

**RACHEL'S GUITAR.**

**It Was Tuned to Play a Cozily Air Far Banker Fould.**

Rachel, the famous actress, did not neglect any means of turning a more or less honest penny. In his new life of her Francis Gribble tells the following story of a guitar:

Rachel first saw and admired it in an artist's studio. "Give it to me," she said. "I want to pretend that it is the guitar on which I earned my living as a street singer."

The jest seemed a pleasant one, and the artist handed over the instrument. Rachel embellished it with ribbons and hung it in her own apartment, where it duly attracted the attention of Achille Fould, the banker. Hearing his story, he expressed the wish to possess it. "Very well," said Rachel, "you can have it for a thousand louis."

"Five hundred," said the banker, trying to bargain.

"No, a thousand," said Rachel, expressing her disdain for those who haggled.

And the banker actually paid a thousand louis for the worthless knick-knack. It is said that he learned the truth when he tried to sell his treasure at the Hotel Drouot and that the discovery of the hoax nearly sent him into a fit on the floor.

**MEASURING THE EARTH.**

**Eratosthenes Made the First Attempt and Did Fairly Well.**

The earliest attempt to measure the circumference of the earth was made by a Greek, Eratosthenes, who was born 276 B. C. He found that at Syene the gnomon, or upright pillar, used by the Greeks to measure the height of the sun in the sky, showed the sun to be exactly overhead at midday at the time of the summer solstice, while at Alexandria the gnomon cast a shadow upon the same date, showing that the latter point was one-fifth of the earth's circumference north of Syene.

Eratosthenes reasoned correctly that the length of the shadow at Alexandria bore the same relation to the circumference of the small circle described from the top of the gnomon as a center that the distance between the two cities bore to the circumference of the globe. This latter was 5,000 stadia, or about 625 miles, which when multiplied by fifty gives 31,250 miles as the circumference of the earth. This result is not quite correct, but as nearly so as could be expected from the first rough attempt to estimate it. —New York Mail.

**Mexico's Way With Women.**

Woman's place in Mexican life is the inevitable mingling of the Moorish ideas of the Spanish conquerors and the savage ideas of the natives, the Milwaukee Sentinel says. The Castilian hides his wife and daughters behind stone walls and the picturesque lattices of romance, and he is their lord and master. On the other hand, the Indian tribes are, of course, still bound by the spirit of the ancient savage customs. Historians tell of one of the baptismal ceremonies of the Meekle tribes, who fought their way to supremacy long before the Spanish arrived on the scene. To each boy baby the priests chanted this command: "Thy profession and faculty is war, thy obligation to give the sun to drink blood of the enemies and the earth corpses of the foes." To the girl baby they said with far less ceremonial: "You are to stay within the house, as the heart does within the body. Our Lord enshrines you in that place, and your office is to fetch and to grind maize in the metate."

**Jokai's Joke.**

At a banquet held in his honor in Toroda, Maurus Jokai was called upon to propose the toast of "The Ladies." He made an excellent speech, during which he continually teased with the brown curls upon his forehead. Finally he said: "I raise my glass in honor of the gracious ladies of Toroda. May they all live until my hair grows gray." His audience drank to the toast, but it was easy to see by the faces of the ladies present that they did not think much of the compliment. Jokai rose again from his seat and took from his head a magnificent brown wig, showing an entirely bald head beneath it. "My hair," he added, "will never grow gray." And the ladies, who had not known of his baldness, were more than pacified.

**Plants Without Roots.**

The "flower of the air" is a curious plant found in China and Japan. It is so called because it appears to have no root and is never fixed to the earth. It twines around a dry tree or sterile rock. Each shoot produces two or three flowers like a lily—white, transparent and odoriferous. It is capable of being transported 900 or 700 miles, and it grows as it travels, suspended on a twig.

**A Fidgety Age.**

Repose of manner was considered at one time essential to the well bred woman, but this is an ideal long consigned to the past. Every one fidgets in these restless days, no one has time to sit still nor to listen for more than a minute at a time without being bored and showing it.—London Queen.

**Generally.**

Flagg (sententiously)—To him that hath shall be given, you know. Fogg—Yes, the man who has a head gets ahead, I've noticed.—Boston Transcript.

The beautiful seems right by force of beauty and the feeble wrong because of weakness.—Browning.

**REVIEW'S LEGAL BLANKS**

The following list of legal blanks are kept for sale at this office and others will be added as the demand arises:

Warranty deeds, Quit Claim Deeds, Realty and Chattel Mortgages, Satisfaction of Mortgages, Contracts for Sale of Realty, Bills of Sale, Leases.

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**DOWNRIGHT ABUSE.**

I've sure been called a lot of things since I've been fooling round on earth. They've even called me names, by jings. That cast reflections on my birth. They've called me "grafter," "snake" and "crook."

