Why an Allas? One afternoon, when the Duke of Edinburgh and Sir Arthur Sullivan. having finished a duet, were sitting down to a homely "dish of tea" provided by Mrs. Sullivan, the composer's mother, it suddenly occurred to her to start the subject of family names and titles, which puzzled the good lady

considerably. "Sir," she said, "your family name is

"My dear mother," began Arthur.
"But it is, isn't it?" she persisted.
"Certainly," replied the duke, much amused. "What's the matter with it.

Mre. Sulitvan ?" "Oh, nothing," returned the excellent old lady musingly. "Only I can't un-derstand why you don't call yourself

by your proper name."

Arthur wanted to explain to her, but the duke would not allow him to.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of in the name of Gueiph, Mrs. Suilivas."

he said gravely.
"That's exactly what I say," persisted Arthur's mother; "nothing what-ever as far as I know, and, that being

so, why you should not call yourself by it I can't understand."—F. C. Hur-nand's "Records and Reminiscences."

A Great Relief.

An old organ blower lay on his deathbed. He was a good old fellow, and everybody liked him. He had always been ready to do anything and everything connected with the church without complaining, but had evidently had his own troubles which he had kept locked in his breast.

The curate was with the old soothing and comforting him as best he could, "Would you mind, sir," said the sick

man, "asking the organist to play the dead march over me? Lor', but I just love that dead march!" "Certainly, with pleasure, Jones," replied the curate.

"Thank'ee, sir; none o' that there tweedledum Beethoven, you know, but Handel's."

"I can promise that much, my good man," said the curute. The old man lay placidly for awhile and then exclaimed with fervor, "How thankful I am that I shan't have to blow for him when he punys the toud part at the end!"

The Englishmen In a Groove. In England nine-tenths of the lads of the middle classes look forward to nothing more than a seat at an office desk with a certain number of shillings a week for a certain number of years. To attempt to do anything else would be to run the risk of social ostracism. A young man may loaf reon no account start a business if it involves selling anything or producing anything with his hands. That would be bad form. It would be getting out-side the groove. Thus for the great mass of the people England holds no romance. The lad who thinks he could do something is discouraged. Every-The whole weight of public opinion is against the smallest divergence from the ordinary rule.—Manchester (England: Mail.

An acquaintance of the late Josh Billings was one day talking with him about the remarkable increase of imi-tations and substitutes for original articles, as "eleomargarine" for "but-ter," "celluloid" for "lvory," and so forth, "and." said he, "many of the substitutes go shead of the real thing-I guess in time shere will be a substi-tute for everything, though I don't know about 'wisdom.'"

"No;" replied the humorist, "up to

the present time at least there is no really good substitute for wisdom. But silence is the best that has so far

Once during the progress of a certain case Sir Charles Darling remonstrated with a barrister for the way in which

he was arguing a point.

"Tou will perdon me, my lord," said
the latter, "but perhaps I may remind
you that you argued a case in a sim-liar way yourself when you were at

"Yes, I admit it," replied his lord-ship, with a quiet smile. "but that was the fault of the judge who allowed it." —London Tit-Bita.

Frederick I. of Prunsia was killed by fear. His wife was insens, and one day she escaped from her keeper and, dabbing her clothes with blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the "white lady" whose ghost was believed to invariably appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks.

Hedgehoge and Eggs.
Some years ago, not being able to ac-unt for the disappearance of eggs, a ire cage trap was set in a fowl run. fter a little time this was occupied— at by a rat, but a fine hedgebog filled the temost capacity the trap. It has reset, to be filled in a few days with Hedgebog. No more eggs were timed.—London-Times.

Not Funny For the Nophew.

"A little change of beir," remarked
the old man as he altered his will, cut
ting off his sophew in favor of a dis-

inthusiasm gives life to what is the bie and interest to what has no im-finte action on our comfort in this id.—Mms. de Stael.

