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All Necessaries for the Burial of the Dead Furnished on short Notice and on the most Reasonable Terms. Considerate Attention Guaranteed.

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SLIPPERS,

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Just received, and more continually arriving.

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Will attend to all calls in the line of his profession, both day and night.
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Clothier and Merchant Tailor, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods. Phenix Block, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio.
Oct. 16, 1884. 1y.

Wednesday, April 15th, '85,

We will present to some one of our customers

One No. 10 Davis Sewing Machine!

and Attachments. List Price, $60.00. This is a New Machine, with all the Late Improvements.

1 CHINA TEA SET—Gold Band—Haviland's.
1 HANGING EXTENSION LAMP.
1 STUDENT LAMP—Perfected.
6 TABLE SPOONS—Triple Plate, Wm. Rogers, Wallingsford, Conn.
6 DESSERT SPOONS—Triple Plate, Wm. Rogers, Wallingsford, Conn.
6 TABLE SPOONS—Extra Plate, A 1, Wm. Rogers, Wallingsford, Conn.
1 SUGAR—Plated on White Metal, R., B. & Co., Shelton, Conn.
1 BUTTER—Plated on White Metal, R., B. & Co., Shelton, Conn,
1 TEN PIECE TOILET SET—Decorated.

WE HAVE A FULL LINE OF

GROCERIES!

WHICH WE SELL AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Also, LAMPS and GLASSWARE

SWEET FLORIDA ORANGES!

CALL AND SEE US.

RISDON and TAYLOR

No. 3 MARVIN'S BLOCK. MAIN ST.,

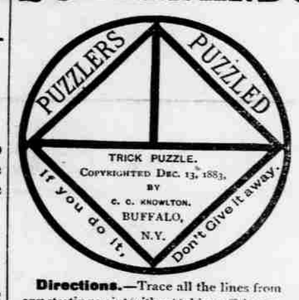
RAVENNA, OHIO.

DECEMBER 8th, 1884.

IT CAN BE DONE.

(In answer to inquiries regarding the Puzzle.)

CALL AND GET A CARD



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A Cash Prize of $5.00!

Will be given to the first party who shall hand in a rule containing the least number of words for the solution of this Puzzle by the

First of May Next.

Each Rule must be signed and sealed by the party handing it in.

I have lately made Large and Elegant Additions to my Stock, in Every Department, which I will Sell at the Lowest Possible Prices.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

P. FLATH,

Clothier and Merchant Tailor,

No. 3 Phenix Block, Ravenna, O.

1850 Holiday Season 1884

—FINDS THE—

Old Reliable Jewelers!

WITH A FULL STOCK OF

Watches, Silver Ware and Fancy Goods.

Prices are much below former years. Competition of Manufacturers in many lines has brought down the prices to the bare cost of production. PATRONS OF THE OLD RELIABLE know that it has always been OUR RULE to GIVE THEM THE FULL BENEFIT OF LOW PRICES. We do not make any vain boasting of selling goods 20 or 30 per cent. less than our neighbors, but we feel confident

OUR PRICES WILL BE FOUND LOWER,
OUR STOCK MORE COMPLETE,
OUR STYLES THE BEST,

And many desirable articles that cannot be found elsewhere.

OUR REPAIRING DEPARTMENT is equal to any in the State.

As for the past 30 years, our personal supervision will be the guarantee of satisfaction to all who patronise

WAIT BROTHERS

The Old Reliable Jewelers, - - - Swift Block, Ravenna, O.

Custom Work.

HAVING purchased the machinery of the "Hub Factory" and leased the premises, I am prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM PLANING, SAWING, &c.

in a satisfactory manner. Will also continue the manufacture of Sash, Doors and Blinds. Give me a call.

HENRY GROHE.

FOR SALE!

PURE THOROUGHBRED LANGSHAN COCKEREELS, from the great Egg Producers and Winter Layers. Eggs in season at $2 per 13.

CHAS. A. LAUBERT.
Ravenna, O., February 26, 1885.

Fine Building Lots for Sale,

I AM offering the Lots on East Main and Freedom Sts. and the old Fairground for sale. These are the most desirable building sites about Ravenna, and have never been in market before.

