

FOREST ETHICS.

Put Out Your Campfire Yourself and Plant a New Tree.

Be sure to put out your campfire before you abandon it in the morning to take up the trail. Do not leave the task for one of your camp servants, not even for your guide, whose interest in keeping the woods free of devastating fires, being a matter of bread and butter, is therefore the keenest of any of your camp followers, but who, none the less, is apt to be careless. See to it yourself. Leave no smoldering backlog of the night's "friendly fire." Leave no smoking coals that have served to broil (so deliciously) the breakfast trout, for such relics so often are fanned into the tiny flame which, feeding upon nearby leaves or moss or bush twigs, grows within two days to a devouring blaze that consumes acres of forest before its withering touch is stayed. If you are close to a brook use its water plentifully, and if water is scarce knock the live ends of the larger sticks until not a spark is left and scrape dirt over all the coals—not a few handfuls of dust that the wind may scatter at its first breath, but dirt that will bury and smother.

No doubt my average reader thinks I am writing a lot to deliver one small message, but let him consider that hundreds of acres of forest land, worth thousands, measured by dollars, and of inestimable resources of the country, are annually destroyed from just such insignificant beginnings as the campfire which was not put out beyond the power of the passing breeze to resuscitate. Therefore the warning appeal cannot be too important since we as a nation are using up from three to four times as much wood every year as the country is producing.

Two worthy exhibits of genuine Americanism are, first, not to add to forest destruction by carelessly leaving fire around, and second, always to plant a new tree—young tree—for every one you destroy. And plant it where it will do the most good.—Outing Magazine.

Proof Not Necessary.

As General Benjamin F. Butler entered the lobby of the Boston statehouse one morning he saw two men whom he knew engaged in a heated argument. "One moment, general," said one of them to him. "Can't you settle a dispute? We are arguing as to who is the greatest lawyer in Massachusetts, and as we can't agree we will leave it to you."

"That's easy. I am," said Butler, with perhaps more truth than modesty.

The two men were somewhat taken aback.

"Er—er—but, general, of course—you know—but—but—how can we prove it?" the first speaker managed to get out.

"Prove it? Prove it?" growled Butler. "You don't have to prove it. I admit it!"

Mirrors For Invalids.

"If you have a sick friend who can't get out of bed for awhile and want to provide entertainment for her," said the woman of experience, "give her a hand mirror. Nothing else is quite so fascinating. Often the bed may be placed with the head toward the window so the patient gets no glimpse out of it, but if she has a mirror it is all reflected for her. She can catch a sunbeam in the edge of it or count the clouds as they float past. She can inspect all the furniture in the room, and if she is alone in a hospital she can find company in looking at herself. It is the most entertaining and harmless thing you could possibly give her."—New York Press.

To Err Is Human.

Robert Browning once found himself at a dinner at a great English house sitting next to a lady who was connected with the highest aristocracy. She was very graciously inclined and did her utmost to make conversation.

"Are you not a poet?" she finally asked.

"Well," said Browning, "people are sometimes kind enough to say that I am."

"Oh, please don't mind my having mentioned it," the duchess hastened to say, with the kindest of smiles. "You know Byron and Tennyson and others were poets."—Youth's Companion.

School For Waiters.

It is often a matter of wonder why foreign waiters are preferred to English ones even in English hotels. The reason is a very simple one. The foreigner is a far better waiter. His aim is not always to remain a waiter, but to rise in the hotel business to a higher position. In Lorraine there is a school for waiters. They are taught there foreign languages and not only to wait well, but everything else connected with the working of a hotel.—London Truth.

A MISSING BUTTON.

The Way a French Detective Forced a Criminal to Confess.

Theatric indeed are some of the methods of the French detectives. They look for the little clues rather than the staring ones. Unlike the English and American detectives, they often do not wait to get irrefutable evidence before charging a man with crime, but first charge him with the crime and play upon him so that if he is guilty he is led to confess.

Some time ago a woman was murdered in Paris, and from her room were stolen 750 francs in money, her watch and jewelry. Two brothers, George and Paul Amot, had been seen near the house. The night of the day after the murder was committed M. Hamard, chief of detectives of Paris, entered a wine shop where the two brothers were drinking. To the man's amazement he arrested George, charging him with the murder.

