

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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WHY THEY WERE ELECTED.

ALL THIS REITERATED and long-drawn-out weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth on the part of the Oregonian—all this fuming and spuming and cavorting and howling—all these splenetic and muddy diatribes—about the election of certain Democrats to office in Oregon, in Multnomah county, and in Portland, are a distinct, direct, undesired, malicious and malignant insult to the people, the electorate, who deliberately put these men in office, who are glad they did so, who did wisely in doing so, who have no apologies to make to anybody on earth, nor to their own consciences, for having done so, and who would under the same conditions do the same thing over again tomorrow, next week, next month or next year.

Indeed now that the battle is over and the people begin to get a perspective of it they realize that nothing better could have happened in Portland. There is a new test of public service hereafter to be applied. It is no longer what special interest has an official served or how faithfully he has obeyed the command of a party machine, but how well and faithfully he has served the people and obeyed his oath of office. No man now feels safe in public office on any other basis. He has been taught the lesson that, weighed against efficient service, mere party name will not carry him through. To have impressed this lesson is worth everything. Hereafter the officeholder must look to the voters and not to party for approval, the character and quality of the public service will be raised, and the sense of individual responsibility will be vastly increased.

The dial of progress cannot be turned back by the caterwaulings of the Oregonian. Portland has taken the step deliberately and everything that it has gained it will keep. The men who have been elected to office may themselves say whether they are to be continued there and this, too, irrespective of whether they are Democrats or Republicans. They know the test and they must either meet it or fall by the wayside. They are now more likely to meet it than ever before and the result to the people will be a standard of government that they will have every reason to be proud of, if the men elected are gifted with the intelligence which should be theirs.

A VIEW THAT WILL NOT HOLD WATER.

IN ITS LAST ISSUE the Liberal, the organ of the Brewers' and Wholesale Liquor Dealers' association, said:

Perhaps the most striking thing in connection with the Portland municipal campaign which closes today, was the reception given to Mayor Williams' utterance in which he denounced some of the yellow preachers as "liars and scoundrels." The statement was made before an audience in Albina composed of about 400 citizens. It was received with the most tumultuous applause of any statement of the entire campaign. Many of the audience stood up and cheered frantically, and it was several minutes before the applause subsided. A philosopher can draw but one conclusion from this occurrence, and that is that there is in our body politic today a very large proportion of citizens who are opposed to preachers because they are preachers. The audience at the Albina meeting was a pretty representative gathering of the citizens of that part of Portland. They were largely working men and small merchants gathered from the surrounding precincts which are peopled by the great middle class, which forms the bone and sinew of this country. If they had applauded the mayor's utterance merely to the extent that they applauded his other statements from time to time, no comment could be made legitimately. But as it was, the happening was significant.

We think the Liberal was mistaken in the men who "frantically cheered" the statement quoted; also in the estimate that "a very large proportion of citizens are opposed to preachers because they are preachers." There are some such citizens, but the proportion of them among "workingmen and small merchants," the great middle class which forms the bone and sinew of the country, is small. There may be many of them very good citizens who are not much in sympathy with the theology of the preachers but when it comes to the morality which they preach and the civic righteousness for which they stand they are in hearty and thorough accord and work shoulder to shoulder with them to realize their hopes and meet their ideals. Why it should be considered more disgraceful in Portland to have the preachers support a ticket than it is to have the keepers of low dives who constantly violate the laws is not now so apparent as it seems to have been a few years ago. No class of our citizens have stood forward more courageously to attain higher and better things in Portland than have these same preachers and to no class is the result of increasing better government more largely due. They have labored along the lines of better citizenship and they have been tireless in their demand for it. That their labors have not been without effect is very apparent to those who will see and fortunate indeed is it for Portland that it is so.

STREET FIGHTS KILL MORE THAN DUELS

THE duel is one of the most important questions of modern society, for it is a question of life or death.

It is true that a majority of the duels which are actually fought do not result in the death of any of the duellists, but it is equally true that when two men stand facing one another with a pistol or a sword in their hands both have the intention (at least) of killing or wounding his opponent. That is why I say that the duel is a question of life or death.

Both America and England claim that their system is far better than the French. I do not think so. Our duels are stupid and barbarous, I admit; but what about the English and American street fights?

THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

THE APPOINTMENT of Charles J. Bonaparte as secretary of the navy, with the probable design of transferring him in the near future to the department of justice, was another hard blow to the thick-and-thin, always-regular, hidebound, staid, machine element of the Republican party, which has been in the saddle so long. It was a hard jolt for them. Not, as has been erroneously reported, that Mr. Bonaparte is not a Republican. He is that, and one of the best of Republicans, in the best sense. He is a reformer, however, as the president is strongly inclined to be, and he believes in reforming his party outside of it if he cannot do so inside of it. He is for honesty, straightforwardness, strict accountability, devotion to duty, and against grafting, boodling, crookedness, incompetency, skulduggery and rascality in the Republican party; and if the party shields and stands for these things, as it so frequently has done, he believes in getting outside where he can get a good range and focus and taking some effective shots at the rascals. But he never ceased to be a Republican, for all that. A man like that would be nauseated with disgust to read the pleas that have been made for the past two weeks in this city for party regularity in a municipal election when his party was in alliance with the gamblers, and the dives of the "north end."

Mr. Bonaparte could not well be a Democrat in Maryland, where the Democratic party is absolutely dominated by a Republican in everything except in name—Gorman. This boss of the Democratic party in Maryland poses as a Democrat and stands in with the trusts. He is for tariff for revenue only in theory, and votes and works for high protection for the sugar trust. He serves the corporations and special interests just the same as does Elkins or Spooner. Of course a man like Bonaparte was not tempted to become a Maryland Democrat.

Mr. Bonaparte is best known as a civil service reformer. But he is more than a doctrinaire or a dreamer, as his recent work in convicting thieves Machen and Beavers and the Goffs shows. He is a first-rate lawyer, a keen man of practical affairs. Whether he has exceptional administrative ability is not known; he has had no experience in this line; but the president is not likely to be deceived in him in this respect. Morton has this sort of ability, but that he was appointed, after his record as executive manager of the Santa Fe railroad, was a mystery, and a mistake. The appointment of Bonaparte is a correction of the mistake, and at the same time is in the nature of a rebuke to the hitherto reigning congressional Republican oligarchy.

Though a Republican, retaining his right to bolt at any time he thinks it right and necessary, Mr. Bonaparte has never been identified with the Republican party of Maryland, which is, if possible, even rotter than Gorman's Democratic party. But he has for 25 years been a man above the party leaders in character, and who compels their respect.

GET IN THE PORTLAND BANDWAGON.

PORTLAND has many advantages, but it can have more—many more.

There are lots of ways to make Portland mean even more than it does already to merchants of the great northwest—to those of the great inland empire—and the people throughout the broad expanse of Uncle Sam's domain.

Portlanders should "shout for Portland"—carry and send the news to the four corners of the earth! Portlanders should "stand together," pull together, for Portland. Talk Portland! Beat it into the heads of every man who has a doubt concerning anything relating to Portland. It is time for Portland to awake!

Advertise Portland-made products. Do it wisely, persistently, consistently; keep everlastingly at it! Never miss a chance. Mark everything going out of Portland so the wayfarer man may read as he runs and observe that Portland is on the map. Be enthusiastic! That's the way to get there!

Portland-made products "are the best in the world" and the multitude can be made to believe it if we shout and the multitude can be made to believe it if we shout and the multitude can be made to believe it if we shout.

Councilman Sharkey certainly shows good judgment when he demands a clean bill of health from the present council. On that score it would be a give and take proposition, Sharkey giving a certificate of character to those members who most need it and taking one in return which he himself sorely needs. But it is not very likely that that certificate, even if given, will pass current with the people who have read and observed what has been going on in the council and made note of where Sharkey's finger got into the pie.

SMALL CHANGE

They all voted for Lane—now. Don't hunt for a job from Hunt.

After July 1 Portland will straighten up.

Dr. Harry Lane will be mayor. He is built that way.

Our governor caught a thief in the act—now there, Teddy.

The machine was undoubtedly blown into smithereens. The Oregonian howls and wails, the people hurrah.

Still the people hurrahing ground. Next time they will get a council—but the one just elected may do pretty well. Give them a chance.

The Oregonian "has nothing more to say." There are times, indeed, when "nothing becomes" a newspaper, as well as a man, like "modest stillness and humility."

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton university, a man of world-wide reputation, asks: "Where are our young men going?" Why, to the Lewis and Clark exposition, of course; and take their best girls with them.

Preachers can undoubtedly get into politics if they want to. There is no ground for an injunction against their doing so, any more than there is ground for an injunction against saloon-keepers. Everybody get into politics; that's right.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Oregon will show up all right later.

Brownsville has a fine juvenile band.

Bad outlook for hops around Silverton.

