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STUDENT AND MAID.

A Compromise as to the Value of a Kiss Taken by Stealth. One of the Viennese judges was recently called upon to determine, in gulden and kreutzers, the value of a kiss snatched by an industrious young student of philosophy from a pretty young needlewoman at the early hour of 6 o'clock in the morning.

The youthful philosopher, who rejoices in the significant name of Bierogger, had passed an examination in psychology the day before, and had made merry with his friends all the night in honor of the occasion. On his return home at 6 o'clock in the morning all the poetry of his nature was called into play by the enchanting apparition of a blooming maiden of nineteen summers walking toward him in the street.

Although his look and gait challenged a comparison with St. Anthony, of Egypt, his powers of resisting temptation were sadly defective. He snatched one fond kiss, and was then taken up by the prosaic policeman on duty and prosecuted by the young lady. In court he looked as demure as a nun and as penitent as an anchorite, so that the judge played the part of counsel for the defendant, although it was really a civil suit for damages. The court first addressed the young lady, and said:

"The defendant was jovial and excited, and he now admits he was at fault. Won't you forgive him for having kissed you?"

Plaintiff—I'm not vindictive, but I want ten gulden damages (about one pound).

Judge—Ten gulden for a kiss? Plaintiff—Yes. I must now leave my lodgings on account of the scandal, and ten gulden is not too much.

Judge—But the defendant is only a student, and therefore not a man of means. The sum you demand would be a great loss to a person in his position.

Here the unfortunate student, who was the picture of misery, put in a word for himself. "Do you think it over, miss. You must feel that if I had been in my sober senses nothing in the world would have ever induced me to kiss you. No, not if I lived for a hundred years!"

Plaintiff—Why, this is a fresh insult, almost as bad as the first! Defendant (disconcerted)—Oh, I didn't mean that; indeed I would kiss you again, but I wouldn't, that is, I haven't the audacity to kiss any young lady. Otherwise I would willingly—that is, in fact—

Plaintiff—Oh, of course that is different. Well, I'll take five gulden. The judge seemed to think five gulden too high a price to pay for a kiss, but the money was at once paid down, the case dismissed and plaintiff and defendant smilingly left the court chatting gaily together.—Cor. London Telegraph.

The baby clothes made by Mrs. John Adams for her son, John Quincy Adams, will be exhibited at the World's fair.

Ex-School Commissioner John H. Thiry, of Long Island City, N. Y., is seeking a display of his penny school banking system for the World's fair.

The largest sample of gold quartz ever mined in Montana was taken out of the McIntyre lode. Its weight is 1,785 pounds. It will be shown at the World's fair.

A creole kitchen, with native cooks and waiters, and dishes prepared in creole style, will be a striking adjunct to the exhibit which Louisiana will make at the World's fair.

It is recorded in history that when Darius, king of Persia, invaded Scythia, the ruler of the latter country, Idarthurus, sent him a message consisting of a mouse, a frog, a bird, an arrow and a plow. The wisest men in the army puzzled over the meaning of it, which was conjectured to be that the empire was surrendered. It was supposed that the mouse signified the dwellings, the frog the waters, the bird the air, the arrow the arms and the plow the land.

But it turned out eventually that the interpretation intended was that unless Darius and his soldiers could fly like birds, burrow like mice, or betake themselves like frogs to the water, they would never escape the weapons of the Scythians and make their way out of the country.—Yankee Blade.

A manufacturing concern in Brooklyn has substituted a large fan for a smokestack. By the draft created the smoke, dust and gases from several furnaces are drawn into a brick apartment that has a low chimney. Small pipes conveying water open into the apartment, and as the water escapes it is sprayed over the apartment by means of steam jets. The dust is laid thereby, and whatever gases may be present escape by way of the chimney.—New York Sun.

Plenty of Diamonds in India. Although the diamond fields in India are the most extensive known, and the majority of the great diamonds of the world are from these fields, yet no continued attempt has been made by Europeans to work them on a large scale. Many reasons may be assigned for this seeming want of enterprise on the part of the British, who are the paramount power in India.—Mining and Engineering.

