OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

CO-OPERATIVE IRRIGATION.

Baker County Farmers Don't Need Outside Capital.

Baker City—Baker county has more co-operative irrigation projects than any other county in Oregon. There are no large ditch systems, the farmers being banded together in small groups, and co-operating in building of inexpensive ditches and in the division of the water therefrom. Very much the same conditions as to the ease with which water is utilized for irrigation prevail in Eagle and Pine valleys where a superabundance of water flows from the mountain gorges which has in it power enough to run the machinery of a small empire. The Lower Powder has several systems which have been expensive, built by private farmers and corporations, and which irrigate tracts of alfalfa land. In Burnt River valley are a number of private ditch companies irrigating bottom and foothill land, which produce good results but which are comparatively inexpensive.

The largest irrigation system in Baker county is that which covers the bench lands on the east side of Baker valley, beginning about eight miles above Baker City and extending in a northerly direction and terminating at present about five miles northeast of the city with the probability of it being extended later and covering the whole east side of the valley. This canal has been built at a large expense, having been cut of solid rock for a considerable distance along the mountain side. In a distance of 28 miles of canal there has been used only about 400 feet of flume, and the work is of a much more substantial nature than is ordinarily used in private irrigation works.

FAIR TO BE BETTER.

Gresham Makes Improvements in Buildings for Coming Display.

Gresham—Multnomah county's fair promises to be the equal this year of the two preceding ones. About $2,000 worth of the treasury stock has been sold since the last fair, which has created an ample fund for making improvements. The sum of $500 is available out of the state appropriation for premiums on exhibits this year, which sum will be increased by the gate receipts and the money from sale of concessions.

A large force of men are at work on the new stock buildings and out-of-doors pavilion. It is intended to use the main exhibit building for no other purpose after this than to house the displays of agriculture, horticulture and art, together with exhibits of business houses. The new building will be used as an auditorium and dance hall and other public functions.

The new stock pens will be ample and commodious and permanent, those of last year having been torn down. A new fence will be built around the grounds and suitable booths will be erected for small concessions.

Phones to Sound Fire Alarm.

McMinnville—This city is installing the latest standard fire alarm system. The apparatus, purchased from a New York firm, is being placed in position and the city council will be asked to district the city into eight fire wards, or districts, to conform to the requirements of the new system. An electric bell striking machine will be connected with the automatic transmitter, which will be installed in the office of the McMinnville Local & Long Distance Telephone company, and thus, for the present, each public or private telephone belonging to that company in the city will serve to transmit an alarm of fire instead of the regular automatic fire alarm boxes.

Building Santiam Bridge.

Lebanon—Preparatins for the construction of the bridge over the Santiam river at this place are being made as rapidly as possible, for the new line between Lebanon and Crabtree of the Oregon & California railroad company. A gang of nearly 100 men are now at work on the new structure. The bridge is going to be one of the longest bridges in the country, being nearly 400 feet crossing the river, with a trestle of some 2,000 feet on the west approach to the bridge. The bridge will cost in the neighborhood of $100,000.

Paper Railroad Is Formed.

Salem — Articles of incorporation were filed today for the Albany, Lebanon & Bend railway company. The incorporators are J. C. Mayer, Ed. Kellenberger and George B. Whitcomb, and the capital stock $10,000. It is proposed to build a road from Albany to Bend by way of Lebanon. Articles were filed today by the Oregon-Washington Railway and Timber company, capital stock, $1,000,000. Incorporators are T. H. Ward, Ralph E. Moody.

Income Tax Is Fought.

Salem—Arguments were heard before Judge Burnett in Circuit court in the case of the State vs. the Wells-Fargo Express company. The express company is resisting the payments of the income tax, and the defendant's demurrer will be taken under advisement by the court.

Hunting Makes Revenue.

Albany—Linn county has contributed $1,863 to the state game fund already this year, 997 hunters' licenses and 866 anglers' licenses having been issued from the county clerk's office here.

TRAIN ROUTE FIXED.

Demonstration Special to Stop at Seven Eastern Oregon Towns.

Portland—Its shibboleth "A crop for every acre every year," the demonstration train of the O. R. & N. will leave Portland, October 25 on an anti barrenness crusade in Sherman, Gilliam and Moro counties. The intinerary of the educational train as finally decided upon provides a four-days' trip in which seven stops will be made. Ione, Heppner, Clem, Condon, Grass Valley, Moro and Wasco will be visited by the demonstration train and at each place six lectures will be delivered by members of the faculty of the Oregon Agricultural college at Corvallis, professors of that institution, with a few railroad officials to be the only passengers of the demonstration special.