Rainier mineral soap factory succeeding well.

Big crops all over Lake county—where crops grow.

Dayton voted unanimously for \$2,000 water bonds.

Mount Hood is pluming herself and getting ready.

Telephone from Lakeview to Bly, 45 miles, probable.

Grading on the Sumpter valley railroad extension in progress.

Terrific times among the Oregon machine politicians—good sign.

Frost killed most of Lake county's fruit—pretty high up there.

Union county in the near future expects to have the best roads in Oregon.

Will Polk get the blue ribbon again? Linn, Imnathia and several other counties doubt it.

For several days an average of 25 carloads a day of sheep were shipped from Heppner.

Albany wonders if it is big enough for John L. Sullivan. By the way, Albany is wet, isn't it?

Mr. Coward and family have arrived in Multnomah county from Canada, but his name probably does not indicate his nature.

A Myrtle Creek woman slipped and fell on a washtub, breaking some ribs. Another proof that a washtub is a bad thing in a house.

A fall of a Medford man from a building broke his jaw, nose and three ribs, knocked loose a lot of teeth and cracked his skull, and yet he will probably recover.

A Jackson county yearling lamb sheared 20 pounds. How many such lambs, with wool at 27 cents a pound, would a man have to own to be able to come to the fair?

A Hillsboro doctor who is noted for the number of his accouchement cases notifies the public that he would be pleased to be advised of these events about three months in advance.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morae of Dallas, who are both over 80 years of age, lately received a letter written by Mrs. S. P. Adams of Beaverton, Oregon, 75 years of age, written plainly, and in a style showing that the lady still retains her faculties.

The Independence West Side Enterprise issued Tuesday a fine illustrated special edition, on heavy book paper, and containing a great deal of information about that town, Polk county and the central part of the Willamette valley. This paper deserves many thousands of circulation outside of its regular subscribers.

East Oregonian: A Kunkel has just returned from Grand Ronde valley, where he delivered and started in operation the monster steam plowing outfit brought here by him. The outfit consisted of a 30-horsepower engine and eight plows, cutting 112 inches per furrow, and valued at \$5,500. It was sold to a company of Grand Ronde valley people and is now at work on the Hardy Harrell farm, eight miles from La Grande in the lower Cove district.

North Bend Recall: The North Bend shingle mill is having a good demand for its products. Manager Allen states that 1,000,000 shingles will be shipped south on this trip of the Carinas and that in order to meet the demand for shingles it will be necessary to run day and night, and that a night crew would be put on soon. The mill is now manufacturing about 75,000 shingles daily and the output will be doubled by a night shift. There are now awaiting shipment about 1,200,000 shingles.

Needs a Railroad.

From the Willows County Democrat. Willows county needs a railroad. It will never get it as long as the people are willing to remain bottled up and pay tribute both coming and going. The citizens of this county should unite and join hands with Lewiston and build an electric road through Paradise and down the Grand Ronde and get into communication with the open river. This is no idle dream, nor an effusion of hot air. It is something easily within the grasp of the people of this country and its benefits are so apparent and so numerous that it is useless to mention them.

Taft Does Talk.

From the New York American. Secretary Taft is not much of a hunter, but he is establishing quite a reputation for remarkableness.

FOOLISH AMBITIONS OF WOMEN

The most curious freak of the modern evolution of woman is to be found in her yearning to disport herself in masculine fields, and her contempt for her own province.

All women's envy is of men. All her ambition is to do like men. Most of her progress has been along masculine lines. There are more good business women than there are good cooks.

Women exalt everything masculine, and deprecate everything feminine. They act as if their sex was a disgrace, as well as a handicap.

If given a choice between a good husband and a career, the majority of girls would unhesitatingly choose the career.

A woman that other women glorify in—not the good housekeeper and the good wife and mother, but the woman who has explored darkest Africa, or struck gold in the Klondike, or runs a big factory, or does something else that has hitherto been done by men only.

If you want to flatter a woman write you can bunch all possible compliments into one by telling her that she has a "virile style."

If you want to please the woman musician you've only to say that she has a masculine touch.

When a woman thinks about choosing some occupation at which to make her living she picks out the work in manly job within the range of her vision.

This admiration and envy of masculine prerogatives and perquisites amounts to almost a feminine mania, and it explains as nothing else why woman's progress is so slow.

She is not developing along the lines of least resistance, but she is fighting all the obstacles that nature and sex, as well as circumstances, have put in her way.

