

## WHIMSICAL WILLS

Human Nature as Shown in Queer Requests and Bequests.

### FEAR OF PREMATURE BURIAL.

This Dread Has Often Been the Cause of Curious Provisions in Last Testaments—The Grave of a Man Who Disliked the Society of Women.

The remarkable will of a man who died not long ago directing the undertaker to stab him through the heart after he had been pronounced dead by his physician is not a unique one. The fear of being buried alive has driven many a man to stipulate in his will that extraordinary steps be taken to make sure of death.

Thus, for instance, a magnate of Plymouth, England, decreed by his will that his wife should cut off one of his toes or fingers to make sure he was dead, adding that he made the request so that "as she had been troubled with one old fool she will not think of marrying a second."

The will of Lord Lytton contained special directions as to the examination of his body in order to provide against the possibility of his being buried while in a trance, which appeared to be an apprehension of his.

A farmer of Hertfordshire, England, who died in 1720, was so certain that his lethal slumber was to be really death, that he inserted in his will his written wish that, "as he was about to take a thirty years' nap, his coffin might be suspended from a beam in his barn and by no means nailed down." He, however, permitted it to be locked, provided a hole were made in the side, through which the key might be pushed, so that he might let himself out when he awoke. His nephew, who inherited the property, obeyed his whim and did not bury the coffin till 1751, allowing him an extra year of grace.

The *Sieur Roby*, who died in 1845 at the age of ninety-six, said in his will: "Eight and forty hours after my decease I desire that a post mortem examination be made, that my heart be taken out and placed in an urn, which shall be entrusted to M. Harcourt (the undertaker). In conformity with an arrangement between him and myself my heart is to be conveyed to a mausoleum in the department of La Mayenne and there to be deposited, as agreed."

Robert, the famous Earl of Melfort and Leicester, one of the early crusaders in the holy land, died in 1118 in the abbey of Preaux, where his body was buried, but his heart was conveyed to the hospital at Brackley, there to be preserved in salt. Isabella daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1239, ordered her heart to be sent in a silver cup to her brother, then abbot of Tewkesbury, to be buried there before the high altar. The heart of John Balliol, lord of Barnard castle, who died in 1293, was by his widow's desire inclosed in an ivory casket richly enamelled with silver.

But all these examples, strange as they may be, are not especially remarkable among the countless numbers of curious wills which are recorded through many generations.

There is, for example, the will of a rich old bachelor, who, in view of what he considered the attempts of his family to put him under the yoke of matrimony, vented his spite on the whole sex of women by saying in his will: "I beg that my executors will see that I am buried where there is no woman interred, either to the right or to the left of me. Should this not be practicable in the ordinary course of things I direct that they purchase three graves and bury me in the middle one of the three, leaving the two others unoccupied."

John Reed, gaslighter of the Walnut Street theater, Philadelphia, filled that post for forty-four years. There is not on record a single performance at the theater at which he was not present. He never aspired to appear on the stage in his lifetime, but he was not without his mute ambitions, and before he died he contrived ingeniously to make sure of assuming a Shakespearean role after his death. A clause in his will read:

"My head is to be separated from my body immediately after my death, the latter to be buried in a grave, the former, duly macerated and prepared, to be brought to the theater, where I have served all my life, and to be employed to represent the skull of Yorick, and to this end I bequeath my head to the proprietors."—New York Sun.

**The Fingerless Glove.**  
How early did mankind think of the convenience of the fingerless glove which modern babies, fishermen and Alpine climbers appreciate so greatly? We hear little of gloves in ancient times, and in most cases it is obvious that they had fingers. Those worn by the secretary of the younger Pius used when he visited Vesuvius so that he might keep on jotting down notes in spite of the cold, must have been fingered no less than those of the glutton in Athens who wore gloves at table so that he might handle the most white hot and get in advance of his bare handed fellow diners. One of the earliest known wearers of a glove with only a thumb is an Anglo-Saxon lady known in Planché's "History of British Costume." Her gloves exactly resemble a modern baby's.

My precept to all who build is that the owner should be an ornament to the house, and not the house to the owner.—Cicero.

