

The Way to Learn. Well, I think that I would sit there deliberately, as you did, and say I didn't know a simple thing like that!

"What would you do, my dear?" said the other. "Do?" was the reply. "I would keep still if I didn't know, and not frankly confess my ignorance."

"Well, that's where you and I differ," said the elder lady. "I never expect to see the time when I will be too old or too wise to learn some new thing every day. I think, of all the follies in life, the most foolish folly is to think one should know everything. I have frequently heard elderly men, with a great reputation for wisdom, declare that they often felt humiliated when they realized how little they knew."

Waters Deeper Than the Dead Sea. A wonderful lake named Alia Paikai has been discovered on the Hawaiian islands. The waters are more salt than those of the Dead Sea.

A man came to me the other night, and after forcing my price down as low as he could, asked me if my husband was a Christian, if my family attended church and Sunday school, if my other boarders were God-fearing people, and if Sunday was observed with religious quiet by everybody in the house.

A Typical New York Miser. A sunken-eyed old man whom I meet every night that I stroll up Fifth Avenue somewhere between Washington square and Twenty-third street I must have known a good fifteen years.

Where He Belonged. A clergyman not long since observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman by imposing upon him a broken winded horse for a sound one.

A Blow to Enthusiasm. The desire to volunteer evidenced during the Chilean excitement recalled the story in a naval wardrobe of a certain staff officer. He was in Europe when the big Cuba trouble of a dozen or fifteen years ago broke out.

The Accidental Discharge of a Pun. A capital pun may arise by pure accident, as recorded in Bucke's "Book of Table Talk." A Mr. Alexander Gun was dismissed from a post in the customs at Edinburgh, for circulating some false rumor.

The ruby is the most expensive of all stones. They vary from \$100 to \$7,000 per stone. The finest pair of diamonds are worth \$13,000. Single stones range from \$1,000 to \$2,000.

KEEPING BOARDERS.

The Boarding House Woman's Side of a Much Mooted Question. A woman, driven by the vicissitudes of life to throw her home open to boarders, finds the experience, as most other women who try it do, difficult, to say the least.

"Business" meant a series of searching, relentless questions and exactions which set my cheeks aflame and filled my eyes with hot tears of mortification. Did I intend purchasing a new carpet for the parlor? Were my stairs and halls usually kept somewhat cleaner than they appeared that day? Were my beds clean? Did I have two kinds of meat for dinner? Use homemade bread entirely, and, finally, did I maid open the front door as a rule? This was a gratuitous impertinence.

"I was taking the letters from the postman as she came up the steps, and naturally received her. And then she went away, after taking three names as references. I insisted in turn that she should give me one, that of a former landlady, and it was one of the small compensations of my lot, when she wrote me a week later that she found my references satisfactory and would take the rooms, to reply that I had found her reference most unsatisfactory and was sure I could not tolerate her exactions.

"A man came to me the other night, and after forcing my price down as low as he could, asked me if my husband was a Christian, if my family attended church and Sunday school, if my other boarders were God-fearing people, and if Sunday was observed with religious quiet by everybody in the house.

"Would these people think of going into a shop and saying, 'I want your most expensive goods at a low price?' Yet they do precisely that with me. Surroundings, appointments and service that mean a serious outlay they demand and are not willing to pay for. They cannot afford to keep up an establishment to their liking, and they ask me to do it for them without adequate compensation. The average man or woman seems to part with his courtesy, sense of justice and humanity when he starts out to become a boarder."

The Neglect of the Feet.

Far too little has ever been said or written regarding the proper treatment of the feet, when we consider the amount of suffering that may be occasioned by their abuse. As the health of any and all parts of the body depends upon the care taken of each, either voluntarily or unconsciously, it is a marvel that the feet are not even more frequently disfigured by growths that injure the entire system and, perhaps, permanently cripple the limbs.

If our hands were thickly clad in firm, tight fitting skins and fabrics for eighteen hours in every twenty-four they would soon become, to quote Ruskin, "as ugly as the naked feet of prosperity."

One-third of a Dollar.

