The Girls of Limerick.

If asked, "Where are the prettiest girls in the world?" I will immediately reply, "In Limerick, Ireland." There are a freshness of face, lustrousness of eyes, healthfulness of color and complexion about the Limerick girls en masse that carry off the sweepstakes trophy. The girls of Cork and of the lakes—in fact, of the country all the way down from Dublin—are somewhat of the Limerick order. In form they constitute a happy medium between the rotund English maids across the channel and the sylphlike Parisian demoiselles beyond the other.

But the Limerick face is the perfection of female beauty, a human cameo without a blemish. The Limerick girl is also the highest example of exquisite wit and ingenuousness, an extraordinary assimilation, to be sure. In other words, while she is not insensible of her sparkle of words, she seems like one who has never looked frequently into a mirror. She has regular and sometimes very pretty teeth, and, if her nose is often inclined to retrousse and there is an "Irish expression of mouth," these but add piquancy to her other beautiful features.—Argonaut.

The Lost Forty.

There is a tract of land in Tazewell county, Ill., lying along the Mackinaw river, which consists of a continuous series of abrupt and deep ravines. Not a foot of the tract could be cultivated. The ridges are full of fox dens, wolves are occasionally found, and turkey buzzards hover over it in large flocks. Even people familiar with the territory have been lost in the dense forest. Except for a few giant oaks the wood has no commercial value.

The tract is known as the "Lost Forty" because no one knows who owns it. For years it has been used for trading purposes, and many unlucky persons from a distance have advanced money upon it and taken mortgages in various sums, only to receive a questionable title to a worthless piece of land. On the Tazewell county books the "Forty" appears with "owner unknown." The land is watered by innumerable springs and the Mackinaw river, which winds its way through

WASHINGTON LETTER

[Special Correspondence.]

Ex-Senator Chandler has had designs prepared for a handsome silver cigar box, and the valuable souvenir is now being manufactured. Upon the lid of the receptacle are these words: "Which we pledge ourselves to promote." And thereby hangs an interesting story.

After the St. Louis convention of 1896 Senator Chandler offered to give $100 to the man who wrote in the bimetallic plank of the national platform of that year the words just quoted. Everybody knows that Senator Chandler is a bimetallist of the most devoted type, and he welcomed the pledge of the party to promote bimetallism as a promise of the realization of his ideas. Well, after he had made his offer there were numerous candidates for the award. Among others Mr. D. K. Watson, then a member of congress from Ohio, claimed the honor, and Mr. Chandler entered into a long and serious correspondence with him on the subject. Finally, however, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts appeared as the author of the phrase, and his claim was substantiated by the original documents, which were produced by Senator Foraker, the chairman of the committee on resolutions. Upon a telegraph blank in Senator Lodge's own handwriting were the words upon which Mr. Chandler had laid so much stress.

Convinced as to the authorship, Senator Chandler promptly sent his check for $100 to Senator Lodge. This was only a short while ago. Mr. Lodge at once returned the check, saying that he had not regarded the offer as serious. Mr. Chandler, however, insisted that he acted in good faith, and then Mr. Lodge, returning the check a second time, replied that if Mr. Chandler wanted to give him a souvenir of the convention and its bimetallic utterance he would be pleased to accept it. Thereupon Mr. Chandler had the silver cigar box prepared. It is composed of sixteen parts silver to one part of gold, is handsomely designed and appropriately inscribed. Its presentation is to be quite an event.

Everybody Ought to Know Him.

One of the correspondents of a New York paper had a funny experience the other night. Into his office walked a congressman and the latter's secretary.

"I want to introduce my secretary, Mr. Johnson," said the representative. The correspondent acknowledged the introduction and shook hands.

"You see," said the congressman, "I thought it would be a good idea for you to know my secretary. You may want to write some pieces about me, and he can give you all the facts. Don't hesitate to call upon him at any time. I would like you to print my name just as often as you can, so that my constituents may know that I am busy looking after them."

And after more words to the same effect the congressman and his secretary withdrew. The joke of the matter was that the correspondent had never seen the representative before, did not know his name and hasn't to this day the slightest idea who called upon him. The congressman simply took it for granted that a man who had been elected from New York must be known to all the world.

The Colonel Took Pie.

One of the campaign stories that is floating through the senate cloakroom relates to Senator Fairbanks of Indiana and Governor Shaw of Iowa. According to the story, these two Republican orators were stumping Kentucky.

