

A BRIDGE CURIOSITY.

Odd structure in Mexico built of Solid Mahogany. As mahogany is among the most costly woods in the world, it may well be inferred that this tropical material is not very extensively employed in the construction of buildings, etc. A bridge constructed of solid mahogany is certainly a rarity, a curiosity. There is one, claimed to be the only one in the world, built of that material. This structure is located in the department of Palenque, state of Chiapas, republic of Mexico. This district lies in the extreme southwestern part of Mexico, near the boundary line of Guatemala. This mahogany bridge is constructed entirely of that valuable wood except some iron supports, braces and nails that are necessary. The bridge spans the Rio Miel, and its total length, including approaches, exceeds 150 feet, while the width is fifteen feet. It is used by both teams and pedestrians, and, although somewhat rude and primitive in construction, it is very substantial. None of the timbers of the flooring were sawed, for in that region there are no sawmills, but were hewn and split. In that section of old Mexico there are several very large rubber plantations, and mahogany trees are quite common. In clearing away the tropical forests for settling of the young rubber trees the mahogany growths are also cut down and removed. As this wood is quite abundant, some of it was used in building the bridge.—American Inventor.

MEANINGS OF CALIBER.

Either the Diameter of a Gun or Its Length Divided by Diameter. There is hardly a word in the nomenclature of arms, big and little, which has caused and is causing so much confusion in the lay mind as the word caliber. The confusion arises chiefly from the use of the term in an adjective sense to indicate length, as when we say a 50 caliber rifle gun. The word caliber as applied to artillery signifies essentially and at all times the diameter of the bore of a gun. A gun, then, of six inch caliber is a gun whose bore is just six inches. For convenience and because the power of a gun when once its bore has been decided upon depends so greatly upon its length, artillerymen are in the habit of denoting the length of the gun in terms of the caliber. The six inch rapid fire gun, as mounted on the ships of the navy, is a trifle under twenty-five feet in length and is therefore known as a 50 caliber gun. In the case of small arms the caliber is expressed in hundredths of an inch, as when we say a 22 caliber or 32 caliber pistol, meaning that the bore is .22 or .32 of an inch in diameter.—Scientific American.

Radly Tangled. The Census Taker—Your name, mum? "I don't know." "Her parson, mum." "I've been divorced. At present my name is Mrs. Jones in this state. In several states it is Miss Smith, my maiden name, and in three states it is Mrs. Brown, my first husband's name." "This your residence, mum?" "I eat and sleep here, but I have a trunk in a neighboring state, where I am getting a divorce from my present husband." "Then you're married at present?" "I'm married in Texas, New York and Massachusetts, divorced in South Dakota, Missouri, Alaska, Oklahoma and California, a bigamist in three other states and a single woman in eight others."—Chicago Tribune.

The Last Word. "Having the last word," said a naval officer, "reminds me of a story I heard not long ago. A certain man died, and a clergyman was engaged to offer a eulogy. This worthy minister prepared a sermon of exceeding length and strength, but just before he entered the pulpit he thought that it might be advisable to learn what the dead man's last words had been. So he turned to one of the weeping younger sons and asked: "My boy, can you tell me your father's last words?" "He didn't have none," the boy replied. "Ma was with him to the end."—

Absentminded. La Fontaine, the famous fable poet, was a most absentminded man. Meeting one day in a saloon a young man, he was so favorably impressed by his conversation that he expressed his admiration for him in the most flattering terms. "But he is your own son!" exclaimed a guest in astonishment. "Is it so?" replied the poet. "Then I am the more delighted to make his acquaintance."—

A Remedy. "For some time past I've been buying a dozen eggs every week at this store, and I invariably find two bad ones in every dozen. Something's got to be done about it," said an irate housekeeper. "Well," said the new clerk naively and with a quiet smile, "maybe if you only bought half a dozen you'd only get one bad one."—Grocer's Literary Gazette.

It Lasts. When a man writes a proposal of marriage to a woman he has written something that will last forever. A woman never destroys a letter that contains an offer of marriage.—Atchison Globe.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—Gleaner.