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A Serious Question. It is a question whether consideration for women in public places be not vanishing as a characteristic of American men.—Scraper's.

He Was a Brute. A brute of a husband off on a business trip of a week recently received a telegram to this effect: "During the storm today your wife was struck by lightning and rendered speechless, but not otherwise severely injured. Physicians think she will be all right in a few days."

Was the man overcome by this shocking news, and did he fly to his wife's aid? Not much. He sent this telegram in reply: "Call off the doctors and let her go at that."—Detroit Free Press.

ARE THEY BETTER DEAD?

The Unfortunate Lot of Those Who Find Life Not Worth Living.

Two distinguished modern English authors have taken for a story theme the question of suicide. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson told of the droll performance of a club whose object it was to look after the extinction of its members. Mr. J. M. Barrie has written a somewhat similar story called "Better Dead." It, too, tells about a gruesome society organized for mutual suicide, and of the strange experiences of a young man who fell a victim to the society's weird charms.

We confess that there is a certain fascination in the title of Mr. Barrie's book, no matter how horrible the story is in itself and in its suggestion. In a Connecticut town there used to flourish a real suicide club, which was responsible for the extinction of its members. The telegraph occasionally chronicled a mysterious death of some melancholy member who, in joining, had testified to his predecessors in the society that he considered himself "better dead." He had struggled along until the burdens of life became too heavy, and finally had put himself into the hands of an organization whose business it was to furnish a quick and peaceful exit.

"Better dead" who are the people for whom life has no further charm? Are they those whose lives have fallen in unpleasant places? Are they the poor, the oppressed? Or, on the other hand, are they of that considerable number on whom fortune has smiled too sweetly—the blase, the spoiled darlings? Or, again, are they the disappointed, those who have fought bravely, but in vain? Then there is another class—the class who have aspired, but have never had the wings for a long flight; those who would at least "leave their prisons and depart."

None of these is strictly the class from which most suicides come. The largest number shuffle off the coil to escape punishment by conscience or by the operation of man's laws—those who are too cowardly to suffer in the mind the slings and arrows of their own ill deeds, but who take a leap from the dagger's lethal point and, so far as mortal knows, end their troubles. The lover who has "loved deeply once, but loved in vain," comes next in the statistics.

Now, is there anybody who is really "better dead"? Of course there are people who seem to be in a steadily losing game, and to whom Sir Toby's cakes and ale no longer give pleasure. But cannot these be stirred to some new interest in life? Is there not help for those who seem most helpless? Would they not better give themselves pause before making their quietus? Around the next bend in the highway there may be rest and peace for them. The lover who takes the mad leap for love's sake is really the least pardonable of all, if there be any matter of degree in the question. Shakespeare's sentiment that love is not love that alters when it alteration finds is beautiful, very, but hardly in accord with the observed facts of life.

The love that lurks in every breast, so kind a thing, so blind a thing, has a great capacity for suffering, but likewise an immense recuperative power. So we say that of all the reasons for suicide unrequited love is the flimsiest.

Yes, and more than that, all "better dead" reasons are bad. The man or woman who is about to step out into the dark should "consider it again." It is a good deal better to be a living dog than a dead lion, and while you wait, do something, be somebody. Stop worrying and help not only yourself, but somebody else.—Indianapolis News.

The Female Animal. It was hard in a symbol loving age for the maternal instinct of lower mammalia and birds not to have taught the lesson figured by the Italian painters of the Virgin Mary, queen of heaven. Ladies on the platform of superior rights for their sex will be pleased to know that the illustrious author of "La Vie de Jesus" places the winged or the four-footed mother on a far higher plane than male creatures of the same species. I shall be disappointed on going after death behind the other side of the curtain to find there is no paradise for animals and not find the females on a higher level than the males. Should not in all justice the hen that brought up clutches of chicks be exalted above the strutting, vainglorious cock!—London Truth.

