Warren Sheaf.

JOHN P. MATTSON, Editor and Proprietor.

WARREN. - - MINN.

BILL'S GIRL.

She's not so very short, yet neither is she awful tall,
In braggin' on her shape you can't go wrong;
Her eyes are big and snappy, and her nose is straight and small,
And her mouth's jest built for kissin' right along.

And Bill—well, he's no beauty, and he's big and lumb'rin', too—
I've wondered how he got her to say yes—
But what's the use of reasonin' on what allus has been true,
Sence love made his fust deal in happiness?

You see, Bill's girl's so pert and keen, so sassy and so knowin',
While he ain't got much gumption, as you've found,
That it looks a'mighty cur'ous why she give him sech a showin'
With lots of other fellows flyin' round.

But my notion of a woman is that when it comes to men
She's apt to do the thing you'd think she wouldn't;
Yet for which she has within her something far beyond our ken,
That lets her know jest what she should or shouldn't.

And so Bill's girl, I reckon, feels a sight more satisfied
With Bill jest as he is than if he were
Both l'arned and rich and handsome, and I'm sure she takes a pride
In noticin' the store he sets by her.

—Browne Perriman, in Yankee Blade.

AN ADVENTURE.

Terrible Experience of Two Boys in a Hurricane.

Large rivers, the sides of which for a score of miles back are covered with spruce and pine forests, come rolling here and there into what are known as the Great Lakes of North America. In winter scores of thousands of men are busy in these forests, cutting down, hauling and squaring trees; and toward the spring, when the warm sun, the rains and the melting snow in the woods burst the icebound streams, the woodmen roll the logs and timber into the rushing water, by which they are borne down to the lakes.

At the mouth of one of these streams was a large boom constructed of joints of timber fastened together at the ends with short pieces of chain; into this the logs and the timbers swung as they were volleyed out of the river.

Old Ike Rogers and his two sons, Albert and Frank, had spent several days in the middle of May picking out all the logs that had upon them two crosses, which was the mark of their property. They had sharp, steel spikes in their boots, which enabled them to stand upon the timber and logs; and they pulled out each piece from among the scores of others of different marks with their pointed iron peevys, dragging them out to the clear water and putting them in raft-joints.

The joint of a raft is constructed of three tiers of logs or timber from twelve to twenty-four in a row, each tier being placed across the one below it. The corners are held together by a heavy wooden peg, and the joints are fastened together in any number by means of boom poles, till the raft is made as large as is necessary.

When the wind favors, the raft is cut loose from its moorings, two or three sails are hoisted upon it, and it is headed out into the lake for the sawmills. I have known some of these rafts to be an acre in area, having a house built on the top, where the raftmen sleep and do their cooking.

When the raft about which I am to relate this story was ready for sailing, Old Ike set out for the nearest country store to buy a couple of pairs of blankets for the voyage, as it is very cool on these northern lakes in May. As it was dead calm when he left, no precaution was taken to moor the raft to the stout piers at the brink of the water; and the two boys, who were tired from their many hard hours' toiling, lay down in the hut on the raft and went to sleep. How long they slept they could not say, but it was probably four or five hours; however, when they awoke the wind was shrieking over the raft; and when they came out of the caboose, they found that they had been driven better than half a mile out into the lake, and that great waves were rolling over the logs. Evidently their father had not reached the shore in time to join them, and the surface of the lake was in such a state of fury that it was impossible for him now to be able to come to the raft in a small boat. The two frightened boys stood by the caboose, to which they were obliged to cling fast in order to keep their feet, so violent was the gale. All around them was one white, roaring wilderness of water, and the spray came drifting over their heads like heavy rain. Two or three large schooners, which had also been caught in the storm, had taken three reefs in their canvas and were lying-to, this being the only way in which they could keep afloat in such a heavy sea.

The raft was driving straight before the wind, and if allowed to go on in this course would reach the opposite shore in five or six hours; but the brothers knew that if they were to strand there the raft would get broken up among the great granite rocks and would be lost. As it was, they felt that the great floating mass could not long sustain the pounding of the waves. It was made up of about thirty joints, and as a great wave rolled under it the poles creaked and the whole raft groaned. At one end three rowlocks were fastened into the logs, and by these were laid three heavy spruce oars each about twenty feet long with wide blades, to be used in steering the raft and sculling it along in the calm. Albert and Frank had been with their father many a time before when he took rafts to the sawmills, so that they knew everything about steering and sailing, but they had never been out on the lake in such a storm as this.