"You have changed your coat," he said to the man, a safe guess if he had committed the murder. "It was gray this morning, and there is blood on it."

"My nose was bleeding," replied the man.

"From excitement, I suppose," said Hamard, "excitement caused by your robbery of Mme. Lucas yesterday evening."

"I was nowhere near Mme. Lucas last night," said the man, becoming very pale.

"You lie!" roared Hamard. "Look at your left boot!"

Every one saw the third button from the boot was missing.

"Here's the button," said Hamard, producing one. "It was found in your victim's blood. Confess!"

The man confessed. As Hamard afterward said, he had guessed the murderer. "The detection of the missing button from the man's shoe was accidental."

Military Marches.

In military music the march occupies a prominent position and has been employed not only to stimulate courage, but also from about the middle of the seventeenth century to insure the orderly advance of troops. One of the earliest instances of rhythmical march is the Welsh war strain, "The March of the Men of Harlech," which is supposed to have originated during the siege of Harlech castle in 1468. In England the military march was of somewhat later development. Sir John Hawkins in his "History of Music" tells us that its characteristic was dignity and gravity, in which respect it differed greatly from the French, which was brisk and alert. And apropos of this subject the same author notes a witty reply of an Elizabethan soldier to the French Marshal Biron's remark that "the English march, being beaten by the drum, was slow, heavy and sluggish." "That may be true," he said, "but slow as it is it has traversed your master's country from one end to the other."—Chambers' Journal.

Run Them to Skin and Bone.

A New Yorker who sometimes varies his horseback riding by taking trips through the rail fence belt of Long Island noticed on one such trip a farmer sitting dejectedly on one such fence. At the farmer's feet was a litter of little pigs so thin they gave the impression of having but one dimension.

"What happened the squealers?" the rider asked.

The farmer beckoned him to come close, then hoarsely whispered: "Lost my voice. Them was the fattest pigs I ever seen. I used to come out and call 'em to me and feed 'em three times a day. Lost my voice and had to call 'em to grub by rapping with my stick on the fence. See? Now the darn woodpeckers is driving them pigs crazy."—New York Sun.

With Loss of Interest.

There is a police court magistrate of St. Louis who frequently evinces a pretty wit in dealing with fresh or facetious offenders.

To one vagrant brought before him not long ago his honor put the question, "What occupation?"

"Nothin' much at present," flippantly responded the prisoner; "just curculatin' round, judge."

"Retired from circulation for thirty days," dryly observed his honor to the clerk of the court.—Harper's Weekly.

Hard on the Eyes.

"You always think of a clerk or bookkeeper as the boy with the job that's hard on the eyes," remarked an elevator man the other day. "But this is the job that gets your eyes, or at least it does me. You see, we are obliged to look straight ahead of us, and the blur of things as we try unconsciously to focus our eyes on them makes a constant strain. I would rather be bending over a set of books myself, so far as my eyes are concerned."—Columbus Dispatch.

A Clean Watch

means good time to you for years to come. Time economy in a time-piece lies in cleanness. The delicate parts doing indescribable work will soon wear themselves to ruin, destroy their high finish and perfect fit when running, in accumulating dirt and rancid oil. It will cost you nothing to let me examine it. \$1.25 for cleaning.

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I. O. O. F.

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Meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.
NATHAN BARKLOW, N. G.
L. J. RADLEY, Sec.

Rebekah Lodge No. 126.

MEETS Every 2nd and 4th Tuesdays. Practice night first Wednesday of the month, Social Evening the 3rd Saturday of the month. A cordial invitation extended to all members in good standing.
ANNA CHAINE, N. G.
PEARL ERICKSON, Sec'y.

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DELPHI LODGE No. 64, Knights of Pythias. Meets every Monday evening at Masonic hall. Visiting Knights invited to attend.
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PABLE ROCK CAMP, No. 9176, M. W. of A. Meets every fourth Saturday of each month at Concrete Hall. Visiting neighbors cordially invited to attend.
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COURT QUEEN OF THE FOREST, No. 17, meets Friday night of each week, in Concrete Hall, Bandon, Oregon. A cordial welcome is extended to all visiting brothers.
ARTHUR RICE, Chief Ranger.
G. TYLER, Fin. Secretary.

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