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WEATHER.

Oregon, Washington, Idaho,— Showers.

THE PITTSBURG FLOODS.

Pittsburg, Allegheny and other towns and cities along the Monongahela, Allegheny and Ohio rivers will lose several millions of dollars on account of the floods now submerging the valleys through which these water-ways flow. The cities are so disposed that they are absolutely helpless. It is remarkable today that Pittsburg and Allegheny are in greater danger from flood than ever before. This is due to their greater expansion, while nothing of a scientific nature ever has been done to overcome the volume of water that pours down the two great streams that form the Ohio There is apparently no means of curbing it, no means of hastening the flood on its course. When the rivers begin to rise the Ohio cannot carry it off fast enough to prevent the flooding of all the lowlands in Greater Pittsburg, and there they rest, wth business at a standstill, until the flood subsides. Many lives have been lost, and it is expected that the loss from enforced suspension of the mills and furnaces will run into millions. It is a pity that Pittsburgh cannot escape the occasional flood in its great highway of commerce, when, at the proper stage, is invaluable to the city's commercial interests.

1907 A MARKER.

The satisfactory settlement of the Butte mining troubles this week and the signing of an agreement staving off for at least five years another argument over wages strengthen by one more substantial link the chain of good times. Had the differences of the thousands of miners in this great copper camp been beyond the power of adjudication by peaceful conference, the result would have been almost incomputable loss. At any other time it would have meant principally the loss of thousands of dollars a day to the miners and allied workers and the suspension of the industries of one of the country's busiest towns; but just now it would have meant much more. With copper at a high price, the to produce it and keep pace with the demand, the loss to them and to manufacturers would have been enormous. Happily, however, the possibility has been averted and the miners will prosper as long as the mine-owners themselves enjoy the returns of the apparently endless demand for the red metal.

A MAGNIFICENT BASE.

The foundation of a fund of ten millions of dollars by Mrs. Russell Sage, for charitable works will give the substantial income of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually to those who are in real distress. That this fund is to be applied not in useless giving, but in practical assistance to improved conditions of living among the poor, is the best prediction that it will be fruitful of good results. The difficulty is not so much to provide for the hunger of today and to alleviate the misery of the passing moment as to discover and apply the means of permanent good, bringing to the poor more hopeful tomorrows. The broad scope of the gift lifts it into a different field from the usual charity, though its purpose is in the main the same. The uses to which it may be applied are, without restriction, and the trustees will have a noble purpose to fulfill. The solution of the sociological problems with which we are struggling is a splendid work for the Sage millions.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

The Morning Astorian respectfully suggests that the municipal officers involved in the police controversy here, in default of any amicable settlement among themselves, send for Mr. Heney. He has a fashion of determining such problems once and for all.

It's a cold day for a city when she cannot govern herself or any element of her people.

Tongue Point people evidently believe in competition between water and rail; hence, the new launch that is to run from the mills to the heart of the city, carrying freight and passengers.

Which would you rather be, a councilman, a police commissioner, or just a plain citizen?

If, after Mr. Jerome had drawn in a long breath, expanded his chest and delivered that thirteen-thousand word hypothetical question, the jurors had risen up in a body and exclaimed, "What did you say?" wouldn't it have jarred him?

An explorer turn up in Milwaukee, claims to have discovered the north Pole and nobody believes him. Isn't it odd that we never doubted any man who came back and said he didn't find it.

If we ever come up with that audacious Chicago men who sat in a big easy chair in a Lakewood hotel and broke our stock market into kindling wood we'll slap him on the wrist.

Railroads presidents are begining to point with pride to their lines that never had a fatal accident. Awfully sorry they don't run the way we want to go.

TURPENTINE.

Moths will leave if it is sprinkled about.

Turpentine and soap will remove ink stains from linen.

Turpentine will remove wheel grease, pitch and tar stains.

Clean gilt frames with a sponge moistened in turpentine.

