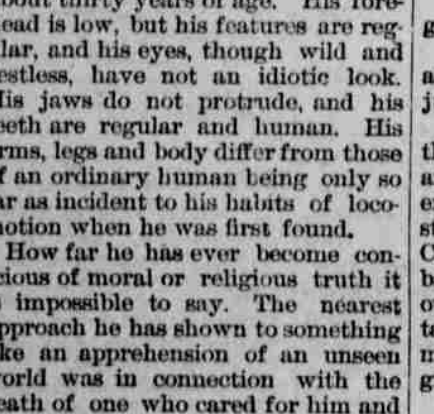
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