After a successful meeting the Kentucky colonel who had the two Republican statesmen in charge invited them into the hotel barroom for some refreshment.

"What'll you have?" he asked Senator Fairbanks.

"A little cold apollinaris," was the reply.

"And you?" said the host to Governor Shaw.

"I think I will have a glass of buttermilk."

The barkeeper turned to the Kentuckian. "What shall I give you, colonel?" he asked.

The Kentucky gentleman heaved a long sigh. "Under the circumstances," he said, "I think you can give me a piece of pie."

Callers Must Fix Up.

When he pushes through the old time double doors from the corridor to the committee on appropriations, there is no prouder man these days under the white dome than "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the chairman. A scene almost palatial is spread before him. There is nice clean furniture all around him and a new carpet on the floor. On either side there open swinging portals of mahogany and glass that lead to cozy consultation rooms, long needed.

"I tell you, boys," said Mr. Cannon the other day when somebody joked him about his improved quarters, "you must put bear's grease on your hair and some scent on your handkerchief before you enter."

Secretary Root Presents Canes.

When Peking was invaded by the troops of the foreign powers some months ago, an old gun carriage was taken by some of the soldiers as a relic. It was of mahogany and was found on the walls of Peking. The history of the gun carriage represented it as 500 years old. Pieces of the wood came into Secretary Root's possession, and he had the pieces turned into walking canes. He presented one to the president and one to each member of the cabinet.

The District Estimate.

The secretary of the treasury in transmitting to congress the estimates for the general government recommends that the amount asked by the commissioners for the District of Columbia, $10,441,481.97, be reduced in round figures to $7,500,000. The reduction thus recommended by the secretary is $2,941,481.97. CARL SCHOFIELD.

A CONJURER'S TRICK

He was only a poor little Frenchman, chief (and only) prestidigitator, conjurer and sleight of hand artist at "Montmorenci's wonderful, world renowned circus." Still, it was rather impudent of him, a sallow little man of fifty, to fall in love with pretty Nellie Waring, the principal bareback rider. Poor Nellie told him it could not be.

"Besides," she said, "there's Jack, you know."

Jack Thornhill was the big, handsome trapeze artist.

There was one man named Haycraft, who came regularly every night. He used to leave boxes of sweets at the door for Nellie and throw bouquets to her every night. Neither she nor Jack took any notice of this at first, but one evening, when the bouquet contained a bracelet set with pearls and a note asking for a meeting at an appointed place, Jack got wild.

Jack consulted with the Panjandrum as to what he should do and promptly received the only advice the poor little man could think of giving—to challenge the fellow to a duel. This, Jack explained, was impossible, but said that the next best thing would be a thrashing and asked his friend to accompany him to the place next day and "watch the performance."

Jack approached to where Haycraft was standing and asked him "if the note was his writing." He received the defiant request to mind his own business.

Haycraft was no coward, but he knew he was no match for Jack, so he stepped back a pace or two and drew a revolver.

Jack sprang at him with his fist clinched and grasped the revolver. There was a short struggle, during which they fell together on the ground. Then there was a report, and then Jack rose, breathless, leaving his opponent lying still and motionless, with the revolver clutched in his hand.

A very ugly rumor began to gain ground among the company, and all advised Jack to clear out of the neighborhood for a time. It was to the effect that Haycraft had sworn that Jack Thornhill had shot him and that a warrant was out for his arrest for attempted murder.

Jack's appearance on the trapeze was just before the Panjandrum's show, and it was while the former was taking place that the little man noticed among the audience one night, with his eyes fixed intently on Jack, a burly inspector, whom he had seen several times in the town.

He stepped into the arena and was greeted with the customary applause, for he was a great favorite with the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen, tonight I have ze honor to present to your notice a trique which is new, all entirely. I was make ze omelet cook in ze seelk 'at, eef any gentleman shall be so good as to lend him me. Ah, ze gentleman zere," and walking up to the inspector and leading him, not unwillingly, into the arena amid a roar of laughter, "he will be so good as to assist of me.

"I borrow your seelk 'at, sare," the little man went on, taking the hat from the inspector's head with a flourish, "and I breaks zese two eggs in him as you see."

