

WHEN BUYING STOCKS.

Do as the Successful Wall Street Speculator Does.

If you want to speculate buy stocks that Wall street speculators buy. Don't buy things offered by smooth tongued agents working for a handsome commission. Don't buy stocks that are guaranteed to have a big advance.

The successful Wall street speculator never tries to make money in these sort of things. He buys stocks that have passed muster and been listed on the exchange. Before they can be listed the company must make a report that will justify listing. While this report is not as complete as it should be, it bars out all the wildcat propositions by which the people are being swindled.

It is just as easy to buy listed stocks as any other. Brokers of good standing in the stock exchange are advertising in reputable publications, and one can always open up a correspondence with a broker and have his questions freely and fully answered. The broker likes nothing better than to answer letters from a customer or from a prospective customer.

If any one is timid about dealing with a broker he can always deal through his bank or get a reference to some broker from his banker.—Jasper, in Leslie's.

SALT AND ICE.

The Process That Begins When the Two Are Mixed.

It is not correct to say that salt dissolves ice, since real solution only takes place when a solid, liquid or gas is dissolved in a liquid.

The true explanation of the fact that ice melts when common salt is added to it depends upon the simple physical principle that when a salt is dissolved in water heat is absorbed and its temperature is lowered. When salt and ice are mixed together some of the salt dissolves in the small amount of water which is always present, the temperature is thereby lowered, and a new freezing point is established.

The remainder of the ice, being at a temperature higher than this new freezing point, slowly melts, and more salt is dissolved until the solution is saturated. The temperature can in this way be lowered to 22 degrees C., which is the freezing point of a definite compound of salt and water.

The salts dissolved in sea waters serve a very important purpose, as it requires a greater degree of cold to cause the formation of ice on them than on fresh water.

Bonaparte and Mile, Montansier.

The Cafe Corazza, in the Palais Royal, had many interesting clients in its time. It was there that General Bonaparte, then only a general of brigade, asked his friend Barras to find him a rich wife, and Barras suggested Mile, Montansier, the proprietress of the adjacent Theatre Montansier. She was sixty-three, but she was well preserved and might have passed for forty-five, and she was believed to have accumulated a fortune of \$38,000. Bonaparte asked to be introduced, and Barras presented him and assures us in his memoirs that the match would have come off if it had not been for the events of Vendemiaire. After that memorable day of the "whiff of grape-shot" the future emperor broke off the engagement, feeling himself too important to marry a superannuated actress, even for the sake of having the spending of her savings.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Example Better Than Precept.

John Wesley, accompanied by one of his preachers, was once dining at the house of a rich Methodist. The tables were spread with a liberal meal, but Wesley's companion no sooner saw it than he said:

"Oh, sir, what a sumptuous dinner! Things are very different from what they once were. I fear there is but little self denial among Methodists in these days."

"My brother," said Wesley, pointing to the table, "there is a fine opportunity for self denial now."

The hint was not taken, but the rebuke did its work.

Label Paste.

To make a good paste for labels mix together with cold water until they form a smooth cream four ounces of flour and an ounce and a half of brown sugar. Then pour in boiling water, stirring all the time till the right consistency is obtained. Add five or six drops of carbolic acid to keep the paste from becoming sour, and when it has been well stirred in the compound will be fit for use.

A Truth Teller.

"Do you think I'll get justice?" asked the culprit of his lawyer.
"I'm afraid not," answered the lawyer, who had taken the trouble to collect his fee in advance and could therefore be candid. "You know they don't hang in this state."—Lippincott's.

Working Him.

"George, dear," said the young wife, "you are growing handsomer every day."
"Yes, darling," replied the knowing George. "It's a way I have just before your birthday."—London Pick-Me-Up.

Cheer Up.

"Before I was married life was one continual round of pleasure."
"And isn't it now?"
"No; it's one continual round of economy now."—Washington Herald.

Mind is that which perceives, feels, remembers, acts and is conscious of continued existence.

EGYPT'S GREEN SUN.

Brilliant Emerald Hues Tint the Sky at Morn and Eve.

In Egypt, where the atmosphere is very clear, the green tints of the sunset light are peculiarly distinct. As the sun descends nearer and nearer to the horizon and is immensely enlarged its rays suddenly become for an instant of a brilliant green. Then a succession of green rays suffuses the sky well nigh to the zenith.

The same phenomenon occurs at sunrise, but less conspicuously. Sometimes at sunset, just as the last portion of the sun's disk vanishes, its color changes from green to blue, and so also after it has disappeared the sky near the horizon is green, while toward the zenith it is blue.

The fact was, of course, observed by the ancient Egyptians, and references thereto are found in their sacred writings. Day was the symbol of life and night that of death. The setting sun being identified with Osiris, that god became king of the dead. The setting sun was green; therefore Osiris as the nocturnal deity of the dead was painted green.