The complete schedule for the demonstration train is as follows:

Tuesday, October 26—Ione, 9 a. m. to 12 noon; Heppner, 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. and 8 p. m. to 9:30 p. m.

Wednesday, October 27—Clem, 9 a. m. to 12 noon; Condon, 2 p. m. to 5 p. m., and 8 p. m. to 9:30 p m.

Thursday, October 28—Grass Valley, 9 a. m. to 12 noon; Moro, 2. p. m. to 5 p. m. and 8 p. m. to 9:30 p. m.

Friday, October 29—Wasco, 9 a. m. to 12 noon.

Bohemian Colony Coming.

Klamath Falls—Unless some unforseen obstacle arises there will be located in the southern portion of the Klamath basin one of the largest Bohemian colonies ever established in any state. Sixty representatives of the colony have spent several days going over the 3,000 acres of land on which options have been secured. The colony is in the form of a club and consists of approximately 500 families. Officials of the club visited this section several weeks ago and secured options on the large Lakeside tract.

The 60 members who have been here for several days are a final committee to pass on the land. If they recommend the acceptance of the land the settling up of this large area will be begun at once.

Postal Receipts Gain.

Corvallis—The postal receipts of this city for the quarter ending September 30 shows a gain of 16.2 per cent over the receipts for the corresponding quarter of 1908. The gain for the quarter ending September 30, 1908 over that of the year previous was 23 per cent. The falling off in the percentage of gain this year is attributed to the fact that O. A. C. began its work a little later this fall. The receipts for the quarter just ended were $3,512.82.

Odd Fellows to Spend $5,000.

Condon—The Odd Fellows have begun excavating for their new two-story brick building on Spring street. The building will be 30x100 feet, and will cost $5,000. The order expects to be able to occupy its new quarters about January 1.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, 96c; club, 88c; red Russian, 85½c; valley, 90c; Fife, 88c; Turkey red, 88c; 40-fold, 90c.

Barley—Feed, $26; brewing, $27.

Oats—No. 1, white, $27.50@28.

Corn—Whole, $35; cracked, $36.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, $15@16 per ton; Eastern Oregon, $18@19; alfalfa, $14; clover, $14; cheat, $13@14.50; grain hay, $15@16.

Butter—City creamery, extras 36; fancy outside creamery, 33@36c per pound; store, 22½@24c. Butter fat prices average 1½c per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 32½@33c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 14@14½c; springs, 14@14½c; roosters, 9@10c; ducks, 15c; geese, 9@10c; turkeys, 18@19c; squabs, $1.75@2 per doz.

Pork—Fancy, 9@9½c per pound.

Veal—Extra, 10@10½c per pound.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, new, $1.25@1.75 per box; pears, $1@1.75; peaches, 75c@$1.25 per crate; cantaloupes, 50c@$1.25 per crate; plums, 25@50c per box; watermelons, 1c per pound; grapes, 85c@$1.25 per crate, 20@25c per basket; casabas, $1.50; quinces, $1@1.25 per box; cranberries, $9@10 per barrel.

Potatoes—Buying prices: Oregon, 60@65c per sack; sweet potatoes, 2c per pound.

Onions—New, $1.25 per sack.

Vegetables—Beans, 4@5c; cabbage ¾@1c; per pound; cauliflower, 50c@$1 per dozen; celery, 50@75c per dozen; corn, 15@20c per dozen; eggplant, 75c@$1 per box; garlic, 7@8c per pound; horseradish, 9@10c per pound; onions, 12½@15c per dozen; parsely, 35c per dozen; peas, 7c per pound; peppers, 4@5c per pound; pumpkins, 1@1½c; radishes, 15c per dozen; squash, 1½@1¾c; tomatoes, 60@75c.

Cattle—Steers, top quality, $4.25@4.40; fair to good, $4; common, $3.50@3.75; cows, top, $3.25@3.35; fair to good, 3@3.10; common to medium, 2.50@2.75; calves, top, $5@5.25; heavy, $3.50@4; bulls, $2@2.25; stags, $2.50@3.50.

Hogs—Best, $8; fair to good, $7.75@7.85; stockers, $6@7; China fats, $7.50@8.