Handed down for generations in the family is a curious and valuable relic of Colonial days now in possession of Mrs. Lizzie B. Link, a niece of the late Judge Stites and a clerk in the general delivery department of the postoffice. On a small sheet of brown paper, 3 by 2 inches in size, are the characters, which pronounce it a legal tender for one-third of a dollar. One side bears the inscription, "According to the resolution passed by congress Feb. 17, 1776," also a dyspeptic looking sun dial, beneath which is the terse admonition, "Mind your own business."

Product of the Clover Tree.

The limbs of the clove tree being very brittle, a peculiar four sided ladder is used. As fast as the buds are collected they are spread in the sun until they assume a brownish color, when they are put into the storehouse ready for market. A ten-year-old plantation should produce twenty pounds of cloves to a tree. Trees of twenty years frequently produce upwards of one hundred pounds each.—Exchange.

It Turned Her Head. "Why did Lot's wife look back?" asked the pretty Sunday school teacher. "I suppose a woman passed her with a new bonnet on," replied Johnnie Cums.—New York Epoch.

PARIS BATHCARTS.

Queer Way in Which the Average Frenchman Makes His Ablutions. An American familiar with the fact that every house or apartment, renting as low as \$300 per year in the United States, has its own bathtub, with hot and cold water supply and waste to remove the contents of the tub, is amused, if not amazed, when on a visit to Paris he gets an idea of the custom still prevailing in that metropolis of luxury and elegant buildings.

The large hotels, some very costly private mansions and apartments, and the public bathhouses have their bathrooms, as is the custom in the United States, though the French bathroom is really much larger, and is elegantly furnished with rugs, lounges, dressing tables, etc., the idea being that if one takes a bath one must lie down and take a nap after it. People living in apartments costing as high as \$1,000 a year, and in the new quarter of Paris in the neighborhood of the Champs Elysees, when they wish to bathe, other than take a sponge bath in a small portable tub, either go to the public bathing establishments or send to them to have a bath brought to their apartments. Sunday morning one sees a strange looking two wheeled cart like a very high dog cart, on which there is a framework built over the wheels. This framework can hold three bathtubs. They are made entirely of copper and are about 5 feet long, 20 inches deep at the end and 18 inches on the side.

The driver of this vehicle is perched up high on a small seat in front, is bare-headed and wears a blouse. On each side of him an iron ring encircles a copper colored vessel, holding about three gallons of hot water, which rests on a little shelf. He also carries a supply of dry towels and sheets. The bathing establishments have these carts, and when a patron sends word that he wants a hot bath at a certain hour the bath is put on the cart, the kettle filled with hot water, and the cart with its strange load is rapidly driven to the building in which the apartment is.

The driver carries the bathtub, as an Adirondack guide carries a canoe, on his head and shoulders, from the first to the fifth floor, as the case may be, and after spreading a sheet to protect the carpet, he spreads also a clean sheet inside of the tub, so that the bather does not touch the metal. Then he carries up the kettle of hot water which he has brought from the main establishment. The necessary cold water he gets on the premises, either on the same floor with the apartment, or in the courtyard.

When the bather has had his bath, the attendant removes the soiled water by dipping it out, wipes out the tub and carries it with his kettles and soiled towels down stairs to his cart. The charge for all this is about sixty cents, with the usual additional tip to the man.—Engineering Record.

Montana Sapphires.

The only locality in Montana which has been at all prolific of sapphires is the six or seven miles of placer ground between Ruby and Eldorado bars on the Missouri river, sixteen miles east of Helena. Here sapphires are found in glacial auriferous gravels while sluicing for gold, and until now have been considered only a by-product. Up to the present time they have never been systematically mined. In 1889 one company took the option on 4,000 acres of the river banks, and several smaller companies have since been formed with a view of mining for these gems, alone or in connection with gold.

The colors of the gems obtained, although beautiful and interesting, are not the standard blue or red shades generally demanded by the public. The stones embrace a great variety of the lighter shades of red, yellow, blue and green. The latter color is found quite pronounced, being rather a blue green than an emerald green. Nearly all the stones, when finely cut, have an apparent metallic luster which is strikingly peculiar to those from this locality. Neither rubies nor true blue sapphires have yet been found.—Omaha Bee.

Curiosities in Eggs.

