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PENINSULA BANK
St. Johns, Oregon.

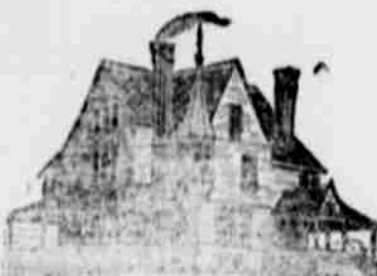
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THE FIRST LIGHTHOUSES.

They Were an Outgrowth of Beacon Fires on Headlands.

When ships are sailing upon the ocean the lights of heaven are their guides. Even in the dark ages, when the compass and sextant were unknown instruments, the seemingly motionless pole star hung like a beacon light in the northern heavens, and the rising and setting of the sun and stars distinguished the east from the west. When, however, ships came near the land the lights of heaven are not sufficiently safe to guide them. Rocks lie in their paths, unseen in the night; reefs and shoals spread under the water, while unsuspected currents sweep the frail craft all blindly upon these dangers.

Nevertheless, ships were sailed along dangerous coasts for centuries before a plain system of marking dangerous places was invented. The early mariners were bold and reckless rovers, more than half pirates, who seldom owned a rood of the coasts along which they sailed and could not have established lights and landmarks on them had they cared to do so. The rude beginning, then, of a system of lighthouses was when the merchants with whom the reckless mariners traded in those dark ages built beacons near the harbor mouths to guide the ships into port by day and lighted fires for their guidance at night. As such a harbor guide had to be a sure landmark in the daytime and a light by night, it soon took on a settled shape—a tower on which could be built a fire, and such a tower was usually built of stone.

This method of guiding ships into the ports which they sought was scarcely established before human wickedness used it as a means for their destruction. Bands of robbers, or, as they came to be called, "wreckers," would hide themselves somewhere near the haven sought by a richly laden vessel and, after overpowering the fire keepers, would extinguish the beacon fire on the night on which the ship was expected. Then they would light another fire near some treacherous reef. The mariner, sailing boldly toward the false light, would dash his vessel to destruction on the reef, whereupon the robber band would plunder the wreck and make off with the booty.

—St. Nicholas.

She Opened the Door.

A doctor who had saved the life of a woman, a personal friend, was asked his charge. He said he generally allowed his patient friends to remunerate him as they thought best.

"But don't you often get disappointed on these terms?" she inquired.

"I may say, never."

"As you are so easily pleased, here," and she playfully gave him her empty hand, while in the other was concealed a check for a handsome sum. "How easily I could have taken you in!" she added, producing the check.

"But you have only succeeded in drawing me out," he said, declining to relinquish her hand. "Don't insult me with a check. I am most generously rewarded."

Perhaps she understood the doctor's difficulty and wished to help him out of it. At any rate, the giving of her hand led him to offer his heart.

Bismarck and His Wig.

Bismarck occasionally wore a wig. He wore it for warmth and was proud when it successfully served its purpose. But at a blessing of the Neva, at which his sovereign and the czar were present, the wig played him false. An officer remarked upon its appearance as they galloped along together. "Is it visible?" asked Bismarck. "Yes; devilish distinctly. It's slipping down on one side," was the answer. Bismarck careered to the carriage which was waiting for him, removed his helmet, tore off his wig and threw it into the vehicle, while the czar and a whole host of other distinguished men looked on in amazement. Said Bismarck's sovereign at the end of the day, "What an utterly diabolical maneuver you executed with that wig of yours!"—St. James' Gazette.

Had Not Learned It Yet.

A bank official, who has many amusing stories at his tongue's end, tells of a stolid German woman who went into the bank one morning to deposit a fat roll of bills and open an account. She was asked to sign her name in the book reserved for the signatures of depositors and began to do so with many twistings of her face and pauses after the painful completion of each letter. Suddenly she stopped and after a period of dismayed reflection looked appealingly at the benevolent young man on the other side of the broad writing shelf. "I haf Katrina done," she said, pointing to her work with the pen, "but my second name I don't p'love I can write him. I don't p'een marriet to dis man long alretty—only long as yesterday."

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FATE AND ANDREW JACKSON.

What Going West, Not East, Meant to the Fiery Lawyer.

During the young manhood of Andrew Jackson, when he rode the circuit in Tennessee, knowing more law than most of his brethren at the bar, afraid of nothing on earth, ready to challenge to a duel some trained lawyer from the older settlements when that lawyer trespassed upon his own preserves and made fun of his ignorance—as Waightstill Avery did—thus holding his ground against all comers, partly by brute force and partly by mental superiority, he was probably nearer to happiness than he ever was afterward.

