

LEOFRIC.

A Love Match That Was Broken Off and Happily Renewed.

By MARTHA MCC. WILLIAMS.

Janey Gates was the beauty of the Cane Creek neighborhood. Even Sister Meakins admitted as much in spite of robust prejudice. Janey would have been bludgeoned by the boys if it had not been accepted as a fact ever since she put up her hair and let down her frocks that she was, in neighborhood phrase, "mortgaged property." Phil Mayben had laid claim to her when she came hardily to his elbow. He had, further, let nobody dispute the claim even after she came back from boarding school, fearfully and wonderfully accomplished. He was a big fellow, square jawed and square headed, who cared nothing for looks unless they went with brains. At fifteen he was marvellously quick and clever—so clever it was worth for him to stump successive schoolmasters even though they were college bred, while he knew nothing higher than the neighborhood academy.

Possibly it was a triumph of the present schoolmaster, Leonard Trabue, Esq., to try conclusions with him in the field of Miss Janey's favor. Janey loved looks in the freshest, most wholesome fashion. Trabue could talk looks by the hour and talk very well. Naturally he found himself welcome at the Gates household. Quite as naturally Phil Mayben resented his presence there and showed it outright, after the manner of a masterful man crazily in love. Thus by fate and free will and the obligation of hospitality Janey was in a manner forced to take Trabue's part. The result was a very pretty quarrel and the transfer of Phil's attentions to Miss Dora Meakins.

There had been no set engagement to break. That made Phil's attitude all the more aggravating. Janey was for months bitterly unhappy over the rupture, although she let nobody see it, not even her mother. Outwardly she was gay as ever and so charming Leonard Trabue quite lost his head. He had meant at first only to push that pestilent fellow, Mayben—incidentally, of course, to divert himself and pass time otherwise heavy on his hands. Teaching was merely a stop gap. Literature was his chosen vocation. He meant to enter upon it through the gate of newspaper work as soon as he could scrape together a few hundred dollars.

The Gates were not rich folk, but still comfortably off, and Janey an only child. It is but just to say the fact had little to do with Trabue's falling in love. That came upon him unawares. But once he had realized his frame of affections he took full cognizance of it. Might it not be easier to make himself immortal even here in the deep country, with a charming wife and assured comfort, than out in the hostile and hurly burly of a city? To settle it out of hand he proposed simply to Janey. He was dazed to get a refusal, distressed, almost tearful.

Next week the county paper printed, with flattering comments, a love rhyme signed "Leofric." Cane Creek read it because reading the paper thoroughly was certainly the part of thrift, if not of Christian duty. Still, it felt no curiosity as to the authorship until the rural press quite generally copied and praised the rhyme. A second bit of verse got reprinted in three city papers, so upon the appearance of the third Leofric's identity became a burning question: one that the editor himself could not answer. All he knew was that the copy came to him by the hand of Mr. Murdoch, a leading lawyer.

All winter long Leofric wrote intermittently, becoming more and more a riddle and a personage. All winter long, too, Phil Mayben ate Sunday dinners at the Meakins' table, and Leonard Trabue talked looks and the world to Janey Gates. He was playing a waiting game, resolved to win her in spite of herself and Phil Mayben. Janey's heart was singularly steadfast. Still, there were times when she thought Trabue would succeed. Phil's going had left her desolate indeed. He could never have carved as he pretended or he would not be able to stay away. Of course she could not make the first move to reconciliation, especially since he was so taken up with the Meakins generation. Since he was forever lost to her it was far from unpleasant to see herself in Trabue's devotion.

Spring came with such a rush that year the picnic season opened in mid-May. Sister Meakins and Sister Hodgkin, self-elected social autocrats, got up the first one and set the place for it, Clear Spring, just a little way off the Gates' pasture. The spring was, in fact, Gates' property, so Sister Meakins let the owner know she thought it would be no more than neighborly of him to put up tables, seats and stakes for the gypsy kettles, to say nothing of the swings. There Phil Mayben interfered. "You don't play a lone hand at this game with me around, squire," he said to Janey's father. Thus it fell out that for two days before the picnic he was nearly as much in Janey's eyes as he had been all winter in her mind.

It amused and somewhat frightened her to find how equably she regarded him. Squire Gates brought him to dinner, whether or no, and Janey shook hands with him and chatted gaily throughout the meal without the least flutter of the heart. She even watched him go away with no access of sentiment.