We met our old friend, Mr. Jesse Eaton, on the street the other day, and he told us of a wonderful egg his daughter came across a short time ago. On breaking it she discovered another perfectly formed egg with a shell inside of it. It was about the size of a partridge egg. Another gentleman standing by told of a curiosity in the shape of a double chicken that had been hatched on his place. The backs of the twins were united, and while one would be standing on his feet the feet of the other would be pointing upward. When growing tired of this position it or they would flip over and stand on the other feet, the positions being reversed. He said the chickens lived several days.—Farmington (Mo.) Times.

Animals and the Peanut Habit.

There is now said to be no animal or bird in the Central Park menagerie that does not eat peanuts. Many species in the cages were at first much averse to peanuts, but the persistence of the children in forcing them upon every creature there has had such an effect that even the lions and pelicans, and everything except the snakes, have felt obliged to acquire the peanut habit.—New York Sun.

Growing Celery.

There have been many ways suggested for blanching. It is said that in the Old World, where first class celery is desired, instead of burying up the plant in the earth they simply tie up the leaves and then wrap them in coarse brown paper. It is said that much better celery can be obtained this way than by any other method of blanching.—Meehan's Monthly.

The November of 1861 will ever be famous in our political history, because in that month, for the first and only time, two presidents were elected within these United States—Abraham Lincoln to rule in Washington, and Jefferson Davis in Richmond.

Excuses.

A man who attempted to raise some money on a subscription paper for a necessary church relates his experience thus:

"The first man I went to said he was very sorry, but the fact was he was so involved in his business that he couldn't give anything. Very sorry, but a man in debt as he was owed his first duty to his creditors."

"He was smoking an expensive cigar, and before I left his store he bought of a peddler who came in a pair of expensive cuff buttons."

"The next man I went to was a young clerk in a banking establishment. He read the paper over, acknowledged that the church was needed, but said he was owing for board, was badly in debt and did not see how he could give anything."

"That afternoon as I went by the baseball grounds I saw this young man pay fifty cents at the entrance to go in, and saw him mount the grand stand where special seats were sold for a quarter of a dollar."

"The third man to whom I presented the paper was a farmer living near the town. He was also sorry, but times were hard, his crops had been a partial failure, the mortgage on his farm was a heavy load, the interest was coming due, and he really could not see his way clear to give to the church, although it was just what the new town needed."

"A week from that time I saw that same farmer drive into town with his entire family and go to the circus, afternoon and night, at an expense of at least four dollars."—Youth's Companion.

Grounds for a Pass.

"I was down in Kentucky," said the drummer at the Cadillac, as he lunged his foot over the writing table, "and one day I was in the store of a merchant, who was also the secretary of the County Fair association. Kentucky's a great place for county fairs, you know. We were sitting there, chinning about trade and one thing another, when a long-legged chap with a woman and six children at his heels filed in."

"'Air you Mister Simpson?' he asked, coming up to the merchant. 'Simpson nodded. 'Don't you give out passes for the county fair?'"

"'Not very often,' replied Simpson, hedging. 'But you air the man that gives them out when they air give out?'"

"'Cornered this time, the secretary had to say yes. 'Well, I want one for me and my family here,' and he threw his thumb over his shoulder at the interesting group at his heels."

"'On what grounds?' inquired Mr. Simpson, in a businesslike way. 'On the fair grounds, in course,' exclaimed Mr. Huckleberry, in such an undisguised tone of innocent surprise that Simpson forked over the tickets before he could recover his equanimity."—Detroit Free Press.

Something About Prices.

Here is one of the tricks of druggists that their customers may well be on the lookout for: A man went into a drug store and asked the price of a certain remedy of the class known as "proprietary" articles. "Forty-five cents," was the answer. "But," said the customer, who was in the habit of dealing with the druggist to a considerable extent, "I have never paid more than forty cents," mentioning a druggist in another part of the city. "Well, now," said the good natured druggist, "I could let you have it for forty, but I like to act on the square, and I shouldn't want to charge you five cents extra the next time you or some of your family come here to get a prescription done up."

The man paid over forty-five cents and went out, wondering how many times he and other men had been compelled to make up on one thing what they had saved on another. The incident is mentioned in the hope of putting others on their guard against a neat little trick that would probably have never been discovered had not the druggist in question, in a moment of unconscious frankness perhaps, given the thing away.—New York Tribune.

Use and Fashion.

