

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Feeding a Family of Five on \$4 a Week.

"My husband," said the woman with the optimistic face, "gives me \$4 a week for keeping up the table for our family, and it is simply wonderful how we do it."

"I should think so," observes the woman with the grim smile. "How big a family have you?"

"My husband, myself, three boys and one girl."

"And you keep up your table with \$4 a week? What do you have?"

"For breakfast we have a cereal, fruit, coffee and sometimes bacon and eggs; for luncheon cold meats or croquettes or something made of the leftovers from dinner the night before and a simple dessert; for dinner we have a soup, chicken or roast meat, two vegetables, a salad, coffee and a dessert."

"My goodness! What prices do you pay for groceries and meats?"

"Mercy me! I never ask. I just telephone to the grocer and meat man and tell them what I want, and my husband gets the bills the first of the month."

"But I thought you said he allowed you only \$4 a week?"

"So he does, and by charging nearly everything, do you know, I actually save \$8 or \$10 a month from that allowance!"—*Judge's Library.*

THE ENGLISH NAVY.

Fighting Ships Used to Be Hired Out in Times of Peace.

In the earliest times of the British navy there was practically no distinction between the merchantman and the man-of-war. In the rare times of peace men-of-war traded as merchantmen, while merchantmen always went armed. Thus in time of war the trader became the warship, and vice versa. From the time of the conquest and probably earlier down to the days of Elizabeth this was the ordinary practice. Elizabeth hired out ships of the navy for all sorts of purposes, from piracy to slave trading, taking her share of the profits when the venture was successful and disclaiming all responsibility when it wasn't. Henry III, who may be described as the originator of the navy as a special fighting force, hired out the ships specially built for the navy in times of peace and even allowed them to be taken away from their appointed stations provided that the hirers deposited due security for the return of the ships with their tackle and all equipment in a proper state of efficiency. The practice ceased after the repulse of the Spanish armada, when the fighting ships, as such, became distinct from the trader.—*London Globe.*

Plant Misers.

All leaf buds, whether underground or on the bare branches of winter, are plant savings put aside from the superfluity of summer against the proverbial rainy day. The starch of which such organisms consist is to the plant what his savings are to the prudent man, and the common potato is one of the greatest misers of the vegetable world in this respect, for almost the whole of the tuber is made up of starch food, left as a legacy to the young plants represented by the "eyes." This is true of all plants that grow from bulbs.

Some go further, for they run a savings bank in the shape of a taproot, which, if left undisturbed, grows larger year by year, to be drawn upon in seasons of drought when other means of subsistence are exhausted. Among these are primroses, carrots, beetroot and turnips, and with these three last this faculty of saving has been developed by man to make the plants a source of profit to himself.

History of Anatomy.

The way in which we are so "fearfully and wonderfully made" was largely a mystery to the ancients. It may be said that anatomical science was practically unknown prior to Aristotle, 384 B. C. Before that date nearly all that was known of anatomy was derived from the dissection of the lower animals. Aristotle did something in the way of science, but it was not until the time of the famous Alexandrian school, a century before and a century after the birth of Christ, that the anatomy of man began to be fairly understood. The Ptolemies were great patrons of the science and were the first who enabled physicians freely to dissect the human body, thus frustrating the ignorant superstition which had been so long compromising the welfare of humanity.—*Exchange.*

The Holland Primrose.

There is a plant in Holland known as the evening primrose, which grows to a height of five or six feet and bears a profusion of large yellow flowers so brilliant that they attract immediate attention, even at a great distance, but the chief peculiarity about the plant is the fact that the flowers, which open just before sunset, burst into bloom so suddenly that they give one the impression of some magical agency. A man who has seen this sudden blooming says it is just as if some one had touched the land with a wand and thus covered it all at once with a golden sheet.

A Terrible Threat.

Customer—That tea service costs 50 marks. That is more than I can pay. His Wife (whispering)—If I should have a fainting spell among all this china it would cost you far more.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Living will teach you how to live better than preacher or book.—*Goethe.*

HOUSES OF SCUTARI.

A Possible Reason Why Their Windows Are Iron Barred.