They had two large sails attached to strong masts with them and three or four places had been provided for stepping these when there was wind. In order to save the timber from being lost by going to pieces on the lee shore they decided to step the two masts one on each side of the raft, and steer as close to windward as possible. It was all they could do to get each mast in place, and when they loosed the first sail it fluttered out in the wind and they were obliged to take a turn of the stay around one of the logs in order to draw it in and bring the sheet up close to the wind. They had the same difficulty with the other sail; however, they succeeded in hauling both close and then putting out two of the steering oars with which by hard pushing they were able to bring the raft close to the storm. The waves came rolling behind them fully six feet high, and frequently knocked them over upon the logs, but they held on to the oars and gradually brought their charge closer toward the shore, from which the hurricane was blowing. About a mile below the course in which they were heading, the shore curved out and was covered with thick spruce and pine forest almost to the brink of the water. In the shelter of this wood they would be safe from the pounding of the waves, and they struggled with all their might to get as close in the lee of it as possible; but the huge mass was gradually drifting leeward, in spite of all their exertions, and they soon saw that there was little hope they would be able to make fast to any part of the sheltering shore. What made their situation more terrifying was that the sun was about setting and huge troops of angry clouds raced across the heavens and threatened an increase in the storm. When the sun sets in stormy weather on these wild lakes night comes very rapidly and the water is wrapped in intense gloom; so that half an hour after the scarlet edge of the sun sank through the smoke of the hills the two frightened boys found themselves afloat in the dark without any star showing, no lights anywhere on the land to guide them, and nothing that they could see except the billows which broke in white foam around them.

They had two lanterns in the shanty, and these they lighted when it became quite dark, swinging them round and round in the hope of attracting some one who owned the boat living on the wooded part of the shore. They also lighted a fire in the little house and put a whitefish in a pot to boil, for they had fasted long and were hungry. As they swung the lanterns they shouted for help, but there was little chance of their voices reaching the shore, which was nearly half a mile distant, as the wind whistled and bellowed and the waves roared. When they got past the point it was smoother, the land was nearer, and the force of the wind blowing lakeward was broken by the solid mass of tall evergreens. They still kept their sails hauled as close to the wind as possible, and they lashed the three long oars in such a way at the end of the raft as to have them act like three rudders and help to keep the stubborn raft as near shore as possible.

Evidently no one saw their signals, and they sailed past the strip of sheltering coast, which was about three miles long, at the rate of about four miles an hour. They would have taken down the sails and rested here after the fury of the storm, but the off-wind would then blow them out into the furious part of the lake where they felt sure the raft would not long hold together. Meanwhile the great structure of logs continued to hold its way down the shore till the end of the forest region was neared. Then suddenly it occurred to the oldest brother that they had no alternative between two great dangers. If they continued to sail down in the shelter of the shore a great cataract was in the way about eight miles farther on; if they took down the sails and permitted themselves to be blown outward that meant destruction in the rough waters. While still perplexed about knowing what to do, and all the while swinging their lanterns and shouting, they were astonished to see two dark objects close by the side of the raft and moving through the water as if to get upon it. Running over to the edge their lights revealed two deer of the caribou variety with wide branching antlers and frightened eyes. Not daunted by the presence of the two boys or the gleaming lanterns in their hands they put their forelegs upon the logs and endeavored to get upon them, whereupon the brothers laid their lights upon the logs, taking pity on the terrified animals, and, seizing them firmly near the shoulders, drew them upon the raft. The deer in some great fright had evidently taken to the water and been attracted by the lights; but they showed no sign of fear when pulled up dripping and cold upon the timber. They found a difficulty in standing on the round logs with their little feet, but they did not shrink from the boys and the only trace of timidity they showed was in huddling close together. The boys took them by the horns and led them several paces toward the center of the raft where they would be secure from the waves when they got in rougher water. They went as docilely as if they were a pair of calves, and stood without making any motion when let go on the lee side of the shanty. Almost immediately afterward the brothers saw by the flashing light of their lantern another dark object approaching, and on nearing the edge of the raft to their infinite horror they discovered that it was a bear. They now knew why the two deer had come aboard; the bear had evidently pursued the deer through the woods to the edge of the water and plunged in behind them after the frightened caribou had struck out after the floating mass. They at once ran to look for their peevies, which are heavy wooden poles with stout iron spikes and hooks attached to the end, but in their confusion they could not find them. Before they had searched long they saw that the bear had got upon the logs and hulked well in out of reach of the billows. He did not go near the deer, which probably he did not see, but stood crouching across three or four of the round sticks. Neither did he pay any attention to the boys, who when they saw he had come aboard at once fastened themselves in the shanty, bolting the door. There they remained till they knew that the raft had again reached rough water on its onward course toward the falls.

