

# THE EMMETT INDEX.

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EMMETT ..... IDAHO

## GRANDMOTHER SAID.

"Always set your chair back when you are going away." Don't leave it in the middle of the room or standing carelessly." This is what grandmother said, as often, when a boy jumped up and ran out of doors a reckless bubble-de-boy.

"Always set your chair back when you are going away." Don't leave it in the middle of the room or standing carelessly." These words, repeated long ago, come ever fresh to mind.

When little duties are overlooked or left to lag behind.

In the daily walks of busy life, when we think we haven't time To be orderly and almost look upon politeness as a crime.

We are quite too apt, from carelessness, to think, if not to say, That it matters not if we forget to set our chairs away.

But it will be found that daily life will be more worth the living If we blend, in harmony, the precepts of receiving and of giving.

If we heed the tender tidings dealt out in childhood's days, And always set our chair back when we are going away."

—Clark W. Bryan in Good Housekeeping.

## A Wonderful Time-keeping Automaton.

One of the most wonderful timekeepers known to the horologist was made in London about 100 years ago and sent by the president of the East India company as a gift to the emperor of China. The case was made in the form of a chariot, in which was seated the figure of a woman. This figure was of pure ivory and gold and sat with her right hand resting upon a tiny clock fastened to the side of the vehicle. A part of the wheels which kept track of the flight of time were hidden in the body of a tiny bird, which had seemingly just alighted upon the lady's finger.

Above was a canopy so arranged as to conceal a silver bell. This bell was fitted with a miniature hammer of the same metal, and although it appeared to have no connection with the clock regularly struck the hours and could be made to repeat by touching a diamond button on the lady's bodice. In the chariot at the ivory lady's feet there was a golden figure of a dog, and above and in front were two birds apparently flying before the chariot. This beautiful ornament was made almost entirely of gold and was elaborately decorated with precious stones.—St. Louis Republic.

## High Explosives.

There are certain explosives of high power which, when heated, burn quietly if freely exposed, or if confined explode only at the spot where heat is applied without the whole mass taking part in the explosion. Nitroglycerol, dynamite, gun cotton, picric acid and the new German military powder are examples. This is said to be because they are bad conductors of their own explosive wave. If, however, the same substances are subjected to a violent shock by the explosion in their midst of initial charges of mercury fulminate, the shock seems to affect all the molecules of the explosive at once, and the whole mass of the latter explodes with enormous violence.—New York Sun.

## The Pearl Oyster.

Very few people are aware that the pearl oyster is not in any way like the oysters which we eat. It is of an entirely different species, and as a matter of fact the shells of the so-called pearl oysters are of far more value to those engaged in pearl fishing than the pearls. There are extensive pearl fisheries in the gulf of California, and some of the finest pearls have been taken from those waters. In 1881 one pearl—a black one—was sold for \$10,000, and every year since that time many pearls have been taken from the beds in the California gulf valued at over \$7,500 each.—Chicago Herald.

## She Loved Him.

Single Man (to himself)—I am sure that darling little angel loves me. She takes me into her confidence and tells me all her troubles.

Same Man (some years later)—Consarn it all! From morning till night, and night till morning, when I'm home, I hear nothing but tales about the servants, the butcher, the butler, the baker, the candlestick maker and all the rest of 'em.—New York Weekly.

## Not to Be Considered.

Mrs. Chungwater (after an unusually spirited engagement)—Josiah, if we can't get along in peace, we'd better separate.

Mr. Chungwater (shaking his head mournfully)—It wouldn't help matters any, Samantha. I can tell you right now you'll never get another man that would endure your cooking as meekly as I do.—Chicago Tribune.

Roots of all trees draw large quantities of moisture from the soil, which is discharged into the air through the leaves. It is estimated that an oak tree with 700,000 leaves would give off something like 700 tons of water during the five months it carries its foliage.

In British India the number of persons adhering to the sects of the ancient Brahmanic religious belief is estimated at 211,000,000. There are 7,000,000 Buddhists, 90,000 Parsees, 57,000,000 Mohammedans and 9,000,000 of the ancient pagans or nature worshippers.