THE SHORT LIVED DOG.

His Normal Length of Life but One-seventh That of Man. Surely it is by an unfortunate dispensation of nature that the dog, beyond all question the chief friend of man among the other animals, should have a normal length of life which is no more, on a fair computation, than one-seventh of his own. There is no other figure which expresses the relative ages of man and his dog so well. The puppy of one year is about at the same canine age as the child of seven. At two years he is probably a little more advanced than a fourteen-year-old boy, but the canine age of three is very nearly equivalent to the human twenty-one. And so it continues through all the years of canine and of human prime respectively, the ratio fairly well preserved. It has to be admitted that the old age of the dog, thus computed, outlasts the old age of the man. One hears stories which seem to be fairly authentic of dogs living up to eighteen, and if we do hear stories of human beings living similarly up to 126, at least we do not believe them. But such an age for a dog is quite the extreme limit. The dog of ten years approaches the equivalent of the three score and ten which had been named as the fair end of the human creature's tether, and on the whole the multiplication of canine years by seven all through the stages of life gives the corresponding age of man better than any other figure gives it.—Westminster Gazette.

OLD LEATHER.

Uses to Which Discarded Boots and Shoes Are Put. Old boots and shoes of leather are cut up into small pieces and then are put for two days into chloride of sulphur, the effect of which is to make the leather very hard and brittle. When this is fully effected the material is withdrawn from the action of the chloride of sulphur, washed with water, dried and ground to powder. It is then mixed with some substance that will cause it to adhere together, such as shellac or other resinous material or even good glue, and a thick solution of strong gum. It is afterward pressed into molds to form combs, buttons and a variety of other useful objects. Prussiate of potash is also made out of old leather. It is heated with pearl ash and old iron hoops in a large pot. The nitrogen and carbon form cyanogen and then unite with the iron and potassium. The soluble portions are dissolved out and the resulting salt, added to one of each, produces the well known Prussian blue, either for dyeing purposes or as a pigment.—London Boot and Shoe Trades Journal.

A Doubtful Compliment. Although Mr. Hobbs was taken at his face value by his son and heir, there were times when the youthful William's admiring tributes embarrassed his parent in the family group. "I had quite an encounter as I came home tonight," the valorous Mr. Hobbs announced at the tea table. "Two men, slightly intoxicated, were having a quarrel on the corner. As usual, there was no policeman in sight, and they were in a fair way to knock each other's brains out when I stepped between and separated them." "Weren't you afraid, father?" asked Mrs. Hobbs in a quavering voice. "No, indeed! Why should I be?" inquired Mr. Hobbs, inflating his chest. "I guess there isn't anybody could knock any brains out of my father!" said Willy proudly.—Youth's Companion.

Cock Crows—An Extinct Trade. "Cock crows in the past got good pay," said an antiquary, "but there is an extinct business now. Cock crows were employed by the rich in their town houses to crow the hour. They crowed only the rising hour for the most part, but during Lent they crowed everything—even the halves and quarters—all night long. It was a kind of penance. These men were trained from childhood to crow. Sometimes in their childhood an operation was performed on their throats to give them a nose ocklike delivery. An ancestor of mine on the maternal side was a famous cock crower in his day."—London Graphic.

Influence. No human being can come into the world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of nonexistence to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence.—

The Usual Way. When a mother forbade her daughter social gaiety on the ground that she "had seen the folly of such things," the daughter very reasonably answered that she wanted to see the folly of them too. That is the attitude of youth toward the warnings of age.—London Lady.

She Did. Mr. Misfit (savagely)—Before I married you was there any doddering idiot gone on you? Mrs. Misfit—There was one. Mr. Misfit—I wish to goodness you'd married him! Mrs. Misfit—I did.—Los Angeles News.