If only Trabue had spoken there and then! But he was invisible until next

day. The picnic crowd gathered early. Phil was the life of it, though Dora Meakins strove to him like a fungus. He even bowed civilly to Trabue, who hung about Janey, his eyes downcast, his look preoccupied. The end of the social term was just three weeks ahead. Before he came to that parting of the ways he felt that he must know exactly where he stood. Janey had grown distinctly kinder. Still, there was something in her kindness that put him further off. She would be an ideal wife for him. A bold stroke would do it now. A year hence would be quite too late.

While the laughter and chatter were at flood he drew her apart and poured out to her his hopes, aspirations, plans. Love he barely named. Might they not, he pleaded, be intellectual comrades? Sustained by her companionship he felt himself capable of great things. He had already made a beginning, and she was all unwittingly the inspiration of what he had done.

Then he tried to take her hand. Janey withdrew it gently. "Tell me all about it," she whispered, a hovering smile about her lips. Trabue bent to her ear and said hurriedly, "You must not mention it, sweetheart, but I am Leofric—Leofric, who wrote desolate and despairing things because you refused him."

"Indeed!" Janey said, peering up from her mossy rock to slip him then, over her shoulder, she added, "You will please wait until afternoon for your answer. I must go help about the dinner."

Dinner was so fine a feast Lawyer Murdoch declared he felt more than paid for his long drive out from town. He was Squire Gates' man of business and Janey's sworn friend. Therefore nobody wondered at their confidential talk aside, and even Phil Mayben smiled approval when the lawyer kissed Janey in greeting. But he sure there was a stir as Lawyer Murdoch pulled Janey to the middle of the crowd, raised his voice and said, with twinkling eyes: "Ladies and gentlemen, I like unmasking humbugs, so permit me to present to you Leofric, the poetess of Cane Creek. Don't remember it against her that she is a poetess—it's all the fault of that scoundrel, Phil Mayben!"

"It won't be any longer, Mr. Murdoch," Phil said, bursting through the crowd to catch Janey in his arms and kiss her high in his forehead. "I know I've been seven kinds of a fool," he went on. "I don't deserve Janey—nobody does, for that matter—but I'm going to have her or die trying."

"You've got her," Lawyer Murdoch said, wringing Phil's hand. Dora Meakins turned her back and went off with her head high, but Mr. Leonard Trabue stayed not on the order of his going. Nobody in Cane Creek neighborhood ever saw him again.

Ancient Egyptian Mortgage.

Of all the numerous Egyptian papyri dating from the Greco-Roman period and preserved in the British museum none can be said to be of greater interest than those throwing light on the social conditions and manners and customs of the period. Many of these documents are mortgages, bills of sale and marriage contracts. Of the first named class a very interesting one is dated in the twentieth year of Cleopatra and Ptolemy. It appears that a shepherd named Menthu and his mother, Tausir, finding themselves in difficulties, mortgaged their field to a woman named Ete for the sum of 600 pieces of silver, which they promised to repay in eight months' time with interest. In case of failure of this condition they were willing to forfeit the field without further trouble or litigation. After giving the measurements of the land and particulars of its boundaries the document is attested by Heru-so-osi, scribe of Usir-ur, alias Amenhetep.—London Globe.

Preserving Spiders' Webs.

Naturalists employ an interesting method to preserve all kinds of spiders' webs. The webs are first sprayed with an atomizer with artist's shellac, and then, should they be of the ordinary geometric form, they are pressed carefully against a glass plate, the supporting strands being at the same time severed. After the shellac has dried the plates carrying the webs can be stored away in a cabinet. Even dome shaped webs may be preserved in their original form by spraying them to dry before removal from their supports. Many spiders' webs are very beautiful, and all are charmingly like of the species to which they belong, so that, from a scientific standpoint, their permanent preservation is very desirable.—Harper's Weekly.

A Country Doctor's Record.

Dr. James Morris, who was one of the oldest medical practitioners in Scotland, has just died at Dunfermline. When he celebrated his jubilee as a doctor some ten years ago he made this statement: "During my fifty years in practice I have attended 50,000 patients, administered chloroform 10,000 times with absolute impunity from fatal results, had 5,000 births (1,000 consecutive cases without a death), made about 1,000,000 visits and traveled about 500,000 miles." Not a bad record for a country medical man.—Westminster Gazette.

Skyscrapers.