There was recently given in Denmark a concert that may be regarded as absolutely unique as regards the instruments used. The instruments included two horns from the bronze age, which are believed to be at least 2,500 years old.

The drinking of salt water is said to be a perfect cure for seasickness, though it makes the patient very miserable for a few minutes after he takes the cure.

## THE OLD RED SLEIGH.

I'll own the new one pretty, With its rods and varnish bright, With its bells that ringly jingle And its furry robes of white, Of the latest style and finish Fit to hold a royal guest; Still, it seems to my poor wisdom That the old red sleigh is best.

When a boy, I well remember, Father piled us children on For a ride down to the village—Mary, Kate, myself and John. How the winter winds came sweeping Round us from the frolic west! But 'twas warm there all together, For the old red sleigh is best.

When I was a youth of twenty, Brother John was quite a lad; How we gathered in the neighbors, And what glorious times we had! Never was there one too many, But it always stood the best. Though it overflowed with young folks, Yes, that old red sleigh is best.

Then I married, and your mother Rode beside me all the way. As we went for merry diners Many a glad some holiday. And her little snowy fingers, In my great, strong hand caressed, Seemed to always mutely tell me That the old red sleigh was best.

And again, that long, sad winter, Just before she went from me To her home among the angels, We were riding out, we three. And it seems to see her sitting, With you there upon her breast, In my heart I hold the picture; And the old red sleigh is best.

—Lucius Mitchell in New York Ledger.

## AT MRS. VAN TROMP'S.

The Van Tromp mansion was brilliantly illuminated.

Carriage after carriage rolled up to the awning that roofed the crossing from the curbstone to the marble steps of the stately old building, and crowds of curious idlers defied the drizzling rain to catch a fleeting glimpse of the guests as they hurried shivering into the house.

It goes without saying that a gathering where Carrolls and Cadwalladers were to dance with Winthrop, Livingstons and Biddles would be a thoroughly "swell" and exclusive affair.

Old Ben stood guard at the entrance doors. He had cradled the grandfather of the present master of the house and knew the social creme de la creme, not only from long association in the capacity of butler of the Van Tromps, but by instinct alone.

Ben was making his profoundest obeisance to a wrinkled old dowager, who, as a little girl, had listened to his fables, when a faultlessly appointed equipage drove up to the curb with clanking chains.

The liveried servant vaulted from the coach box and opened the carriage door with a bow of the most approved form.

A very pretty blond head, a handsome, rosy face, a matchless bust, and the balance of an elegantly attired figure, not to forget the tiniest tips of a satin slipped pair of feet, emerged.

Her bearing was aristocratic, yet not hangy, her dress in admirable taste and the diamonds of that thoroughly proper size, color and arrangement characteristic of old family jewels.

Altogether she made an appearance that charmed and delighted the onlookers, including old Ben.

However, despite years of proximity to well bred people, the colored carter could not repress the low exclamation, "Fo' de lan sake," when he failed to see any one else leave the carriage after her.

The doors were opened and the way to the cloakroom was shown to the newcomer.

Her wraps being disposed of she ascended the five or six steps that led to the reception room.

Mrs. Van Tromp had not quite finished her effusive greeting of the great granddaughter of a colonial governor when she saw the young lady. How was it that she did not know the handsome guest?

She vainly strove to recollect the name while extending her hands to the newcomer, who tremblingly placed her own therein, saying, with a faltering voice: "Mrs. De Ryder sends through me her most sincere regrets at her inability to enjoy your hospitality tonight."

"Oh, I am very, very sorry she could not come, but of course I am more than delighted to entertain her charming representative," eagerly responded the hostess, as she thought of the dowager lady of the Baltimore De Ryders.

Once within the hallowed abode of exclusiveness the young lady withdrew to a comparatively dark corner and surveyed the kings and queens of society and their surroundings with an odd mingling of wonderment, awe and curiosity, and with the critical eye of one bent upon impressing even the smallest details upon the memory.

"Red satin hangings, embroidered with the Van Tromp coat of arms in gold and silver, festoons of maroon and white roses entwined with maidenhair ferns and studded with incandescent lights in colored globes," she murmured to herself.

"Furniture in white and silver"—Just then the band began to play, and she continued, "music by about twelve string instruments, and oh, how delicious!" she added, as she half unconsciously tapped the time of the tune with her slipper.