I have also about seventy-five acres, two miles from town, on Edinburg road, which I will sell altogether, or in three parts, at reasonable prices. Each piece has running water, and a fine building place upon it.

D. King Ravenna

Pianos, Organs & Melodeon

TUNED AND REPAIRED.

Organs and Melodeons to Rent.

G. F. GREEN,
No. 151 South Prospect Street. RAVENNA, O.

Winter Violets.

You ask me why my eyes are filled with tears,
Whene'er I meet the violets of the Spring?
You can not tell what thoughts of bygone years
Those simple flowers have never failed to bring.

I had a brother once; his grave is green,
And long ago was carved the headstone's date;
But fresh his memory still—I have not seen
One like him, since he left me desolate.

For we were twins, and bound by ties so strong,
It seemed that neither could exist apart;
Yet he was taken—Ah! what memories throng
E'en to this day, on my bereaved heart.

He faded from us in the Winter time,
When all the sun's warmth from his rays departs;
Sometimes we fancy a more genial clime
Might have restored him to our anxious hearts.

My mother prayed him tell her was there aught
That gold could purchase, or that love could seek
Which he desired; so tenderly she sought
To bring back smiles upon the hollow cheek.

"Are there no violets yet?" he answered low.
We sent out messengers the country round:
In vain, in vain, the hills were deep with snow,
And cruel frost lay on the level ground.

"Will not the violets come before the Spring?"
How plaintive came the question—day by day;
None could be found; it only served to wring
Our loving hearts to answer always "Nay."

At last one day he 'woke revived from sleep
And smiling thanked us for them; but we said
It was a dream, for still the snow lay deep,
Not e'en a snowdrop dared to lift its head.

Yet he averred their perfume filled the air!—
"How could he doubt it?—sure the flowers were nigh?"
Alas! we knew no violets could be there—
Yet seemed they present to his fervid eye.

So spake he, till he slept—he 'woke no more;
Sweet brother, was it worthy of regrets,
That the next morn, from distant parts they bore
To our sad home, the longed-for violets?

Was he by fancy happily deceived?
Or were his dying senses rarefied,
And actual knowledge blissfully achieved,
Tasting the fragrance as he softly died?

I wept while bending o'er his coffined rest,
Hushing my anguish for a last caress;
I strew'd the violets on his pallid breast—
Perhaps still conscious of their loveliness.

CONGRESS.

Pen Pictures of the House in Session—The Etiquette of the American Parliament.

The national house of representatives! How few people in the United States have seen it, writes a correspondent to the Cleveland *Leader*, and how different is their idea of it from the reality. It is now 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The house is in the midst of its daily session, and a din like that of a boiler-factory surrounds me as I sit in the press gallery and write as nearly as I can a photograph of the scenes before me. It is an immense room, this house chamber. It is the largest legislative hall in the world.

Its floor covers nearly one-fifth of an acre, and its height from floor to roof is thirty-six feet. It looks the smaller for the hundreds that are in it. It is composed of a great central pit about fifteen feet deep, with deep galleries rising from its top and going upward by five graduated lines of benches until the fifth row strikes the buff and green paper of the outer wall. Those galleries will seat 2,500 people, and the seats within them look down upon the bear garden of the arena in the same way as does those from which the spectators watch a Spanish bull-fight. The walls of this pit are paneled in pink and velvety flowered buff, and around each panel is a gilt frame fine enough to blind a Raphael or a Vandyck. In two of these panels are pictures of historic scenes by Bierstadt, and on either side of the speaker's desk are pictures of Washington by Vanderlyn and of Lafayette by Ary Scheffer.

In this wall, opening out of the congressional pit, are arched door-holes all ornamented with carving and gold. Some of these lead to cloak rooms, others to the barber shops of the capitol, one to the house library, and six to the outside corridors, where the lobbyists and other bores have to wait until their friends come out to see them.