The second generation of skyscrapers in lower Manhattan has appeared. The twenty story building at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets is now being torn down as obsolete in order to make way for a new and much higher thirty-story structure. New York skyscrapers may soon be classified like battleships—at the end of ten years "obsolete," and then the scrap heap.—Springfield Republican.

Personal Health and Purity.

Up-to-date American Literature, adapted for all sorts and conditions of people, may be seen or had at Dr. Fox's office, Main street, Prineville, Or. 12-8-11

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Franklin & Cooke has dissolved. The business of the old stand, A number of second hand cook stoves wanted for which I will pay cash. W. S. COOKE, Prineville, Ore., Feb. 24, 1911.

DIGGING THE BIG DITCH.

How the Steam Shovels Make the Dirt Fly at Panama.

The steam shovels stand on terraced levels and in fifty minutes had a train of eighteen flat cars, which are unloaded in fifteen minutes more and a shower of dust. The line of cars is followed by "spreaders." All through the cut puffs of steam here and there indicate where the shovels are burrowing their way and pushing the work forward. Watching shovel 221, I stood on engine No. 218 when she was at work. Engineer Harrison, his hand on the lever, was pushing the cars up in due course as the steam shovels filed them, while the conductor, raising and lowering a flag, directed a "shove-up," so that even while loading it is sometimes necessary for an engineer to keep his hand on the throttle. One shovel accomplished probably as much work in a day as could be done by 600 men, and there is a great deal of rivalry among the operators to make the best record.

The record of steam shovel 223 for one hot day shows how the dirt flies on the isthmus. Three hundred and thirteen cars were loaded in 470 minutes. In the language of Larry O'Grady, this was a "cat's paws," almost an average of a car a minute, with eleven seconds grace, or a rate of a cubic yard of earth every seven seconds. A remark was made by a man of unknown nationality, "It looks as though the dirt had wings, doesn't it?" Over 50,000 cubic yards of rock have been taken out in twenty-five working days by one shovel, and a completed tunnel through the cut is excavated within every month.—Joe Mitchell Chappie in National Magazine.

A FOREST GIANT.

Monster Tree Trunk That Rivals the Famous Fossil Monarch.

A rival of the giant tree, the Fallen Monarch, familiar in pictures with a jagged top of its trunk, has been found on the slopes of Bald Mountain, in northern Tulare county.

It is in a region little visited and was first noted by R. H. Gallagher, an old Yosemite stage driver, two years ago. When Gallagher tried to return to it he lost the trail and did not find the great tree again for months.

The great trunk lies in the forest, the lower two or three feet of it buried in the soil which has been accumulating for ages. It is believed that hundreds of years have passed since the great tree fell, and the fires of ages have rolled over it through the forest. Much of the bark has been burned away, yet originally it was from ten to forty inches thick. The trunk now is more than 100 feet in circumference, and it is a hard climb to get on top of it.

Bald Peak is midway between the Sequoia National park and the General Grant National park. Near by is Redwood mountain, on which there are said to be 10,000 giant trees. The region, which is northeast of Visalia, is reached by stage to Eshom valley, twenty-one miles, where Gallagher has a camp called Janita camp.—Los Angeles Express.

German Acuteness.

The egg cups imported into India at one time all came from Great Britain. The Indian eggs are, however, very small and the egg cups did not fit. A German traveler noticed this small item and got his firm to make smaller egg cups and export them there. All the trade is now in German hands. In Africa the scissors imported from Sheffield were found to be rather dangerous weapons to place in the hands of the natives, owing to their sharp points. The Solingen Steel works sent a lot of round pointed scissors out, which found favor, and now Germany has captured the whole market.—From "Germany of the Germans."

Saving the Edelweiss.

The edelweiss, responsible for so many deaths, is becoming rare. The plant when it is culled is not of particular beauty, but the fascination of picking it is in an inverse ratio. Natives of the poorer classes gather the flower, and tourists buy it for the same reason as certain anglers buy trout. The Bavarian government is so alarmed at the threatened destruction of the mountain "orchid" that a law has been passed to penalize the gathering without a permit. The measure is somewhat drastic, for even a proprietor who wishes to gather the flower must first obtain a permit.—London Globe.

Bacteria.

