

THE CHEERFUL TURTLE.

This Queer Creature Enjoys Many Peculiar Advantages. "To be or not to be—a turtle? To be certainly, if I could not be a man," declares one who speaks with knowledge of his subject.

"Here the young turtle feeds unmolested and knows that his armor is hardening apace. Once he has attained the weight of twenty-five pounds he may 'check' freely any monster of the deep.

"The turtle, like the sperm whale, has but one enemy—man. Now, even that sperm whale must come pretty frequently to the surface to breathe, and if it got beached high and dry on land what would become of it?

"Eating seems a mere superfluity with him, since for weeks at a time he may be placed in a barrel, with the bung out, and emerge after his long fast apparently none the worse for it.

AN EFFECTIVE SERMON.

Trumpet Blast That Drove the People to Repentance.

Old Peter Cartwright was a famous preacher and circuit rider many years ago.

"The exhorter was holding a camp meeting in Ohio. There was a great number of campers on the field, and the eccentric speaker addressed vast concourses at every service, but he thought too few were being converted.

There was a great sensation, and many fell upon their knees in terror and began to repent and pray. Women screamed and strong men groaned. Pandemonium was let loose for a few minutes.

Simple When You Know How. An innocent cockney while in the country asked a farmer how they managed to grow streaky bacon.

"Oh, it is simple enough," said the honest agriculturist. "One week we starve the pig or feed him very little. That makes a layer of lean meat. Next week we give him all he can possibly eat, even working overtime, and that makes a row of fat.

"Dear me," said the cockney, "and how do you make the ham?" "Oh, we manage that by putting a ring in the pig's nose," was the reply.

—London M. A. P.

The Careful Scots.

A Scot and his wife came to London, and the worthy pair were in a hundred fears concerning the diabolical ingenuity of London thieves.

As they took their first walk down the Strand the husband whispered of a sudden hoarsely in her ears, "Janet, wumman, hast thou got thy teeth fixed feornly in thy gums?"

"Na, na," she answered: "A'm no sich a fule! I've left 'em safely locked awa' in the northmunt'—London

A WONDERLAND.

New Zealand's Belt of Geysers of Boiling Water.

If one can imagine a furious and active volcano with a crater a thousand miles in extent, sunk level with the earth and thinly covered with a screen of soil, one has some idea of the awe inspiring "wonderland" of New Zealand's north island.

The native women, gorgeous in garments of crimson, green and purple, are forever puffing stolidly at big pipes and going hither and thither about their household work with the quaintest of babies slung across their backs.

And when these easy going people grow hungry the mother prepares a meat pudding or a joint and drops it into a convenient pot of natural boiling water in the earth, and in a few minutes it is cooked. The same conveniences are still more in evidence on washing day.

LIVING PROOF OF IT.

How Marriage Develops the Best Traits in a Man.

"By the way, Mary," said Mr. Winterbottom, "young Ascot asked for my advice today about getting married."

Mrs. Winterbottom looked up from the pile of socks that she was darning. "And what advice did you give him, John?" she said.

"Er—hand me them matches, will you? My pipe's out," said Winterbottom.

She transferred the mound of mending from her lap to a chair, rose and, taking the matches to her husband, quietly resumed her work again.

"Well," continued Mr. Winterbottom, yawning in his big chair, "I told Ascot to go ahead and marry at once. I told him what I have always believed—namely, that nothing develops the best traits in a man's character like matrimony. Nothing, I told him, so splendidly brings into blossom those seeds of unselfishness, of self sacrifice, that lie dormant in even the best of bachelors. The bachelor thinks only of himself. The married man forgets himself in the protecting care that he must eternally lavish upon wife and babes. Coarse, selfish brutes of bachelors I have seen transmuted by marriage into a fine gold of such self forgetfulness and tender consideration, such delicate solicitude and courtesy—er—ah—"

Mr. Winterbottom had been slapping his pockets and frowning. Now he stopped abruptly. "Here's my pipe out," he said, "and I forgot to bring down that pouch again. Do you mind, Mary? It's on the dressing table in the fourth story front."

Mrs. Winterbottom, with pleasant alacrity, hastened from the room.—New York Press.

Spoiled the Prayer.

A west end man who had been out with a party of friends sipping from the bowl of joy more than usual staggered home, at a loss to know how to conduct himself to prevent his wife knowing he was intoxicated. After turning the question over in his mind several times he decided that it would be well for him to kneel in prayer just before retiring, as he sometimes did.