Sitting in the press gallery you can look into the cloak rooms and barber shops. Judge Reagan, of Texas, is in the barber's chair at this moment, and his swarthy face shines out at me from the midst of white lather. There are a crowd of congressmen in the cloak rooms, and among them I see Tom Ochiltree's red face wreathed in smoke, and Judge Poland's royal countenance convulsed with laughter. The 325 overcoats and hats of the little great men who are performing below me hang in those cloak rooms. Some of them are very seedy-looking, indeed, and not one out of ten would be worth stealing. The doors leading out of the house into the corridors are double. This is to keep the outs out and the ins in. Each is also guarded by two doorkeepers, able-bodied men who hold their chairs down in those well-warmed halls for $1,200 per annum. Each of the gallery doors also has a doorkeeper, though there is little necessity for it, and the officers of the house, one thinks from their numbers, are more numerous than the members.

But to return to the bear pit. The press gallery is the central one at the back. It is shut off from the other galleries by a wire lattice work, and is devoted to correspondents solely. Fifteen feet below these galleries is the floor of the house. It is 115 feet long by 67 feet wide. If you could take the seats out you would see that it is made up of six half-moons of rostrums, running about a space as wide as the front of an ordinary city house, on which the speaker's and clerk's desks are located, and rising by a gradation of four inches, until it reaches the last half ring of rostrums, where a flat floor goes back from this to the walls.

In the center of this half moon, at the front of the hall, is the speaker's desk. This is a series of three white marble desks rising one above the other. The first, about three feet high, is for the stenographers of congress, who get $5,000 yearly. The tops of their desks are covered with navy-blue baize, and they have mahogany drawers in which to keep their writing materials.

Back of them are the reading clerks of the house, snobbish young men with metallic voices, and above them on a higher rostrum of white marble cut in and out like an elaborately-carved pulpit sits the speaker. This to-day is Mr. Carlisle, a dark-faced, rough-featured man, with no whiskers, who continually chews tobacco as he sits on his spine and presides over the house. His chair is a swinging walnut one. He has an ivory hammer or mallet in his hand, and this he uses with energy to keep the noisy crowd below him in order.

Beside the speaker's desk, on a pedestal of Vermont marble, stands the mace, or insignia of the speaker's royalty. It is a bundle of lictor's rods bound with silver cords, mounted on a silver globe and crowned with an American eagle.

The members of the house sit on six half-moons of seats, rising and growing larger as they go backward, in front of the speaker. These seats are ranged on little ranges of rostums, and the edges of these rostrums are bound with shining brass, and are, as in the whole floor, carpeted with a rich carpet of red Brussels, on which are flowered figures of blue and yellow. On each range is a row of seats and desks. The desks are small affairs of white wood, having lids covered with blue baize, which are raised whenever the owner gets at the $125 worth of stationery he is allowed annually. Behind each row of desks is a row of white cane-seated office chairs, each on a swivel and each so fixed on springs that the sitter can lean back and put his feet on his desk if he will. This is a favorite posture with some congressmen, and I have seen certain sleepy ones snore away so for hours at a time. Half of the chairs are on the average empty, and some of them have been known to continue so for an entire congressional session. The owners are paid $5,000 a year to fill them. They draw the money and leave the chairs empty. The seventh and last half moon of chairs backs up against curtains or fire-screens of blue baize on frames of bright brass rods. Back of these screens there is room to walk about the house, and in the two corners at either end, where the grate fires are, are half a dozen sofas which are generally filled by lounging, sleeping, and smoking congressmen.

Do congressmen smoke during session? Why, bless you, yes! I have seen ladies grow sick in the galleries from the vile odors of the tobacco which rose from the two-for-5 cent cigars glowing in the mouths of the so-called gentlemanly congressmen beneath. I have seen members smoking in their very seats, and have watched through the wreaths of smoke to catch the eye of the members behind them. They chew, too. These godlike congressmen do chew! They spit! and every desk has a spitoon of pink and gold china beside it to catch the filth from the statesman's mouth. It costs at least $400 a year to care for the spittings of the house, and your average congressman will disregard the spittoon and spit upon the floor.