Boys will be Boys things—they may result acrious if you do. Apply Ballard's Snow Liniment according to directions right newsy and it will relieve the pain and heal the trouble. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by North Bank Pharmany.

owing story to D. H. Bates, manager of the war department telegraph office:
"I'm like an old colored man I knew.
He spent so much of his time preach. ing to the other slaves it kept him and them from their labors. His master told him be would punish him the

next time he was caught preaching.
"'But, marsa,' said the old man, with tears in his eyes, 'I always has to draw infruences from Bible texts when dey comes in ma baid. I jest cain't help it. Can you, marsa?

"'Well, said his master, 'I suspec-I do sometimes draw inferences. But there is one text I never could understand, and if you can draw the right inference from it I'll let you preach

to your beart's content."

""The ass snuffeth up the east wind." Now, what inference do you draw from that?

Well, marsa, I's neber beard dat text befo' nohow, but I 'spects de in-fruence am she got to snuff a long time befo' she get fat."—Pittsburg

Trapping a Tiger.

The tiger is possessed at times of an simost supernatural cunning, a wonderfat sense of smell and a fine in stinct with regard to traps and the like, which make him as difficult an animal to take alive as any existing Sometimes he can be suared, but not often. On one occasion the writer's untive Indian servant ran in in a great state of excitement to way a tiger was trapped in the jungle baif a mile away, and the entire camp, of prisoner. The trap was exactly on the principle of a humble mouse trap, with a falling door, and built of strong timbers inced together with rattans The imprisoned tiger was a full grown mate, and it would be difficult to imagine anything wilder than his rage as he roared and stormed and buried himself in futile fury on each part of the structure in turn. There he was to stay until bunger had rendered him manageable, the incident showing that the tiger can be trapped, although not often.—London Globe.

An Idol With Diamond Eyes. It is a curious fact and one scarcely known outside of Russia, and there hardly ever mentioned, that the fa-pous Orioff diamond was once the right eye of the great ido! Serringham clous gem was stolen at about the be-ginning of the eighteenth sentury by a French soldier who had made a pre-tense of being converted to the Hindoo religion in order to gain the confidence of the priests and admission to the temple. The 1 achman first sold the diamond for 12,000. On the next turn it was bought by a banker of Con-stantinople for £12,000. The banker kept it until 1774 and then sold it to the Russian empress for £90,000 and a life pension. The gem has been in the Stussion royal family ever since. As it is now set to the imperial scepter of Russia it presents a flattened, rose cut surface and weighs exactly 1944

Iceland was founded A. D. 874 by men from Norway. In the words of John Fiske, "it was such a wholesale colonization of picked men as had not in Portland." and was not to be seen again until Winthrop sailed into Massachusetts bay. It was not long before the population of Iceland was 50,000. Their sheep and cattle flourished, hay crops were heavy, a lively trade—with fish, oil, butter and skins in exchange for meni and mait—was kept up with Norway. Denmark and the British isles. Political freedom was unimpaired, jus-tice was fairly well administered, naval superiority kept all foes at a dis-tance, and under such conditions the growth of the new community in wealth and culture was surprisingly

The governor of a western state was making inspection of certain state in-stitutions when he made inquiry as to the progress of a chapiain by him aped to an insane asylum.

governor, thinking to get an unpreju-diced opinion from the official acting as his guide. "How is he getting on?" asked the

"Fine?" exclaimed the man. "His preachin is very successful, governor. The idiots enjoys it especially."—Cin-cinnati Commercial Tribune.

Ne Apology to Offer.
"Why spend three years cultivating your voice if you don't intend to go

on the operatic stage?"
"For the same reason, I suppose, that
you've spent fifteen or twenty years in
cultivating a discriminating taste for
alcoholic beverages and yet don't intend to go into the saloos business."—
Chicago Tribune.

"Hubby, did you bring home my new

"And my puffs?"
"I did."

"How about my face powder?"
"Here's your complexion. Now get
buoy and assemble yourself."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wigg-How do you get along with old Crusty? Don't you find him hard to deal with? Wagg-As hard as a wormout pack of cards.—Philadelphia Record.

judice equints when it looks and then it talks.—Abrantes

is a pretty hard thing to according to the pilan when you're blue, bilions a out of norts. There is a sure of thinds of stemach and it

said, for it is the habit of the sharp nosed public to search out past utterances and hold the candidate responsible for them. John Burns, says Mr. Grabb in his life of that labor leader, once made the slip of remarking that no man was worth more than £500 a year. Accordingly, when he became a cabinet member with a salary of £2,000, he was obviously open to attack.