The Joy of Life is never fully realized until the blessing of freshly giving and freely receiving has been bestowed.—Richardson.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

A Room Apart That Should Be Known as the "Office." The most privately conducted home must communicate with increasing frequency with the world outside. The coal man, the ice man, the automobile repair shop must be upbraided or cajoled. Reports must be reviewed, accounts kept, bills examined and the senders occasionally treated with a check. From a room removed from the rest of the house one must speak with the railway station, settle with the expressman or deliberate with the chauffeur or coachman, for none of these things should disturb the tranquillity of the home or the equanimity of guests. If the house is to minister to all the activities of a home it is high time that space be devoted to this mechanism of living. For want of a better term a room devoted to such a purpose may be called the "office" of the house. Here the telephone stands on a table that bears also the miscellaneous utensils and printed matter that are always wanted in a house when they cannot be found. Here are cookbooks, gardening books, dictionaries, time tables, while a few old plates, a cast or two, bits of Dresden, water colors and a few cherished photographs relieve an otherwise humdrum collection of necessities. Here arriving parcels are placed and the daily mail opened. Mysterious cupboards there are and drawers with locks that work.—Indoors and Out.

A CONTRAST.

French and English Women as They Cross a Muddy Street. See a Parisienne cross a muddy street. She advances tiptoe to the edge of the pavement, poises like a bird ready for a flight, deftly raises her dress more than enough to show her embroidered skirt, the dainty hose and elegant bottines, and without more delay she trips across, toe and heel barely touching and the mud refusing to cling to the fairy feet that hardly leave an impression on it. Landed on the other side, she gives her fine feathers a little shake into place and passes on with shoes that look as if just put on at that moment. Watch an Englishwoman immediately afterward. She reaches the curbstone, comes to a dead standstill and stolidly contemplates the muddy road. Finally she selects a route. Then, very cautiously, she lifts her dress, making sure that the tops of her shoes are under cover; then, slowly advancing, she puts her right foot out. Plump it goes, the water oozing over it, and then splash, splash, splash, until the other side is reached, when, with soiled skirts and soaked shoes, she proceeds on her wet and muddy way. Nothing could be more characteristic of their respective nationalities, and nothing could be more amusing than their mutual contempt for each other's ways.—Translated from the French For St. Louis Republic.

Men's Hats and Women's Vells. "I see here that a woman writer wonders why a man always looks in his hat before he puts it on," said the reflective man as he looked up from his paper. "Here is what she says: 'When a man puts on his hat he most always looks inside it first. What he expects to see remains a mystery, but he looks for it, all the same.' That's easy. He looks in his hat to see if the knot holding the inside band together will be at the back of his head when he puts it on. Now, if she'll tell me why a woman always pulls down her veil and purses up her mouth before she steps out of doors we'll call it square."—New York Press.

Side Whiskers. In her last novel, "The Dream and the Business," Mrs. Craigie, I regret to note, used the expression "side whiskers." The redundant "side" is to be found also in Meredith, Dickens, the greater Richardson, Bronte, Cain, Corelli, Sims and Shorter. As a matter of fact, unless otherwise stated, the least intelligent reader would take it for granted that the whiskers were worn on the side of the face, as indeed is the usual practice. The terms "lip whisker" (moustache) and "chin whisker" (quarrel) are Americanisms.—Fall Mail Gazette.

Just Like Him. The Rev. Walter Colton, author of "Ship and Shore" and other books, gave a most forcible illustration of the character of an officer on board the ship to which he was attached as chaplain. The officer was always meddling with other people's business and was seldom in his own place. Consequently he was most unpopular with the sailors. One of them, goaded to unusual irritation, said one day, "I do believe that at the general resurrection the lieutenant will be found getting out of somebody else's grave."—

The Soft Answer. "Johnny," said the stern parent, "my father used to whip me when I behaved at the table as badly as you are doing." "Well," rejoined the precocious youngster, "I hope I'll never have to make a confession like that to my little boys."—Chicago News.

Effect of High Living. Goodman Gonrong—Wake up, pard. Wot ye groanin' about? Tuffold Knutt (rubbing his eyes)—Gosh, but I've had a horrible dream! I thought I'd got a job o' work an' was doin' the manicurin' fur a octopus.—Chicago Tribune.