They found it necessary to come out very soon, however, because they wanted to know if the raft was heading close to the wind. There was the bear, with his muzzle thrust down, not having moved from the place where he first stopped. There was no doubt in the boys' minds that the bear had chased the two deer through the woods putting them into the water and had swam out in pursuit of them; but the great shaggy brute faced the two brothers, glaring at their lanterns, and still made no step toward them; and he was evidently in great terror, for the hurricane was every moment growing louder and louder, the sea running higher upon the raft, and the whole fabric creaking and straining, and threatening to go apart at any moment. The land to windward was bleak and rocky, and the storm came howling down turning the face of the like white and driving the water in one continuous drenching shower over the raft.

About a mile below was the remorseless falls, a pitch of about forty feet in the river, sheer over a rocky wall, a place over which it was next to impossible for any living thing to go and not be pounded to death in the rocks below by the thunderous overflow of water. The boys still clung desperately to the hope of being able to bring the raft to land, but they soon saw that it was impossible. The current grew swifter and swifter, and they could see, by the gleaming waves that flashed under the light of their swinging lanterns that they were moving along almost as fast as a boat under full sail.

Extending out into the lake about half a mile above the falls, was a rocky point upon which a fort had been erected a great many years ago, during the Fenian invasion, by the Dominion government, and as the country round about at the time was disturbed by an uprising of Indians and Metis, several soldiers were kept there on guard for many weeks. The water for a quarter of a mile from the end where the garrison stood was shallow, and the waves broke from the bottom, rising to a height of from twelve to fifteen feet. Albert and Frank had now taken down the sails, for they found that to touch shore was impossible, and they were more willing to trust themselves to the violence of midlake than the sure destruction below. But they had gone down too far and the swift current was dragging them steadily along toward the fatal brink. They waved their lanterns madly when they saw the lights gleaming in the fort and again cried and cried for help, but the air was full of the booming noises of the storm and their voices fell far short of reaching the shore. Then the raft reached the roughest piece of water they had encountered yet; it heaved and strained, and as the great billows rolled under it its surface looked almost as uneven as the face of the lake. Then, with a crash, it parted almost in the middle, the end where the steering oars were placed drifting off from the part containing the caboose, the boys and the wild animals. The shanty was placed in the middle of the joint, and the brothers, fearing that the whole mass would go to pieces, stood by the door still waving their lanterns. The bear was seized with the general terror, and crept about from log to log, getting farther away from the edge. He soon smelled the two deer, but made no attempt to attack them, being evidently too terrified to care for anything except his own safety. Now the raft was directly opposite the reef where the water was roughest; it lurched and swayed for a minute or so, then, in some indescribable way, it seemed to go all to pieces at once, each joint, however, remaining intact. Two of the joints adhered to the one on which the shanty stood. But the bear was set adrift on a square of his own, and the waves at every souse nearly covered him. The two deer crept around to where the boys were standing and shuddered with dread.

Then the dark shore was suddenly illuminated, there was a loud report, and a dark object struck the raft near where the shanty stood and went rolling over it into the sea. The brothers ventured from the door of the caboose to see what had happened and found a stout rope lying across the joint next to the one upon which they stood. The truth dawned upon them; the cable had been shot from a mortar in the fort, and here was their deliverance. They at once took hold of the heavy rope and made it fast to the two outer corners of their little raft, then swung their lantern. In a few seconds twenty pairs of stalwart arms were pulling on the cable and drawing it slowly foot by foot in the teeth of the hurricane toward the shore. The diminished raft was dragged into leeward of the reef and at last pulled upon the beach. In fifteen minutes more the boys would have met their death below the falls. The deer permitted themselves to be secured by ropes and led ashore, and they were afterward put in a park near by the garrison where they became tame and docile. The brothers returned home next day, but the rest of the raft went over the falls and the bear with it; his body was found afterward whirling around among the rocks below. The method of sending the rope to the raft was as follows: Several coils of the rope were placed in a shell, the rope itself passing out from a hole in the side, a coil of about four hundred yards being placed near the gun; the shell was fired from one of the heavy mortar, and at the first shot was successful.—Edmund Collins, in N. Y. Independent.