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### Secrets of the Craft.

Side remarks by distinguished author while composing the novel of the decade:

(a) "For heaven's sake, Mary, can't you stop that child crying without singing at the top of your voice? How is a man to get anywhere with all that noise going on?"

(b) "Yes, yes, yes, take the paste, take the ink, take the stamps, take anything, but let me work in peace!"

(c) "Oh, if you say so I suppose we must pay that fool call, but I do wish you'd remember that every minute taken out of my working day cuts down our income by just so much!"

From the dedication page of the completed novel of the decade:

To  
**MY WIFE, MARY,**  
without whose gentle inspiration, true companionship and constant help—these pages would never have been written, I gratefully inscribe this book.  
—Arthur Guiterman in *Life*.

### Drunken Monkeys.

According to a letter from the Congo region on the west coast of Africa, the monkeys there are inordinately fond of a kind of beer made by the natives, who use the beverage to capture their poor relations. Having placed quantities of the beer where the monkeys can get at it, the natives wait until their victims are in various degrees of intoxication, and when they then mingle with them the poor creatures are too much fuddled to recognize the difference between negro and ape. When a negro takes the hand of one of them to lead him off, some other fond creature clings to the hand of the latter one and another one to his hand. Thus a single negro may sometimes be seen carrying off a string of staggering monkeys. When secured the beer is administered in decreasing quantities, so that they may only gradually awaken to the sad results of their spree.—London Tit-Bits.

### For American Citizens.

When the visitor approached the diplomatic gallery of the senate chamber the doorkeeper informed him, says a writer in the *Philadelphia Ledger*, that the gallery was reserved for foreign representatives.

"It is, hey?" said the visitor. "Well, I want to tell you right now that this is a free country, and this is the senate of the United States, and I demand admission in the name of American citizenship."

"Oh!" said the doorkeeper. "Why didn't you say at first that you were an American citizen? Just step around to the second door from here. That gallery is reserved for American citizens."

With chest puffed out the stranger betook himself to the door indicated and was at once admitted to the public gallery.

### A King's Rebuke.

The queen of Wurttemberg was one day walking in the streets of Stuttgart attended by a maid of honor, when she met a body of students who refused to make room for the ladies, and thus compelled them to walk in the gutter. The queen reported the matter to the king, and the next day the captain of the corps Suevia was summoned to the palace. A servant led him into a room where there were no chairs, and there the unfortunate student had to wait a full hour. At last the king appeared, and finally the young man was dismissed by him thus: "I cannot demand that every student should know my wife, but I do demand that the corps Suevia give place in the streets to ladies."

### The Crawfish's Tail.

The tail of a crawfish serves that animal as an ear. By a peculiar jerk of the tail the animal can retire from a dangerous object with almost incredible swiftness. The tail is much more effective in moving the animal backward than forward, a singular instance of adaptation to its situation, for by means of its tail it can withdraw into its hole with such swiftness as in an instant to place it out of danger.

### On Himself.

They had quarreled again. "Perhaps you are not aware," she said, "that I had over a dozen proposals of marriage before I accepted yours."

He flushed. "And perhaps, madam," he retorted haughtily, "you are not aware that I proposed to nearly twenty women before I became acquainted with your self."

### Two of a Kind.

Wigg—What is more tiresome than a man who is always talking about what he has done? Waggs—A man who is always talking about what he is going to do.—Philadelphia Record.

### One Sure Cure.

"Jones seems to have sworn off for keeps. How did it happen?" "His wife had a moving picture made of his last jag and let him see it."—Judge.

### An Old Fashion.

Some people are so old fashioned that they continue to visit their relatives for the purpose of having a good time.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Make Them Buy Tickets.

Boy—Papa, who originated the motto "Pay as you go?" Father—Some chap that owned a railroad.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The noblest question in the world is, What good may I do to it?—Franklin.

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### Indians' Poisoned Arrows.