A Restorative. Suppleant—I'm faint from lack of food. Bish Lady (generously)—How dreadful! Here, smell my vinaigrette.

A LOST RIDING HABIT.

It Lost For the Empress Eugenie the French Empire. Evén Emille de Girardin, whom Eugenie welcomed as "the gravedigger of dynasties" because he had gone to Louis Philippe on the eve of his flight in 1848 to warn him as he came to warn her now, said to her very seriously that night: "Should your majesty appear bravely on horseback in the midst of the people your majesty can still count on their enthusiasm and devotion." Eugenie resolved to show herself on horseback. She ordered that the riding habit be chosen. It must be all black, of the severest simplicity. And she would just pin the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor on her left breast. Often the slightest causes bring about the gravest results. The tragedy of the empire's last chance, therefore, must be sought along with the black riding skirt and corsage. By incredible ill luck they could not find it. There had been one, but it had disappeared, "doubtless stolen." Others were at Compiegne and Fontainebleau. They found a riding habit of dark green with heavy gold braid, the costume of the Imperial stag hunts. "It will not do," Eugenie sobbed; "it will not do!" And so for lack of a black skirt and corsage the empress of the French was forced to flee her capital and lost an empire.—Sterling Heilig in Metropolitan Magazine.

A FLY IN A WEB.

The Way a Tiny Spider Imprisoned His Big Victim. "One morning when busy in my workshop," says a naturalist, "a large fly, double the size of a housefly, was caught in a spider's web in the window close to where I was at work. It was held by two of its legs only, and for some time the spider, which was about the size of the fly's head, proceeded to strengthen its hold by attaching numerous extra filae to the two captive limbs, carefully keeping out of reach of the others, which were letting out in all directions in frantic efforts to escape. "During a short respite in the captive's struggles the spider cautiously approached and with its hind legs got several turns of its tiny rope round one of the limbs that were free. These tactics were carried on till all the legs were firmly bound. It then injected poison into one of the legs. This soon showed itself, for its deadening effects reduced the victim's struggles in a marked degree. The poison paralyzes, but does not kill. "Shortly after a second bite resistance ceased, and the victim settled down to suck the juices of its fallen prey. The struggles lasted quite an hour. Next morning the fly was alive, and the spider was still sucking out its lifeblood."—Chicago News.

The Missing Note. One of the leading tenors in Moscow was called upon to sing an opera in which one note was much too high for him, but he got a man in the orchestra to come in just at the right time and supply the note. In exchange the tenor was to take him to supper. The plan answered well, the applause was loud, but the tenor forgot all about the supper. Next time he sang the opera he went to the front of the stage, put his hand on his heart and opened his mouth as wide as he could. His discomfiture was great when the expectant hush was broken by a voice from the orchestra saying, "Where's my supper?"—From Iskra.

Chinese Similes. Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are pointedly sarcastic enough. A blustering, harmless fellow they call "a paper tiger." When a man values himself overmuch they compare him to "a rat falling into a scale and weighing itself." Overdoing a thing they call "a hunchback making a bow." A spendthrift they compare to "a rocket" which goes off at once. Those who expend their charity on remote objects, but neglect their families, are said to "hang a lantern on a pole, which is seen afar, but gives no light below."—

Followed His Pipe. An old Hungarian countryman had smoked the same pipe for more than fifty years and as a natural consequence had grown to love it as a companion. One day, however, his infant grandson smashed the pipe beyond all hope of repair. The old man was so broken hearted at his loss that he hanged himself on a peg. In his pocket was found a scrap of paper on which was scribbled, "My pipe is done for, and I must go too."—

Presence of Mind. After the railway accident: "Did yer get compensation, Bill?" "Yes; £5 me and £5 the missus." "Why, I didn't know she wor' urt." "She wasn't, but I had the presence of mind to fetch 'er one on the 'ead with me boot."—London Tatler.

