

WOMEN IN PORTUGAL.

They Do All the Hard Work While Lazy Men Loll and Smoke. The lot of women in Portugal is not an enviable one, according to Mr. Aubrey F. C. Bell, who in his book, "In Portugal," thus describes the labor that falls to their share.

THE RISE OF NEW YORK.

It Dates From the Time That the Erie Canal Was Opened.

If we seek the original creator of landed wealth in New York we must look over the heads of Astor and the Goellets to De Witt Clinton, the man who in 1825 pushed to completion the Erie canal.

Up to that time New York was not inevitably marked out for the American metropolis. In 1800 Philadelphia was actually a larger city, and Baltimore, with its splendid harbor and its inland river communication, confidently expected to grasp the nation's commercial leadership.

But the Erie canal changed the situation in a twinkling. It placed the city in communication with inland New York—an agricultural empire in itself, whose wealth had previously flowed by way of the Susquehanna river to Baltimore—and New York became the seaport for the agricultural states bordering on the great lakes.

Until the Erie canal was opened it had cost \$58 a ton to transport wheat from Buffalo to Albany. With this new waterway the cost fell to something more than \$5. A string of cities, several of which became large ones, sprang up along its course, all tributary to New York.—Burton J. Hendrick in McClure's Magazine.

Unconscious Bravery. At a place called Anglin, about forty miles south of Bangkok, a Chinaman and his wife cultivated a small sugar cane plantation. The man had been greatly annoyed by having his cane eaten by his neighbors' buffalo calves.

That this did not entirely do away with the former custom is proved by an edict issued in the year 646 A. D., the date given first above, which forbade the burial of living persons and provided a penalty for further adherence to the awful rite—St. Louis Republic.

A Glass Needle Stiletto.

As diabolical a specimen of murder on ingenuity as ever was discovered by the police was found one day in the possession of a Chinaman who had been working in a laundry in New Orleans and who was believed to have intended using it upon his employer. It was a tiny stiletto, with a handle about as thick as a carpenter's pencil and a blade four inches long of glass, pointed as keenly as a needle.

Wouldn't Have Missed.

As a battalion was returning from rifle practice at the ranges a shot was discharged from the leading company, apparently by accident, but the bullet passed uncomfortably close to the colonel. "Look here," he roared to the captain of the company, "who fired that shot?" "Sir," replied the officer proudly, "it can't be a man of my company, for they are all first class shots."—London Globe.

Refined Rooting.

The English root very politely. When a cricketer lands a fly the cheerer yells: "Oh, jolly well caught! Oh, very well caught in deed!" Sometimes when a player plays unusually well they write him a note the next day.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Well Satisfied.

First Negro—I hear that Andrew Jackson Jones am run over by an automobile. Did he get any satisfaction? Second Negro—He suitably did. He took de machine's number, played polky wif it an' won \$101.—Satire.

A PROBLEM IN PICTURES.

And the Peculiar Coincidence by Which It Was Solved.

Some years ago a publishing house was preparing to issue a new edition of the writings of Thoreau, writes Charles S. Olcott in Art and Progress. The head of the house and a member of his staff were in consultation about the method of illustration. It was agreed that the pictures must be true to nature, but how to get them was the problem.

While the two men pondered a caller sat in the outer office with a large portfolio under his arm. Five years before he had read Thoreau's "Journal" and had taken up his residence in Concord that he might visit the scenes there described. In all seasons and all kinds of weather he had wandered through the woods and over the fields with his camera. Passionately fond of nature, he was no less devoted to art.

BURIED LIVING PERSONS.

Horrible Custom of Japanese Prior to Year 646 A. D.

Prior to the year 646 A. D. the Japanese had one of the most horrible burial customs that can be imagined—that of burying all the immediate friends and retainers of a prince or other person of note in a standing position around the potentate's grave and leaving them in the earth up to their necks to perish of thirst and hunger.

The custom cannot be said to have been general as late as the date given, for the Japanese records prove that in the time of the Emperor Suinin (97-30 B. C.) the burial rites of royal personages were so modified as to partially abolish former cruelties. Speaking of a young brother of Suinin, who died and had his retinue buried standing around his grave, the old record says: "For many days they died not, but wept and cried aloud. At last they fled. Dogs and crows assembled and ate off their heads. The emperor's compassion was aroused and he desired to change the manner of burial. When the emperor died, soon after, the mikado inquired of his officers if something in the way of a change could not be suggested, and one proposed to make clay figures of men and bury them as substitutes."

Old Time Personally Conducted Tour. The companion looked down upon the first agencies for conducted tours of which we have record. Five hundred years ago Venice controlled the pilgrim traffic to the Holy Land, and quite a number of firms made a good thing of it. They had their offices in St. Mark's square, with all the apparatus of advertisement hoardings, flags and commissionaires. The contract stipulated how much space aboard a ship and what food each pilgrim was to get, and the agents undertook not merely to carry the pilgrim across the sea, but to conduct him personally to Jerusalem and to take over all negotiations with the officials. For the whole journey the charge was 25 to 30 denars, a third to be paid before starting, a third in Palestine and a third after returning home.—Manchester Guardian.