The arrow poison used by the Indians of Colombia has been found to be the secretion of the skin of a small frog. The arrows are eight inch palm spines, which are shot from a blowgun about fourteen feet long, and the hunter carries the frog along in a hollow bamboo in order that he may have the poison in a fresh condition. A simple prick of the skin yields the poison drop when needed. When one of the arrows enters the body of even a large animal—such as a jaguar, monkey or deer—paralysis quickly follows and the victim is then easily killed. The use of the poison, it is said, does not affect the flesh of the animals killed, which is quite harmless when eaten. Two French naturalists have made experiments with the edible frog, *Rana esculenta*, showing that its skin exudes a similar poison when irritated and that an extract prepared from the skin gives in guinea pigs the same symptoms as in inoculation with the arrow poison.—Chicago Tribune.

### The Way Back To It.

"Why do you call your wife Peggy?" "It's a long story."

"It must be. Peggy is supposed to be short for Margaret, though I could never see why. But your wife's name is Felicia. How do you get it?" "Well, you see, it's like this. Peggy is short for a nickname I invented for her. I got in the habit of calling her Peggusa."

"But why?" "Peggusa is the feminine of Pegasus."

"Yes, but—"

"And Pegasus was an immortal steed."

"I know that. But what has your wife got to do with it?"

"Well, an immortal steed is in plain terms an undying horse. And an undying horse is an everlasting nag. Now do you see?"

He saw, and sympathized appropriately.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Dressed For the Occasion.

"Before I take this dress off," said the woman to the home dressmaker, "I want to go into the kitchen and read the riot act to Maria."

"Oh, not with this dress on!" the dressmaker protested. "She is cooking, and the grease might get—"

"Can't help it," the woman interrupted. "Maria needs a lecture. She has been needing it for some time, but I didn't dare deliver it because I hadn't good enough clothes to make it effective. Maria is black and Indian people by the clothes they wear. If I had scolded in my shirt waist and skirt or even in my old blue afternoon dress Maria would have scorned me, but with all this finery on I can speak my piece, and Maria will be properly impressed, and maybe she will reform."—New York Times.

### Clever Rubinstein.

The Italian tenor Marconi once made a visit to Rubinstein, during which the latter's little son came tripping eagerly into the music room and said, "This is my festa, papa, and I want a present." "Very well, my son, what shall it be?" "A waltz, papa, a new waltz all for myself, and now." "What an impatient little son it is!" exclaimed the great musician. "But, of course, you shall have your gift. Here it is. Listen! And for you," turning to the distinguished tenor, "I will play my 'Nero.'" "It seems incredible," says Marconi, "but then and there I witnessed and heard a most remarkable phenomenon. The maestro improvised and played a charming waltz with his left hand, giving me at the same time with his right the splendid overture."

### How Sound Waves Move.

The speed with which sound waves are transmitted through the atmosphere depends on several conditions. When the temperature is at 32 degrees F., sounds move with a speed of 1,080 feet per second, the velocity increasing with the temperature at the rate of about one foot of speed per second for each degree above the freezing point. Then, again, in damp air sound moves with a greater velocity than it does in dry air, no odds if the dry air be warm and the damp cold. In water sound moves more than four times as fast as it does in air, or, say, at about the rate of 4,700 feet per second.

### His Prescription.

Tramp—I just dropped in to offer my cure for indigestion and kindred ailments, mum. It may prove a great blessing to your family, mum, and I charge nothing for the prescription. Housekeeper—Well, I must say that's reasonable enough. What's the cure? Tramp—Live on plain food and give your rich and indigestible dishes over to the poor. I'm the poor, mum.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### A Bitter Taunt.

The other day at cards two London ladies quarreled long and ardently over a payment of the gigantic sum of 15 shillings. At last the loser flung the money down on the table, saying, with concentrated venom, "There, that will pay for your next dinner party."

### In a Glass House.

Tom—Doesn't your girl's father call you down for staying so late? Jack—Well, no. You see, I generally meet him at the gate coming home from the club.—Boston Transcript.

### Not the Same.

"Do you know, I heard your family doctor is a dipsomaniac?" "No such thing. He's an allopath."—Baltimore American.

We have committed the Golden Rule to memory; now let us commit it to life.—Markham.

### 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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