In the Typewriter Shop. Polite Salesman—We have here our new model, No. 23. You will notice it is equipped with the most approved billing device and—Fair Stenographer—Have you any model that also has a cooling device?—New York World.

Her Sad Fate. Gerald—You are the only girl I have ever loved. Geraldine—Must I suffer alone?—New York Press.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Full Amount May Not Be Paid Even When Loss Is Complete. In a fire insurance policy the sum insured merely marks the maximum liability accepted by the insurance company and determines the premium to be paid. It is not in any way admitted by the insurance office as a measure of the value of the property insured. If I have a life policy for £5,000, says a writer in the Nineteenth Century, my heirs can, on proof of my death and their title, receive at least £5,000, possibly more if there are bonuses. If I have a ship and I insure her with marine insurance companies for £5,000, I can recover the full £5,000 at once should my ship be totally lost. But if I insure my house against fire for £5,000 I cannot recover £5,000 unless I can prove the house to be worth fully that sum. All that I am entitled to demand is the actual value of my house immediately before it was burned, and I must give every assistance to the insurance company in order that the actual value may be justly determined. By statute the insurance company has the power to reinstate that house, as far as the sum insured will go, instead of paying me anything. In practice, compensation is usually agreed and paid in cash without recourse on either side to the right of reinstatement, but in no case am I entitled to more than the actual value of my house as it existed just before the fire.

PATENTS ON INVENTIONS.

Must Be in the Names of the Actual Inventors. The law provides for the granting of patents only to the actual inventor of the patented invention, and a patent granted in the name of any one else is invalid. For this reason it is essential that the application for patent be made in the name of the one whom the law regards as the inventor. In some factories it is the custom to patent every invention in the name of the president of the company. This frequently happens because the company has been built up on inventions made by the president or other officer, and as a matter of pride the president wishes to see all patents issued in his name. This is a dangerous thing to do in the case of inventions which were conceived by the employee independently of the officer, such as inventions wholly worked out by employee without suggestion or assistance from the officer, for if in a suit brought under such patent it were shown that while the patent was granted in the name of the officer the invention was actually made by an employee the patent would be declared invalid, and usually a suit would not have reached such a stage until it was too late to go back and patent the invention in the name of the real inventor.—Edwin J. Prindle in Engineering Magazine.

The Huguenots. Here are two essays on the Huguenots by Chicago public school pupils: "The Huguenots are people in France that are followers of Victor Hugo. Their leader is a man named Jean Valjean that was a thief, but got converted and turned out well. The Huguenots are very good people. A lady named Evangeline wrote a long poem about them, but it don't rhyme." "The Huguenots is the name of a big thing like a steam roller that the mogul used in India to run over people. It squashed them to death and was very terrible. It had eyes painted on it like a dragon and snorted steam when it was running. They are no buguenots eny more."

John Bright and Lord Manners. In one of his speeches in the house of commons John Bright quoted in a spirit of banter and ridicule the well known lines written by Lord John Manners in his callow youth: Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die, But leave us still our old nobility. Lord John, who was present, immediately got up and pulverized the great tribune by retorting, "I would rather be the foolish young man who wrote those lines than the malignant old man who quoted them."—

Mozart. Mozart lived thirty-seven years. His first mass was composed when he was less than ten years of age, and the enormous quantity of his compositions was the work of the succeeding twenty-seven years. Mozart wrote forty-one symphonies, fifteen masses, over thirty operas and dramatic compositions, forty-one sonatas, together with an immense number of vocal and concerted pieces in almost every line of the art.

Devious. Stippler—Did Miss Kutts admire your paintings? Dobber—I don't know. Stippler—What did she say about them? Dobber—That she could feel that I put a great deal of myself into my work. Stippler—Well, that's praise. Dobber—Is it? The picture I showed her was "Calves in a Meadow."—

Real Reform. Dibbles—There goes Rhymer and his rich wife. She married him nearly a year ago to reform him. Scribbles—Did she succeed? Dibbles—Sure. He hasn't written a poem since they faced the parson together.—Chicago News.