It is a strange thing that women have never seemed to have grasped the fact that there is a necessity for diversity of labor, and that the world needs woman's work just as much as it needs man's, and the more feminine it is the better it is.

A woman trying to do a man's work in a man's way is always more or less a failure, but when she puts her sex into it and does a man's work in a woman's way she gives it value.

On their own ground men can always excel women, and women are foolish to compete with them; instead of sticking to their own particular line.

It is a course in physical instruction and higher mathematics to enable a woman to throw a rock as straight as a little freckle-faced street gamin does by intuition, but when it comes to putting in a pin that will hold together and not stick into a vital part of one's anatomy, any girl child can do what an Edison or a Santos Dumont cannot do.

A woman writer attempting to write from a man's point of view is indulging in a series of guesses, but she becomes convincing when she interprets for us the essentially feminine—the inner thoughts and emotions of a woman's heart, and the things of the world as they look to a woman's eyes.

The same thing is true of all art. The best pictures that women have painted are those which express some subtle feminine quality, too illusive and intangible for a man to have grasped.

The best actresses are those whose portrayals of character are most markedly saturated with their sex, and this is true whether it is the fierce tigress fury of a Sarah Bernhardt, or the airy grace of girlhood of Maude Adams.

They are greatest when they are most womanly.

It is, of course, easy to see why women have envied men, and have been anxious to emulate them. It has been because men have been the money makers.

Men have ruled the world, and so women who needed to make money and wanted to have some influence have felt that this was only to be achieved by imitating those who had already achieved it.

Hence women have crowded into all sorts of masculine occupations, while their own particular industries are neglected.

This is most unfortunate for the man who is the great woman worker.

It is a great waste, for it forces women to throw away an inherited aptitude for certain branches of labor that has come down to them through countless generations of their forefathers.

Because women are never so successful as when they stick to women's work.

The financial independence of woman and the industrial emancipation of woman are movements that will go forward, and the world will go with them.

No woman who has known the joy of owning her own pocketbook is ever going to give it up, and so the question of where she shall work becomes a most important one.

Noon and High Noon.

From the London Chronicle. Some explanation for the confusion in people's minds as to the right definition of afternoon may be found in the old confusion between noon and midday.

Noon, of course, was originally at 12 o'clock in the afternoon—the "high" or "noon" of the hour when the monks said their "noons" or noon song. The reason that it was put back to 12 o'clock may lie in the fact that the monks were not allowed to eat their dinner until after they had said noons; for in time they anticipated the service, and their dinner, by saying noons immediately after the midday service, and that is probably how midday came to be called noon.

In the old almanacs noon is generally marked at midday and high noon as at 3.

Nouns of Multitude.

From the Boston Herald. To the devoted friend of chorus girls, lobster or angel, birds are birds, accompaniment of bottles. He is seldom wise in the terminology of this special branch of natural history. Nor are all the more dainty true epicures who cannot endure feminine distraction at table wholly sure about the nouns of multitude.

We heard lately at the Porphyry this question raised: "You speak of a 'flock of plovers,' a 'bevy of quail,' a 'flock of plovers,' a 'cover of woodcock'; but what is the word for a collection of snipe?" There was a long and painful silence.

No one dared to confess ignorance until one murmured in his corner, "snipe" is a "bevy" the proper technical word? In the old "Book of St. Albans" (1486) there is a long list of nouns of multitude and in it mention is made of "a flock of snipe," "a bevy of quail," "a cover of plovers," "a fall" not "a cover" of woodcock. It would be interesting to know if any of these quaint old terms exist anywhere today in this country.

LEWIS AND CLARK

En route up the Missouri river from East Mandan, near the site of Bismarck, North Dakota. The party is now near the Rocky mountains.

June 8.—It continued to rain moderately all last night and the morning was cloudy till about 10 o'clock, when it cleared off and became a fine day.

The party breakfasted about sunrise and then proceeded on their journey in the same way as they had done yesterday except that the traveling was somewhat better, as they had not so often to wade, though they passed some very dangerous bluffs. The only timber to be found in the low grounds, which are occasionally on the river, and these are the haunts of innumerable birds, who, when the sun began to shine, sang very delightfully. Among these birds were the yellow throated vireo, the robin, thrasher, junco, sparrow, crow, large and small blackbird, the wren and some others.

As they came along the whole of the party was of the opinion that this river was the Missouri; but Captain Lewis, being fully convinced that the main stream nor that which it would be advisable to ascend, gave it the name of Maria's river. After traveling all day they reached the camp on the 9th in the afternoon and found Captain Clark and the party very anxious for their safety, as they stayed two days longer than had been expected, and as Captain Clark had returned at the appointed time, it was feared that they had met with some accident.