From court to court he rode his race horse, pistols in holsters, carrying his gun and his pack of hounds, ready for the courthouse, ready for the deer chase, ready for the shooting match, ready for the horse race, ready for the house raising and log rolling, ready to go out himself and drag into the courthouse the desperado whom the sheriff feared to arrest.

Rough and tumble times these were in backwoods Tennessee, with rude and lawless elements boiling and bubbling in that inevitable period of unrest and struggle which prevails in border settlements before the community takes form and everybody smugly congratulates everybody else on the "reign of law and order."

In just such a state of society young Jackson was peculiarly fitted to lead, dominate and prosper.

Had he gone eastward instead of westward, had he cast in his lot with the lawyers that were striving for advancement in the cities of the original thirteen seaboard states, nothing is more certain than that the world would never have heard of him.

His lack of knowledge of the law would have made him easy prey to those who were masters of this profession. His fiery temper would have kept him constantly in battle array, and in fighting those lawyers who got the better of him in the citation of legal authorities he would, in the nature of things, have met the wrong man sooner or later.—Watson's Magazine.

Two Famous Kisses.

History has taken notice of some famous kisses. There was that which Queen Margaret gave to Alain Chartier over 300 years ago, the memory of which is fresh in the minds of men if not on their lips. Chartier was a poet, but he was the ugliest man personally in all "the sunny land of France." The queen, with her maids, one day found him asleep and, bending over him, kissed his dreaming lips. Turning to her maids, she prettily said: "I kiss not the man. I kiss the soul that sings."

Two centuries later Voltaire, another Frenchman and also a poet, was publicly kissed in the stage box of the theater by the young and lovely Countess de Villars, but in his case the lady gave the kiss not as a voluntary tribute to genius, but in obedience to the commands of the claque in the pit, who, mad with enthusiasm for the poet's "Merope," bade her kiss him.

Baited the Wrong Fish.

It happens sometimes that the cure is worse than the disease. It was in the case of the mother who tried to break her little Theodore of the habit of taking sweets off the sideboard. "We often have bonbons when there are guests to luncheon," she said, "and although Theodore promises not to touch them he always does."

"You might do as I did in the same circumstances," suggested the neighbor, smiling reminiscently.

"What did you do?"

"I carefully removed the inside filling from a chocolate drop and stuffed the shell with red pepper."

"Did it work?"

"It might have worked," replied the neighbor, "if Johnny had happened to spy it. As it was, I forgot all about it in the press of other matters, and at dinner time the guest of the evening got it."

Consentious.

At a cricket match, Married versus Unmarried, the former took first innings, and chiefly by the aid of some blind hits by one of the players, named Jones, made a score of 84. Just as the bachelors were about to commence their innings news of a local railway accident, in which some of the passengers had been killed, reached the field.

"I'm in a bit of a quandary," said Jones to the curate who had organized the match. "My missus was in that train."

"Dear me. I'm sorry to hear it," was the reply. "You are anxious to get away, of course?"

"Well, no, sir. It ain't that. I was only thinking if anything has happened to my Mary I ought to be playing for the single chaps."—London Queen.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

was a man who, against all odds, attained the highest honor a man could get in the United States. Ballard's Horehound Syrup has attained a place, never equalled by any other like remedy. It is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza and all Pulmonary diseases. Every mother should keep supplied with this wonderful cough medicine. Sold by St. Johns Drug store.

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

Some of the Queer Bulls That Have Been Recorded.

That man made a remark that had better have been left unsaid who, when the king found some fault with the earl marshal for some details of the coronation ceremony, replied, "Please, your majesty, I hope it will be better next time." Lord Orford tells the following, which he characterizes as the best "bull" he ever heard: "I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at one who had been his nurse. "I hate that woman, for she changed me at nurse." A gentleman was once complimenting Mme. Denis on the manner in which she had just enacted the part of Zara. "To act that part," said she, "a person should be young and handsome." "Ah, madam," replied the would-be complimenter, "you are a complete proof to the contrary," which was a faux pas with a vengeance. It was at an execution in Ireland that the rope broke and the half hanged victim fell to the ground, when the person who was superintending the execution said, "You rascal, if you do that again I'll kill you as sure as you breathe."