Of all villainous roads those outside of Scutari are the most depraved. They are not roads at all, but just washes and wallows and ditches and stone gullies. I have seen bad roads in parts of our own country, roads surveyed by George Washington and never touched since, but they were a dream of luxury as compared with these of Turkey. Our carriages billowed and bobbed and pitched and bumped themselves until I got out and walked to keep from being lamed for life.

And then the houses—the villas I had expected to see—dear me, how can I picture those cheap, ugly, unpainted, overdecorated architectural crimes? They are wooden and belong to the jigsaw period gone mad. They suggest an owner who has been too busy saving money for a home to acquire any taste, who has spent his savings for lumber and trimmings and had nothing left for paint. Still he managed to reserve enough to put iron bars on his windows—that is, on part of the house, the harem—every man becoming his own jailer, as it were. I remarked:

"I suppose that is to keep the neighbors from stealing their wives?"

But the horse doctor, wiser and more observant, said:

"No; it is to keep a neighbor from breaking in and leaving another."—*Albert Bigelow Paine in Outing Magazine.*

AMOY'S GRAVEYARDS.

The City and the Cemeteries Are Hopelessly Intermingled.

The city of Amoy is on an island of the same name. For upward of 1,000 years it has been an important trading place. The population of the island is estimated at over 400,000, and it has been said that there are something like 5,000,000 dead bodies packed in its soil. For many centuries the hillsides of the city have been used as a burying ground. Now the city and the cemetery are hopelessly mixed. The graves touch one another at every point and form a solid white surface of rock, brick, porcelain and cement, covering more than 1,000,000 square feet. Near one of the joss houses 30,000 bodies are buried vertically to save space. They stand on a plot of ground of as many feet square.

The wells from which the city draws its water supply are shallow and are sunk on the edge of graveyards and even among the tombs themselves. The water is muddy and is colored by the perpetual turning up of the soil. It has no sewers, and the streets vary from two feet to six feet in width. No wheeled vehicles can use them. Here and there is an open place or plaza, dug out so as to be a huge receptacle into which the streets discharge their refuse. Filth abounds, and its twin sister, disease, flourishes. The atmosphere is laden with noxious smells, and the burial of the dead goes on at an alarming rate.

The Zulu Diamond Miner.

As showing the loyalty of the Zulu diamond miners Sir William Crookes described an amusing incident which came to his knowledge when at Klipdam. The Zulu had been superintending a gang of natives on a small claim at the river washings. It yielded but few stones, and the owner sold the claim, handing over the plant and the small staff, the Zulu remaining to look after the business till the new owner took possession. In the course of a few months the purchaser became dissatisfied with his bargain, not a single diamond having turned up since the transfer. One night the Zulu came to his old master in a mysterious manner and, laying a handful of diamonds on the table, said: "There, boss, are your diamonds. I was not going to let the new man have any of them!"

King and Commons.

King James I. of England, although keenly alive to his own divine right, yet recognized the power of the house of commons. Sir Robert Cotton was one of the twelve members to carry the famous declaration against monopolies to the king of Newmarket. When the king caught sight of them he called out, "Oh, chairs, chairs, here be twal' kynges comin'." His majesty mounted his horse on one occasion to find his usually quiet steed in a restive mood. "The devil's my soul, sirrah," said the king to the prancing brute, "and you be no quiet I's send you to the 500 kings in the house of commons. They'll quickly tame you."

Crossroads Burials.

Formerly it was a general custom to erect crosses at the junction of four roads on a place self consecrated according to the piety of the age. Sublicides and notoriously bad characters were frequently buried near to these, not with the notion of indignity, but in a spirit of charity, that, being excluded from holy rites, they by being buried at crossroads might be in places next in sanctity to ground actually consecrated.—*Westminster Gazette.*

Like a Woman.

"If you'll notice," said Finnick, "the poets invariably say 'she' when referring to the earth. Why should the earth be considered feminine?"

"Why not? Nobody knows just how old the earth is."

Earned.

She—He was desperately in love with her. Why, he sent her costly flowers and presents nearly every day for two years. He—Did he finally win her? She—No; he earned her.

A POOR JUMP.

It Came Near Being the Death of Isabeau, the Painter.