When he first met his constituents

dent of the local government board a candid friend recalled the statement about a man's worth by calling out in the middle of his speech; "Wot ababt that 'ere salary of £2.

Mr. Burns was equal to the occa-"That is the recognized trade unlo

rate for the job," was his apt reply.
"If I took less I would be a black-"Wot yer goin' ter do with the £1,500

over?" pursued the inquisitive ques "For details," answered Mr. Burns apply to my treasurer, Mrs. Burns."

One of Dr. Hale's Jokes. When he was quite a young man the late Dr. Edward Everett Hale played a ummering on the Massachusetta coast. All these girls were reading the same exciting novel, and one day at dinner it was a leading topic. Knowing that none of them had finished it. Hale, unknown to them, carried it away with him the next morning when he went to the city. On the train he wrote an absurd conclusion to the novel, laying

Carrying this bogus conclusion to a publisher, a friend of his, he had it put in type, and then, carefully removng the bona fide conclusion, he pasted in his own. On his return he placed the book on the plazza and waited. The look which spread over a girl's face as she read that last chapter was, Dr. Hale declared, worth going far to see.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Flying Dutchman.
The Flying Dutchman was a ship which was sometimes visible from va-rious points of land, but more partie ularly from the Cape of Good Hope in very stormy weather. The story runs that her captain once swore so fearful an oath that as a punishment for his biasphemy be was condemned to best about the oceans until the day of judgment. The Flying Dutchman was never known to get into port and was generally seen sailing under ful canvas before a strong wind. The myth is generally understood to have had its origin in the waterspout, which in the distance resembles a sailing

One evening just after dinner a young busband of Indianapolis was. in accordance with his custom, giving when suddenly he laid down the paper with this exclamation:

"By George! Here's an account telling how during the recent storm off the New England coast a ship loaded with passengers went ashore. Why, that vessel belonged to my uncle Tom

wife. "And just think how glad those passengers were to get to dry land!"--Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Poor Milkman.

A family living in an eastern city found a good deal of cream on a bot-tle of milk which had been standing overnight, and when the driver called in the morning the pleased servant held it up to the light and said, "Look bere, I have never seen anything like

this before on your milk."

The man looked at it for a moment, scratched his head and replied, "Well, I don't know what's the matter, but you can throw it out, and I'll give you fresh bottle in its place."

Higgins-How is it you are always iling about? I never see you when ou have anything to do. Wiggins-The fact is it takes so much of my time looking after other folks' business I have none left for looking after my own. Don't you find something like the same trouble yourself?—Boston Transcript.

The Bost Ever.

Gentleman—But I am afraid he wouldn't make a good watchdog. Man (with buil terrier)—Not a good watchdog! Why, Lor' bless your 'eart, it was only last week that this very animal held a burglar down by the throat and beat his brains out with his tail.—

London Tatler. What Struck Him.
"Did anything about the defendant strike you as being out of the ordinary?" asked the judge of the plaintiff in a case of assault and battery.
"Yes, your honor," was the reply.
"What was it?" queried the judge.
"His Set," answered the plaintiff,—Chicago News.

Chicago News

Rain and the Sect.
Dr. John Watsen (Iau Maciaren)
says: "Never sak a Scotchman if it is
raining. I have never heard a Scot
admit that the rain is falling. What
I have heard him say is that if it goes
on as it is now it will turn out wet."

Mutual Surprise.
She-When I married you I had no
se that you would stay away from
the so much. He-Well, neither had

Have you had to eacrifice so wed one because of a lack of me loved one because of a lack of mos-ey to pay the surgeon's fee? Stop spending. Start saving. Every-one helps the frugal man as much as he helps himself. The First National Bank will help you by paying compound interest every six

You got full weight and fire sality at the Contral market. Jus-r it awhite.