Some Old Feeling. Gladys—I feel sure he has never loved before. Fenelope—Oh, I felt the same way, dear, when he used to make love to me.—Chicago News.

He Has Returned.

A few days ago there was considerable comment in the Eugene papers about the prolonged absence in the East of Coach Bezdek and it was even rumored in athletic circles there that the young man did not intend to return. Saturday's Guard, however, says: Coach Hugo Bezdek arrived in Eugene from his trip to Chicago on this morning's early train and is ready to take up his duties again at the university as physical director. He says he had a very good time back East and would have come back sooner but for unavoidable delays. Bezdek began work this afternoon again with the basketball team. He thinks that there is good material that will develop very rapidly in the time at his disposal. While East he also made arrangements so that he can get all of his sporting goods of the university, that cannot be obtained here, quickly and easily from San Francisco. Bezdek will also coach the baseball team this spring.

Arrangements are being made by the order of Elks of this city to have a big j-ification, in which Albany Elks from 150 to 200, strong, will participate a guests of honor. The time is to be the 25th, although something might possibly arise to make a change of date necessary. It is understood the affair will be quite elaborate and great preparations are on foot for the event. A. C. Tunison has come to the front with the biggest wood story of the season. Mr. Tunison cut a tree on his place a few days ago, that made 17 1-2 cords of wood which, at the present rate of 45 per cord means quite an item. The tree was red fir and grew on the farm formerly owned by Mrs. Agnes Thompson of this city. Miss Florence Jenkins of Portland, formerly of this city, is a guest at the Hansell home.

THE MEXICAN OCELOT.

A Great Jumper Is This Strange Little Spotted Jungle Cat. One of the most interesting animals of the new world and yet one of which little seems to be written, even by sportsmen who have spent much time in Mexico and the Central American states, is the ocelot, the strange little spotted cat of the dense jungles of tropical parts of the two Americas. They are not nearly so heavy as the average lynx of the eastern woods and are infinitely lighter on their feet. They run with the greatest agility up and down the almost perpendicular trunks of trees and follow a crippled bird out on limbs too slender, it would seem, to bear the weight of the parrot, let alone the cat. Parrots are the ocelot's principal food and their hunting is done almost together by day, though, like all cat tribe, they are thoroughly at home in the blackest night. The parrots which they hunt frequent the thickest of forests, coming to the ground only in the rare open spaces and along the banks of the many small streams where they drink. In order to follow them it is necessary that the ocelots be great jumpers, and so they are. When I was following the bounds through the southern California hills after wildcats and an occasional mountain lion I was wont to say that the latter was the greatest jumper on earth. The ocelot has any mountain lion that ever walked laden a block, length for length and weight for weight.—Forest and Stream.

LUNCHEON WAS EXPENSIVE.

Instead of 15 Francs It Really Cost 40,000 Francs. One day three friends in Paris were taking a walk together. "I should like to have an exquisite lunch," said one of the three. "I should be satisfied with a lunch," said the second, "which is a little short of being exquisite." "And I," remarked the third one, "should be content with any kind of lunch." Unfortunately none of them was possessed of the necessary money. Presently one of the trio was struck by an idea. He led his friends to a music publisher and made him an offer: "Buy from us a song. This gentleman wrote the text; that one set it to music, and I shall sing it, as I am the only one of us with a good voice." "Well, sing it for a trial," replied the publisher. The young man complied, and the publisher seemed to be satisfied. He paid 15 francs for the song, and the friends hastened joyfully to a restaurant. The author of the text was Alfred de Musset, the musician was Monpurr and the singer Dupre. The song, which was bought and paid for with 15 francs, "The Andalusian Girl," yielded the publisher 40,000 francs.—Harper's Weekly.

The Wise Man.

"This popular fiction is all rot. In real life the girl's father seldom objects to the man of her choice." "You're wrong there. He often objects, but he's usually too wise to say anything."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Any time is the proper time for saying what is just.—Chicago News.