Use is hardly more than another name for fashion. It is the mode of the day that determines this. To wear the small clothes and full bottomed wigs of our grandfathers today would be most ungrammatical, and yet in the old time it would have been equally an error to appear without them. This is a constantly fluctuating rule of which it is true the principle remains the same, but of which the application varies constantly. Everybody recognizes it, and everybody is more or less influenced by it. It is needless to point out that to be too far behind or too much in advance of the changing fashion is to be deplored, but it is just here, it may be remarked, that this principle passes into that of elegance.—Boston Courier.

How Indians Prepare Grasshoppers.

When grasshoppers are very abundant and in prime condition the Indians dig a hole, build a fire in the bottom of it and drive the swarms of insects into it from all directions. Then they cover the opening with blankets. The hoppers thus killed are taken out and put into bags with salt. Afterward they are spread out to dry in the sun. The wings and legs are removed before eating.—Washington Star.

How Lisle Thread is Made.

Lisle thread is made of superior cotton treated in a peculiar manner. The waxy surface of the cotton fiber is impaired by carding, but preserved by combing. The spinning of Lisle thread is done under moisture, forming a compact and solid yarn.—Exchange.

Coffee was introduced into Constantinople in the early part of the Seventeenth century, and writers of that time inform us that the inhabitants of that city drank it as hot as could be endured, the decoction being as black as soot, as Parchos puts it, "not much unlike it."

THE ROOMS OF A QUEEN.

GRAND AND GORGEOUS, BUT EXCEEDINGLY UNHOMELIKE. Victoria's Huge Palace in Windsor and How the Dreary Waste of Stately Room After Room Impressed an American Woman Who Visited It.

The Scotch moors, as I saw them in July, are already fading in my memory into a soft harmonious mingling of russet and green, for the heather was not yet purple; but the sun caught the spray of a mountain rivulet tumbling on its rocky way, or turned more vivid the intense green of those patches of verdure in the midst of the brown of the heather, which we think seem so unnatural when artists who paint in the highlands transfer them to canvas. These high lights stay by one when the hills and all the ordinary features of that charming Scotland melt into the dimmest of memories.

One of these summer's high lights was a visit to the queen's private apartments at Windsor. I don't know what red tape and long waiting and diplomatic reference it took to get the permit. I only know that the thoughtful American girl who remembered me and made me one of the four who were to invade the sacred precincts conferred much pleasure on me, and even though we were all so disappointed in what we saw, it was human, was it not, to be delighted to go where few enter?

We looked upon the herd of commoners who filed by us in the wake of the cicerone, who every hour takes throngs of sightseers through the main part of Windsor castle. Their hands were red with Baedekers, but we loftily ignored guidebooks for one day.

There were but three high lights there to remember. One was General Gordon's Bible, before which I could have knelt, for it was the well worn book of a soldier who took it into the tented field as his companion.

There is no mistaking a book that has been read, the very way it lies open, the invisible marks of reverential fingers, the color of the paper which the open air produces. It disturbed me to see it in a hideous little glass casket all ornamentation and filigree. Very fine in its way, I suppose, and taking many pounds out of the hero's sister's pocket, who gave it to the queen, but so inappropriate to the simple life of that heroic soul, that martyr to the mistakes of his country.

TWO MARBLE STATUES. The second high light in the queen's own domicile was the view from the state drawing room windows of the avenue stretching miles and miles away. It was sunny and bright, for some far back English sovereign or his wise gardener had, perhaps, evidently believed that with all his possessions there was nothing quite equal to the God given one of sunshine, and so there was a wide strip of the greenest turf in the world on either side of the drive. There were no parterres, no fountains or statues, simply this broad open space, where her majesty could walk or drive for miles, hidden by the forest trees on either side from the staring eyes of the public.

The third high light in those drearily magnificent palace corridors was the life size modeling of the queen and the prince consort, made since his death. The marble was scarcely pure enough to represent as perfect an ideal of wifely love as any sculptor is ever likely to give. The queen's face turned toward her husband reveals the utmost devotion, the most tender entreaty, as she leans against him imploring him not to leave her. Whoever has not understood wifely adoration before must go away from this exquisite exemplification of it with a new knowledge of what its possibilities are. I do not even know if it is good modeling. I only know that, intractable, cold and inexpressive as marble is supposed to be, it speaks in the face and attitude of the queen as no painting I remember to have seen.