Scotch church one Bunday on be half of the heathen. The minister made a stirring appeal, and the warden started his round with the box. One of the first members of the congregation to whom he offered it, says writer in the Church Family Newspaper, was evidently ill disposed to the

In a stage whisper, heard alike by congregation and pastor, this man said in blank vernacular:

"Tak' it awa', lad. I'm not going to At that period the collection boxes

were taken direct into the vestry. Down came the preacher from the pul-pit, went into the vestry, brought out toward the gentleman, all the congre-gation imagining that the minister was going to shame the unbeliever into giving something.

The clergyman offered the box to

the heretic with the naive remark: "Tak' what thou wantest, lad. It has been gathered for the heathen."

Correct Time in Egypt.

The working of the oriental mind was delightfully illustrated in a story which Professor Turner told the Mathematical association. He had been spending the Christmas vacation in Egypt to supervise the erection of a telescope at Helouan. Captain Lyons. who was in charge of the instrument, said that he had found that at noon every day a gun was fired and was anxious to know how the system worked. Accordingly he interviewed the gunner and asked how he knew when to fire the signal. "Oh, I look at my watch," said the official. "And w do you correct your watch?" asked the captain. "I take it to the mak-er in Cairo and he tells me the error." get the correct time from the gun," said that simple craftsman. And thus time was told in Egypt. — London Standard.

The Chinaman's Will-A Puzzle. A Chinaman, dying, left eleven sheep and three sons and, making a will, left one-half of his estate to his eldest boy, one-fourth to the next and one-sixth to the third son. They wished to divide without killing a sheep, but could not see how to do it, so they sent for a wise man. Sending to his own fold for a sheep, he put it in with the eleven. Now take your half—six, said he to the eldest, and he did so; the second, take your fourth—three: which the plaintiff's lawyer. Daniel Chipman, objected because it had no the younger, take your sixth and be-gone—two, and they all did so, when the wise man drove his own sheep Was the division according to the

"What shall we do. John." said the farmer's wife, who had retained much of her sentiment through twenty-five years of married life-"what shall we

do to celebrate our silver wedding?"
"Reckon up where nil the silver's
gone to in bringing up our family." grumbled he. "Oh, no, John; it must be something real good and out of the ordinary. I

pig and give a banquet." mal is to blame for what happened

twenty-five years ago." Manifested the Makings. Alderman Smith's baby was being christened, and everybody present was complimenting the happy parents.
"I believe," said the proud mother,
"that he is going to be a great politi-

cian some day."
"Why?" asked the ruddy faced fa-

"Well, because he crawls out of ev-

erything so easily," said the wife, smiling up into her husband's face.-An Old Verb.

To lase is an old verb. In Samuel Rowlands' "Martin Markall," 1610, we are told that "loyterers lase in the streete, lurke in alchouses and range in the highwales." The word occurs, I believe, in some of Mortimer Collins' But Cupid laseth 'monget the falery

-London Notes and Queries.

How Erin and Scotia See Things. We don't suppose a Scotchman and an Irishman will ever be able to acefully settle an argument, because er he talks, and the slower he talks the botter the Irishman feels.-Puck.

She Was There. at Clerkenwell county court said he had been informed came forward. His Honor—Then you are not dead? The Woman—No; I am here.—London Tele-

"When you were courting me," said his wife, "you declared there wasn't another woman in the world like me." "Yes," replied her husband, "and I'm glad of it—for the sake of other men."

All the Same to Him.
Wife—John, there's a burglar going through your pockets. John—All right!
You two fight it out between yourselves.—Exchange.

Experience takes dreadfully high chool wages, but he teaches like no ther.—Carlyle.

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ARTISTIC JAPAN.

Rules of Harmony Prevail In Even the

Humblest Homes. By far the greatest charm of Japan and her people lies not only in the fact that the artists know the secret of the most wonderful carvings, castings, wood and metal work, eilken brocades and tapestries, exquisite cioisonnes and porcelains, things for the fortunate few, but also in the further and more important fact that the daily life of the poor is surrounded. permented, interfused by taste and refinement. Even the workmen in their gardens and homes are daily using tasteful domestic implements which are the outgrowth of the thought and needs of the people.