They are a neat set! The house at this moment is littered with scraps of paper like a garret. In front of the speaker's desk are scraps of letters, torn newspapers, and other litters, and and under the desks of most of the members are heaps of the same nature. There is a spittoon beside the chair of the speaker, for Mr. Carlisle is an inveterate chewer of tobacco, and his heavy jaws caress the cud as joyfully as they do free-trade statistics.

As far as order in the house is concerned, there is none. If an ordinary member has the floor a bedlam straightway rises. His fellow-members talk out loud to each other, and each goes on with his business as if he was alone. Dozens of members are writing letters; others are mailing documents to their constituents; others are reading newspapers; some will be sleeping, and many will be talking and laughing. If a member wants to cross the hall he does not hesitate to rush between the congressman speaking and the speaker, and if another wants a page, no matter if his brother congressman speaking beside him is in the midst of his finest period, he will clap his hands like the shot of a pistol.

I have seen members sleeping when their next-seat member was speaking, and it is no uncommon thing for a member to be talking with not a single fellow-member listening to him. The speaker generally pays attention, but not always. He favors whom he pleases to a certain extent, and has the opportunity to display considerable power.

The ceiling of the house chamber is a wonderful structure, made of glass and cast-iron. Through this the house is lighted—in the daytime by the light of day, and during the evening by fifteen hundred gas-jets, which are lighted by electricity. This ceiling is made in panels, and these are painted and gilded, and each bears the coat of arms of one of the states of the union.

Just over the entrance door of the house is a large, round-faced clock, which regulates the time of opening the session and which limits the time allowed to each speaker. It is a sober, judicial-looking old clock, and its face is a terror to the average long-winded congressman.

Just over the speaker's desk and opposite this clock under the press gallery is a gold eagle looking out over the speaker's head, and apparently ready to fly. On each side of it hangs a dingy American flag, covered with dust and discolored with age.

The two doors in the walls at the side of the speaker lead to the members' retiring-rooms, in which are hung crayon portraits of all the speakers since the organization of congress. They cost the government $50 apiece, and some of them are fairly good likenesses. This room is well-furnished. It has a number of sofas and easy chairs, with two doorkeepers at an expense of a couple of thousand a year to keep the barbarous public out of them.

Such is a brief description of our national house of representatives. It is a fine structure, and I sometimes think far too good for the men who have the right to seats in it.

The old house was in the hall of the statutes, as it is now called, which lies between this house chamber and the dome. It was in this that all of our greatest efforts at oratory were made, where Clay, Calhoun, and Webster fought their forensic battles, and where for thirty-two years history was made. It accommodated seats for 232 members, and its galleries seated about 700 spectators. The members' desks were of mahogany, and each had an armchair. The reporters to the extent of twenty were accommodated with sofas and desks, and the speaker had a drapery of rich crimson at his back. It was in 1857 that the house was moved into its present quarters, and in 1864 the old house was dedicated to its present use as a statuary hall.

The average congressman considers himself a great man, but he is only a clerk after all. He is paid by the country to come here and apportion out the public funds to the running of the government. Other men decide how much the government needs, and they furnish the congressmen the figures. The average member knows nothing about it, and the best member for the country perhaps is he who knows the least. We merely pay them to divide our money for us. The government is already organized. We have all the laws we need, and the United States, if it were not for the necessity of the formality of passing the appropriations, could do better without congress than with it. Still we have it, and we have to pay for it. We pay well, too. The estimate for the legislative expenses for the current year is put at more than three million and a half of dollars, and the house of representatives alone will cost nearly two and one-half millions. It takes $413,000 a year to pay the salaries of our senators, $1,800,000 to pay the mileage and salaries of the representatives, and the understrappers about the house and senate get salaries of $700,000 and more at each congressional session.

Queen Victoria, according to an official announcement, has never eaten a piece of cake.

Less than seventy years ago death was the penalty for more than 200 crimes in England.

The Witching Weed.

Cigars were not known until about 1815. Previous to that time pipes were used exclusively.

Chewing had been in vogue to a limited extent for some time, while snuffing dates back almost as far as smoking.