Carlyle's Bluntness.

Thomas Carlyle once took Lord Houghton (Richard Milnes) to task in regard to the proposed pension for Lord Tennyson. "Richard Milnes," said Carlyle, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "when are ye gaun to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?" Milnes tried to explain that there were difficulties in the way and that possibly his constituents who knew nothing about Tennyson would accuse him of being concerned in a job were he to succeed in getting the desired pension for the poet. "Richard Milnes," replied the sage, "on the day of judgment, when the Lord asks ye why ye didn't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it'll no do to lay the blame on your constituents. It's you that'll be damned."

Vulcan.

Vulcan, the god of ancient blacksmiths and metal workers, was lame in consequence of a pretty hard fall he had in his early days. Jupiter and Juno had a row, and Vulcan sided with his mother against the old gentleman, who promptly kicked him out of heaven. He fell for a whole day and lighted on the island of Lemnos, broke his leg and received as severe a shaking up as though he had tumbled down an elevator shaft. Aesculapian set his leg, but, having only just received a diploma, did a poor job, and for a long time Vulcan went on a crutch.

Beloved of the Gods.

Miss Mary Anderson (Mrs. Navarro) in the play of "Pygmalion and Galatea" once turned with outstretched arms toward the audience. She was supposed to be appealing to heaven. "The gods will help me!" she cried. At once with one accord the "gods" of the gallery roared response. "We will!"

A Belt and a Bull.

Sergeant—Now, then, Murphy, what's the trouble? Murphy—I'm looking for me belt, sar'n't. Sergeant—Well, man, you've got it on! Murphy—Thankee, sar'n't. If you hadn't told me I would have gone out without it!—London Answers.

Of No Value.

Bailiff (in artist's flat)—H'm, nothing worth much here. What's in the studio? Servant—Less 'n'thing but pictures.—Pilegende Blatter.

Life is the childhood of our immortality.—Goethe.

THE OPEN MOUTH.

Causes That Induce It When We Are Intently Listening.

Why do we open our mouths when intently listening? There are three causes, entirely independent of one another, but acting in unison, for this action. There is a passageway called the eustachian tube, connecting the back of the throat and the middle ear, the part behind the drum. When intently listening we hold our breath, and this permits sound waves to enter the mouth and reach the eustachian tube, and in this way they reach the drum and re-enforce the sound waves that come through the natural channel, the outer ear.

In concentrated attention the mind is fully engrossed in the one subject, and it loses control over voluntary muscles that are not directly affected by the subject or the process involved in the motor activity that accompanies mental activity. The muscles are relaxed, the lower jaw drops, and this opens the mouth.

The third cause is referable to atavism, or the tendency to return in form or action to an early type. Early man, like the animals, was urged to action by the fundamental instincts, self preservation and race preservation. His two aims were to secure food and avoid or destroy enemies. Like the animals, when his attention was attracted by a sound he placed himself in the attitude for instant defense, attack or securing food. In this attitude his mouth was open to grasp instantly what came in his way. The tendency to open the mouth when intently listening still remains.—New York American.

DIG THEIR OWN GRAVES.

English Army Methods in the Execution of Condemned Spies.

The ceremony of disposing of a condemned spy in the English army always follows a definite precedent.

The unfortunate man is surrounded by a detachment of infantry, and after he is provided with a pick and shovel he is marched off to a selected spot and ordered to dig his own grave. This done, the tools are taken from him and his eyes are bandaged. The attending chaplain reads portions selected from the burial service, and from the ranks of the escort twelve men are selected at random by the officer in charge.

These men, having stacked their own rifles, are led to where twelve other rifles are awaiting them, six of which are loaded with blank cartridges. One of these is handed to each man, so that no one knows whether the rifle he holds contains a bullet or not, and none can say for certain that the shot fired by him killed the prisoner. The firing party then marches to an appointed position. The commands "Present!" "Fire!" are given, and almost before the last word rings out the volley is fired and the spy falls into the grave he has dug.

Nearly every man is more or less affected on being selected to form one of the firing party, and many men have been known to faint away on being singled out, while others are so overcome as to be scarcely able to pull the triggers of their rifles.

Written in Slang.

Matthew Henry's commentary on the Bible was written for the common people and in the slang of the day. In commenting on Judges ix he says: "We are here told by what acts Abimelech got into the saddle. He hired for his service all the scum and scoundrels of the country. Jotham was really a fine gentleman. The Schemites were the first to kick him off. They said all the ill they could of him in their table talk. They drank health to his confusion."

A Bold, Bad Man.

The phrase "A bold, bad man," now worn threadbare and comic, belongs to Spenser, who applied it to the Arch-magoo of "The Fierie Queene" (l. 1, 37): "A bold, bad man that dared to call by name Great Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead night."

Unreasonable.

"I suppose your chief creditor is very rich." "Well, I should say so. But even at that he acts as though I were living above his means."—Pilegende Blatter.

A Safe Lover.

Perkins—Does the young man who is courting your daughter leave at a reasonable hour? Pater—Yes; I have no reason to kick.—Boston Transcript.

To see good in a heart that seems evil is to beget good there.—William Henry Phelps.



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