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**ENGLISH MANNERS.**

**John Bull's Self Conscious Superiority Only Bad Breeding.**

It is seldom, indeed, that an Englishman will acknowledge that a man of any other nation has the advantage of him in any respect. Indeed, there is, I believe, only one fault which we are nationally ready to allow may be fairly attributed to us—a certain lack of charm in manner. In recent years, when I have lived much abroad, I have several times heard the English people say, "What a pity it is we haven't more charming manners!"

If we are ever to have as pleasant manners as our neighbors the first idea we must get rid of is that it is a sign of weakness to be agreeable. A glint of eye and a stiff upper lip are not sure indications of a moral grip or even of physical strength. Glants, we know, can be genial, and a smiling saint can be quite as godly as the austere skeleton with an expression like a distressed monkey bemoaning the sins of the monkey house. To have what is sometimes called "manner" is not to write yourself down effeminate. We English laugh heartily at what we call the "bowing and scraping" of Frenchmen and Italians as if we thought that by bending his body a man parted from his masculinity. This is folly and betrays only a confusion of mind that wakes scorn in the intelligent.

When a Frenchman or an Italian comes into a drawing room he bows low and kisses the hand of his hostess. This is pretty, but it is not "pretty pretty." It indicates a not servile gratitude for hospitality accorded and a graceful respect for one's hostess. The Englishman's entrance into a room and greeting are more brusque and show less courtesy. Then we are, as a rule, much more "on our dignity" with those whom we consider beneath us in station than are the other European nations except the Germans. We like to mark our position.

I suppose there is nothing more essentially underbred than "standing on one's dignity," yet many of our English aristocracy do it as well as the nouveaux riches. They seem to think it necessary to give themselves airs. Why? I often wonder, especially when I note the easy simplicity and well bred familiarity so universal among foreigners of the same class. The Englishman, for instance, usually treats servants "merely as servants," to use a phrase I have often heard in English mouths. He is probably quite just to them. He often prides himself on that. But he is markedly detached. He is not human with them. It must always be a case of master to servant, never of man to man. His servant is to him a machine. He speaks to him with curt coldness. He looks at him with a frosty eye that is likely to chill.

Again I ask, "Why?" Where is the necessity of this tact and perpetual insistence on a difference of position? The foreigner—horrid but useful word—seldom bothers about such matters. He treats the people round about him who minister to his comfort with a friendly familiarity, and rarely indeed do they try to take advantage of it. They in their turn venture to be cordial.

We English are not bad hearted, but we are bad mannered, and as most of us know this we ought to make an effort to mend our manners. The truly good manner comes from being just this—unaffectedly human and simple without arriere pensee. Surely we ought to be able in time to manage to be that. It is all very well to comfort ourselves with such phrases as "our bark is worse than our bite." No doubt it is, but a barking dog is a nuisance. He sets nerves on edge. We too often set foreign nerves on edge by our bluntness, our rough awkwardness, our determination to have our own way in trifles at all costs and our unwillingness to see that the habits and customs prevalent in other countries are not bound to be idiotic merely because they are different from our own.

"I will be sincere," says the gruff Englishman to himself when he sets foot on foreign soil. "None of your foreign nonsense for me!" How pleasant Europe will be when John Bull and his womankind can be sincerely charming!—London Mail.

**An Irishman's Dilemma.**

They were cracking "hard nuts" in the smoking room after the tolls of the day were over. Some difficult cases of conscience had just been related where a conflict existed between duty and inclination, and one of these stories suggested the following "Irish difficulty":

"As I sat fishing one day," said Con MacMahon, "I fell asleep. A terrible thing happened. There was I in a tiny, wee boat, with two colleens, Kathleen and Maureen. Faith, an' didn't I dote on Kathleen, though sorta a bit she cared for me! This is a contrary wurrld, especially in Kerry, for Maureen, it was aisy to see, liked me better than any of the other boys, though meself could hardly bear the sight of her. But, sure, she was Kathleen's friend, so I had to put up with her company.

"Well, an awful storm came on, the waves rose mountains high, an' the girls called on all the saints to protect an' save them. There was no chance with three of us in the boat. It had to be lightened. What was a body to do? I was fair distracted. Kathleen I couldn't part with, an' I darn't throw Maureen into the angry waters. Can any of yez tell me what I did?"

Con's intelligent and interested audience suggested different ways of salvation; none was correct.

"I awoke," said the story teller. "Yez all seem to forget I had been asleep."—London Tit-Bits.

**A RATTLER'S BITE.**

**Now, Under Some Conditions, It May Not Kill the Victim.**

It may seem absurd to claim that there are cases where the bite of a rattlesnake is not fatal, yet such have happened, and to understand these it is necessary only to understand the manner in which this reptile strikes.

The spectacle of a rattlesnake at bay is one a beholder never forgets. The great, long body lies coiled in a tense spiral, the very embodiment of wickedness. Poised in air, the white bellied fore body is bent into a horizontal S, rigid as an iron bar. Raised from the middle of the spiral is the tail, quivering like a twanged banjo string and emitting a rattle like steam escaping from the pet cock of a radiator or like the sound of a mowing machine in a distant hayfield. Awe inspiring, the dread, flat, triangular head, eyes gleaming black and cold as icy steel, is ready to strike. As the grewsome mouth opens wide and pink, the long, thin poison fangs arise from a horizontal position and stand upright like a pair of slender, curved, needle pointed shad bones, ready for business. Like a flash far too quick for the eye to follow, the snake strikes, sending home its fangs an inch or two, and in that same fraction of an instant he has squirted a tablespoonful of canary yellow, viscous fluid into the wound and lies coiled ready for a second attack.