"I have come for my waltz, Miss Vandercook," said a gentleman to a young lady who had been sitting beside her, and the two walked away and were soon lost among the dancers.

As "My friend and old college chum, Mr. Jack Rush," and turning to the athletic young man he said, "A friend of the De Ryders."

Five minutes later the new acquaintances were doing full justice to the salatorial inspiration created by Strauss' breezy music.

After the dance they sat down together and talked. Her evident aversion toward discussing conventional society topics amused him, and the naive and sensible way in which she expressed her views on other subjects pleased him immensely.

And she was equally delighted with the frank, manly ways of Mr. Rush, which contrasted very agreeably with the popular idea that never conceives the combination of brains and society men.

They had already danced two waltzes, a mazourka, a contradance and a Newport together, and as the midnight hour approached Mr. Van Tromp's friend heard himself slyly twitted by his acquaintances whenever an opportunity offered itself.

In fact, not only the sharp nosed and sharp eyed duennas, but even his male friends who, as a rule, are always the last to perceive that something "is up," noticed that he had only once left the side of the handsome young lady since their introduction, and then he had only gone to get her some sherbet during an interval between two numbers of the programme.

They were dancing a schottische and as Mr. Rush looked proudly down upon his partner he noticed the glow of pleasure and excitement upon her pretty cheeks and the glitter of happiness in her large gray eyes, and he admitted to himself that he had never seen so thoroughly ravishing a face.

Suddenly she stopped in the midst of the dance.

The flush left her face and gave way to an expression of alarm.

The somber sound of a nearby church tower clock rose above the gay music in twelve slowly vibrating strokes.

"Are you ill?" asked Mr. Rush solicitously, after having brought his nearly fainting partner to a seat. "Let me bring you some water."

"No—no thank you," she whispered; "do not trouble yourself; I was only frightened about it being so late. Somehow I forgot all about it!"—She did not finish her sentence, but arose abruptly and turned in the direction of the stairway.

"Permit me at least to have your carriage brought and let me get your wraps," and he started to execute his purpose.

She stopped him with a gesture and said: "You are really very, very thoughtful, but I think that is—I will have to—er—I will do me good to walk," and she blushed and looked confused.

Jack Rush gazed at her in utter amazement; the idea of a young lady of a social standing that admitted her to the ultra exclusive Van Tromp ball, walking home after midnight, and alone, was beyond his understanding.

However he was too well bred to show surprise and so he simply said, "Then I must insist upon your permitting me at least to see you safely home."

With that he offered her his arm and brought her into the entrance hall, where he waited for her return from the cloakroom.

There were four distinctly new wrinkles of surprise in old Ben's forehead when he saw the two pass out of the hall and actually walk, think of it, w-a-l-k, up street.

It had stopped raining and the clear cold night air had covered the pavements with an icy coating.

They walked very close to each other, and Mr. Rush pressed the arm of his companion quite hard in order to keep her from slipping.

At a near corner they boarded a horse car.

What puzzled the young man was that ever since they had left the house the lady had met all his attempts at conversation with a monosyllabic reticence that bespoke a preoccupied mind.

Presently she asked, "By the way, who was the elderly lady in yellow brocade who had brought her two daughters to the ball?"

kindly escort, he insisted upon ascending with her.

The adventure had become so complicated that he was bound to "see it out."

After having climbed three flights of stairs the young lady stopped before a door that bore the inscription, "City Editorial Rooms."

Then she looked in a shamefaced manner from Mr. Rush to the door and from the door to Mr. Rush.

But he never said a word.

She turned the knob and entered. The room was filled with the tobacco smoke of reporters who had just turned in their copy.

In the farther end of the room stood the desk of the local editor of The Daily Press-Telegraph.

He wheeled around on his chair as the door opened, and seeing the young lady he exclaimed: "Hello, there you are Miss C. Did you get in all right? Oh, you did? Well, you haven't very much time to get your story written, and she smiled in a thoroughly pleased manner.