Napoleon Bonaparte, as is well known, was in the habit of walking with his arms crossed upon his chest and his head slightly bent forward. Isabeau, the painter, was at Malmalson, and he and some of the first consul's aids-de-camp were having a game of leapfrog on the lawn. Isabeau had already jumped over the heads of most of them when at the turning of a path he espied the last player, who, in the requisite position, seemed to be waiting for the ordeal. Isabeau pursued his course without looking, but took his flight so badly as only to reach the other's shoulders, and both rolled over and over in the sand.

To Isabeau's consternation, his supposed fellow player turned out to be Bonaparte, who got up, foaming at the mouth with anger, and, drawing his sword, pounced upon the unfortunate artist. Isabeau, luckily for himself, better at running than at leaping, took to his heels and, jumping the ditches dividing the property from the highroad, got over the wall and never stopped until, breathless, he reached the gates of the Tuilleries.

Isabeau, it was added, went immediately to Mme. Bonaparte's apartments, and she, after having laughed at the mishap, advised him to lie low for a little while.

THE ADAM'S APPLE.

An Important Organ That Helps to Protect the Brain.

One of the most remarkable pieces of mechanism in the human system, a device which anticipated several of our modern patents, is the Adam's apple, which for ages physicians considered a sort of freak of nature without any material use in the human economy. But how differently this little device is considered today!

If we had no Adam's apple there would have been more deaths from apoplexy and brain disorder than ever chronicled in history. Instead of being a useless organ this article serves as an important storage system to protect the brain.

For instance, when we are excited or too animated the heart pumps the blood up to the brain a little too fast, and if it could not be stopped by some automatic device death or brain disease would follow. The Adam's apple is the blood storage cistern which intercepts the rapid flow and holds the surplus blood.

Again, if the supply from the heart runs short and the brain is likely to suffer from an insufficient supply the storage cistern gives up its surplus of blood. Thus this organ acts automatically to check and increase the flow of the blood to the brain, protecting that organ from damage through our temporary excesses.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Sedan and Bath Chairs.

The sedan chair, so called from having been made at Sedan, in France, was introduced into England in the time of King Charles I. Often this chair was most ornate without and luxurious within, for an ancient poet speaks of one—

*** Covered with velvet red,
And cloth of fine gold about your head,
With damask white and azure blue
Well diapered with lilies new.

Seated in their sedan chairs in all the glory of paint, powder and patches, the belles and ladies of fashion of the eighteenth century were carried from rout to rout by two stout lackeys in livery. As all people who love their Dickens are aware, these chairs were still in use in the days of the Pickwick club.

The origin of the bath chair is "wropt in mystery." We are told that it was "much used by the inhabitants of Bath," probably for the purpose of getting to and from the pump room. Nowadays the use of the bath chair is confined chiefly to invalids.—*London Mail.*

An English Election.

Remarks the London Chronicle: "The worst of election expenses is that the candidate can never be sure what sort of pig in a poke he is buying. The parliament may run its full term or it may come to an end after a few months. Even if it lasts the game may be decidedly not worth the candle. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff gives a poignant little incident of the wearisome struggle over the coercion bill in 1851. 'When things were at their duldest and deadliest Stuart Rendel heard a man as he rolled off his seat in the extremity of weariness say, 'And to think that I should have paid £7,000 for this!'"

Her Proof.

"Just think of it! One person in every thirty-seven in England is a pauper."

"Why, John," she returned, "it isn't so. I met more than thirty-seven people in London last summer myself, and there wasn't a pauper in the lot."—*London Tit-Bits.*

He Was Right.

"My doctor told me I would have to quit eating so much meat."
"Did you laugh him to scorn?"
"I did at first. But when he sent in his bill I found he was right."—*Washington Star.*

His Style.

Tom (who takes his meals at a hotel)—Do you like your meals served table d'hôte? Dick (who patronizes a street waffle wagon)—No. I generally take mine a la cart.—*Baltimore American.*

Ambition is but avarice on stilts and masked.—*Landor.*

Pigeon Whistles of Peking.