The first package sent to Catherine de Medici was in fine powder. She found that smelling it in the box affected her similarly to smoking, which led her to fill one of her smelling-bottles with the dust. Her courtiers adopted the habit of snufling small portions of it up the nostrils, and as the precious stuff became more plentiful the snuffing habit became more general, until at last a man or a woman was not considered as in proper form unless they snuffed.

The custom became so common in England that a snuff-box was no longer a sign of rank. Then it was the law prohibiting the culture of the plant, except for medicine, was passed. About the same time a heavy tariff was placed on the imported article, thereby practically placing it beyond the reach of the common herd and giving royalty a complete monopoly.

Since it first began to be used as a luxury there have been conflicting opinions in regard to its effects. The Romish church once forbade its use, and the Church of England declaimed against it.

The Wesleys opposed it hotly, and at one time it was considered so unclean as to unfit men for membership in the Methodist church.

Baptist and Presbyterian ministers preached against it, and societies were organized to oppose the spread of the habit, but all to no purpose. Parents disowned and disinherited their children because they used it, and husbands divorced their wives on account of their having contracted the habit of smoking.

It is singular that when women get into the habit of smoking a pipe they prefer a strong one.

There are few men who have nerve enough to smoke a pipe such as a woman likes when she has become a confirmed smoker. When they first begin pulling cigars they prefer them very mild, but it is not long until they want them black and strong and lots of them.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

English Spinsters.

The number of single women in England constantly increases. Many thousands of women have to earn their own living in place of spending and husbanding the earnings of men. They pass their time in an incomplete and separate existence of their own, instead of completing and embellishing the existence of others. From the excess in the number of women thousands take service in factories, while others overcrowd the ill paid ranks of needlewomen and seamstresses. Even in the richer classes there is the same inequality of numbers, and those who are relieved from the necessity of working for their daily bread have yet to seek some occupation, some interest in life to relieve the tedium of an objectless existence. Some pursue pleasure merely, though this soon palls upon the appetite; others take to charitable pursuits, doing, perchance, an equal amount of good and of mischief. Those whose tastes lead them to literary or artistic pursuits are perhaps the least unhappy. That a redundancy of unmarried women exists is evident; but it must not be regarded as caused wholly or mainly by a disparity in the number of the sexes. This difference does not at the most amount to six per cent., whereas the number of unmarried women in England amounts not to six, but actually to thirty per cent.—that is to say, only two out of every three women are ever married.

A Raid on Rattlesnakes.

Occasionally says a Colorado Cowboy in the *Boston Commercial Bulletin*, by the hard-baked mound of a prairie-dog's hole, the sunlight would strike with a dull glitter on the back of a rattlesnake, and then the boys were never in too great a hurry to stop and kill the "varmint" with the loaded end of a quirt. The snakes were arrant cowards, always making every effort to run away from an attack; as, however, their very best time was never faster than a lazy man could walk, they never were allowed to escape. They were easily killed, a small blow from a quirt, or the knotted end of a lariat, stretching them out motionless but for a faint movement of the tail, which the cowboys claim will not die until sundown. Unless killed by the first blow a rattlesnake becomes roused to savage fury, desperately coiling itself for an attack; but it is an unequal fight, and the snake is easily defeated.

One Billy insisted upon stopping and skinning one peculiarly sleek and shining specimen. He said that a snake skin worn around the hat would always ward off headache and toothache from the wearer, and he considered it an especially prudent plan to assume this simple preventative at the beginning of a round-up. I may remark, in passing, that the odors that presently began to emanate from the dying skin, increasing in volume and intensity day by day, might have afflicted a sensitive person more than the combined malalies it was supposed to keep at bay.

Billy further assured us that a bite into the back of a live rattlesnake would insure a person good teeth for the rest of his life. He was not absolutely certain about that, although he owned that he "allers, somehow, felt agin tryin' himself." Billy's "pard," Sam, seemed to express the general sentiments of the party when he remarked that there was "lots of curiousness about snakes."

Sam said he always carried a piece of blue vitriol in his pocket at a round-up for snake bites. If he was bitten he had only to spit on the vitriol and rub it on the spot to draw out all the poison at once. But the rest of the party were disposed to hoot in derision at this remedy, preferring to place their reliance on good whisky. Sam had proper respect for this remedy too, but he agreed with much naivete: "Good whisky is hard to keep ready."