Then catching sight of the gentleman he arose with alacrity and extended his hand with a "How do you do, Jack; glad to see you; come and sit down a minute. I will talk to you as soon as I have sent this copy up stairs. Take a paper. Haven't seen you since college time, and turning to his desk he continued to make broad marks with a blue pencil across the reporters' copy.

Mr. Rush was bewildered. What did it all mean? Was the delicious young creature who sat there in gorgeous finery at an ink stained desk, writing away for dear life, really the same young lady whom he had met in the exclusive society of the Van Tromps?

While waiting for the time when the city editor would give him the key to the puzzle he made a list of the guests who had been at the ball, for which the young lady rewarded him with a gracious though a trifle shamefaced smile.

"You see, my dear boy," at last said the editor in a half whisper, "we worked it beautifully. We had to get something about the Van Tromp affair, but even our keenest reporters were balked in any attempt to secure particulars beforehand. There was still less likelihood of our getting the news at the ball itself unless we employed desperate means."

"Miss C. has been writing some stories for us occasionally, and of course she objected very strenuously at first to appear under false colors until the managing editor promised her a regular appointment on the paper, which she needs badly enough, poor girl. She is taking care of a crippled brother and of her mother also. They had once been in better circumstances. But that is neither here nor there. Isn't it beautiful? Hired dress, diamonds, carriage, everything. How grandly we will scoop our esteemed contemporaries!" and he laughed boisterously.

Mr. Rush joined in the laugh.

About four months later the young lady reporter was playing with a sparkling diamond ring that shone on her hand. Mr. Rush sat by her side and nobody was near to interrupt their little tete-a-tete.

Mr. Rush was very thoughtful.

"What is ailing you, Jack—Mr. Rush?" came from her.

She had to repeat the question after a wait of a minute or so.

"I will ask you just one question," he replied, "if you promise not to take it amiss."

Of course the promise was given.

"How is it that you posed as a friend of the De Ryders when you came to the Van Tromp ball?"

The young lady burst into a rippling laugh.

"You dear old goose," she said at last, when she succeeded in suppressing her mirth, "there is a nice old woman going the rounds of the newspaper offices at night. She sells apples, figs, candy—anything you want. Her name is Mrs. De Ryder, and she never dreamed that anyone else bore that name but herself. You would not blame me for the little stratagem of using her name, especially as it was perfectly true that she 'sincerely regretted her inability to enjoy the hospitality of Mrs. Van Tromp, would you?'—Max De Lipman in Epoch.

## A SONG OF LOVE.

O, love, love, love!  
Was ever so sweet a thing!  
Sweeter than lilies the dew has wet,  
Or the kiss of carth's greatest king!  
Sweet is life, when living is bliss,  
But love—O, love is sweeter than this!

O, love, love, love!  
Was ever so strong a thing!  
Stronger than passions or wind or flame,  
Or fortune's cruel sting!  
Strong is death, when perch the brave,  
But love—O, love conquers death and the grave!

—Emma C. Dowd in Springfield Homestead.

## BETTING ALONG WITH ONE SERVANT

How One Woman Was Able to Entertain Some Friends on a Wash Day.

Two friends were attempting to arrange a day at which some mutual acquaintances, staying in the city for a short time, could be invited to the home of one or the other for luncheon. There were difficulties owing to many other engagements. The only possible day was the next Monday, but Mrs. Crane, who kept two or three servants, said she never dared ask company to her house Monday. If she should tell her cook she wanted something extra for the midday meal there would be such black looks and grumbling that she would be glad to leave the kitchen.

"That settles it," said Mrs. Jones at once. "Come to my house."

Of course there were remonstrances, as Mrs. Crane knew her friend kept but one girl, and could not imagine how she could ever think of such a thing. There seemed to be no other alternative, however, so they separated after a few more words about the hour.

When the time arrived and Mrs. Crane had rung her friend's doorbell, a neat looking girl in the cleanest of white aprons admitted her. She was shown at once to an upstairs sitting room, where Mrs. Jones looked as calm and untroubled as if there were no such things as washings and washings days. She was with Mrs. Clayton, who had already arrived.

The luncheon was just splendid, not elaborate, but consisting of several fixed up dishes, which take time, including some very delicate hot mullus and oyster patties. The one girl waited on the table, as if she never did any other kind of work. Mrs. Crane refrained from making remarks just as long as she possibly could, when she leaned back in her chair with the questions: "How do you contrive, Mary, to do so much with only one girl? Do you put out your washings?"