It will exterminate roaches if sprinkled in their haunts.

A few drops on a woolen cloth will clean tan shoes nicely.

A few drops added to water in which clothes are boiled will whiten them.

An equal mixture of turpentine and linseed oil will remove white marks from furniture caused by water.

Ivory knife handles that have become yellow can be restored to their former whiteness by rubbing with turpentine.

Carpets can be cleaned and colors restored by going over occasionally with a broom dipped in warm water in which a little turpentine is added.

Splendors of Cafes.

The cafes and hotels of New York are rivaling each other in the almost oriental splendor with which they have fitted up small rooms for dinner and after theater parties. At one cafe near Broadway the sides of one of these rooms are composed entirely of mirrors, after the French fashion, while the ceiling is covered with green leaves and grapes, bunches of pink and purple grapes of glass, within which are electric lights. The effect is that of a beautiful arbor. Another cafe has mirrors reflecting small red lights throughout the room, while the ceiling, also of mirrors, is an exquisite imitation of moonlight, the effect of which is obtained by electrics inclosed in globes of the color and sheen of moonlight seen through a delicate tracery of faint green leaves.—Exchange.

A Sad Case.

A Chicago physician was one day called to attend a sick child in a "shabby genteel" quarter of the Windy City.

"Madam," said the doctor to the mother, "you should send this child into the country for several weeks each summer."

"I am sorry to say, doctor," responded the woman, "that we are not rich enough to do that."

"Then," suggested the physician, "have her sent by the fresh air fund."

"Oh, doctor," exclaimed the woman, "we are not poor enough!"—Harper's Weekly.

Too Selfish.

Citiman—What's the matter with all you Swamphurst fellows? You don't seem to like my friend Backlotz. Subbubs—No; he's selfish. Citiman—Oh, come now! Subbubs—That's what he is. A barn near him caught fire the other night, and he put it out without waiting for the rest of us members of the Swamphurst Hose to reach the scene.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Romance of Ellis Island

Why should story tellers rack their brains for themes when romances are happening every day under their noses? Here, like a flower peeping from under a heap of rubbish, is a romance extracted from the most unromantic thing in the world, an emigrant ship. It only remains for the story teller to put it in form. It is not a tale of young lovers. In the conventional story romance ends with marriage. Nature knows no such division. Conceive an old fruit tree bearing shortly before it is cut down a single bit of fruit into which the tree's vitality has been concentrated and you have the kind of romance you are about to get.

Forty years ago Herman Gurlich, a Prussian, came to America, purchased a farm, married, raised a family and prospered. His wife died, and one by one his children left him to marry and raise children of their own. For ten years he worked his farm alone, and then it occurred to him to relieve his solitude by revisiting his former home in Prussia. He did so, but failed to find the diversion he had expected. The place he had left as a village had grown to be a city, and the friends of his youth who had not gone elsewhere were in the churchyard. Disappointed, he turned his face again toward his desolate home in America.

Martha Leoser, a widow living in Berlin with her daughters, had a son in America. Her daughters had been with her since their birth, but her one son had left her when he was a boy, and she pined to spend the few years that remained to her where she might occasionally see him. At last she could resist the temptation to go to America no longer.

Now it happened. This is a short sentence, an incomplete sentence, yet how much there is in it! What would all the story tellers do if the two words were blotted out from the world's ongoing? It happened that Heinrich Gurlich and Martha Leoser were passengers on the same ship. One day they sat side by side and fell to talking. Gurlich rejoiced with the mother in her expectations at meeting her boy, and Mrs. Leoser grieved with the old man when he spoke of his return to his lonely farm. They met frequently on the voyage and on reaching port parted with mutual regret.