The splendid coffins of the high priests of Ammon frequently depict the green sun, and the funeral deities are all colored green. This association of death with green was undoubtedly due to the green tints of the Egyptian sun at sunset.—Youth's Companion.

COFFEE WITH AN ARAB.

It Protects Even Murderers Where the Cup Has Been Shared.

Describing the hospitality of an Arabian home, the "Last Journal of Bishop Hannington" says:

The great event of the visit is the coffee. "The host has a kind of brazen shovel brought, in which he roasts the beans; then he takes a pestle and mortar of the oak of Bashan, and with his own hands he pounds it to powder, making the hard oak ring forth a song of welcome to the guest. Many of these pestles and mortars are heirlooms and are richly ornamented and beautifully black and polished by age and use. Such was the one in question. Having drunk coffee (for the honored guest the cup is filled three times), you are quite safe in the hands of the most murderous.

So far do they carry this superstition that a man who had murdered another fled to the dead man's father and before he knew what had happened drank coffee. Presently friends came in and as they were relating the news to the bereaved father recognized the murderer crouching beside the fire. They instantly demanded vengeance. "No," said the father, "it cannot be. He has drunk coffee and has thus become to me as my son."
Had he not drunk coffee the father would never have rested until he had dyed his hands in his blood.

Drug Store Signs.

Every one has noticed the beautiful colors in the large glass jars that stand in the drug store windows, but every one does not know why drug stores use that sign. In the old days apothecaries and alchemists were the only druggists, and they made up their own nostrums, the composition of which was supposed to be a great secret. They used to leave their retorts and jars and stills and bottles in the window to impress upon the passersby the mystery and importance of their business. The modern drug store has no use for retorts and stills, all the processes being handled by the big chemical factories, but the large jars full of bright colored liquids are still left in the window, just as they were hundreds of years ago.—New York Sun.

Population by Race.

The population of the world by race is: Indo-Germanic (white), 559,000,000; Mongolian (yellow and brown), 420,000,000; Semitic (white), 65,000,000; Negro (black), 150,000,000; Malay (brown), 35,000,000; American Indian (red), 15,000,000. This latter figure includes every variety of the redman in all parts of the earth, the actual number of Indians in North America being much less than a million. The white race is increasing much faster than the others, owing probably to its superior intelligence and scientific knowledge of medicine and sanitation.—New York American.

Sounded All Right.

Patience—Well, he told the truth, anyway. Patrice—How so? Patience—When he was buying the solitaire he told the jeweler it was for a sister. Patrice—Well, I'm sure that wasn't true. Patience—Why, yes; when he offered it to the girl she promised to be a sister to him.—Yonkers Statesman.

Eager to Please.

"I want you to see if you can't find out that I am descended from a king," said the man who had become suddenly rich.
"Very well, sir," replied the genealogist. "We have a large stock of kings to select from. Have you any preference?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Popular Girl.

"Yes; she has promised to be mine some day."
"But when?"
"She can't exactly say as yet. Seems she will first have to break off four or five other engagements."—Washington Herald.

His Status at Home.

"Your father seems to be an important member of the community."
"Guess you've only seen him outside of home. Ma doesn't think he's such a much."—Detroit Free Press.

A DEED OF DARING

One of Mad Anthony Wayne's Remarkable Achievements.

STORMING OF STONY POINT.

This Brilliant Feat of Arms, in Which Success Was Won at the Point of the Bayonet, Was One of the Most Desperate Incidents of Any War.

One of the most marvelous achievements credited to American bravery and strategy was that of the capture of Stony Point by Mad Anthony Wayne, who was one of the most picturesque figures of the American revolution. When he was superseded in command of the Pennsylvania line, even after his brilliant success at Monmouth on June 28, 1778, a less ambitious and patriotic man would have resigned his commission.

It seemed the irony of fate that the setback in his career should follow so closely the official encomiums for his work at Monmouth, but that very setback gave him Stony Point—the greatest opportunity of his life—and he made good.

There were two important factors, discipline and valor, that entered into this remarkable achievement, the capture of a fortress on the Hudson held by the British and considered almost impregnable. Stony Point was an island and the fortress was built on a rock which was precipitous and rough. It was guarded by three redoubts and protected by a double abatis of logs that extended across the peninsula. The post was garrisoned by 607 men, who felt so secure in their position that they were wont to refer to the post as the "Little Gibraltar."

On July 14 General Wayne assembled all his troops at Sandy Beach, and at that moment none of his soldiers knew the plans of their commander. The following day the march began over a wilderness trail and in perfect silence. Not a man was allowed to leave the column under penalty of death. By 8 o'clock that night they were within one and one-half miles of the British fortress. Then the men were told of the desperate work ahead of them and the battle order read.