His Ambition.

Following is the biography of a 10-year-old youngster of this city's public school, written by himself:

First—When and where were you born? Of what descent?

Second—Where have you lived?

Third—How have you spent your life?

Fourth—What remarkable things have happened to you?

Fifth—What should you like to become?

"I was born in Kansas City, Jackson County, Mo.; West Central States, U. S. A.; Western Hemisphere; Tuesday, Jan. 13, 1873.

"I am English descent. I have lived in Kansas City all my life.

"Once I tumbled down a well, and was fished out with a clothes-line. I fell down steps two or three times, and mashed my fingers once when I was a little kid. I got in some jam that had Cayenne pepper in it, and it made me dance like a wet hen on a hot brick.

"I want to become an angel."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Catching the Morning Train.

I find that one of the most serious objection to living out of town lies in the difficulty experienced in catching the early morning train by which I must reach the city and my business. It is by no means a pleasant matter, under any circumstances, to have one's movement regulated by a time-table, and to be obliged to rise to breakfast and to leave home at a certain hour, no matter how strong the temptation to delay may be. But sometimes the horrible punctuality of the train is productive of absolute suffering. For instance: I look at my watch when I get out of bed, and find that I have apparently plenty of time, so I dress leisurely and sit down to the morning meal in a frame of mind which is calm and serene. Just as I crack my first egg I hear the down train from Wilmington. I start in alarm; and taking out my watch I compare it with the clock and find that it is eleven minutes slow, and that I have only five minutes left in which to get to the depot.

Just as I get to the gate I find that I have forgotten my duster and the bundle my wife wanted me to take up to the city to her aunt. Charging back I snatch them up and tear down the gravel walk in a frenzy. I do not like to run through the village; it is undignified and it attracts attention; but I walk furiously. I go faster and faster as I get away from the main street. When half the distance is accomplished I actually do hear the whistle; there can be no doubt about it this time. I long to run, but I know that if I do I will excite that abominable speckled dog sitting by the sidewalk a little distance ahead of me. Then I really see the train coming around the curve close by the depot, and I feel that I must make better time; and I do. The dog immediately manifests an interest in my movements. He tears after me and is speedily joined by five or six other dogs, which frolic about my legs and bark furiously. Sundry small boys, as I go plunging past, contribute to the excitement by whistling with their fingers, and the men who are at work upon the new meeting house stop to look at me and exchange jocular remarks with each other. I do feel ridiculous, but I must catch that train at all hazards.

I become desperate when I have to slacken my pace until two or three women who are standing on the sidewalk discussing the infamous price of butter, scatter to let me pass. I arrive within a few yards of the station with my duster fling in the wind, with my coat tails in a horizontal position, and with the speckled dog nipping at my heels, just as the train begins to move. I put on an extra pressure, resolving to get the train or perish, and I reach it just as the last car is going by. I seize the hand-rail, I am jerked violently around, but finally, after a desperate effort, I get upon the step with my knees, and am hauled in by the brakeman, hot, dusty, and mad, with my trousers torn across the knees, my legs bruised, and three ribs of my umbrella broken.

Just as I reach a comfortable seat in the car the train stops and then backs up on the siding, where it remains for half an hour while the engineer repairs a dislocated valve. The Anger which burns in my bosom as I reflect now upon what has proved to have been the folly of that race, is increased as I look out of the window and observe the speckled dog engaged with his companions in an altercation over a bone. A man who permits his dog to roam about the streets nipping the legs of every one who happens to go at a more rapid gait than a walk, is unfit for associating with civilized beings. He ought to be placed on a desert island in mid-ocean, and be compelled to stay there.—*Max Adeler, in Exchange.*

Truth in a Plain Suit.

Elder Toots having got most of his feet under the redhot stove, and Colonel Cahoots having succeeded in knocking down a bust of Plato and wrecking $500 worth of relics, Brother Gardner arose and said:

"What I hanker arter am to meet a plumb up an' down man. Dar' am pussons in dis club who wobble about like a loose wagon wheel. One day dey greet you wid a grin as soft as June, an' de nex' day dey doan' know you as you pass on de street. I doan' mean to hurt no man's feelin's, but I mean to be plumb.