In New York harbor, where they landed, is Ellis island, a danger point for emigrants more to be dreaded than a submerged rock of the ocean. Here they must satisfy the officials that they will not be a burden upon the United States. Gurlich had no trouble in doing so and took his departure. Mrs. Leoser sent for her son, who lived in one of the environs of New York. He came, and for a brief period the mother and her boy enjoyed their meeting and the prospect of at least living on the same continent. But the young man failed to satisfy the authorities that he could support his mother. He had a large family of his own and was at the time out of employment. His mother, too old to support herself, had no one else on whom to depend. The decree went forth that Martha Leoser must be deported to her native land.

Herman Gurlich, in the turmoil of the metropolis, was alone—as much or more alone than he would be when he returned to his farm. In years he had met but one person of his own generation to give him one spark of sympathy—the woman he had met on the steamer. She had shown him a paper bearing her son's address to ask how she might find him. This address Gurlich remembered.

One evening there was a rap at the door of young Leoser, and upon its being opened there stood Gurlich.

"Is Martha here?" he asked. He remembered only the widow's first name.

"No, and she will not be here. She is to be deported."

Gurlich went into the house, and his host told him that there was no hope of his mother remaining, since there was no one to support her.

"Yes, there is one," said the old man after a long pause.

"Who?"

"I. If your mother will marry me and go to live with me on my farm she need not go back to Germany."

In half an hour the two men were on a boat speeding for Ellis island. They found the poor woman bemoaning her fate. Her eyes lighted as she saw her companion of the voyage.

And here the effort of the story teller to put this humble romance in story form breaks down. Never was offer of marriage made in a form more widely diverse from the conventional proposal laid down in printed romances. The son took his mother aside and told her of Gurlich's proposition. While mother and son conferred the would be groom stood making pretense of looking at a family of Russian Jews eating sausages. In a few minutes Leoser returned and said his mother accepted the offer. In vain the romance constructor casts about for some stretch of the facts to give story form to the reception by the lover of the news that he was to be made happy. Yet why try express what no words ever have succeeded in expressing? Perhaps he said "Yah," perhaps "Das is goot;" but, no matter what he said or how unlike our conceptions of what he should have said, his old heart experienced an echo of the gladness of youth.

Upon Gurlich's promising the authorities that he would be responsible for Martha Leoser's support they at once gave her permission to go where she liked. With her affianced husband and her son she went to the latter's house, where the marriage ceremony was performed.

CRACK NUT SUNDAY.

Queer Method of Hearing a Sermon Still In Use in England.

"One fine autumn Sunday I attended a service in a north of England country church that would have driven a New York preacher clean crazy," said the man who travels. "The congregation didn't do a thing but sit around and crack nuts. Fancy a New York minister talking to a crowd of that kind! The modern preacher likes to have things quiet when he talks. It disconcerts him to hear a baby cry or a woman cough or an old man snore. If he is put out by such trifles as these, it is interesting to conjecture what he would do if he were to take hold of a congregation where everybody brought nuts to crack during the sermon.

"Worshipers, it seems, used to do this in England and even in our own states during colonial days. This disturbance was not a weekly occurrence by any means. If it had been, the poor preacher would have undoubtedly left his flock to administer spiritual consolation to suit themselves. But as it happened only once a year he was forced to endure it. This one day which was attended by such remarkable license came the Sunday before Michaelmas day and was called 'crack nut Sunday.' Nobody, no matter how pious he might be, hesitated to avail himself of the peculiar privilege granted him, and men, women and children came to church with their pockets stuffed with nuts, which they complacently cracked and munched during the sermon.

"It was that kind of a sermon that so impressed me with its oddity. It can be easily imagined that when forty or fifty people get to cracking nuts with all their might the noise is apt to be something terrific, and many times the minister was hard put to it to 'hear himself think.' That custom, from being regarded with high favor for many years, finally came to be looked upon as a nuisance, and the habit was suppressed, except in a few remote localities, although the act of suppression was attended with considerable difficulty, so firmly had the nut cracking fever taken hold of the fancy of the people."—New York Press.