Mary laughed at her friend's intensity, then began: "Our clothes are washed, dried and sprinkled all ready for ironing. In fact, I shouldn't be at all surprised if, after the lunch dishes are washed, Ellen ironed the handkerchiefs and napkins. My domestic and myself are in perfect harmony, almost as if we were sisters. We like each other, the result is we work together. You've no idea how much housework can be thrown off when two in telligent, well women set about making a success of whatever they have planned. I explained to Ellen the circumstances and she entered heartily into all the arrangements. Of course I am very fortunate in having such a girl, but I do think that too many domestics make work."

All were interested by this time to know where she obtained such intelligent help, how much she paid her and many other questions. It soon became evident that the washings at the Jones' house were very small, due to many contrivances of its kind hearted mistress, who wore few frills and flounces. "Then," as she said to Mrs. Crane, "you would not have been satisfied with this old fashioned way of having salads, mullus, croquettes and cold meats all placed on the table at once, changing plates only for the desert. This makes it easy for one girl to wait on the table. My simple notions of hospitality are due doubtless to my long residence in England, where even the wealthy are satisfied with far less for company fare than our middle class Americans are."

It is the old story of the hard worked American country woman, who thinks she must have six kinds of cake for tea the night the minister is so unfortunate as to be present, and it is just this mistaken idea of hospitality, together with the work it entails, including a vulgar love of display, which makes housekeeping such a difficult problem.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## Girls Should Learn to Talk.

Oh, girls, learn to talk! I have been among girls a great deal, in fact was once a girl myself, and the folly of talking idly seems so plain to me that I would like to make my girl friends see it too. I have known so many bright girls, who were hiding their talents behind empty chatter and "joking" with their young gentlemen friends, making such foolish retorts and pointless little speeches, that I have wished they could see themselves as others see them.

Be well read, if that means acquainting one's self as much as possible with the best that is in this wide awake literary world, books, magazines and clean newspapers. Read them critically. Be original and fight bravely for your opinions, but if your good sense detects their instability retire gracefully into the background.

Make yourself well informed in all the happenings and writings and creations of this lively nineteenth century.

Now, girls, don't you see, I just mean this: Have your ammunition stored up ready, but don't burn your precious powder until you can hit the mark.—Annie H. Donnell in American Agriculturist.

Hot Water Bags.

The efficacy of hot water in inflammatory conditions can hardly be overrated. To a limited extent its value has long been known. Our mothers and grandmothers made use of the wadded cloths dipped in hot water in some forms of inflammation. At present the worth of this remedy in almost all forms of pain is generally recognized by the medical profession.

Hot cloths, however, are not convenient of application in many cases. They are apt to wet the clothing and they soon cool and require repeated dipping. The rubber bag is in every respect superior. Once brought to the proper temperature, the heat is long retained; it is neat and in every way easy of application.

Every family in the country, as well as in the city, should have at least one ready for an emergency.—Youth's Companion.

## Girls' Schools.

Notwithstanding all our boasting and the truly remarkable progress which American schools have made within the past few years, it is evident that our systems of education are yet scarcely beyond the formative and experimental stage. And in no respect is this more apparent than in the current multifarious ideas concerning the education of girls. What are the conditions and possibilities of the ideal school for girls, and whether, all things considered, the private school is generally to be preferred to the public, are problems which are to be solved only after careful and judicious consideration.—Harper's.

Eggs Are Handled Several Times.

Eggs are gathered by hucksters, who in turn sell them to what the dealers refer to as the shippers, by whom they are sent to New York. After the eggs get here they are again handled by the commission merchants, and finally they reach the grocer, who disposes of them to the consumers.—New York Evening Sun.

## THE BEST MAN.

Showing That His Lot Is Not Always a Happy One.

There was a wedding yesterday! Was there? Gracious, I trust this is not the bridegroom!

Oh, no! The bridegroom and the bride have left for parts unknown. This gentleman was the best man.

He seems somewhat broken up. Is he a young man of intemperate habits? No; his habits are not bad. He is simply a victim of matrimony.