"What in the world are you doing there, John?" asked his wife.

"Praying."

"Well, your prayer might have more effect if you took off that silk hat."—St. Louis Republic.

Can We Pull Anything?

Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English scientist, said in a lecture that there is no such thing as pulling. To speak of a horse pulling a cart was, he said, incorrect. The horse did not pull the cart. It pushed against its collar and thereby produced motion in the cart. Similarly the oarsman pushed the water, and the man drawing a handcart had to clasp the handle, and

the driving force was caused by the part which clasped the handle and was therefore behind it. Even if the cart was fastened to the man's coat tail he did not pull it. He pushed against his clothes.

Considerate.

"And would you marry me if I were a poor girl, working for a living?" asked the heiress.

"Darling," responded the accepted suitor, "it wouldn't be fair. You'd be doing enough in supporting yourself."—Philadelphia Ledger.

HUMAN MONSTERS.

Degenerates Who Have Revealed in Deeds of Blood.

No country is free from nightmare creatures, twisted natures apparently born without the slightest respect for human life. Some, indeed, seem actually to take a horrible delight in the destruction of their fellow creatures. Such a one was Alfred Knapp, executed at Hamilton, O., in August, 1903, for the murder of his wife and four other women. After his conviction and when he saw that no hope of life remained he coolly admitted that he had been a stranger for years, pouncing on little children, throttling them to death and hiding their bodies.

The "human mole" was a German degenerate whose horrible crimes shocked not only Germany, but the whole world. Johann Bobbe was his name. Though thin and weak looking, his hands and arms were abnormally developed, and his finger nails were simply claws. Without any other tools than his hands he could burrow into the solid earth.

He had a little tobacco shop in a back street in Berlin, and here he excavated a deep pit under the floor and arranged a trapdoor over it. At the bottom of the pit was a huge iron spike. He would decoy his victims on to this trap and hurl them down to be impaled on the spike below.

No one knows the full tale of his victims. A deep pit was found in the yard adjacent, which was half full of moldering human remains. Among others was Bobbe's own wife.

Another German criminal of a similar type was the schoolteacher Mueller, who was arrested on suspicion of murder at Duernburg, near Bayreuth. Evidence against him was only circumstantial, and it seemed that he might escape till the magistrate had the remains of a widow, who was supposed to be a victim of his, dug up, and Mueller was confronted with them. Then he broke down and confessed to a string of murders extending over a period of eight years. The details were so terrible that the court was cleared, and later the magistrate himself came out white and shaken.—London Answers.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

How He Won the Title "The Carthaginian of Maine."

Among the many stories of Hannibal Hamlin's early experiences in the Maine legislature none is more animated than his tilt with John Holmes, interesting, besides, because it gives the origin of "the Carthaginian of Maine," a name that stuck to Hamlin through life. Holmes had been in the United States senate, and at this particular time, wrote General Hamlin, a member of the state house of representatives, was endeavoring to dominate over it.

Hamlin disputed the leadership with him, and Holmes attempted to crush his young opponent by coarsely ridiculing his swarthy complexion. Instantly Hamlin jumped to his feet and, pointing his finger at Holmes, retorted: "If the gentleman chooses to find fault with me for my complexion, what has he to say about himself? I take my complexion from nature. He gets his from the brandy bottle. Which is more honorable?" This retort was greeted with great applause and cries of "Go on!"

Hamlin then continued, pointing his finger at Holmes: "I will also tell the member from Alfred that he is more conspicuous for trying to run dryshod over young men than for trying to encourage them. But as long as they are true to themselves and to nature and as long as the member from Alfred sticks to the brandy bottle they need not fear him." As soon as the cheers of the house could be sufficiently silenced Holmes retracted his words and made a manly apology. "The young Carthaginian routed the old Roman" was one humorous comment on the incident, and from that time Hamlin was thus frequently characterized.—Lewiston Journal.

One Way to Look at It.

Cornish humor is often unclassical, a writer in the English Illustrated Magazine says, and proceeds to furnish a concrete example.

"Gwain to larn your boy the fiddle, are 'ee?" asked one Cornishman of another.

"Iss," was the reply.

"He wain't never play the fiddle 'fall."

"Ow shouldn't 'aw?"

"Cos his head's too big."