Sheep—Top wethers, $4@4.25; fair to good, $3.50@3.75; ewes, ½c less on all grades; yearlings, best, $4@4.25; fair to good, $3.50@3.75; spring lambs, $5@5.50.

Hops—1909, Willamette valley, 20@24c; Eastern Oregon, 20@23c; mohair, 1909, 23@24c per pound.

FARM CENSUS ECONOMY.

Director Durand Hopes to Save Several Hundred Thousand Dollars.

Washington, Oct. 11.—U. S. Census Direcotr Dana E. Durand hopes to save several hundred thousand dollars in taking the census of agriculture and also to increase the accuracy of the statistics.

The director stated today that at the census of 1900 the agricultural data were handled by means of punched cadrs. For each farm a large number of cards had to be punched, as the number of facts recorded regarding a farm was far greater than the number of facts required regarding an individual in the population census.

Director Durand said the statistics of population and of agriculture are collected by a different force from that employed in gathering the statistics of manuafctures. The population and agricultural data are secured by enumerators of whom there will be about 65,000 at the present census, they in turn being appointed by the supervisors, of whom there are about 330. The difficulty of securing competent and faithful enumerators is very great. The length of service is very short, 15 days in the cities and 30 days in the country districts. The pay is small, averaging perhaps three dollars per day in the country districts and a trifle more in the cities, practically the pay of ordniary mechanics. Not only, therefore, are most of those who seek to be neumerators able to command only moderate pay in their occupations, but many of them are men who can not command regular employment and who are looking for odd jobs.

The director hopes that a considerable number of the colleegs and universities of the country may see fit to give leave of absence to their students for the short time required to do this work of enumeration. The college student is a very useful enumerator in some cases, but it is exceedingly desirable that enumerators should actually live in the distritsc where they work, and there are multitudes of districts where no college students reside or where such students are in institutions hundreds or thousands of miles from their homes. Another class who can render good service as enumerators are school teachers, but, with the enumeration taking place in April and May instead of June as formerly, few school teachers can be spared from their duties to take the census.

DRY FARMING CONGRESS.

Great Interest Is Shown From All Parts of the Country.

Billings, Montana, Oct 11..—An interesting example of the widespread interest in the dry farming movement was given in the morning mail received by the secretary the other day when fourteen states and Canada were represented in the memberships recorded. These ranged from the Pacific coast on the West to Pennsylvania on the East and from Canada to New Mexico. There were several memberships from Canada. The states from which the applications came were California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraksa, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Wsahington and Wisconsin.

Memberships are being received at such rate that the edition of the Handbook of Information, which contains the report of the third session of the congress, has been exhausted and the secretary has been compelled to annuonce to new members that there are no more of these valuable books available. All persons joining the congress from this time on will receive the second annual Handbook which will contain the proceedings of the Fourth Dry Farming congress which will meet at Billings, Montana, October 26-28, and a resume of the contents of the first edition.

The officers of the congress set out after the close of the Cheyenne meeting with the ambition of making the membership of the congress total 10,000 before the Billings meeting and the indications are that they will come very near that goal. In one day recently the secretary received 180 memberships coming from all parts of this country and from several foreign lands. Every mail brings more.

Wins Riches in Old Age.

Los Angeles, Oct. 11.—By a decision of the United States circuit court of appeals today, Timothy Carroll, a pioneer of Southern California, wins his fight to compel the Los Alimitos Sugar Company to pay him royalty on his patent beet dump. The decision crowns with victory the struggle of Carroll, who is 70 years old, against poverty and hardship. It will make him independently rich before the expiration of his patents six years hence. It will put an end to litigation that commenced 12 years ago, when the sugar company refused to recognize Carroll's rights.

Improve Immigrant Station.

El Portal, Cal., Oct. 11.—One direct result of President Taft's trip to the West has been the immediate improvement of immigration conditions at San Francisco. By the president's direction Secretary Nagel ordered that the new immigrant station on Angel island, San Francisco harbor, be opened at once. The opening of this station had been held up for a long time for want of an appropriation for furniture and supplies.

Riches Fall on Old Man.

San Antonio, Tex., Oct. 11.—James Fagan, an aged switchman here, received official word today that a Carnegie pension of $40,000 was awaiting his disposal. Fagan worked on the Pennsylvania railway when Mr. Carnegie was his division superintendent, and the $40,000 is accumulation of a snug persion put aside some years ago for the switchman.