Captain Clark on setting out with five men on the 4th, went seven miles on a course south 25 degrees west to a spring; thence he went south 20 degrees west for eight miles to the river, where he reached in the afternoon. He proceeded in a course north 45 degrees west, and approached the river at the distance of three, five and 13 miles, at which place they encamped in an old Indian lodge made of sticks and bark.

In crossing the plains they observed several herds of buffaloes, some musk deer, antelope and wolves. The river is rapid and closely hemmed in by high bluffs crowded with bars of gravel, with little timber on the low grounds and none on the highlands. Near the camp this evening a white bear attacked one of the men, whose gun, happening to be wet, would not go off; he instantly made toward a tree, but was so pursued that as he ascended he struck the bear with his foot. The bear, not being able to climb, waited until he should be forced to come down, and as the rest of the party were separated from him by a perpendicular cliff of rocks, which they could not ascend, it was not in their power to give him any assistance.

Fortunately, however, as the bear became frightened at their cries and firing, and released the man. In the afternoon it rained, and during the night they fell both rain and snow, and in the morning.

June 9.—The hills to the southeast were covered with snow, and the rain continued. They proceeded on in a course north 20 degrees west, near the river several miles, till at a distance of 31 miles they reached a ridge of high, open hills, on the north side, they could plainly discern a mountain to the south and west at a great distance, covered with snow. A high ridge projecting from the mountains to the southeast approached the river on the south side, forming some cliffs of dark, hard stone. They also saw that the river ran for a great distance west of south, with a rapid current from which, as well as its continuing of the same width and depth, Captain Clark was led to believe to advance any further, and therefore returned across the level plain in a direction of north 30 degrees east, and reached at a distance of 39 miles the little river which is mentioned in the journal as falling into the north fork, and to which they gave the name of Tansy river, from the great quantity of that herb growing on its banks. Here they dined and then proceeded on a few miles by a place where the north side of the mountainous ridge on its north side, and encamped.

The next day, the 6th, the weather was cold, raw and cloudy, with a high northeast wind. They set out early, down the Tansy, which was very shallow, except as to extent, those of the Missouri before it branches, containing a great proportion of a species of cottonwood with a leaf like that of the wild cherry. After halting at 12 o'clock for dinner, they ascended the plain and at 5 o'clock reached the camp through the rain, which had fallen without intermission since noon. During his absence the party had been occupied in dressing skins and in being able to see the snow, which was falling from their lame and swollen feet.

All this night and the whole of the following day, the 7th, it rained, the wind being from the southwest off the mountains. The rivers are fast, and the thermometer 49 degrees above zero. The rain continued till the next day, the 8th, at 10 o'clock, when it cleared off and the weather became fine, the wind high from the southwest. The rivers at the point have now fallen 30 inches since our arrival, and the morning of the 8th of the south fork became of a reddish brown color, while the north branch continued of its usual whitish appearance. The mountains to the south are covered with snow.

A Timely Fourth of July Hint.

In about four weeks we shall reach another Fourth of July, and parents might give their children a new and more interesting method of celebrating the day, says the Ladies' Home Journal. Why must we go on year after year, and make the day practically a day of terror and what is infinitely worse, a longer list of killing, maiming and burning confronts us. Take such a single list as this, summing up one year's deaths and injuries: by injuries, 400; by deaths and casualties, 400; by fire, 400; by lightning, 400; by drowning, 400; by suffocation, 400; by other causes, 400. Total number of casualties in the United States, 4,400.

Why, general, said the member reproachfully, "you divided your time with me."

"I know I did," rejoined Butler grinning, "but I didn't divide eternity with you."

DINKELSPIEL'S ADVICE TO TOGO

By George V. Hobart. (Copyright, 1905, American-Journal-Examiner.)

Dead Togie: Please excuse my dot I wrote you some lines, but I had been through several wars myself and I had vitnased how easy it is for a hero to look der wrong road and walk un-expectedly into der cold storage department of der public's estimation.

Dot is der reason I would vish to gift you a few points on der ettyk of being a hero vich I had studied from observation in dis country.

Der first thing you get home in Tokio or Yokohama or Communipaw or wherever it is, keep der face closed, more especially in der region of der mouth, because der moment a hero begins to speak somebody will misconstrue vich he says and get him talking politics ven he only meant to say "Wie gehts, alreht?"