A HOME WEDDING.

It Wasn't a Grand One, But It Was Prettier Than If It Had Been.

"It's just a year ago to-day," said she who told the story. "We had been schoolmates and she asked me to come by an early train and help her and her mother through the day. It was nine in the morning when I stepped under the thick woodbine that grew about the door of that angular little house on the edge of a New England village. She had a broad hat on and she said: 'Come.'

"We went out into the pasture land beyond the village and we filled our arms with golden-rod and cardinal flowers. Then we walked back to the house and her mother fetched jars and vases and big bowls, and we put our flowers about in the rooms.

"He came by the noon train and she went to the gate in her print dress and broad hat to meet him. We had a little dinner together, her mother, he, she and I.

"Then she went to dress and came downstairs in half an hour in a simple little white gown. It was two o'clock when the neighbors began to arrive. She went to the door to meet them herself, and she took the minister's hat and showed the minister's wife where to put her things.

"Then by and by the minister said: 'Are you ready?' And she said: 'Yes;' and then the two of them stood before the minister, and she put one hand behind her and into the hand of her mother, who sat just there on the sofa. And when the minister began: 'Will you,' she said: 'I will' before he got half through.

"After that she put on a white apron and saw that we all had cake and ice cream. Then when it was time for her to go away she changed her dress again and we all walked to the railway station to see her started. When the train came puffing up she turned to me: 'Stay with mother till to-morrow, and I'll get a letter to her by that time. She'll be lonely this evening.'

"I never expect to attend again so pretty a wedding."—Chicago Tribune.

Individuality in Babies.

"I have always thought very young babies looked exactly alike," said a young woman who makes a big fuss over babies in public, but in private confesses that she would rather have a Scotch collie than any baby she ever saw. "I went into the maternity ward of a city hospital for the first time, and I saw eight babies whose ages ranged from five to fourteen days. I was surprised to see the difference between them. There was a little colored baby that looked as grave and wise as if he knew all his race had endured before him, and another that looked exactly like a Bowery rowdy, and the prize baby of the ward, a twelve-pound bundle of pink flesh, was a diminutive fac-simile of an Irish alderman."—N. Y. Recorder.

The Summer Boarder.

The summer boarder has done as much as anybody toward the development of that ideal life which results from the blending of the urban and rural existence. Man needs to fellowship with nature and also needs to fellowship with man, before he can round himself out to the limits of his possible symmetry. There are times when a man needs to root himself in the soil to get his best growth. He needs to put himself in connection with the great dynamic reservoir of nature, the big motor from which we must all draw our ultimate currents of energy. He must also mix with other men, to come in contact with the currents which they have drawn from their own individual source of supply.—Boston Globe.

—A mail from Yokohama, dispatched via Vancouver and the Canadian Pacific railway route, has reached London in twenty-six days—the quickest delivery of such a mail on record

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A fall of about thirty feet between Lake Superior and Lake Huron at Sault Ste. Maria gives probably one of the greatest water powers in the world. It is to be utilized on the Canadian side by a race and on the American side by a canal 1,000 feet wide, and giving 236,000 horse power.

It has been concluded that whatever preservative is to be applied, the timber for piles, subjected to the action of sea-worm, should first be charred, so as to kill any germs near the surface, open the pores of the wood for the antiseptic and destroy the nutritive matter upon which the worms live. — Scientific American.

—At a recent meeting of the Zoological society, of London, Mr. Boulenger exhibited young specimens and eggs of a South African siluroid fish (Galeichthys feliceps). They had been taken from the mouth of the male parent, which carries in this extraordinary manner the eggs laid by the female.

—The treasury department estimates that 500,000,000 pounds of sugar will be produced in the United States this year and that $10,000,000 will be required to pay the bounty. Ninety-three per cent. of the yield is from sugar cane, 5 per cent. from the beet, about 1½ per cent. from the maple and the rest from sorghum.

—The watermelon business in southwestern Georgia has been overdone, and many growers will change their crops. The man who bought the first carload of melons in Fort Valley, the past season paid $60 for them, and he thought he was going to make a small fortune on the transaction. When the melons were shipped the parties to whom they were consigned surprised him by drawing on him for $18. He was out just that much on the speculation.

—A curious and interesting calculation has been made by Professor Rogers, of Washington, D. C., on the dynamic power of coal. According to the professor a single pound of good steam coal has within it dynamic power equivalent to the work of one man for one day. Three tons of the same coal represent a man's labor for a period of twenty years, and one square mile of a seam of coal, having a depth of four feet only, represent as much work as 1,000,000 men can perform in twenty years.