The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

Rodney thought. "The poor French workingmen, the widows and orphans, who had saved and slaved, gave him everything they had, because he knew how to make money multiply as no one else did. He drew them pictures of the great factories and stores and hotels he would build for them with their money, and told them how by adding their infinite mites together they might produce something gigantic. How about them left without a sou?"

"It was their own lookout," I tried to argue.

"Well," said Rodney, "the right and wrong of this sort of thing lie deep, but it may be that a man has no right to use his own imagination to see for other people; that he can build air-castles only for himself."

"Perhaps," I agreed; "but, as you say, if he had sucreeded, he would have been a hero."

"That's all the difference. However, he didn't, and so he's an outcast." Rodney laughed. "And to think that I've been doing my best to defend the worst scapegrace the market has known in years."

I sat back on my couch and clasped my hands about my knees.

"What must we do now?" I asked at length.

"Give him up; deliver his precious self and his treasure chest to the bloodhounds."

I shook my head. "No, I can't do that. We've been too close together. They may take him, but I can't nave a hand in it."

Rodney sat staring out of the window. "Well," said he, "I don't believe I can either, though as a broker I see my duty plain enough. I can't do it, I simply cannot do it."

We sat silent for some time, each intent on his own thoughts.

"Ought we to tell him that we know?" Rodney said finally.

"I was wondering. Perhaps we should, but I don't believe we can. When you face him and look into those clear black eyes and hear that voice I doubt if there'll be anything to do but keep your mouth shut."

"Yet we must do something," objected Rodney, "for I must be off for New York in two hours from now, to try and straighten out my losses."

"Suppose we go down and look at him," I suggested. "Possibly we can think of something then."

We went down-stairs and looked in the dining-room, the hallway, and the kitchen. In the kitchen we found Charles drowsing. We could find no trace of Duponceau. I waked Charles and questioned him.

"When did you last see Monsieur Duponceau?"

Charles rose and pulled a paper from his pocket.

"Only a couple of minutes ago, Mr. Felix," he said, "he gave me this note for you and told me not to disturb you, but to give it to you when you asked for him."

I opened the paper and read it to Rodney.

"My ship has come at last. I am going on board. I can get there alone; no one could help me. If you knew all, perchance you would not wish to help me. I have done sufficient harm without taking you and the others farther. Ask mademoiselle to pray for me. Good-by."

I looked up at Rodney in blank amazement; and as we stood so, a shot came from the beach. We turned and made for the stairs.

CHAPTER XX.

From the balcony we sighted a schooner lying between the beach and the Shifting Shoal. A long-boat was in the water, and men were hurriedly manning it. Below us on the beach stood Duponnceau, a pistol in either hand, fronting a half-dozen of his enemies, who were between him and the cottage. I would have leaped to his help, but a glance told me that the matter was too far gone for that.

Duponceau fired quickly, steadily, then wheeled and ran for the dunes. Bullets chased him, ploughed into the sand behind him, whizzed past him, but by some miracle failed to hit him. He reached the nearest sand-wall, and was hidden from us. A moment later and we saw him appear, his pistols reloaded, and watched him stand again at bay and shoot. Then again he fled for the next dune up the beach, and the pursuers, temporarily stayed, were after him again.

It was to be a running fight, stand and deliver, then hide, until the long-boat should ground upon the beach and the fugitive spring into it. I looked to the boat and prayed that it might come quickly, but the distance was long, and the sea ruffled and choppy.

Again Duponceau appeared, and again the enemy were held at bay, and dropped and ducked and dodged as his bullets flew among them.

A moment's stand, and he was hidden in the next dune, loading, making ready for another dash. It was breathless, speechless work. Rodney and I gripped our glasses, shut our teeth, watched and hoped and prayed. Again the enemy were on, after him, gaining fast, and again he shot out from the dunes, and, a lone figure, fronted and scattered them with his fire. A man went down with a bullet in his leg, and Duponceau had gained another breastwork.

Now the boat from the schooner was coming closer in. I caught an agonized glance from Duponceau in its direction, then his eyes returned to his foes, and he was shooting, ducking, and squirming into the sand-wall. It was a pitiful chase, like that of a hare by hounds, but it was also heroic, for the man made a noble quarry, and the hounds were more than fearful of his fire.

"He's down!" cried Rodney. True, Duponceau had fallen, but on the second he was up and on again, and now he had found the last dune, and he must stand there or dash across the unprotected beach.

"Come on!" We fled down the stairs, through the open door, and hard up the shore. Now we could see another element of danger. Some of the enemy had stolen through the pines, and were firing at Duponceau down the length of his dune.