It was an Irish mayor who issued a proclamation stating that certain business would be transacted in that city "except Monday" (Easter Sunday only excepted), which is capped by the preamble of an English bill which ordained that certain regulations should take place "on every Monday" (Tuesday excepted), while an English mayor ran this close in a proclamation and an advertisement relating to some forthcoming races, wherein it was stated that "no gentleman will be allowed to ride on the course but the horses that are to run."

Another "bull" of the legislature which actually found its way on to the statute book was that in which in amending an old act it was ordained in the event of conviction that of the fine of 40 shillings, half was to go to the king and half to the informer. In the amending act this was altered to "40 strokes with the birch, half to go to the king and half to the informer," which only tends to show that the draftsmen of the laws of the nation are not always as careful as they might or should be. Of course, perhaps, the poor things are overworked or tired.

Shakespeare has been guilty of more than one literary "bull," one of his best being in the first portion of "Henry IV," wherein the carrier complains that "the turkeys in his panners are quite starved," the phrase occurring in the fifth scene of the second act, whereas turkeys came from America, and the new world was not even discovered for a century later. Again, in the first scene of the fifth act of "Henry V," wherein Gower is made to say to Fluellen, "Here comes Pistol, smiling like a turkeycock," all of which proves the appositeness of the remark that even Homer sometimes nods, as Shakespeare did in these and other instances. Many others could be deduced, but the above examples will suffice.

Going a step higher, we find the lord lieutenant of Ireland of a former day equally at fault in his language, for in a proclamation issued from the council chamber of Dublin we find it set forth that "whereas, the greatest economy is necessary in the consumption of all species of grain and especially in the consumption of potatoes," etc. Mr. Grey tells of a lawyer who in an action for assault and battery informed the judge that "the defendant beat his client with a certain wooden instrument called an iron pestle."—London Standard.

A Logical Retort.

One night Paganini was going to the Paris opera house, where he was to astonish every one by playing on one string. Being late, he took a cab, and when he arrived at his destination the caddy wanted 10 francs. "What," he exclaimed, "you are crazy. I have only had you five minutes." "I know it is much," said the other, "but for you who make a fortune by playing on one string it must be 10 francs." "Well," said Paganini, handing him the right fare, "when you can make your cab go on one wheel come to me, and I will give you 10 francs."—La Caricaturista.

Where Solomon's Wisdom Failed.

King Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived. People came from miles around just to look at the receptacle of so much wisdom. One day a young man came to him and knelt before his throne.

"Oh, king, live forever!" said the young man. "I am in love. I bought the object of my affection a diamond pin. She allowed me to kiss her and later accidentally called me 'dear' and blushed and apologized. Does she care anything for me?"

"I don't care," said King Solomon.—Chicago Tribune.

Take the Postmaster's Word for it.

Mr. F. M. Hamilton, postmaster at Cherryvale, Ind., keeps also a stock of general merchandise and patent medicines. He says: "Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is standard here in its line. It never fails to give satisfaction and we could hardly afford to be without it. For sale by St. Johns Drug store.

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CHURCH NOTICES.

Baptist church—E. A. Leonard, pastor. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. B. Y. P. U. 7 p. m. Preaching at 8 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend these services.

Methodist church—F. L. Young, pastor. Sunday school 10 a. m.; preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Epworth League at 7 p. m.

Holy Cross Catholic church, Portsmouth Station 8:15 a. m., low mass; 10:15 a. m., high mass; 7:30 p. m., vespers and benediction.

St. Andrew's Episcopal Chapel, University Park—Rev. Wm. R. Powell, chaplain. Regular services 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 3 p. m. Bible class 7 p. m.; Lenten service every Friday at 10 a. m.

Evangelical church—Sunday school 10 a. m. Preaching 11 a. m.; Junior K. L. C. E. 2:30 p. m.; Senior K. L. C. E. 7:00 p. m. Also preaching at 8:00 p. m. Chester P. Gates, Pastor.

First Congregational Church—G. W. Nelson, pastor. Sunday school 10 a. m.; preaching 11 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Good music. Your presence at these services, and cooperation in the work of the church will be appreciated.

Baptist Church, University Park, Rev. A. B. Waltz, pastor. Regular services every Sunday morning and evening.

German Baptist Church—Services held each Sunday at Baptist church as follows: Sunday school 2 p. m., preaching at 3 p. m. Rev. Falmeat, pastor.

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Leaves at 10:20 a. m., and 4:45 p. m.
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Office: Room 9, Breeden Building, corner Third and Washington streets, Portland, and Room 25, Holbrook Block, St. Johns.
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