—The average weight of the brain of man bears a definite relation to the climate in which he lives, a heavier brain weight being found in cold than in warm countries. In proportion to their stature the Lapps have the largest heads in Europe, the Norwegians next, then come the Swedes, Germans, French and Italians. In the Arab the head is found to be smaller than any of the above, while in the far north there exists a people called Chugatshes, whose heads are remarkably large.

—In an article on "Infection Due to Shaving," a physician says, with regard to selecting a barber: "Whatever he is not, he must be clean and careful. It should not be forgotten that there are possible safeguards well within the reach of this class of tradesmen, which a customer may fairly exact for his own security as part of the common law of shaving. These include the use of perfectly fresh water and soap, or preferably shaving cream as admitting of exclusive use, a clean brush, and a clean razor for each person shaved.

—The rapidity with which steel rails have continued to replace those of iron in the railways of this country is remarkable. In 1880 there were down 33,680 miles of steel rails, out of 115,647 miles of road reported upon, or 29.1 per cent. In 1885 the steel rails had increased to 105,724 miles, or 62.9 per cent., and at the end of 1890 according to Poor's Manual the steel rail milage had reached 167,606 miles, or 80.4 per cent. of the whole milage reported, including sidings and other tracks. The increase seems to have averaged more than 5 per cent. each year, and at that rate it will take only about two years to remove the last iron rails used on railways in the United States.—Railway Age.

—If coming events cast their shadows before, it is safe to predict that during the next few years the southern states will take the place heretofore occupied by the western states in the construction of new lines of railway, as well as the extension of the old ones. Investigations in the southern and southeastern states have revealed coal and other mineral deposits of great richness, and as a consequence investors are turning their attention to that region; and in those states where legislation is not likely to hamper such projects it is probable that the development of new railroads will be rapid as well as profitable.—Chicago Railway Review.

A FLOURY CLOUD.

A Five-Year-Old's Distressing Adventure on a Hot Day.

A flour-besprinkled battalion of small boys moved along the Western boulevard, near Ninety-second street, yesterday afternoon. Every face was a study; sadness, anxiety and flour contributed to the expressions. They moved slowly because in advance of them was a forerunner. He was a diminutive specimen of humanity, and he was spotlessly white from his little hat crown to the toes of his sturdy shoes. The tears were flowing over his cheeks, and from his lips poured a volume of sound.

The unfortunate 5-year-old had been sent to the corner grocery for flour and had dropped the parcel. He had tried to pick it up and it had emptied itself over him. His vociferous demonstrations of grief brought a flock of diminutive friends. They appreciated the gravity of the situation.

They scooped up as much as their grimy little hands would hold. The 5-year-old looked on for a minute hopefully. Flour never looked so white to him before and he had no idea there was so much flour in the world. The four pounds spread about a good bit. There were six friends, and they couldn't begin to lift it all with their twelve small, black paws. The baby brain grasped the truth. The 5-year-old renewed his wails and directed his erring and flour-tipped toes toward home.

As he announced his distress he drew interested spectators all along the line. But the 5-year-old was philosophic. It was not alone or chiefly the loss of the flour that troubled him; it was his own undignified situation.

"Mamma—dear," he wailed, "please—take—some—kerosene oil—and rub—my clothes—hard—and then—take some water — some cold — water,—Mamma dear,—and—then—they'll—be—all right. Just—rub 'em hard—and please—to—excuse me;—I'm so sorry." Sob—sob—sob.

Then the body guard arrived. Each pair of hands deposited its share of the scattered flour-like trophies at the mother's feet. They had done what they could, and every flour-smeared face was turned to her's for the verdict. Then everybody laughed. Everybody brushed everybody else, and in spite of the heat it was a pleasant day.—N. Y. Recorder.

Patient Waiting No Loss.

Mrs. Acres—There's a boy up in that apple tree.

Farmer Acres—Wall, ef I start fer him he'll wait till I've clum 'bout half way up th' tree arter him an' then he'll drop down an' run away. Could never catch him in the world. I'll wait.

"What fer?"

"I'll wait till he's eat a few apples."

"What good 'll that do?"

"They'll double him up so he can't run."—Good News.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A swordfish that weighed 850 pounds was caught last week by George Wakefield, who keeps the Cape Porpoise lighthouse in Maine.