"Go on with 'ee. The bigger the head the more tunes he'll hold."

PEN AND INK PIRATES.

Literary Theft Is Not Stealing; It Is Called Genius.

All authors steal. The capacity for stealing with art and elegance is one of the most potent equipments of the literary man.

Shakespeare was a magnificent thief. He stole whatever he could lay his hands on in a literary way and never marred in the stealing. He stole "Measure For Measure" from a play called "Promos and Cassandra." He stole "Hamlet" from a play by George Kyd. "Romeo and Juliet" he stole from Italy.

Sir Walter Scott stole with a sublime talent. He stole from antiquarian records. He stole from Goethe. He stole from Sheridan.

Charles Reade claimed the right of the literary artist to set jewels, even though the gems are the property of another.

Alexandre Dumas, the author of "The Three Musketeers" and "Monte Cristo," was one of the most remarkable flichers in literature. In one single year his name was attached to no fewer than forty different books. Not only did he steal unblushingly from every author who came handy, but he employed numerous literary ghosts and passed off their work as his own.

Brought to book, he had a ready reply. "The man of genius does not steal," he said; "he only conquers."

Alexander Pope, who made thousands of pounds by his poetic translation of Homer's "Iliad," was an indifferent Greek scholar. In addition to stealing from previous translators, he employed others to help and then claimed the whole work as his own.

When he translated "The Odyssey" he kept the public in ignorance that only twelve books could be called his and that the rest were the work of men whom he paid badly.

The arguments in Pope's "Essay on Man" were furnished by Lord Bolingbroke, and his "Essay on Criticism" was a poetic version of the conversation of his intimates.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, wit, dramatist and politician, stole his famous characters Charles Surface and Joseph Surface in "The School for Scandal" from Tom Jones and Bilfil in Fielding's well known novel, and he abducted Tabitha Bramble and Sir Hubert Mackligut and transformed them into those still more entertaining characters Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Lucius O'Trigger in "The Rivals."

Of modern authors who stole and are stealing still the present writer does not say a word. Only history can afford to be free spoken.—Exchange.

Word Painting.

Mrs. Bradley, when questioned by a fellow traveler in the Pullman car in regard to her home, launched forth into a rather long and detailed description of its charms. Her little girl, Grace, who had been reading when she began to speak, soon closed her book and listened with great interest.

"It must be very pleasant," remarked the chance acquaintance, somewhat perfunctorily, when Mrs. Bradley finished, and Grace, her eyes gleaming with enthusiasm, said: "Oh, it must be perfectly lovely! What place is it, mamma?"

"Why, our own home, of course," answered the mother, somewhat embarrassed.

"Oh, dear," said Grace, sighing, "how much better it sounds than it looks!"—Youth's Companion.

Need and Needs.

Perhaps many persons have wondered why we are taught to say "He need not do that" instead of "He needs not do that," as the singular pronoun, he, requires under ordinary conditions the singular form of the verb. The reason is that in a sentence of that kind, a negative sentence, expressing requirement or obligation, "need" becomes an auxiliary and takes no change of termination in the third person singular. This exception is laid down in the grammars.—Chicago News.

The Iron Crown.

The iron crown of Lombardy, so called from the narrow iron band within it supposed to have been beaten out of one of the nails used at the crucifixion, was probably first worn by Agilolph at his coronation in 591. The historic crown after gracing the brows of such sovereigns as Charlemagne, Henry of Luxemburg, Frederick IV., Charles V. and the great Napoleon was in 1806 given up to Victor Emmanuel and is now preserved with great care at Monza, near Milan.

Extravagance.

"This is your little sister, Tommy," said the father, showing him the baby. "You will love her dearly, will you not?"

"Yes, of course," replied Tommy, inspecting the latest arrival "but it'll cost a great deal to keep her, won't it?" "I presume so."

"Yes," said Tommy, with a long drawn breath, "and when I asked you the other day to buy me a white rabbit you said you couldn't afford it."

This Is a Fact.

"When a man loves a girl in a novel he raves about her through forty chapters. In real life he never mentions her name."

"What's the application?" "Merely that realism in a love story is not possible."—St. Louis Republic.

Still Faithful.

Mlle. Suzanne—Is that young man still under the window? Maid—Well, mademoiselle, he's running around in the snow to keep himself warm, but he goes in the shape of a heart all the time.—Bon Vivant.

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