The smallest musical instruments in the world are the pigeon whistles of Peking. They are made of thinnest bamboo and tiny gourds scraped to paper-like delicacy and fastened beneath the tall feathers of the carrier pigeons. As the birds fly through the air these instruments emit a weird aeolian melody like the harps of fairyland. Every morning and afternoon the vault of Peking's sky is swept by these sweet, mournful notes as the birds fly to and fro, carrying messages to the bankers, the merchants, the lawyers, invitations, letters, stock quotations, a system older than the telegraph or telephone or the oldest letter service, as old as time itself. There are some twenty different kinds of pigeon whistles, some of them simple bamboo tubes with but one top and some as elaborately constructed as miniature organ pipes. They are all of featherweight lightness and when held in the hand and swept through the air emit the same delicate whistling notes as when borne through the upper atmosphere by the carrier pigeons.

A Diplomatic Official.

During the reign of Emperor Napoleon III, he and the empress visited Normandy and had arranged to spend a couple of days at Evreux. M. Janvier de la Monte, who was the prefect, learned that the revolutionaries intended to hiss the sovereigns as they passed, and so he summoned the leaders of the movement and told them that he knew of their plot. "If you carry out your plan," said he to them, "you will get six months in prison. If you do not your friends will accuse you of cowardice and treason. As a way out of the difficulty I propose to lock you up at once until the emperor has gone." The conspirators accepted the terms offered them, and so the emperor was greeted only by cheers, and the revolutionaries, frightened at the arrest of their chiefs, had not dared to utter a sound. After the emperor and empress had gone the prefect went in person to release his prisoners, who had had such a pleasant time that they greeted him with cries of "Long live the prefect!" to which M. Janvier de la Monte, who was a man of wit, replied, "My friends, do not overdo it."

Setting a Matrimonial Dispute.
Mme. Sada Yacco, the famous Japanese actress, who had a friend of the assassinated Prince Ito from her childhood, told the following amusing anecdote:

"In my frequent quarrels with my husband we sometimes asked Prince Ito to judge between us. One day when we had had a more than usually violent dispute at Chigasaki the prince came in unexpectedly, and I asked him to decide the question. But he declined, while proposing the following solution:

"Go down into the garden, both of you, and fight it out like suno tori (wrestlers). The one that wins will naturally be the one who is in the right."

"No sooner said than done! In a trice Kawakami and I were in wrestling trim. By good luck my husband was just recovering from a serious illness, and as he was very weak I soon threw him to the ground. This amused the prince enormously, who, of course, had foreseen the end of the unequal match."

Cemeteries Where Women Gossip.

Friday, the Sabbath of the Moslems, when all true believers of the masculine gender make a point of going to church, their wives, sisters and daughters resort to the cemeteries and wait for the dead. But all their time is not spent in weeping, and sorrow is not the only emotion they display, on these occasions. They take with them bunches and garlands of flowers and decorate the graves of their relatives and pray and weep over the dead for a time. Then when this pious duty is performed they gather in little groups and have a good time gossiping about the living. Thus the day of mourning is very popular among the Moslem women. It gives them almost the only opportunity they have of cultivating the acquaintance of their neighbors.

The Lion and the Unicorn.

The unicorn came into the royal arms with James I. It belongs to the royal arms of Scotland. The signet ring of Mary, mother of James, is in existence, having a unicorn on it. In the royal arms, therefore, one supporter represents England, the other Scotland.

The lion and the unicorn occur also in ancient Buddhist scriptures, placed together as supporters. Both of these animals also are seen playing draughts together in the well known Egyptian painting. But the oldest connection of the two is in the blessing of Jacob and of Moses.—*London Notes and Queries.*

Second Thought.

"Dear Mr. Hicks," she wrote, "I am very sorry that what you ask I cannot grant. I cannot become your wife. Yours sincerely, Ethel Burrows." Then she added: "P. S.—On second thoughts, dear George, I think I will marry you. Do come up tonight and see your own true Ethel."

A Subtle Difference.

"And so," began the browbeating attorney to the shabby witness, "you live by your wits, do you?"

"No, sir; by other folks' lack of them," corrected the witness modestly.

He Knew.

Wife—I wonder why there are no marriages in heaven? Husband—Because it is heaven, of course.—*Illustrated Bits.*

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