Modern investigations as to the origin of diseases have brought the little organisms called bacteria into so much prominence that search has been made to ascertain whether they existed during the early geological periods. Not long since the fact was announced that Reagnault had discovered bacteria in coal. Continuing his researches, he found evidence that bacteria were probably coeval with the first appearance of organic life on the earth. They attacked vegetable tissues as well as the bones and teeth of animals; but, as a rule, they belonged to species distinct from those of today.

A Romantic Career.

Cald Belton, the young English officer who, at the age of twenty-six, became commander in chief to Mulai Hadd and helped him win the throne of Morocco, has had a stranger than fiction career. At nineteen he received his commission for bravery in South Africa, soon after achieved his captaincy in Somaliland, entered Mulai Hadd's service in 1908, and now everybody in Morocco calls him "the kingmaker."

Application for Grazing Permits.

Notice is hereby given that all applications for permits to graze cattle, horses and sheep within the UMPQUA NATIONAL FOREST during the season of 1911, must be filed in my office at Roseburg, Oregon, on or before March 15th, 1911. Full information in regard to the grazing fees to be charged and blank forms to be used in making applications will be furnished upon request. Dated this 2nd day of Feb., 1911. R. F. HUCKMAN, Administrator of the Estate of Patrick J. Kennedy, deceased.

NEWFOUNDLAND SEALS.

Very Different From Those Hunted on the Pacific Coast.

The Newfoundlanders kill seals each spring to the number of from 200,000 to 250,000. These seals are chiefly valuable for the oil extracted from their fat and are very different from those hunted on the Pacific coast, which are sought for their fur. The former are of two distinct kinds, known as "harp" and "hoods." The harp come from the northern coast of Canada, in the region of Hudson bay; the hoods from the coast of Greenland. These animals descend in enormous herds at the commencement of winter, meeting off the coast of Labrador, and continue southward in two immense columns, parallel and separate, the harp on the inside, the hoods on the outside, until they reach the vicinity of the banks, where they return in like order.

About the end of February, in the neighborhood of the strait of Belle Isle, they mount the lee and drift southward again. It is then that their young are born. At birth they have a covering of soft white fur and are called "white coats." This they lose at the end of about a month, giving place to a coarser and darker fur, the back of each being marked with a large spot of black in the form of a lyre or harp, from which the name is derived. The young hood is born at the same time and is much larger than his cousin, the harp, and differently marked. The male is provided with a membrane which covers the nose and which he is able to inflate by blowing through the nostrils—hence his name.

Up to four years ago it was not thought safe to go to the ice except in wooden vessels, but in 1905 a specially constructed steel ship was introduced with so much success that others of the same type quickly followed, and last spring there was added to the fleet a liner sailing between New York, Halifax and St. John's, built of steel, to engage in the seal fishery when taken off her regular route. The ship is 3,000 tons gross and 1,950 tons register. Her maiden trip, in spite of predictions to the contrary, was crowned with complete success. Not only did she return from the ice practically uninjured, but she was the first to arrive with a catch of over 30,000.—Harper's Weekly.

Locomotive That Runs Cab First.

A rather curious development is seen in the latest type of locomotives on the Southern Pacific, which are run cab first, the smokestack end bringing up the rear. Experience gained in operating these engines through tunnels and snowsheds has proved the desirability of placing the engine crew where a better view of the track can be obtained. Accordingly the new Southern Pacific locomotives are designed to run with the fire box first and the tender back of the smoke box. With a coal burning locomotive such a plan would, of course, be impracticable, but no difficulty is anticipated when using oil as fuel. In the new design the cab is entered through side doorways, reached by suitable ladders. An unobstructed view of the track is obtained through the front windows. The cab fittings are conveniently arranged within easy reach of the engineman, who occupies the right hand side when looking ahead.—Railway and Locomotive Engineering.

An Opalized Snake.

What is supposed to be an opalized snake has been discovered by a prospector at White Cliffs opal fields, South Australia, from whom it has been secured by an Adelaide resident named S. Saunders. On what appeared to be a piece of ironstone, dark brown in color and therefore making an excellent background to show off the precious stone, was imbedded the form of a small snake or lizard of pure opal. The coiling body measures about two inches in length, and the head and eyes are to be plainly seen. Even the scales of the back can be discerned. Before Mr. Saunders submitted it for examination at the museum, and he was informed on making the purchase that it was a reptile of some kind ossified and then opalized.—Adelaide Advertiser.

High Heels and Fire Escapes.