"Look!" I muttered. We stopped, breathless, panting, wide-eyed. Duponceau burst out from the dune, whirled about, fired back at the hidden foe, wheeled and shot at the men who were following him up the beach, and, turning, headed straight for the Ship.

"Run!" I murmured, and Rodney echoed me: "Run, Duponceau, run, and may Heaven help!"

I have seen men run, but never as Duponceau ran that day. He seemed to skim, almost to fly, across that open space, and behind him came his enemies, no longer firing, no longer cursing, matching their speed against his frantic flight.

The Frenchman neared the rocks, was on them, was up and clambering over the Ship's side. Then came a sharp report, and I could see Dupponceau quiver and hang useless—worse than useless, for he was only half over the vessel's rail.

"He's done!" I breathed.

But as he hung there Barbara suddenly appeared beside him and pulled him inboard, supported him across the deck, and got him as far as the cabin door before he collapsed on the boards.

Barbara disappeared, and then reappeared with something in her arms.

"The chest!" I muttered. "He couldn't forego that!"

I saw Barbara lift and steady Duponceau on his feet, saw him clutch the box with one hand, while he held a revolver in the other. He staggered across the deck.

"Come on!" I breathed, and we were off for the Ship.

The long-boat was half way in when a new shout threatened to sound Duponceau's death-knell. Men came out on the cliff and stood high above him, ready to fire down upon him. There was a ring about him now—enemies on the rocks, on the cliff, and men already scrambling through the water to lay their hands on him.

"Look!" cried Rodney. I saw Barbara whisper in Duponceau's ear, saw him straighten up to his full height and fire at the men above him. One bullet ripped into the cliff, another shattered an arm.

We stood now on the rocks, a stone's throw off. Duponceau looked seaward and gave a cry. With terrible effort, he leaped to the farther rail, raised himself to plunge—the box still in his arms—into the sea, and sink or swim to help. He balanced, crouched, and then—a clear report and he fell, a leg broken, down into the waves. His stand was over, the fight done; his enemies had taken him.

A couple of men lifted him from the water and carried him to shore; another man followed with the chest. Rodney and I drew near and looked at him; he was conscious, and only his set teeth showed the agony he suffered.

"It's over," he said. "The boat was late." Then his eyes lighted on me, and he tried to smile. "Good-by," he muttered. "Take my good-by to her."

Carefully the men lifted him and carried him into the pines.

"He will live," said Rodney briefly, and I nodded. It was not for Duponceau to surrender easily, though I wondered if now he would not prefer it so.

CHAPTER XXI.

The long-boat returned to the schooner, and in a quarter-hour the latter had vanished as silently as she had come. Rodney and I went on board the Ship, and found Barbara sitting against the broken mast, her eyes deep with unshed tears of pity. We sat there and talked of Duponceau's flight and capture. "If it hadn't been for the chest, he would have escaped," said Barbara. "His face lighted when he had it in his arms again."

It was some little time after this when Rodney stood up.

"I'm going to the club. I have to pack and catch the next train to New York. May I take you home, Barbara?"

The girl's eyes looked over at the beach regretfully, then roamed over the Ship, standing there all desolate, lapsing again into that silence from which it had just been awakened. I saw a certain wistfulness steal into her eyes.

"No, Rodney; I don't think I'll go home just yet. I'm not in the humor to meet aunt and the people at the club. I'd like to sit here and think a while."

"Well," said Rodney, "good-by." He shook hands with her. "Good-by, Felix. If you ever find this place too lonely for you, come and see me in New York. Things do happen there sometimes, though not such things as here in Alastair."

We shook hands, and I caught a glimpse of some passing regret beneath the smile on the surface of his eyes.

As I had watched Duponceau, I watched Rodney disappear into the pines. The cheerful man in tweeds, like the mysterious man of the sea, had said farewell to the beach, but each had left a trace of himself there which I should never forget.

I turned back to Barbara.

"It's all over," she said. "They've all come and gone, and it might have been a dream."

"Here's the Ship," I answered, "riding at anchor, just as she did before."

"That makes it seem more like a dream," she said; "that after all that has happened, the Ship is just the same as on the first day I found her, and the beach"—she turned to face it—"is just as sunny and as desolate."

"Yet the pirate came," I answered, "a real pirate, a lineal descendant of Captain Kidd, and he brought treasure, hid it and dug it up again, and like the thorough-going gentleman of fortune he was. Monsieur Pierre Duponceau was no ordinary man."