"If Whalebone Howker should come ober to my house an' ax de loan of a dollar I wouldn't keep him on de hooks fur half an hour fur a decision. I should at once reply to him: 'Whalebone, de man who uses money airned by his wife at de wash-tub to buy lottery tickets can't get no dollar outer me!' When a man axes my religion I doan' beat aroun' de bush to find out if he has found a short cut to heaben, but I denounce myself as a Baptist an' take my chances by de ole road.

"When you think yes or no doan' hesitate to say so. Doan' be leanin' one way one day an' some odder way on de nex'. De man who knows whar to find you won't go away mad, eben if you decide agin him. Our Samuel Shin am one day gwine to be a statesman, an' on de nex' he's gwine to open a saloon wid a gilded ceilin'. One day you will find him a Methodist an de nex' you will see him devourin' a Universalist sermon. Meet him in de mawnin' an' he am a feroshus Republican; cotch him in de afternoon an' he am a good Dimocrat.

"Be plumb up an' down. If you am sot on bein' good stick to it. If you am sot on bein' bad doan' let de purleece bluff you off. If you like a man tell him he can have de use of your snow-shovel all summer. If you can't hoe co'n wid him, ax him to buy or sell out an' take some odder cow-path. De wobbly man am a pusson to be shunned. Tryin' to do bizness wid him am wasted labor trown away."—*Lime Kiln Club in Detroit Free Press.*

A Spotter Squelched.

There was a time when female spotters were employed on some of our horse car lines, and they finally became pretty well known to the conductors. One of these women was in the habit of riding three or four times a day on one of the cars, and it was observed that every time a fare was paid she put a white bean in her pocket. The conductor finally became annoyed at this continued surveillance, and determined to throw up his situation, but before doing so he procured a large bag of beans, and, watching his opportunity, spilled them in the lap of the woman, with the remark:

"Here, madam, these are of more service to you than they are to me."

She, of course, reported him at the office, and he was "pulled off," but that was just what he wanted.—*Boston Budget.*

The proportion of those who attend public worship to the bulk of the population in the following four European cities is: Berlin 20,000, population 1,000,000; Hamburg 5,000, population 400,000; London 3,000,000, population 4,000,000; Glasgow 500,000, population 700,000.

Miss Constance Edgar, the granddaughter of the late Madame Bonaparte, who is about to become a nun, is also a great-granddaughter of Daniel Webster.

THE SNAKE INDIAN.

Bill Nye's Opinions of Shoshones, their Manners and Customs.

There are about 5,000 Snake or Shoshone Indians now extant, the greater part being in Utah and Nevada, though there is a reservation in Idaho and another in Wyoming.

The Shoshone Indian is reluctant to accept of civilization on the European plan. He prefers the ruder customs which have been handed down from father to son along with other hairlooms. I use the word hairlooms in its broadest sense.

There are the Shoshones proper and the Utes and Utahs, to which have been added by some authorities the Comanches, and Moquis of New Mexico and Arizona, the Netelas and other tribes of California. The Shoshone, wherever found, is clothed in buckskin and blanket in winter, but dressed more lightly in summer, wearing nothing but an air of intense gloom in August. To this he adds on holidays a necklace made from the store teeth of the hardy pioneer.

The Snake or Shoshone Indian is passionately fond of the game known as poker among us, and which, I learn, is played with cards. It is a game of chance, though skill and a thorough knowledge of firearms are of great use. The Indians enter into this game with great zeal and lend to it the wonderful energy which they have preserved from year to year by abstaining from the delibitating effects of manual labor. All day long the red warrior sits in his skin boudoir, nursing the sickly and reluctant "flush," patient, silent and hopeful. Through the cold of winter, in the desolate mountains, he continues to

"Hope on, hope ever,"

That he will "draw to fill." Far away up the canyon he hears the sturdy blows of his wife's tomahawk as she slaughters the grease wood and the sage brush for the fire in his gilded hell where he sits and woos the lazy Goddess of Fortune.

