

**Whence and Hither?**  
A sublime passage is Carlyle's vision of history as a stupendous procession forth-leaping from Cimmerian night and vanishing into pathetic and faithless silence, which is given as follows in "Sartor Resartus":  
"Like some wild flaming, wild thundering train of heaven's artillery does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame in long draws, quick ascending grandeur through the unknown deep. Like a God created, free breathing spirit. It has, we emerge from the ignis, haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the inner Earth's mountains are leveled and her seas filled up in our passage. Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? O heaven, whither? Sense knows not, faith knows not, only that it through mystery to mystery, from God to God."

**Cruel but Necessary.**  
The Eskimos dread the winter and take early precautions to provide against famine. As the season approaches the great herds of reindeer migrate southward, and the walrus or the seal are all that remain for food. When an in wind is blowing the walrus is easily found on the outer edge of the ice packs. When it is blowing off the shore, however, the ice packs sail out to sea with the walrus on them. The natives then chase their numbers in a list from the strongest to the weakest. The food that is in store is divided up, the weakest having the smallest quantity, the strongest the largest. Thus the mightiest hunters have strength to provide for the others. It is a cruel system, but nevertheless a necessary one. If all were weak, all would die; if some are strong, they will save many of the weak.

**The Sea Lifts the Grindstones.**  
From the bottom of the Bay of Fundy come some of the finest grindstones in the world, and the manner in which they are procured is simple and ingenious, the stonecutters making the exceptional tide perform the hardest part of the work. When the tide is out, which happens twice every day, the workmen quarry the stones from the solid rock and fasten them to a big flatboat. Then in comes the tide, a mighty flood rushing in, as though the great ocean had suddenly changed its mind. A wonderful sight it is, rising often as high as a house! And now the men have nothing more to do. The tide lifts the boat, and up comes the stone with it. Boat and stone are then brought close inshore, where the stone is removed at leisure when the tide is out.—Argonaut.

**A Fitting Reply.**  
Major Lomax of the United States army was visiting in Canada soon after the war of 1812. He was entertained in Quebec by the officers of one of the royal regiments. After dinner, speeches and toasts being in order, one of the British officers, having imbibed too generously of the champagne, gave as a toast, "The President of the United States, Dead or Alive!" The toast was accepted with laughter.  
Major Lomax rose to respond, saying, "Permit me to give as my toast, 'The Prince Regent, Drunk or Sober!'" The British officer sprang instantly to his feet, and in angry tones demanded, "Sir, do you intend that remark as an insult?"  
To which Major Lomax calmly answered, "No, sir, as the reply to one."

**Don't Get Up in a Hurry.**  
Don't jump up the first thing your eyes are open. Remember that while you sleep the vital organs are at rest. The vitality is lowered and the circulation not so strong.  
A sudden spring out of bed is a shock to those organs, especially to the heart, as it starts pumping the blood suddenly.  
Don't be in such a hurry. Stretch and yawn and stretch. Stretch the arms and legs, stretch the whole body. A good yawn and stretch are better even than a cold bath. Take time. It will keep you young and add years to your life.—Family Doctor.

**Golf.**  
A writer in an English paper has this to say regarding the game of golf:  
"Golf is a great game, but shiver me nibbles if I think it comes up to the dillywinkles. It is played with a couple of clubs, a river or so, two or three sand hills, a number of implements resembling dentist's tools, a strange language much like Hindu Sanskrit, any old clothes and a large assortment of oaths."

**Overheard in the Art Gallery.**  
They were making the usual round of exhibitions.  
"Oh," he exclaimed, "do look at that beautiful Apollo Belvedere!"  
"Sh!" she returned. "Don't say that so loud. Everybody'll know we're just married!"—Judge.

**Sounds So.**  
"How oddly the man cleaning the machinery talks."  
"How do you mean?"  
"I heard him telling his helper to save the waste."—Baltimore American.

**Nose For News.**  
"That man is an inveterate gossip, and he has a perfect genius for smelling out equally noisy families."  
"Then his is something of a storm center."—Exchange.

**Acrobatic Diplomacy.**  
Elihu Root once defined a real diplomat thus: "A real diplomat, you know, is a man who can stretch hands across the sea without putting his foot in it."

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**Americans and Soap.**  
There is a serious absence of cake soap from the hotels on the tourist belt of west Scotland, and nearly all of the soap supply is in liquid or powder form. A correspondent of the London Chronicle reports that the spray and the trick were safeguards against the Yankees. No American tourists, he was told, can see a hotel cake of soap without putting it in his pocket, provided he is unobserved. "They are a splendid people to deal with," said one of the hotel keepers, "but unchained, portable soap is their undoing."  
"That matter of soap is one of the international quarrels of manners," observes the Chronicle. "The whitest American is as dishonest about a cake of soap as the blackest of his compatriots is about chickens. He will steal anybody's cake of soap."  
"And just across the channel you find countries where you carry your own soap and would as soon think of a public cake of soap as of a public toothbrush."

**When Right Seemed Wrong.**  
Brown, a stranger in a Canadian city, stopped a pert looking newsboy and asked directions to a well known park. He grew wrathful as he repeated the newsboy's instructions.  
"Take any old street car," Brown echoed.  
"Yes."  
"And at the end of the line change to the first young street car. Is that what you said?"  
"Yes," answered the boy, with a grin. Then he shied off at the gentleman's gesture toward his cheek.  
"You'd better run," Brown called after him. "You wouldn't try your smart tricks on me or I'll teach you." He walked away, stopped at a newsboy's to buy a city guide and found the directions to the park as follows: "Take any Old street car to end of line, then change to Yonge."—New York Press.