No man was allowed to load his musket, and the battle was to be won or lost with the bayonet alone. One portion of the order provided that any man found retreating a single foot was to be put to death at once.

Close to midnight the order to advance was given. The fort was to be attacked from all sides. Once in motion General Wayne lost no time. The British opened fire with guns, both great and small. Seventeen of the twenty men in one advance guard were shot down, but the companies in the rear eagerly pressed on. General Wayne himself, struck in the head with a musket ball, fell stunned. He recovered in a moment and, rising on one knee, shouted: "March on! March on!" Then, turning to his aids he begged them to take him into the fort so that if his wound was mortal he would die at the head of his column.

General Wayne's wound drove his followers to a frenzy. They dashed up the hill and battered down all opposition. Colonel Fleury, a French officer in the American service, at the head of his determined band forced his way up the redoubt and as the soldiers poured into the fort grasped the British flag and lowered it. The victory was complete. The British lost 53 killed and 543 taken prisoners, of whom 70 were wounded. The Americans lost 15 killed and had 83 wounded. It was one of the most daring and desperate incidents of any war.

From every point of view the storming of Stony Point was a remarkable feat of arms, but back of the success of that night was a story of preparedness, the cause which has always been overshadowed by the brilliancy of the result. General Wayne had trained his men, stimulated their pride, enforced rigid discipline, had them at the point of attack at the right moment and then with inspiring valor led them.

The victory at Stony Point naturally aroused a tremendous enthusiasm, and it came at the right time. The country was depressed if not quite discouraged, and Stony Point was like a tonic. It gave the people more strength, more courage and at a time when they sadly needed it. Not only did General Wayne receive official recognition, but he was in receipt of hundreds of congratulatory letters expressing popular and professional opinion.—Chicago News.

All Feel Like Fools.

He—The bridegroom always looks like a fool during the ceremony. She—How about the bride? He—Oh, the bride, being a woman, is able to dissemble.—Boston Transcript.

Raised the Ante.

"Tommy," said a visitor to a bright little five-year-old, "what would you do if I gave you a penny?"
"Wish it was a nickel," was the reply.—Chicago News.

Half the truth will very often amount to absolute falsehood.—Whately.

Too Late!

"Do you know who her grandfather was? Have you ascertained anything in regard to her pedigree? Those are things you ought to know about the woman you are to make your wife."
"Oh, hang her grandfather!"
"My boy, that's just what they did do."—Youth's Companion.

PARIS HAS A SWEET TOOTH.

A Poet to Whom Candy Brought Better Results Than His Rimes.

The best business in Paris is said to be that of the well established and popular confectioner, and this fact has been recognized. It is said, since the days of Napoleon III, and his natural brother, the Duke de Morny, "The duke," says Le Cri de Paris, "had a weakness for writing vaudevilles and often asked the counsel of Siraudin, who was a skillful collaborator of Clairville."

"But the theater brought no riches to Siraudin. One day Morny said to him: 'My friend, I want to see thee in a better situation. The idea comes to me to put thee in commerce. What dost thou say to it?'"

"Siraudin received this proposition joyfully, but what line of trade should he choose? Morny and Siraudin set out on the principle that the best business was evidently the one in which there were fewest failures. They conscientiously scanned the bulletin of declarations of bankruptcy. All the trades were represented there—all except one; that was the confectioner, and Morny gave to Siraudin the necessary capital to establish himself as a merchant of bonbons. Siraudin ingeniously conciliated the lyric muse. He wrapped his pralines, his sugar plums and his chocolates in kiss papers, each inclosing his printed verses. Morny did better than establish him. He frequented his shop. As the duke was the king of the world of fashion, he drew all Paris by his example, and the fortune of the poet-confectioner Siraudin was made."

THE STARS APPEARED.

He Only Wanted to See One, but He Was Introduced to a Cluster.

He had been celebrating, not wisely, but too well, and getting obstreperous and noisy and looking for a fight he was tackled by a policeman who in plain clothes was on his way home. The drunken one showed fight and was indignant that an apparently private citizen should try to arrest him. "Show me your star!" he demanded. "Don't believe you're a cop at all. Won't go with you till I see your star," and he aimed a maulin blow at the policeman.

There was a scuffle and a fight, short lived, but strenuous, and the drunken man was landed in the police station, where he stayed all night. In the morning it was a disheveled and torn wreck that appeared before the magistrate and who listened to the policeman relate the trouble he had in getting him to the station house.

"He wanted to fight me all the way to the station, your honor. He kept pulling back and trying to trip me and yelling: 'Show me your star! I won't go unless you show me your star.'"

"And," asked the magistrate gently, "did you show him your star?"
"Your honor," interrupted the prisoner, "he clouted me on the head, and I saw the star—I saw several of them, enough to go around the entire force."

Solding Not Successful.

Many women have attempted to scold affection into the hearts of men, but we have never heard of one who succeeded.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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