In this incomprehensibly swift attack lies the answer why sometimes the bite of a rattler is not fatal, for so wonderfully swift is the attack that a bite may be imperfect, leaving only a pair of tiny needle punctures with just enough venom to make a victim seriously ill.

Another reason why a rattlesnake's bite is not always fatal is that temporarily the reptile may be without venom. The snake may have exhausted its poison on a previous enemy, in which case it would have to wait several days before the deadly fluid has reaccumulated, or, again, the viper's fangs may have suffered accident. They may have been broken off and require time for new growth. In any case, certain it is that a rattlesnake's poison applied in the proper way will do its work, and then only the most expert and prompt assistance will save a victim.—A. W. Rolker in Pearson's Magazine.

**POINTED PARAGRAPHS.**

How a man who is hoarse likes to use his voice!

A person with a forgiving disposition has to put up with a lot.

The average woman is fond of saying that her ambition exceeds her strength.

A merchant is never so busy invoicing that he isn't willing to wait on a good customer.

After a man gets converted his neighbors speculate every time they see him as to how soon he will pay what he owes them.

A family with an artistic temperament isn't really as much of an addition to the neighborhood as one owning a stepladder.

How easily gossip starts! Ever think how little pleasure you get out of a "story" you start and how much trouble you may be making others?—Achtison Globe.

**The Deadly Tarantula.**

The poison of the Mygale species of tarantula is of a fearful nature—more dreaded than that of a rattlesnake—and unless only slightly scratched and heroic measures used the result is fatal. Many deaths are on record caused by these spiders. The most prolonged suffering was that of a San Diego woman. A tarantula sunk its fangs in her hand during the night. The flesh was cut away with a razor and medical assistance summoned at once. Her life was prolonged for a time as well as her sufferings. For three months she lingered under the effects, her hands constantly creeping and crawling along the bedding in horrible imitations of the motions of the tarantula.

**DON QUIXOTE.**

**The Philosophy of Sancho Panza and the Fame of Cervantes.**

The enormous number of proverbial sayings in "Quixote" had much to do with the success of the book, especially in England and France, at a time when the apothegm and maxim were a favorite literary form, and, quite apart from the inexhaustible fund of humorous action contained in the work, Sancho's sententious dicta made the novel as a collection of proverbs alone worth preservation.

As in the case of so many of Shakespeare's apothegms, hundreds of Sancho Panza's sayings have become so much a part of our common speech as to sound almost trite when we stumble across them on the printed page. "Diligence is the mother of success" seems obvious enough, but the man who first enshrined it in speech was a genius. "He whom God helps is better off than the man who gets up early" is a bit of worldly experience that comes home even now to many a doubter as to whether we "get our deserts," while Cromwell's "Trust God and keep your powder dry" was anticipated by Sancho's "Pray to God, but hammer away." Another shrewd piece of observation from the same source might save many a tradesman from loss to this day. "He who does not mean to pay does not haggle about price," and the homely scrap of philosophy in which Sancho warns the world against stretching out the leg farther than the sheet that covers it is as necessary and pertinent now as it ever was.—London Chronicle.

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WANTED—MEN TO LEARN BARBER trade; 5 weeks completes; positions guaranteed; tuition earned while learning. Write for terms. Moler's Barber College, 644 Clay St., San Francisco.

WANTED—INSTALLMENT COLLECTOR for merchandise accounts; good salary and expenses. Address, Manufacturer, P. O. Box 1027, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—MANAGER FOR BANCH office we wish to locate here in Astoria. Address, with references, The Morris Wholesale House, Cincinnati, O.

**LOST.**

LOST—LADY'S CRESCENT CLASP pin, set with small stone; finder will please return to this office and receive reward.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

NOTICE FOR BIDS—BIDS WILL be received for the foundation and basement of the New St. Mary's Hospital; plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the architect at St. Mary's Hospital; all bids to be in on or before the 25th of this month; right reserved to reject any or all bids. March 6, 1905.

**JUNK DEALERS.**

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**FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.**

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HORSE, BUGGY AND HARNESS for sale. Address M. Asterian.

FOR SALE—SHETLAND PONEY, cart and harness. Apply to A. E. Allen, Clatsop, Ore.

160 ACRES OF FIRST CLASS TIMBER land for sale, in Pacific county, near Columbia river. Address Box 690 Astoria, Ore.

FOR SALE—LOT 1, BLOCK 14, Adair's Astoria; for particulars write to J. P. Miller, Onieda, Wash.

FOR SALE—STEAM TUG IN FIRST-class condition; terms reasonable; suitable for seining purposes. For particulars apply at this office.

SCOW FOR SALE AT M'GREGOR'S mill, 22x64; would make a good fish scow. Inquire of Dan Gambel at mill.

FOR SALE—SECOND-HAND FURNITURE. Inquire at room 2 over Peterson & Brown's store.

**FOR RENT—ROOMS.**

FOR RENT—FOUR NICE SUNNY rooms. Inquire at Star theater.

WANTED—Manager for branch office we wish to locate here in Astoria. Address, with references, The Morris Wholesale House, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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