He produced the two eggs, apparently from the victim's breast pocket. His eyes sparkled strangely as he went on, tapping the inspector knowingly two or three times on the breast, where he heard the rustling of paper. Then he proceeded to break the shells and let the yolks fall into the hat, amid roars of laughter at its owner's disconsolate face.

"Now you must cook 'em, but I not hurt ze 'at. I take zese two pieces of papaire," which he produced very quickly and apparently from nowhere, "and I light zem—so. Now you must hold zem under ze 'at till they are quite burnt out."

The inspector took the paper as directed and held it at some distance under the hat till the last portion was consumed, when the Panjandrum, after a few passes and some cabalistic words, produced the omelet in a dexterous manner and showed the hat uninjured.

While the audience was clearing out of the theater the inspector remained standing in the arena, when he turned round to Montmorenci and said:

"Now, look here. I don't wish to be unpleasant at all, and I've got my duty to perform, and it must be done. There's one of you people wanted for attempted murder, and I want to take him away now. It's Jack Thornhill."

The Panjandrum, now quietly smoking a cigarette, stepped into the middle of the group and said:

"Perhaps the gentleman, before he takes our friend away, will tell us his authority for doing so."

"Certainly. I have a warrant signed by a magistrate."

He put his hand into his breast pocket; then he turned pale and hastily felt in the other ones, and, oblivious of the presence of the lady artistes, he used a bad word. "I've lost it!" he burst out.

Before a new warrant could be obtained Haycraft had relented and confessed that he had shot himself by accident.

Six months afterward, when Jack and Nellie had been married, the world renowned circus and entertainment came to town again, and the inspector came to spend a friendly evening with the company.

In the course of conversation he asked the Panjandrum if he could imagine what had become of the warrants on that night, whereupon the little Frenchman, with a shrug of his shoulders and a wink at his friends, answered:

"You used them to cook the omelet!"

CONTEST NOTICE.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
ROSEBURG, OREGON, December 19, 1901.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Addie A. Vanderkarr, contestant, against the homestead entry No 9640, made November 20, 1899, for the n½ ne¼, and e½ nw¼, section 30, township 38 south, range 1 west, by Lee R. Willis, contestee, in which it is alleged that the entryman has wholly abandoned the tracts embraced in this entry for a period exceeding one year last past, and that such abandonment was not caused by reason of his employment in the army, navy, or marine corps of the United States as a private soldier, officer, seaman, or marine, during the war with Spain, or during any other war in which the United States may be engaged. Said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock A. M., on February 4, 1902, before Gus Newbury, County Clerk, at Jacksonville, Oregon, and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock A. M., on February 15, 1902, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roseburg, Oregon. The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed December 14, 1901, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.
J. H. BOOTH, Receiver.

CONTEST NOTICE.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
ROSEBURG, OREGON, December 10, 1901.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Aaron C. Manning, contestant, against the homestead entry No. 8832, made January 6, 1897, for the s1-2 ne1-4, sec. 6, twp 35 s, rge. 4 w, by John F. Tolson contestee, in which it is alleged that the said entryman, Tolson, has not resided upon the land included in his entry for a period of three years, but has abandoned the same, and that this alleged abandonment was not due to his employment in the army, navy or marine corps of the United States as a private soldier, officer, seaman or marine, during the war with Spain, or during any other war in which the United States may be engaged, said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock A. M. on February 8, 1902, before Gus Newbury, county clerk, at Jacksonville, Oregon, and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock A. M. on February 15, 1902, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roseburg Oregon. The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed November 20, 1901, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

Notice to Trespassers.

To Whom It May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that all persons are strictly forbidden from entering or in any manner trespassing on the premises of the undersigned, described as follows: The NE¼ of the NE¼ and the W½ of the NE¼, Sec. 6, Twp. 38, R. 2 W. Attention is called to Section 1794 of the Criminal Code of Oregon, which reads as follows:

If any person other than an officer on lawful business shall go or trespass upon any lands or premises not his own, and shall fail, neglect or refuse to depart therefrom immediately, and remain away until permitted, to return upon the verbal or printed or written notice of the owner or person in the lawful occupation of said lands or premises, such trespasser shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine not less than five nor more than fifty dollars, and shall be committed, in default of payment of fine and costs imposed, to the jail of the county in which the offense is committed one day for each two dollars of the said fine and costs.

The law will be strictly enforced against all trespassers, as well as legal damages. F. Duval has been placed in charge of the above premises. C. B. ROSTEL.