With the Shoshone, poker is not alone a relaxation, the game wherewith to wear out a long and listless evening, but it is a passion, a duty and a devotion. He has a face designed especially for poker. It never shows a sign of good or evil fortune. You might as well try to win a smile from a railroad right of way. The full hand, the fours, threes, pairs and bobtail flushes are all the same to him, if you judge by his face.

When he gets hungry he cinches himself a little tighter and continues to "rastle" with fate. You look at his smoky, old copper cent of a face and you see no change. You watch him as he coins the last buckshot of his tribe and later on when he goes forth a pauper, and the corners of his famine-breeding mouth have never moved. His little black, smoke-inflamed eyes have never lighted with triumph or joy. He is the great aboriginal stoic and sylvan dude. He does not smile. He does not weep. It certainly must be intensely pleasant to be a wild, free, lawless, irresponsible, natural born fool.

The Shoshones proper include the Bannocks, which are again subdivided into the Koolsitakara, or Buffalo Eaters, on Wind River, the Tookarika or Mountain Sheep Eaters, on Salmon and Snake Rivers, the Shoshocas or White Knives, sometimes called Diggers, of the Humboldt River and the Great Salt Lake basin. Probably the Hokandikahs, Yahooskins and the Wahlpapes are subdivisions of the Digger tribe. I am not sure of this, but I shall not suspend my business till I can find out about it. If I cannot get at a great truth right off I wait patiently and go right on drawing my salary.

The Shoshones live on the government and other small game. They will eat anything when hungry, from a buffalo down to a wooditick. The Shoshone does not despise small things. He loves insects in any form. He loves to make pets of them and to study their habits in his home life.

Formerly, when a great Shoshone warrior died, they killed his favorite wife over his grave so that she could go to the happy hunting grounds with him, but it is not so customary now. I tried to impress on an old Shoshone brave once that they ought not to do that. I tried to show him that it would encourage celibacy and destroy domestic ties in his tribe. Since that there has been quite a stride toward reform among them. Instead of killing the widow on the death of her husband, the husband takes such good care of his health and avoids all kinds of intellectual strain or physical fatigue, that late years there are no widows, but widowers just seem to swarm in the Shoshone tribe. The woods are full of them.

Now, if they would only kill the widower over the grave of the wife, the Indian's future would assume a more definite shape.

The Future Novel.

Now that Mr. Howells has made anachronism popular, the country may look for an improvement in literature. The following is a selection from a future novel. "When Gregory arose, the sun was brightly shining. The cold wind and the drifting snow chilled him, and taking off his coat to enjoy the fresh air, he blew his frozen nose and raked the perspiration from his reeking brow. There was no time to be lost, and Gregory hurried onward. When he reached the river, he was puzzled. There was no boat in sight, and he knew not how to cross. The August sun beat fiercely down, and standing on the burning sands, Gregory failed to enjoy himself. After a while a bright idea struck him. He would cross the ice. He heaved a sigh of relief when he reached the opposite shore. The country was beautiful. As far as the eye could reach, there waved the rich grass of the prairie. Stopping under a large oak tree whose leaves waved an invitation, Gregory took an ax from his pocket and began to chop wood. The coating of sleet flew at every stroke. When he had kindled a fire and broiled an oyster which he had killed with a stick, he lay down in the cool shade and sank to sleep. How long he slept he knew not. He was awakened by a rainstorm. Rising, he continued his course over the parched desert."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

On Friday morning an Indian killed a large cougar near Point Defiance. He found the animal lying on a sandbar in wait for a deer and at the first shot it jumped a distance of thirteen steps, about forty feet. He shot it four times before he killed it. He described the animal as being about two feet high and six or seven from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, and says it was not full grown, either.—*Portland Oregonian.*

The water of a small lake near the mouth of the Sutro Tunnel, in Nevada, is kept continuously warm by the hot water which flows into it from the mines. Recently the mine superintendent sent to Florida for two alligators. When they arrived at the place the temperature of the place was 12 degrees below zero and the alligators were barely alive. Upon being put into the warm lake, however, they revived and are now growing rapidly.