I wish I could feel such genuine admiration of the prince, but he is so English, so handsome, so far away. His head is turned quite from his wife, and as she clings to him he coldly points to distant lands.

NO TRACE OF HOME.

There was nothing else in these gorgeous rooms that stays by me. There seemed to me miles of corridors, drawing rooms, little and big; dining rooms and boudoirs, all glitter and glow. The usual gilt and ormolu, marble and onyx, gloss of satin and rich stuffs, the dazzle of luminous glass, pervaded the entire suites of apartments. We kept looking for some room where there might be a trace of homeliness.

We longed to see a workbasket, even if her majesty doesn't do needlework, and a sitting room where there might be an ordinary writing desk, a bookcase with some well thumbed volumes or a chair—an American rocking chair even, in which a loving woman had rocked her babies to sleep.

The doors were closed on the queen's and prince consort's bedroom, but ingenious inquiries caused the old housekeeper to give up their secrets. There was no difference. They lived in there in state, and I began to think my childish ideas that kings and queens slept in their crowns was not far wrong.—Elizabeth B. Custer in New York Sun.

Chance for a Rest.

Mrs. De Fashion—Is Mrs. De Style at home? Servant—No, mum.

"Will she be back soon, do you think?" "No, mum; she'll be away all day, I'm thinkin'. Ye see I've given her notice, an' she's gone out ter find a gurrel good enough ter fill my place. Yez might come in an rest y'rself. There's none o' th' family home to talk ye to death."—New York Weekly.

A Pittable Case.

Judge—What is the charge against this man? Policeman—He stole a street car horse. Judge—I will decide tomorrow whether to send him to a lunatic asylum or the poorhouse.—Good News.

Game Galore in Maine.

Moose are so very plentiful in northern Maine that, as a sportsman can legally kill but one in a season, it is something of a disappointment to throw away the only chance on an undersized or lean animal, or one with poor antlers. The boss hunter of Medway, Llewellyn Powers, is a man who wastes no powder on inferior game, and when he started out after his annual moose the other day he was determined to get a good one. He rolled his old slouch hat into a horn and called a moose to the water at Pockwockamoos lake, but the bull did not suit, being too lean and carrying small antlers.

Another and another came in response of the hunter's call, and finally the ideal monarch of the woods appeared. This bull fell before Powers' rifle. He weighed over a thousand pounds and carried a perfect set of antlers that spread five feet. No fault can be found with a hunting ground which affords such opportunities as this for taking one's pick of big game. Almost anybody can get a moose in the upper Penobscot region. The other day a twelve-year-old boy named Hathaway went into the woods alone, called a big moose and dropped him at the first shot. Louisville Courier Journal.

A New Way to Throw Rice.

A practical joke which the best man at an autumn wedding perpetrated was to deliver to the porter of the parlor car in which he saw them off a sealed telegraph envelope with instructions to deliver it at a certain station. The ducky duly did so and the groom broke the seal to have a small avalanche of rice pour through his fingers.—New York Times.

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A Severe Law.

The English people look more closely to the genuineness of these staples than we do. In fact, they have a law under which they make seizures and destroy adulterated products that are not what they are represented to be. Under this statute thousands of pounds of tea have been burned because of their wholesale adulteration. Tea, by the way, is one of the most notoriously adulterated articles of commerce. Not alone are the bright, shiny green teas artificially colored, but thousands of pounds of substitute for tea leaves are used to swell the bulk of cheap teas; ash, sloe, and willow leaves being those most commonly used. Again, sweepings from tea warehouses are colored and sold as tea. Even exhausted tea leaves gathered from the tea-houses are kept, dried, and made over and find their way into the cheap teas. The English government attempts to stamp this out by confiscating; but no tea is too poor for it, and the result is, that probably the poorest tea used by any nation are those consumed in America. Beech's Tea is presented with the guarantee that it is uncolored and undiluted; in fact, the sun-cure test last year and sample. Its purity insures superior strength, about one-third less of it being required for an infusion than of the artificial teas, and its fragrance and exquisite flavor is at once apparent. It will be a revelation to you. In order that its purity and quality may be guaranteed, it is sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:

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