—"Goodness, John! How queer baby looks. I believe he is going to have a fit." "By George! I believe you are right. Where's my camera?"—Indianapolis Journal.

—A madman has been discovered in the Pennsylvania mountains. He is probably a summer boarder who rang for a pitcher of ice water.—Baltimore American.

—He Knew Two Things.—Millicent—"I tell you Arthur knows a thing or two." Madge—"Yes; but if he tried to learn a third the effort would kill him."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Pinkston—"I have a happy idea." Binkston—"Is that so? I should think it would be unhappy." P.—"Why so?" B.—"It must be so lonesome, you know."—Atlanta Journal.

—In Wales.—He—"Are you staying near here?" She—"Yes; at Llanggochciomllllydwchyr." He—"Pray be careful. This is only a wooden pier, you know."—Pick Me Up.

—Didn't Mean to Laugh.—Willby—"Great joke, this. Ha, ha, ha." Billby (humorist)—"O, yes. That's one of my jokes." Willby—"Yours, is it? Excuse me for laughing at it."—Yankee Blade.

—Bettie (ten next July)—"O, sister, I wish I had two birthdays every year." Sister Jane (thirty-two last March)—"Ah, Bettie, before long you'll wish you had but one birthday every five years."

—Maudie—"I have just seen such a lifelike portrait of Harry at DeBlink's. It's lovely." Ethel—"Did it kiss you?" Maudie—"Why, no." Ethel—"Then it can't be like him."—Funny Folks.

—Unpropitious.—"Did you see papa, Charlie?" said Ethel. "Yes, I did, and he grossly insulted me." "Why, how?" "He said: 'Well, my little man, what can I do for you?'"—N. Y. Sun.

—Dick—"They say Miss Planeface has met with a serious accident. Her horse ran away with her." William—"Run away with that woman! That horse must be a donkey."—Boston Transcript.

—Boothby Ham—"Why didn't you bring out the author at the close of your first production of his play?" Mansfield Ranter—"I tried to do so, but his head was so swelled that I couldn't get him between the wings."—N. Y. Herald.

—An ambitious young lady was talking very loudly about her favorite authors, when a literary chap asked her if see liked Lamb. With a look of ineffable disgust she answered that she cared very little about what she ate compared with knowledge.

—Brown—"Lord Roebuck, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Robinson, one of New York's best known imitators of the British nobility." Robinson—"Mr. Brown, you shall answer to me for this." Lord Roebuck—And after that I should like to call Mr. Brown out myself."—Kate Field's Washington.

—Closed Her Mouth.—In a breach of promise case the counsel for the plaintiff asked the defendant: "Did you ever kiss the plaintiff?" "Yes many a time." "How often?" "I admit having kissed her almost every evening when I called to see her." "Every evening?" "Yes; but I was compelled to do it." "Compelled — how's that?" "Why, it was the only way to prevent her singing."—Lustige Blatter.

A NORWEGIAN DINNER.

It Was a Very Good One, Too, if It Was Peculiar.

A neat maid with a beautiful complexion announced dinner and Prof. Heiberg offered me his arm, and as he took his seat at the table said: "Velkommen til borded" (welcome to the board), a very pretty way of expressing hospitality.

The table was charmingly arranged with quaint old Norwegian silver and beautifully fine embroidered linen. The silver drinking-cups of various shapes had usually little round, tinkling things hanging from them as an ornamentation; these dangles gave a light and pretty effect, and are quite old Norwegian style. Some of the spoons, with their quaintly twisted handles, were also very pretty.

The menu was excellent, and in our honor had been composed of purely representative foods. First of all we had a delicious white soup made from cod, in which floated small balls of the fish, along with French beans that had previously been prepared by being soaked in vinegar and sugar. This soup sounds a curious melange, but it was really excellent. Next came a prepared fish, served in a soufflé dish, something like kegeree, only without any rice. A white sauce was handed with this. Wonderful to relate, we had fishknives, still a great luxury abroad.

Cold ham, tongue, and peas, prettily arranged together on one dish, were next handed around; and then came ptarmigan, which in its native land, well larded, and with a thick Norwegian sauce, is an excellent dish. With this we had compote of rasberries, red currant jelly, and preserved ginger.

Multer are delicious. They are yellow fruit, about the size of mulberries. They grow on low bushes in the Norwegian mountains, the fruit and flower bearing simultaneously. They are picked in October, and preserved, and served cold with cream. They have a slight flavor of pine trees, if such a thing is possible, but they are fascinating food.