"Tell me what you know about him," she commanded, and settled down, leaning against the mast.

"He was an uncommon man," I began, "but whether an uncommon man will be a hero or a scapegrace depends on the luck of time. Duponceau had ideas that were far about the heads of most men, ideas that some one at a later day will use to great ends, or which he himself might have used so had he been born in time. He planned, gathered his men, launched his ships in search of the Golden Fleece, and was on his way to winning it when a quartering gale dashed his craft upon the rocks. Had the wind been guided by a needle-point, he might have succeeded. He was planning to make the people of France well-to-do; instead he made them much poorer than they were; and those same plans pushed on may be realized when it's too late for the poor land or for him. That's about the way it stands."

Barbara was silent, her eyes were on the distant glitter of the sea.

"There's so much luck in things, isn't there?" she said finally. "I like him anyway; I like him for what he tried to do." Then, after a pause: "You are always sure something would happen here, weren't you? So was I. Something had to happen. Do you suppose he came of his own free will, or because we wished so hard for an adventure?"

"Wishing hard can accomplish almost anything, I've been told."

"What are you going to do now that everything is over?" she asked presently.

I shook my head disconsolately.

"I have barely yet faced the possibility of no more tens on the beach, no more sunsets from the cliff, no more adventures on the Ship. It's not a very pleasant prospect, is it?"

"But the beach and the cliff and the Ship will still be here," she answered.

I followed her gaze seaward.

"A week ago I discovered a curious thing. For years I had lived here and found all the beauty I wanted in watching the changing colors of the waves, in the golden glow through the woods, in the dawn pinks of the sand, and yet of a sudden I found they had absolutely vanished, that I couldn't possibly find them any more."

I waited, and finally I caught her low whispered, "Why?"

"Something had happened. I could see them alone; I could see them only when some one else was there to see them, too."

She gave a little sign. "I know; I can understand just what you mean."

"The pines show no more armies, and the Ship gives up no more adventure unless there is some one else here to see and live them with me."

"And," she said slowly, thoughtfully, "if there were some one else, would all these wonders still come?"

"Surely, for we would be living them all the time we were together."

"Poet!" she said. "Dreamer!"

I waited, fearful and hopeful in one.

"And yet I dream, too," she said at last; "and I think that you have shown me more wonderful things than any one else could."

"Then do you still think," I asked, "that some other man will come who can show you more?"

She would not answer my question. "The man we imagined came out of the sea and is gone. I feel as if I'd lived years in a fortnight. Dear old Ship, how I hate to leave her!"

"Why must you? Why not sail on and on in her forever? Why not set sail in her for the Fortunate Isles? Barbara, will you?"

She turned and looked into my eyes, and I read her answer.

So, with Barbara sitting against the mast, our Ship set sail.

[THE END.]

Old Advertisements.

There are fashions in advertising as in everything else. The advertisements of to-day, for example, are calmer and more reasonable than those of half a century ago. Exceptions, to be sure, may be found, such as the circus bill board, but even that is less flaunting than its ancestors. In a book entitled "Musical Memories," G. P. Upton quotes some advertisements of over a quarter of a century ago.

The first is the announcement of a concert:

"Wachtel, Wachtel, Wachtel!

"The Great, The Magnetic Tenor!

"The famous German tenor whose phenomenal and magnificent voice flows like the Rhine itself, turbulent, restless, through all the storied tracts of music. A magnificent fountain, meant, as the poet has intimated, to flow on forever. The princely haste of a lyric monarch compelled to sound his natural gifts to all the world, and with only one lifetime to accomplish his purpose."

Another more exciting statement announced the coming of the Swiss Bell Ringers:

"The Campanalogians.

"Marvellous Heterogeniconsolidatoire, received everywhere by intelligent audiences, sanctioned by the clergy, indorsed by the press and the people."

Here is a description of a circus:

"With aeropalitic miracles, xanpiloerostration, l'echelle perilleuse, and the quadruple anabathron performed by a quartette of acrobatic braves, with enlivening interludes to relieve highly wrought sensibilities."

Hasty Correction.

Hojax—I hear you are engaged old man. Allow me to congratulate you.

Tomdix—You didn't hear it quite right, my boy. I'm married.

Hojax—Oh, I beg pardon. You have my sympathy.

Justice.

"My wife and I always settle our little disputes by arbitration."

"And who is the arbitrator?"

"My wife, of course."—New York Times.