**When Hoops Began.**  
When were hoops "in" for the first time? According to Strutt, "trundling the hoop is a pastime of uncertain origin, but much in fashion at present" (1801). Dr. Murray's dictionary, incidentally remarking that the original hoop affected by boys was a barrel hoop, gives no English reference to it earlier than 1792. But the hoop was well known to ancient Greek and Roman boys, who called it a "trochus" (wheel). Their hoops were made of bronze, and representations of them on gems show that they were driven by a little hook with a wooden handle, very like the modern boy's hoop stick. This was called by the Greeks "elater" (driver) and by the Romans "clavis" (key). Sometimes the ancient hoop had bells attached to it.—London Mail.

**Order of Gyboggles.**  
"The gyboggle is one of the rarest and most curious animals in existence and is found only in Madagascar and a part of Australia," dialectically began Professor Lickelpher, the schoolmaster, during a recent session of the Sit and Argue club. "It is a sort of a vampire, something like a cross between a kangaroo and an enormous bat, and can swim and fly with equal ease."  
"Fine, fine!" snarled the old codger, whose rheumatism was hectoring him with unusual severity. "Swell name for a new lodge—'The Concentrated Order of Philanthropic Gyboggles,' or something of the sort—and what a jocular emblem a little gold gyboggle would make to wear on our watch jobs!"—Kansas City Star.

**Royalty's Game.**  
Cards have always been a royal game. Queen Elizabeth played cards and lost her temper over them frequently. She was no Anne of Austria, to play "like a queen, without passion of greed or gain." In her reign was commanded to be played "at Windsor a game of cards," which resulted in the performance by the children of her majesty's chapel of "Alexander and Campasse," in which the pretty lines occur:  
Cupid and my Campasse played  
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid  
—London Chronicle.

**Agin the Government.**  
"What do you think of this government ownership idea, Henry?"  
"My experience makes me agin it."  
"Your experience?"  
"Yes, de government runs de jails, don't dey? Well, de way dey does it don't make no hit wit me."—Boston Transcript.

**His Art.**  
Mrs. Syllie—My husband takes a deep interest in art. Mrs. Oldar—You surprise me. Mrs. Syllie—Well, it was a surprise to me, but I heard him telling Jack Rownder last night that it was a good thing to study your hand before you draw.

**Sarcastic.**  
"That's arrant nonsense," said Mr. Henpeck, "about there always being room at the top."  
"Oh," his wife sarcastically replied, "when were you up there to see?"

**Tough Luck.**  
Bix—Picked up a five dollar bill this morning. Dix—Lucky dog! Bix—Lucky nothing! Right behind me was a chap I owed a five to, and he boned me for it.—Boston Transcript.

**Two Passions.**  
Mrs. Prosy—Reading is quite a passion with my husband. Mrs. Dresser—So it is with mine when he reads my biller's bills!

In the court of his own conscience no guilty man is acquitted.—Juvenal.

**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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**NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE**

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Multnomah county.  
Willamina State Bank, a corporation, plaintiff, vs. H. H. Parker, S. S. Parker, E. R. Parker, T. T. Parker and S. V. Parker, his wife; S. L. Scroggins and L. M. Scroggins, his wife, and the First National Bank of Sheridan, a corporation, defendants.  
By virtue of an execution, judgment order, decree and order of sale issued out of the above entitled Court in the above entitled cause, to me directed and dated the 8th day of September, 1913, upon a judgment rendered and entered in said Court on the 26th day of August, 1913, in favor of Willamina State Bank, a corporation, plaintiff, and against H. H. Parker, S. S. Parker, E. R. Parker, T. T. Parker and S. V. Parker, his wife; S. L. Scroggins and L. M. Scroggins, his wife, and the First National Bank of Sheridan, a corporation, defendants, for the sum of \$1741.00, with interest at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from the 21st day of May, 1913, and the further sum of \$325.72, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from the 23d day of July, 1913, and the further sum of \$225.00, attorney's fees, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from the 26th day of August, 1913, and for the further sum of \$19.25, costs and disbursements, and the costs of and upon this writ, commanding me to make sale of the following described real property, to wit:  
Lots numbered Ten (10), Eleven (11) and Twelve (12), in Block numbered Eleven (11), in St. Johns Park Addition to the Town of St. Johns, of Multnomah County, State of Oregon, according to the duly recorded map and plat thereof; also the following:  
Lot numbered Three (3) of King's Subdivision of Lot Sixteen (16), North St. Johns, in Multnomah County, State of Oregon, together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.  
Now, therefore, by virtue of said execution, judgment, order, decree and order of sale and in compliance with the commands of said writ, I will, on Monday, the 13th day of October, 1913, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the east door of the County Court House in Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon, sell at public auction, (subject to redemption to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest which the within named defendants (or either of them) had on the 28th day of January, 1911, the date of the mortgage, herein foreclosed, on the following described real property, to wit:  
Lots numbered Ten (10), Eleven (11) and Twelve (12), in Block numbered Eleven (11), in St. Johns Park Addition to the Town of St. Johns, of Multnomah County, Oregon; also, all the right, title and interest which the within named defendants (or either of them) had on the 6th day of February, 1911, the date of the mortgage, herein foreclosed, on the following described real property, to wit:  
Lot numbered Three (3) of King's Subdivision of Lot Sixteen (16), North St. Johns, in Multnomah County, State of Oregon, or which the defendants since those dates had in and to the above described property or any part thereof, to satisfy said execution, judgment order and decree, interest, costs and accruing costs.  
T. M. WORD,  
Sheriff of Multnomah County, Oregon.  
Dated this 9th day of September, 1913.  
First issue Sept. 12, 1913; last issue Oct. 10, 1913.  
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