Women's "skyscraper" heeled shoes have come in for another drubbing, this time an official one in Chicago. Building inspectors have decided, after careful scrutiny of fire escapes of buildings where large numbers of women are employed, that the French heels are a menace to life and limb in case of panic. The slim, pointed heels would catch between the iron steps of the steps of most fire escapes. "The stairways," said one inspector, "and the heels together constitute a terrible danger to the girls working all over Chicago where this style of fire escape is used. The stairways should be made in such a way that heels will not catch or working girls should wear some other kind of shoes."

Shoes in Porto Rico.

There are about 100,000 children attending the public schools of Porto Rico, nearly all wearing shoes, and those in the country districts who do not have them look forward to the time when they can. Many of the laborers do not wear shoes, very few of the ox cart drivers wear them, but the time will soon arrive when all the inhabitants of the island will be wearing them, as the physicians claim that bare feet are the chief cause of anaemic infection, and with the change in the organic law it is stated an effort will be made to have an enactment compelling all persons to wear foot covering. In the cities of the island very few people now go barefoot.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Patrick J. Kennedy, deceased, to all persons having claims against said deceased to present the same, with the proper vouchers, to the undersigned at the office of M. R. Elliott in Prineville, Oregon, within six months from the first publication of this notice of Feb., 1911. Dated this 2nd day of Feb., 1911. R. F. HUCKMAN, Administrator of the Estate of Patrick J. Kennedy, deceased.

CHINESE CUNNING.

An Official's Subtle Scheme For Securing His Prisoners.

One of the funniest stories about Chinatown is not really Chinese. It was told by a British consul at one of the treaty ports. He arrested nine delinquent Chinese, intending to turn them over to the tender mercies of the native magistrate next morning. Meanwhile he gave them into the custody of a Chinese policeman, telling him to lock them up, though there was no jail at the consulate. But the policeman was equal to the emergency. He solemnly saluted, saying, "I obey," and marched his men off. Soon he returned and announced that they were safely caged.

The consul was curious to see how and where. He followed his policeman to the yard. There he saw the nine prisoners dancing round the consulate flagstaff, lugubriously chanting the Chinese equivalent of "ring around a rosy." Whenever the dance showed signs of flagging the policeman stirred them up with a long pole. They seemed at first sight to be holding each other's hands, but, looking closer, the consul saw that they were handcuffed together.

"Well," said the consul, "if they are chained in a ring around the flagstaff they can certainly not get away. But why do you make them dance?" "Ah," answered the Chinese policeman, with infinite cunning, "so that they cannot climb up the pole and get away."

AWED THE STUDENTS.

Jean Richepin's First Lesson as an Instructor in Literature.

At the age of twenty-two Jean Richepin, the French poet and dramatic author, accepted a place as instructor in literature in a school which prepared students for the military college of St. Cyr. His employers warned him that the future army officers took very little interest in belles-lettres and that their principal occupation in class was raising chaos.

Richepin's first lesson began amid a storm of whistling and catcalls. But the young instructor's voice boomed out above the uproar and imperiously commanded silence. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am not here because I like it. I am here for my living. Is any one of you going to stand in the way? If there is, I should be obliged if he will let me so face to face on the Place du Pantheon, where I am ready to meet him at any time. And inasmuch as we are all of us about the same age, you understand, of course, that the interview will be with bare fists."

And, so saying, young Richepin brought his clenched hand down upon the desk, and the desk broke in two, and he and his pupils fell happily ever afterward. Thus runs the official legend.—Argonaut.

Crafty M. Blanc.

Blanc, the founder of the Monte Carlo gambling resort, was well aware of the desperate character of many of his customers. Knowing that they included the scum and riffraff of the world, he took precautions against them. He never carried any money, which fact he announced so frequently and publicly that it was known everywhere along the Riviera that the millionaire Blanc never had a penny on his person. But he carried in a pocket-book a draft on red paper for several hundred thousand francs, payable to the indorsee. He feared kidnapping as much as robbery, and in case of abduction he intended to ransom himself with this draft. But the instructions at his office were not to cash a red draft with his signature unless a telegram was received from him ordering it to be done.

A Painful Process.

I was quite surprised one day when upon telling my little five-year-old girl, who was of a saving disposition, that I would put her pennies in the bank to have her educated to find that she burst into violent weeping and shouting. "I won't be educated; it hurts." "Hurts?" I queried. "What do you mean?" "I know," she sobbed. "They take a knife and scrape your arm and it swells up. I won't take my money to be educated."—Delinquent.

