



The Gossips Say That

George H. Martin will prove an efficient street inspector.

The new Mayor will provide band concerts on Ring Square this summer.

The seat occupied by the member for Dunn is thickly coated with mucilage.

The late freshet at Indiantown was a judgment on the citizens of Portland for passing the Scott Act. They wanted water and their wants were fully supplied.

The Portland Polymorphian Club will represent, on the day of their jubilee parade, the five decades of Queen Victoria's reign. Each decade will be a trifle more *decade* than the previous decade.

A Wife's Tale.

[Chicago Herald.]

"I want to tell you a little story about my boy out in Newbrasky," said an old farmer in the smoking-car to the party of drummers who had been telling him some pretty tall yarns. "My boy is a good deal of a genius in his way, lemme tell you, and none of 'em gets ahead of him. T'other day he rigged up a kit. It was the biggest kit I'd ever set my eyes on. It was about six feet wide, an' twice as long, an' on the top of it my boy placed a few green branches which he'd cut from a cottonwood tree. 'What's them fer?' I enquired. 'Never you mind, dad,' says he; 'I know what I'm about.' And, by gosh! he did. He flew that kit up in the air, 'an' stood watchin' of it for a long time, when I says to him: 'You better pull that thing down, now, an' get to your work.' 'Lemme alone, dad,' he replied, 'I'll git thar yet.' And, by gosh! he did. The next time I took a look at him he was a-haling in on the kite line, with a smile on his face as broad as furrer. When the kit came down near the ground I saw what he was a smilin' at, an' it was enough to make a body smile, too. Any you fellers want to guess what was on that kit?"

None of the drummers wanted to guess, and the old man continued his story:—

"Wall, sir, a-sittin' on the top o' that kit was eleven o' the purtiest wild geese ye ever saw. Yes, sir, eleven on 'em. You see, the geese was flyin' 'north purty thick, an' my boy had got up this scheme to catch 'em. There ain't many trees out our way, an' after a fat goose has been flyin' purty steady all day he gets kind o' tired like an' looks around for a place to sit down an' rest. 'That's just what my boy was countin' on when he built that kite. By offerin' the

geese a place to stop an' rest and by smearin' the top o' the kite with tar, so their feet would stick so fast they couldn't get away, he did the business. By gosh! but it was fun to pull them geese in. Just as fast as we could send the kite up and pull her down again we got from ten to a dozen geese, an' in four days we captured six car-loads. I'm takin' 'em to Chicago now to sell. None o' you smart, story-tellin' fellers don't happen to know what wild geese is wuth now in the Chicago market, do ye?"

How He paid for his Dinner.

That genial raconteur William Asphalt McConnell, than whom no one is more economical of the truth, tells us of an amusing adventure which he plausibly alleges happened to himself. While in Brooklyn during his recent trip in the East, he found himself very hungry, and, strange to relate, in possession of about 50 cents. Consoling himself that he had often dined on much less capital, and also that he had plenty more over in New York, he entered a queer little restaurant near the bridge, and proceeded to gratify his hunger to the extent of 50 cents. While eating, he noticed a monkey perched on a swing above the cashier's desk. "The monk," said Mr. McConnell, "seemed to have his mouth full of something, for his chops hung down, and he continually rolled his jaws about. After I had finished my dessert of red-fringed napkins and pine picks, I strolled to the cashier's desk, and with recklessness born of a knowledge that I had dined I slipped up the half-dollar in the air, intending it to alight on the desk in front of the cashier. But the monk with lightning rapidity seized it and stowed it in his maw. I endeavored to make the brute disgorge it, but without avail, and at last explained to the cashier. That individual turned his Jack-luster eye upon me and said: "That won't do, young fellow. Too many blokes have tried that game on me; pay up." I remonstrated, but he called the waiter. 'Say, Jimmy,' said he, 'run to de corner an' fetch de copper.' Jimmey ran off, while the cashier went out on the sidewalk to prevent my escaping. I sat down again and the monk jumped off his perch and came over to my chair. Seized with a sudden impulse, I dealt the brute a sudden kick in the neck, whereupon he gagged and spat out \$9.70 in currency. I picked it up, and going outside gave the cashier my 50 cents and 10 cents for his trouble. I'm going back there again soon."—*Chicago News*.

HOME FIRST.—Let home stand first before all other things! No matter how high your ambition may transcend its duties, no matter how far your talents or your influence may reach beyond its doors, build up a true home before everything else! Be not its slave: be its minister! Let it not be enough that it is swept and garnished, that its silver is brilliant, that its food is delicious, but feed the love in it, feed the truth in it, feed thought and aspiration, feed all charity and gentleness in it. Then from its walls shall come forth the true woman and the true man, who shall together rule and bless the land. Is this an overwrought picture? We think not. What honor can be greater than to found such a home, what dignity higher than to reign its undisputed, honored mistress? What is the ability to speak from a public platform to large, intelligent audiences, or the wisdom that may command a seat on the judge's bench, compared to that which can insure and so preside over a true home, that husband and children may "rise up and call her blessed?" To be the guiding star, the ruling spirit, in such a position is higher honor than to rule an empire.

A PECULIAR FLAVOR.—"Is this oleomargarine?" asked a Page street woman of a corner groceryman's clerk.

"Yes, ma'am," was the lazy reply.

"It has a peculiar flavor, has it not?"

"You taste the butter, ma'am, that's all."—*Chicago Herald*.