I darsay he had aspired himself to the lady's hand and has been drowning out his disappointment!

No. That is not it either. There were one or two aspirers among the ushers, but the best man was simply a faithful friend of the groom.

His fidelity seems to have brought him in for some onerous obligations. It is true. His responsibilities and the anxieties of his position have aged him somewhat.

Is it indeed so serious a job to be a best man? Indeed it is.

Why, what is there to do? For 24 hours before the wedding the best man is the responsible owner of the ushers, but the best man was simply a faithful friend of the groom.

He tacitly undertakes to produce the groom at the church in clean shaven, suitably attired and in his right mind, or else to take his place. If the groom shows symptoms of running away, he must shackles himself. Some best men invariably shackles themselves to their grooms on the morning of the day before the wedding as a reasonable precaution against accidents, for when a best man's confidence has been abused once or twice it makes him cautious.

At the convivial exercise of the day before the wedding, secured scores of the groom's more intimate friends always insist on taking drinks with him. The cumulative effect of so much sympathetic stimulant is liable to make trouble, so the best man does not permit the groom to overindulge his feelings. The usual way is for the best man to act as the groom's proxy in this matter, so that the night before the wedding is full of trouble for him. Nevertheless he must be up early on the morning of the wedding, he takes the groom's place as host and sees in particular that the groom's friends from out of town are suitably entertained and shipped home at convenient intervals on their proper trains. Only when the last of them is gone can he call his man over and go home to bed.

Is a man ever best man more than once? Some very popular men have been best man as often as a dozen times, but usually one or two experiences are enough to convince the experimenter that matrimony itself is a less trying ordeal.—Life.

## A Matter of Doubt.

Riding along the Clover fork of the Cumberland one day, I overtook a mountaineer, and we jogged along together. We talked of timber, crops and politics, and finally got down to personalities.

"Have you any girls living here?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "I come from Perry county."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Five yer, gin on six."

"Married, I presume?"

"Yes, but I wuzn't when I fust come. I worked by the day for the Waddler Stevens and boarded with her. That's all the home I had. It's that farm with the two story house onto it you passed about four miles below here."

"It's a very nice place, I noticed."

"Fust rate. I run it. I married the widder."

"Oh!" I said in surprise.

"Yes, me and her hitched inside of a yer's."

"That's a good deal cheaper than the old way, isn't it?"

"Well," he said doubtfully, "I ain't shore. In course the property's worth sumpin', but contain in the widder for a man or my peaceable disposition, it ain't sich deru cheap livin ez you might s'pose it wuz."—Detroit Free Press.

## A Natural Error.

He was standing in front of the train waving a red lantern. The shadows fell across the upper portion of his face, partly covered by an old slouch hat. The engineer reversed with a jerk and the train stopped.

"Make sure of your aim, men! Don't let one of them escape!" howled the chief of the 14 detectives as they surrounded him.

"Hands up! Move a muscle and yer dead! We've got ye dead to rights! We've been laying for you!"

"Boys," said the Missouri farmer, "have ye robbed and captured the train?"

"Watch him, men! I know him by the photo I got in Chicago. He's an uncle of Bill Day!"

"What's the matter with you feller?"

"Why did you stop this train, you villain?"

"Nuthin, only thar's a bridge washed out down to Turkey Bend, and!"

But the rest of the conversation was addressed to the jug.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## A Telltale Look.

"How did you get on?" was asked on the Rialto.

"Oh, I met with fair success. I played Hamlet for the first time, you know. It went all right, except that I stumbled and fell into Ophelia's grave."

"That must have been a awfully embarrassing."

"So it was, but I would not have minded it if the audience had not looked so tired when I got out."—New York Herald.

## Getting Out of It.

Lady—There were chickens in those eggs you sold me yesterday. Are you going to make me pay for them?

"No, ma'am. As you didn't order spring chickens, we'll just charge 'em to you as eggs."—Raymond's Monthly.

## Desperate.

Raphael—Susanna, gaze on yonder deep declivity. Me fadder committed suicide dere three years before I was born, and if you do not forsake de count and ponies to be mine, I will 'row meself down dem steep rocks and end dis yere empty existence.—Truth.