Clefer Togie: Doan't nefer talk mit a ambitious reporter unless you haf a baseball mask ofer der face and a monocular netting ofer der vocabulary, because if you only say to him "Guten morgen" you will find it in der paper tomorrow. Der first thing you haf to do is der face closed, and you haf decided to run for mitkado on der Demmykrito tigtet.

Goat Togie: Ven you arrive at der depot in your home town you will find lines of soldiers in der station, and der should sixty-seven young ladies all mit der lips puckeredation up in der most kiffed manner—but doan't do it, Togie!

First Togie: Reasler der awful temptation to go down der line and plant burning kisses on der front teeth of dese beautiful maidens, because after planting dese kisses der harvest will be der tom orna oblation, and you will find yourself rushing madly through der comic papers trying to bite der fair ladies daren!

Smart Togie: Ven you meet dis awful situation, ven it is 1905, ven der cover cheaply at der puckeredation lips and refer ofer and ofer dot offer vich ways it. "Oculacion is der thief of reputation." Den mit a haughty glance at der lady kissing der hero, chuckle quickly into your ginckeyshaw and gallop swiftly home to der luffing arms of your wife. If der kissing bugattas should follow you to der sacred precincts of der home, der hero should mudder-in-law could mit der broomstick, und may a kind heaven help dem dot cannot run fast enough.

Beloved Togie: Now comes it. Dis advice I gift you from der heart. Doan't let any committee presentation you mit a house, because der public likes to honor a hero by gifting him something eggegnive and den dishonor him afterwards by catching vich he does mit it.

Noble Togie: Ven you are invited to a hero can remain a hero in dis strange world of ours. Ven you is to die just after he has heroed, und der udder way is to get in a glass case and stay daren—but he must buy der glass case himself.

Unbeatable Togie: Ven der public gets a chag of choy from der intogication of your success der vill surely rush up to you mit der plans and specifications of a fine bungalow mit hot and cold gas and running servants, but ven dey do so just place der left hand in der apex of der venostoc bosom and say to dem mit a cold editer in der lamp: "I thank you, public, for dis cheserosity, but I would prefer dot you keep der bungalow and I will keep my own little flat on 19th street, because I know der chancier, und he nefer steals der milk."

Nice Togie: Republics und pulples vas ungrateful. Vile der chag of choy lasts dey like to gift a hero more den in coming to him a listator in der chag of choy vares off den comes der bitter morning after, ven dey vake up mit der head full mit ven-day-microbes und der tongue like a curry-comb, and dey vill say, saying "I thank you, editer, I gift dot hero mit a nice house, because now I forget just vot kind of heroing he done to deserf it."

Mein Heiber Togie: Aword der kissing bugattas and doan't pay any attention to der court committie und maybe you vill be able der hero yourself to der bitter end. I haf nefer been a hero mine-self, Togie, mit der eggegnation of van afternoon in der kitchen after she had swallowed a bottle of vodka und vas bombarding der gas stove mit our best set of China dishes, but I luff all der heroes, und if any leads advice of mine could help her to keep busy at der chob of heroing I would be pleased und tickled internally. Yours mit luff.

Per DINKELSPIEL, Dr. GEORGE V. HOBART.

Got the Better of General Butler.

From the Boston Herald. During his boyhood Benjamin F. Butler was a frequent visitor in the town of Nottingham, New Hampshire, where an uncle resided, and among the many stories related of him is one concerning his examination of Pat Murphy, a local character.

Tim Dolan had been accused of selling liquor, and the prosecution summoned Pat to testify in the case. Now Pat was a job taster, and Butler endeavored to make her admit that he had delivered liquor to the defendant.

"Butler asked: 'Did you ever take any freight from the railroad office and deliver to Tim Dolan?'"

"Yes, sir."

"Part of this freight was a barrel, wasn't it?'"

"Yes, sir."

"Pat, what was in that barrel?'"

"I don't know, sir."

"Don't know! Wasn't the barrel marked?'"

"Yes, sir."

"Then how dare you tell the court that you don't know what was in it?'"

"Because, sir, the barrel was marked Tim Dolan on one end and bourbon whiskey on the other. How der devil did I know which 'was in it?'"

The Gift of Gardens.

Lord Bacon. God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures, it is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man, without the which buildings and palaces are but gross and manly work; and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden; finally, as if gardening were the greatest perfection, I do hold it in the royal order of gardens there ought to be gardens for all the months of the year in which, severally, things of beauty