Friends in Need.

"I don't put much faith in proverbs," said Brown to Jones. "For instance, look at the oft quoted one, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' Now, most of my experience with friends in need has been that they wanted to borrow. Give me the friends that are not in need."

The Other Way.

"Then you don't want to leave foot-prints upon the sands of time?" "Nix," answered the politician guardedly. "All I want is to cover up my tracks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Noise Explained.

She (sternly)—I heard a noise very late. He (facetiously)—Was it the night falling? She—No, it wasn't. It was the day breaking.—Baltimore American.

The Glory of Life.

To be a strong hand to another in the time of need, to be a cup of strength to a human soul in a time of weakness, is to know the glory of life.

Read in February Sunset Magazine

"San Diego—The City of Dreams Come True," beautifully illustrated in four colors. "Tetraazini Singing in the Streets of San Francisco, Christmas Eve." Now on sale, all news stands, 15 cents. 1-2-31

Wheat Wanted.

4000 bushels of wheat wanted this month. Will pay 65c a bushel, delivered at my ranch on Crooked river. Will keep teams over night for 50c. R. F. HUCKMAN, Administrator of the Estate of Patrick J. Kennedy, deceased.

HANDCUFFS.

Various Devices That Have Been Used in Fettering Prisoners.

In Vergil is to be found the first recorded instance of the use of handcuffs, for the poet tells us that Proteus was thus fettered and rendered powerless by Aristaeus, who apparently knew that even the gods themselves were not proof against this form of persuasion.

In the fourth century B. C. an army of victorious Greeks found several chariots full of handcuffs among the baggage of the defeated Carthaginians, and it is highly probable that the ancient Egyptians had some contrivance of the kind. The word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "handceap," whence comes evidently the slang term "copper."

In earliest Saxon days "handceops" were used for nobles and "foot ceops" for kings, but in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the word is supplanted by the terms "shack bolt" and "swivel manacle," and the instruments were as cumbersome as the names by which they were known.

Up to the middle of the last century there were two kinds of handcuff in general use. One, known as the "flexible," was very like that which is still used; the other kind, called the "figure eight," was used to restrain violent prisoners. It was so fashioned that the captive could not move his hands and was universally dreaded, for the pain caused by a limb immovably confined is almost unbearable.

A simple but powerful device for securing prisoners was the "twister," now abolished owing to the injuries it inflicted. It consisted of a chain with handles at each end. The chain was put around the wrists, and the handles were brought together and twisted until a firm grip was obtained. The least struggle on the part of the captive and the chains bit deep into his wrists. Of the same nature, but made of wire, is "la ligote," while in an emergency whipcord has proved perfectly satisfactory.

The handcuff used in some parts of eastern Europe is most primitive. It consists of a V shaped piece of metal, in which the wrists are inserted, the open ends being then drawn together by means of a cross hook, which must be kept taut the whole time. The most handy form of cuff, which is in general use at present, comes from America. It is lighter and much less clumsy than the old "flexible."

It is no easy matter to clap the "bracelets" on a person who is struggling violently. Inventors should turn their attention to the subject, for much remains to be done before the fighting prisoner can be quickly and strongly secured without harm to himself or his captor.—London Globe.

The Tuaregs.

In his book "Across the Sahara" Hans Vischer writes: "On a spot recently uncovered by the wind I picked up blunt arrowheads and knives, Carthaginian coins, money lost by Romans and Arabs, and fragments of beautifully colored marble slabs which probably once adorned some Roman villa on the hills."

Strange peoples were met in that long march across the Sahara—the Tuaregs, for instance, who need not a sufragist attack to bring them to their senses, for "among the Tuaregs it is the man, the brute, who by all the laws of the country has to obey the woman. Descent is traced through the mother. Woman shows her proud face to all the world, while the man goes veiled."

The Artist and His Work.

The great artists, like the great heroes, have always done whatever came to hand. Michelangelo grumbled and said he was a sculptor when Julius II set him to paint, but he painted the roof of the Sistine chapel. Shakespeare chafed at the popularity of the fool in the drama of his time and then produced the fool in "Lear." If either of them had waited for perfect conditions and an inspiration untrammelled by circumstances he would have done nothing. They produced masterpieces because they made the best of things as they were. And this is the business of the artist in life.—London Times.