The designs and proportions of the

humblest houses, exteriors and inte-riors, are settled for all time by certain rules of harmony; the dress of the pensant is not left to possible hideous ndividual caprice, but follows established canons of color, cut and usage; the garden, however small, the fence or paling that walls it in, the roof over the well, over the gate, the great lantern that hangs by the door, the bucket to which water is fetched and the bamboo dipper from which it is poured, the bronze brazier for coals, the tea service-all these and a thousand more details of daily life are arranged according to a pattern which may be very old, but which, as a result, adds immeasurably to the satis-

faction of life. And yet Japanese craftsmen, while olding bard by tradition, have not falled to add to their work the subtle touch of personality. In the motifs of their delicately impressionistic and symbolical designs is constantly seen their reverence for the early masters. and as constantly is perceived the in-Forthwith Captain Lyons interviewed dividual variation which prevents each the watchmaker and asked him how piece of work from having a dupilbe checked the error of the watch. "I cate.-M. L. Wakeman Curtis in Crafts-

HE FIXED THE DEED.

A Judge Who Had Small Regard For Logal Quibbles.

and cared little for mere legal quib bling. "If justice controls your verdict," he would often say to the jury. "you will not miss the general princi-

"But your client sold the land, was paid for it and signed the deed, did be not?" asked the judge. "That makes no difference," said

Chipman. "The deed has no seal and cannot be admitted in evidence." "Is there anything else the matte with the deed?" asked the judge.

"I don't know that there is."
"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "give
me a wafer and a three cornered piece of paper. The clerk obeyed, and the judge de liberately made and affixed the seal.

"There, Brother Chipman," said be, "the deed is all right now. It may be tell you what. Let us kill the fattest put in evidence. A man is not going to be cheated out of his farm in this "Maria," said the husband solemnly. court when there is a whole box of "The court will give me an excep

tion?" pleaded the counsel. "The court will do no such thing answered the judge, and he kept his word.-Exchange.

British Election Tactics. British electioneering tactics have changed. Electors are no longer kid-naped and forced to lose the poil. The minor details of the campaign, however, remain the same. Mr. Labou-chere, for instance, in his fight for Windsor in the seventies canvassed six hours each day for a month, kissed babies, compilmented mothers and per-suaded fathers just as he would today. But when the final survey was made his supporters found that every-thing depended on half a dozen voters. And here stepped in the diplomat. One Tory who went to fish in a punt was kept in the middle of the river until and decrepit Tory was kept in the house by cabs being put to run at him whenever be tried to issue from his door. The Liberals won, but the

Tories petitioned successfully. No Sentiment. At a literary and scientific gathering learned Greek scholar got into conversation with one of the leading mathematicians of the day and apparently found a ready listener. He gave again and again exquisite lines from Homer from the original, and the sonorous words rolled off his tongue in fine style. After awhile, noticing that his audience, the man of figures, made no remark, he paused and said in a questioning tone of wonder:

"Of course you think those lines man terly, do you not?"
"Certainly," said the mathematician,
"but what do they prove?"

Dewey Eve-Dat loldy dat I asked fer a handout gave me a dorg biscuit. Weary Willie – Well, wot yer cryin' erbout? Dewey Eve—I'm cryin' be-cause I'm not a dorg.—Chicago News.

The Doctor's Resson First Physician—So you've lost Rog-ers as a patient. Didn't be respond to your treatment? Second Physician— Yes, but not to my dunning letters.—

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2200 5 room bungalow, modern, full basement, toilet and bath, on easy terms. Look at this and you will see a bargain. 1000 125x100 in Point View, 1/2 block of car line,

\$100 down and \$10 per month. 600 50x100 on Richmond in block 7 in Point View.

600 50x100 on Oswego street in block 7 Point View. \$50 down and \$30 every three months.

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Theophilus Harrington, a Vermont judge in the early part of the last century, was a man who loved the right and cared little for mere legal outh.

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is where most of the "pinch" comes when buying a new pair of shoes. You complain about it when trying on the ordinary shoes and the salesman says "I'll stretch it." Whenever he has to do that, look out—in a few weeks you'll find your feet running over the edges

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