Two or three kinds of bread were eaten—white rolls, black bread, which closely resembles German "pumpkernickel," and "flad brod," a bread or cake made from rye, and first cousin to Scotch oatcake. Hock and claret were drank during the dinner and sweet champagne served with the pudding and dessert. After dessert we had cheese and the meal ended.—Murray's Magazine.

A NEEDED REFORM.

Advanced Ideas of a Victim of Thieves.

A worn looking man was exclaiming against what he termed the irrelevance of theft, when some one asked him what he meant.

"I mean," said he, "that thieves ought to have more sense of fitness, or applicableness. I was moving my office to-day and a teamster stole a volume of Shakespeare. You would naturally expect a teamster to steal in his own line, to take a bridle or halter or set of harness or something of the sort, but feel a jarring sense of incongruity when he steals the world's greatest collection of literary work. I had something to do with a worthless jack carpenter, the other day, and he stole a saw, but as it showed the fellow's mind was going hand in hand with his occupation, I said nothing. I would say nothing if a blacksmith were to steal a bellows, or if a plumber were to purloin a roll of lead pipe, but I do cry out in just denunciation when a carter, that couldn't read his name even if it were thrown with a calcium light on the bosom of Lake Michigan, steals a rare volume of Shakespeare; and I shall not permit it to drop with a simple denunciation. No, sir, I shall take more effective steps. I am going to have a law passed by the next legislature—a law that will impose severe punishment upon irrelevant theft. I am determined that a reform shall be effected in this direction and I will vote for no man who does not agree with me."—Arkansaw Traveler.

THE SOLEMN PASSENGER.

He Approves of the Pleasant Passenger and Makes the Gruff One Stare.

"Well," said the solemn-looking passenger in the front seat to the pleasant young man just behind him, "the harvest is past, but the summer is still with us."

"Sure!" replied the young man.

"But it's on the wing, though!" continued the solemn man. "It's flying!"

"Right along!" said the pleasant passenger.

"Time is fleeting!" remarked the other.

"Well," said the pleasant youth, shaking his head, "that depends on how much time you get."

"Sir!" exclaimed the passenger in front.

"I say three months 'll fleet quicker than three years," replied the pleasant passenger, smiling. "Won't it?" said he to the gruff passenger who sat beside him.

"They say so that's tried it!" said the gruff passenger.

The solemn passenger was silent awhile, and then he opened up again:

"These are the days," said he "that the frivolous and unthinking spend in idling where the sea roars, or the mountain breezes whisper, or the streams of the valley murmur. You are not bound on idle vacation, I trust, my dear young friend?"

"Well, not exactly!" replied the pleasant young man, with a shake of his head.

"You bet your life he ain't!" said the gruff passenger.

"I am pleased to know it!" said the solemn passenger. "But I grieve to hear you suggest my wagering anything upon it, even so worthless and poor a thing as life. So you are not one of the trivial throng who are just now flocking to idle vacations?"

"No, sir! I am not!" replied the pleasant young man.

"You rejoice me!" said the solemn passenger, lifting his eyes, while the gruff passenger chuckled.

"I'm going on a vacation, though," said the pleasant young man, "but it won't be an idle one!" And he smiled at the gruff passenger, who chuckled again and said:

"Right you are! And the next station is ours!"

"Ah!" said the solemn man, "and its name?"

"Sing Sing!" replied the gruff passenger. "This young gent stays three years with us for having three wives, and none of 'em dead!"

The gruff passenger, from his manner, apparently thought this revelation would shock the solemn man into speechless horror, and he was knocked dumb himself when the solemn passenger grabbed the pleasant young man by the hand.

"My poor young friend!" he exclaimed. "Another martyr to righteousness and faithfulness to the law! May the spirit of Brigham sustain you!"

When the train stopped and the gruff man and the pleasant passenger got up to leave the car the solemn man pressed a card in the young man's hand. The gruff passenger took it and read it. This was its inscription:

> ABED GRIMBLETON,
> Elder Mormon Church of
> Latter Day Saints,
> Utah.

—N. Y. Sun.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Happiness is a kind of energy.—Aristotle.

—The trouble with the crank is that he will turn only one way.—Galveston News.

—If a man is worth knowing at all, he is worth knowing well.—Alexander Smith.

—A bigot is a man who is dead sure of something he doesn't know anything about.—Puck.

—A man passes for a sage if he seeks wisdom; if he thinks he has found it he is a fool.—Hebrew Standard.