Yes, they have named me worse than that.

But here comes some man with a book that calls me "proletariat!"

Now, I have lived the best I could. I've paid my debts when necessary. I've been, I reckon, average good for one so human and contrary. But all my effort in the line of keeping straight and all of that is wasted, and my eyes run brine if I'm a "proletariat!"

I don't know what the word can mean, and, tell the truth, I'm scared to learn. Far as I know I've never seen a simple and don't care a darn if I should waste the brief remains of what short time I have at bat without once getting through my brains the sense of "proletariat!"

Yet while I live and have my health I'd have the whole world understand that, though I've neither fame nor wealth, there's none that dares to lift his hand and swear that I, peace loving man that tries to side step family spats, could e'er be listed with the class that's labeled "proletariat!"

—Strickland W. Gillilan in Judge.

**A Wrong Tip.**

A well known Chicago merchant was once asked to talk to the boys of a business school. He prefaced his address by a few extempore remarks.

"Boys," said he, "as I approached the entrance to this schoolroom I observed on the panel of the door a word most appropriate to an institution of the quality most useful to the average boy when he steps into the field of business. Can you tell me what it is?"

"Fool!" shouted several of the pupils, with a burst of laughter, while the horrified merchant recognized that he had taken his text from the wrong side of the door.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Revenge on the Profession.**

"Say," asked the wild eyed man, bumping into the chiropodist's office, "can you cure a bunion?"

"Yes, sir," answered the chiropodist. "Can you do it in a short time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Permanently?"

"Sure!" Take this chair."

"No, thanks," said the caller, whipping a notebook out of his pocket and making an entry in it. "I don't want anything done. I am merely making a collection of monumental blars. I have found another one, that's all. Good day."

Turning on his heel, he limped out.—Chicago Tribune.

**Timely Aid.**

"I see that Moneybags has come forward with a half million to help out in this financial trouble."

"Yes. But if he wished to relieve the trouble why did he wait so long?"

"Well, you see, he wanted to be sure the tide was coming in before casting his bread on the waters."—Judge.

**The Proper Term.**

Knox—You and Dr. Jones are partners, are you not?

Dr. Smith—Oh, no. We often consult together and attend to each other's patients in case of absence, but we are in no sense partners.

Knox—I see. He is what might be termed your accomplice.—Detroit Trib.

**Gradations of Crime.**

"That constable who followed a tenor about the stage with a warrant for breach of contract might have provoked the man to worse crime."

"I suppose you mean assault and battery?"

"No. But in his excitement the mugger might have uttered a false note."—New York Times.

**Saving Her Pelt.**

"Look out!" cried the friendly waiter. "Here comes a bunter after you."

"I don't give a rap," chortled the fur bearing seal, disappearing beneath the waves. — Catholic Standard and News.

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First Baptist Church—Sunday school 10 a. m.; worship 11 a. m., and 7 p. m.; B. V. P. U., 6:30 p. m. Subject a. m. "The Lord's Supper;" 7:30 p. m. "A Peculiar Specialty." All invited.—H.F. Cheney, pastor.

Rev. J. J. Patton of the local M. E. Church recently performed a wedding ceremony for a Portland couple in which the name of the bride was not changed. Her original name was Dean, the groom's name was Dean, but they were not related.

Roswell Harris and family of Sheridan, Oregon, have been guests at the home of Rev. J. J. Patton the past week. Mr. Harris has a state wide reputation as a breeder of fancy chickens, and makes a specialty of White Leghorns, and has captured many prizes at poultry shows. He is a cousin of Rev. Patton.

Cecil Small of Portland and Viola Gannon of St. Johns were united in holy matrimony at the M. E. parsonage at 5 p. m. Sunday. Mr. Small lives near Sellwood and is one of Portland's many excellent painters. Mrs. Small's many friends extend their best wishes to her promising home as the newly wedded couple begin the new year.

D. E. Demock and Hazel Arlene Nolan were united in the holy bonds of matrimony at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Nolan, 815 Stafford street, at 10:30 a. m. on New Year's day, by Rev. Benham of Cornelius. Miss Alta Nolan, a sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid and Arlington Nolan, a brother of the bride, acted as best man. The happy couple left shortly after the ceremony for their home at Cornelius, which the groom had in all readiness for the coming of his mate.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rand of Hood River were welcome callers at the Byerlee home yesterday, and report things in good shape in the county where they make the big red apple. It seems that the lid is clear off the price of realty in that section. Land that went begging at \$30 an acre 10 or 12 years ago, is being snapped up at prices running from \$1,500 to \$2,500 an acre. It is worth it, too, but for a place to live, for a home, we wouldn't exchange Peninsula soil acre for acre.

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