Recovering Drowned Bodies. In Java a live sheep is thrown into the water and is supposed to indicate the position of a drowned body by sinking near it. But the objects used for this purpose vary largely in different countries. A correspondent tells how a corpse was discovered by a whip of straw, around which was tied a strip of parchment inscribed with certain cabalistic characters written on it by the parish priest.—Notes and Queries.

A Suggestion. Little Golden Locks—Is that letter from papa? Mrs. Locke (sharply)—Yes. Little G. L.—Staying at the club again? Mrs. L.—Yes. Little G. L. (thoughtfully)—Say, mamma, don't you think you had better send him one of your "At home" cards?—Boston Budget.

Another View of an Old Saying. "I wouldn't be afraid of that leopard and he can't change his spots," said Willie. "Why not?" "He'd be on one spot, and I'd be on another, and he can't change his spots, you know."—Harper's Bazar.

The State of Washington.

The Evergreen State is a huge block of land. It is as large as New England and Delaware, as Pennsylvania and West Virginia. It contains 69,994 square miles. It is 360 miles wide between the Pacific coast and the Idaho border, and to journey over it from British Columbia southward is to travel 245 miles. It is the most populous of the new states, and its inhabitants outnumber those of Oregon. In 1890 it contained 349,590 souls, but its people now assert that they number 360,000. They have suffered some losses in certain cities, or the increase would be from 15,000 to 20,000 greater.

The state shows poor advantage for those who cross it upon the Northern Pacific railroad, because the route taken by that great line across an extensive desert of sagebrush, and then crosses a vast reach of usually brown bunch grass before it plunges into the mazes of the Cascade mountains and rushes out from them upon the perennially green Pacific slope into the Puget sound country. But the necessities of railway construction compel a disregard for such choice of territory as would be made by an agriculturist or a scenery hunting tourist, and in this case even the land granted to the railway along its route is in richer part very valuable, though its greater parts are not always close beside the rails.

Washington is in every material way a grand addition to the sisterhood of states. With the easy and rich fancy of the west, her people say that if you build a Chinese wall around Washington the state will yield all that her inhabitants need without contributions from the outer world.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

The Test of Friendship.

An epicure well known for his eccentricities, Grenod de la Reyniere, wishing to ascertain who were his true friends, had recourse to the following stratagem: He remained indoors and gave himself out to be ill, admission being rigorously refused to all comers. A fortnight later he sent out cards to his friends announcing his death and inviting them to his funeral, which was to take place the next day at 4 p. m. Only a small number put in an appearance.

It was just dinner time, and to postpone indefinitely this important meal for the sake of a funeral was decidedly a mark of affection in the eyes of the "departed." The friends found waiting at the door a hearse and several mourning coaches; a bier covered with a pall stood in the porch. They were shown into a waiting room all draped in black. Half an hour had passed when a side door was thrown open and a liveried servant said in solemn tones: "Gentlemen, dinner is on the table."

On being ushered into the next apartment they beheld a table laden with the choicest viands and most costly wines. Grenod de la Reyniere was seated in his accustomed place waiting to receive his guests, covers being laid for the exact number of his friends in extremis. All present testified their joy to the master of the house.

"Gentlemen, dinner is ready; it may be getting cold, pray be seated," he said, with the most comical sang froid imaginable, after which the feast commenced and lasted far into the night.—Lanterne.

What Will the Coming Man Eat?

How will the coming man be nourished? If he follows the teachings which the science of nutrition will supply and the teachings of economy will enforce, his diet will be better fitted to his wants. If his work be intellectual, he will avoid excess. If it be physical, he will have enough to make the most of himself and his work. He will learn to economize in the purchase and use of his food, and devote that part of his income which he saves thereby to meeting his higher needs. These considerations suggest another question: Has man yet reached his highest development? The poorer classes of people—and few of us realize how numerous they are—the world over are scantily nourished.