—After the berry season comes the green apple season which brings us again to bury time.—Elmira Gazette.

—A wasp is a pretty small sort of an insect, but he gets the bulge on us big humans every once in a while.—American Clubman.

—It seems to be a law of nature that every industry has its natural enemies. The dog, for instance, is the natural enemy of the tramp.

—A boy doesn't become a man until he is twenty-one; but we have known a hat to become a man as soon as it was tried on.—Yonkers Gazette.

—"What is the difference between kleptomania and stealing?" "O, say, from one hundred thousand dollars to one million dollars.—N. Y. Herald.

—"Why, there's little Mr. X——, who married recently." "Yes, I can't understand why he married a girl with eight sisters." "That was duced clever on his part; they divide the mother-in-law among 'em."—St. Louis Republic.

—Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm, eloquence produces conviction for the moment, but it is only by truth to nature and the everlasting intuitions of mankind that those abiding influences are won that enlarge from generation to generation.—Lowell.

He Wouldn't Run Away.

"Mister," said the boy on the curbstone, as a very sorrowful looking animal was driven up. "Do you want me to hold yer hoss?" "N-no," was the slowly spoken reply, "I don't think so. You might stand around in the neighborhood, though, an' if you see any signs of his fallin' down you can hold him up till I sell him to some of these city people."—Washington Post.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

IN order to fight the flies successfully the cow has to make a good many flank movements.—Buffalo Express.

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Swift's Specific
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Blood and Skin Diseases

A reliable cure for Contagious Blood Poison, Inherited Scrofula and Skin Cancer.

As a tonic for delicate Women and Children it has no equal.

Being purely vegetable, is harmless in its effects.

A treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed FREE on application.
Druggists Sell It.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
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The poet informs, is westward. Emigrants in that direction should be provided with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as an antidote to malaria, the bane to newly settled clearings. Moreover, the peerless fortifying agent neutralizes the pernicious effect of damp and exposure, mental and bodily fatigue and nervous strain. Travelers, tourists, miners, navvies and mariners use it with advantage.

HAS a full line of dress goods—the laundress.—Mail and Express.

Progress.

It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

"THOUGH I fly, I am still game," said the wild duck.—Baltimore American.

WHY don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

THE girl of the period—the lady compositor.—Boston Transcript.

CURE your cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

IN aquatic disturbances the sculler is apt to be an oar-struck man.—Boston Courier.

FOR twenty-five cents you can get Carter's Little Liver Pills—the best liver regulator in the world. Don't forget this. One pill a dose.

AS THE mercury climbs up the perspiration rolls down.—Atlanta Journal

A sense of fullness and other troubles after eating? Then you need a "Pellet." Not one of the ordinary, griping, tearing pills—it's a sickness in itself to take them. But one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—the original Liver Pill, the smallest and the easiest to take. The easiest in the way they work, too—they're mild and gentle, but thorough and effective. Every part of the system feels their healthful influence. They cleanse and regulate the liver, stomach and bowels. *Regulate*, mind you. They *prevent* disease as well as *cure* it. They're purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You pay only for the *good* you get.

This is true only of Dr. Pierce's medicines.

"August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used your preparations with beneficial results, I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDERICK, Saugerties, New York.

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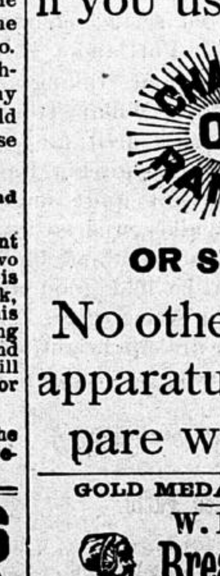

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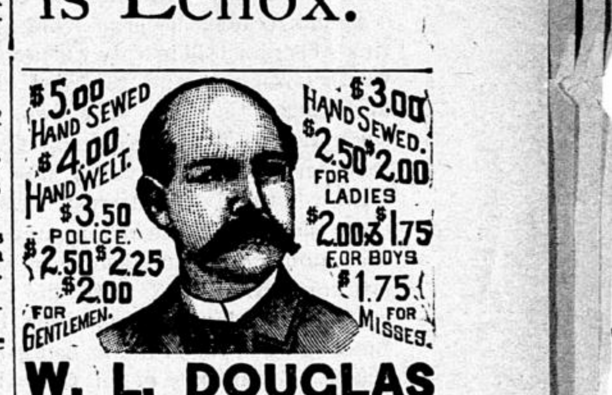

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