His Pockets Were Empty.

Damoreau, an actor, fought a duel in 1834 with an orator named Manuel. The orator proved the better swordsman and would have run Damoreau through the body had not his sword struck a five franc piece which happened to be in the actor's pocket. This drew from a notoriously impetuous journalist the exclamation, "Alas, if I had been in Damoreau's place it would have been all over with me!"—New York Post.

Domestic Joys.

Wife—I came across a bundle of your old love letters today. Husband—Did you read them over? Wife—Yes. Husband—And what was the effect of that perusal? Wife—I wondered which was the bigger fool—you for writing them or I for marrying you after receiving them.

The Test.

"They seem to be in love." "Yes; I really believe those two think as much of each other as they do of themselves."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Pa's Definition.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a matrimonial prize? Pa—A matrimonial prize, my son, is the woman some other man married.—Chicago News.

The Actions of Men are Like the Index of a Book—They Point out What is Most Remarkable in Them.

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, January 19, 1911. Notice is hereby given that WILLIAM H. GANN, of Prineville, Oregon, who on September 23rd, 1904, made Homestead No. 1230, Serial No. 6387, for N^o. NW¹/4, Sec. 24, T. 36N., R. 36E., NW¹/4, Sec. 25, Township 14 South, Range 16 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Warren T. Cook, County Clerk, at his office at Prineville, Oregon, on the 25th day of February, 1911. Claimant names as witnesses: E. A. Poe, Lalettole, Edward M. McFord, Ira Ray, Arthur Minkler, all of Prineville, Oregon. J. W. MOORE, Register.

Good Wagon Roads Necessary.

Railroad rates cost a cent and a half to three cents a ton mile. People kick at the cost. The average good Oregon wagon road transportation costs 25 cents a ton mile. The great majority of Oregon roads are not good and cost from 50 cents to \$1 a ton mile. A hard surface road of macadam construction cost eight cents for transportation a ton mile, yet it is only the farmer who hires his empty wagon when he tries to go to town in the Oregon winter that kicks at the cost.

The figures just given were obtained after careful computation from every section of Oregon by the Oregon Good Roads Association. The contrast in costs on good and bad roads has given the Association more courage to continue its fight for better-built highways in this state. Railroad rates make much difference in costs to consumers and profits to producers. Thus says the Good Roads Association the increased transportation cost of bad roads takes money from the farmer's pocket and adds to the price of living without profit either to the producer or the consumer, since the mud swallows all the difference and never makes returns.

When advocates of good roads from every section of Oregon went before the legislature last week they had the tremendous cost and the effective development restriction of bad roads in mind. They were a little disappointed when some of the legislators urged that each county should conduct its own road-building without help. It was believed that broad-minded legislators would know that the very purpose of their gathering to make laws was to work in unity for the good of the state and for every county in the state, and that concerted action in road-building was perhaps more important and more essential than any other state activity. Governor Oswald West, in an interview, answered this mistaken idea on the part of the legislators when he said "It is a notorious fact that the road work of the state has been done in the past upon a crazy-quilt hit and miss plan which gave no permanent relief from bad and often times practically impassable roads. There can be no doubt concerning my desire for the inauguration of a sane and sensible system of building good, serviceable, permanent highways in the State of Oregon. I am heartily in favor of the construction of good roads and hope to see the time speedily arrive when the public highways in this state will be second to none. I trust, therefore, that the gentlemen who are now banded together for the promotion of the good roads movement will keep ever in mind the idea of the practical and economical, and that out of their united efforts will come for Oregon a uniform and desirable system of public road building."

It was necessary for Judge Lionel R. Webster, Dr. Andrew C. Smith and others of the good roads Association to say forcibly before the Senate for the benefit of uninformed opposing senators that the proposed highway board and commissioner does not spend money obtained either from State Aid or by counties bonding for road building in counties, but the county authorities locate the roads and spend the money while the state board and highway commissioner give advice and direction as to scientific construction of roads in each county. The vote that followed showed that a majority of the senate were not slow in understanding nor narrow in development ambition. When the Highway Board and Commissioner bill was approved great satisfaction was felt by the hundreds who had come before the legislature, because it was on the bill that the whole great system of road making planned for Oregon counties depended. It was thought then that to secure the passage of the other bills would not be difficult, because upon count it was found that a majority of Oregon legislators stand for progressiveness and development and not for obstruction.