The majority of mankind live on a nutritive plane far below that with which we are familiar. We may hope for the best culture, not of the intellectual powers, but of the higher Christian graces in the minds and hearts of men, in proportion as the care of their bodies is provided for. Happily with advance of knowledge comes the improvement of material conditions. May we not hope that the future development of our race will bring that provision for physical wants which is requisite for the best welfare of mind and soul.—W. O. Atwater in Forum.

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Jugs in Old English Churches.

One of the most singular features of the older churches in England and western Europe is the presence in the walls of large numbers of jars. They are imbedded in the masonry with the necks turned toward the interior of the church and the mouth opening into the audience room.

For a long time the openings were supposed to be holes in the walls, but a closer examination a number of years ago on one or two of these old buildings disclosed the fact that the openings were the necks of jugs, and led to no little speculation as to why they had been placed there. All old churches—that is to say, churches erected from the Eleventh to the Seventeenth centuries—have them, and in some they are present in great numbers. A church in Leeds, England, has over fifty, while this number is considerably exceeded in some of the old French churches, nearly 200 having been counted in the cathedral of Angouleme, in France.

The explanation of their presence is easy. They were placed in the wall with a view to bettering the acoustic properties of the building. The idea is as old as Vitruvius, who, in a work on the Roman theater, advises that earthenware jars be placed in the walls for the purpose of increasing the resonance of the building. In several Roman structures such jugs have been found, used in the way afterward adopted by the architects of the Middle Ages. As to the efficacy of the advice, its employment is open to question. For increasing the acoustic properties of the rooms the jugs are probably useless, but no one can certainly say that they are so until the experiment has been tried of constructing two rooms, with jugs in the walls of one and the walls of the other solid. A test made under these conditions would determine the question, which otherwise must remain unsettled.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Water Lotus.

There is a plant growing in the southern waters of the United States which possesses the singular property of being able to render the most impure standing water perfectly healthy. The people of Louisiana and Mississippi call it the water lotus.

It consists of leaves about the size of the head of a pin and roots so fine as to escape notice save under a microscopic inspection. Where it grows at all, it covers the water, and to the casual observer looks like a coating of green scum. The flowers and seeds are microscopic, so that its appearance in any given locality is not readily accounted for, but wherever it does appear the water beneath is always fit to drink.

So marked is this property that families using the water from bayous where the lotus is abundant are known to have better general health than those taking their drinking water from places where the lotus is not found. It is often transplanted into ponds, bayous and lakes, spreads with wonderful rapidity and never fails to do its work well.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fever of the Feet.

In hot weather corns trouble the average human foot, but frequently there is a foot fever which seems even more disagreeable. This is called rubber foot fever, and it has been caused by wearing rubber boots or overshoes to an excess. No chiropodist can cure this complaint, but the patient must take the matter into his own hands. The only thing to do is to bathe the feet frequently, and to keep them as cool as possible by wearing low shoes. The removal of the cause is of course essential, and rubbers should never be tolerated except in rainy weather.

If used at any other time they may bring on another attack of the foot fever. If they are kept on in the house one has wet feet anyway, for the forcing of the perspiration will soon soak the stockings with moisture. It was owing to this that rubber soled shoes did not prove successful a few years ago.—Yankee Blade.

Painter and Tavern Keeper.

Mariotto Albertinelli, who lived in the Fourteenth century, was a painter who spent much time in endeavoring to produce certain mixtures in oil. He was not very successful, and objected so much to the criticism he received that he gave up painting and kept a tavern, but his name as a painter still lives, while his tavern keeping record has passed away. One can better appreciate the results of those days when one takes into consideration the difficulties that had to be overcome.—Harper's Young People.

Mrs. Lichens' Version of It.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Lichens, with a sigh, "some of us comes in and some of us goes out, and the silver bowl is loosened, and one is taken and another gets left, and seven women lay hold of one man, saying, 'Rabbit! Rabbit!' which being interpreted is master."—Eva W. McGlasson in "An Earthly Paragon."

Another View of an Old Saying.

"I wouldn't be afraid of that leopard and he can't change his spots," said Willie. "Why not?" "He'd be on one spot, and I'd be on another, and he can't change his spots, you know."—Harper's Bazar.

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