Heppner Weekly Gazette

Published Every Thursday. HEPPNER.....OREGON.

There is a horrible suspicion that the new milk trust might water its stock.

Spain has valuly tried the air-bag method in an effort to raise a ship of state.

A city paper prints a long editorial on "The Fruits of Victory." Plums, probably.

The difference between Patti and Lillian Russell is that Patti's former husbands are all dead.

An editor solemnly assures a corre spondent that there are no witches. Is that newspaper man unmarried? A paper in the East advertises for

sale a lot of "cast-off ladies' wraps." Why should there be any such ladies? Walking Spanish would have been a

crawl. To be expelled from the French Legion of Honor is rapidly becoming a

distinction of which any French gentle-

man has a right to be proud. It is said that a well-known London banking house will "convert' 'the Venezuelan debt. A converted debt is not

A New York shoplifter stole an alarm clock and it went off in her pocket before she left the store. Naturally, this dld not strike her as a striking success.

very apt to backslide subsequently.

Airships seldom come to that point where they have wings, much less use them. This is due to the money invest-

It is perfectly safe to wager that there is nothing in that 4,000-page manuscript left by Keely which will enable his successor to accomplish what he

A Vienna scientist has at last announced that "love itself is a microbe."

As Dewey's salary is not much over day or two's time by writing a magapen's mightier than the sword.

Russia has offered a big bonus to the Krupps for establishing a shippard in navy. Evidently the Czar is counting on getting into a joint debate with the peace plan.

Public men do not enjoy being carleatured in the newspapers, but their wives usually extract considerable Roosevelt is fortified with a scrap book that will hold the Governor in check during his entire administration.

Anarchists are the sworn foes of so clety, and it is the duty of society, whenever they are caught criminally conspiring against established authority or compassing or committing murder to inflict upon them the extreme limit of all laws for such cases made and provided.

The thumb is said to reveal the strength or weakness of the whole character. Schoolboys, whose thumbing of books is proverbial, will be interested in this discovery. They are the strongest characters known when it comes to thumbs, except those highly favored and doubtless extremely strong people whose "fingers are all thumbs."

Siberia has boundless forests, but none of them are avallable to supply the timber for the construction of the Russian railroad through Manchurla. It romes from Oregon, and is shipped across the Pacific to Vladivostock, thence transported by rail to a tributary of the Amur, and by water routes to the line of the road.

The bleycle is less tricky and dangerous than it is popularly supposed to be. It appears from the report of an accifent insurance company that it is third in the list of considerable causes of accident. There were paid for losses on account of accident via the machine \$65,000. Horses did \$167,000 worth of mischief, and the gun was most dangerous, its cost to the company being \$236,-

An interesting feature of recent rallroad financiering is the placing of mortgages and low-interest gold bonds for extraordinarily long periods. One corporation has given a mortgage for \$50,-300,000 to secure four per cent bonds running for 475 years, another has created a mortgage of \$172,000,000 for the term of 100 years, and several others have negotiated similar accommodations for sums ranging from \$40,000,000 to \$175,000,000, at rates of from three and a half to four per cent, all for 100 year periods. It is estimated that the aggregate sum involved in these longtime bonds is upward of \$1,400,000,000. In general, these bonds are issued for the purpose of retiring others bearing a bigher rate of interest.

The enterprising merchants of several towns in the Middle West have established a fashlon. They set up in the streets booths filled with their most attractive wares, displayed in a way to catch the attention and open the purse of the passer-by. Then they issue invitations to a "street fair." People come. and the fair prospers. It does not detract from the credit due the original promoters to point out that this new fashion is really a revival and localization of a very old fashion-one older than Christian civilization itself. The street fair originated in the religious festival as long ago, at least, as the days when strangers resorted to Babylon and Nineveh to take part in the feasts of the gods. Thence came also the sharp-eyed traders of the caravans, and by the side of their booths the city merchants set up their stalls, and business became almost a picture-poem, under the eastern sky, Essentially, to-day, European init and atreat fairs from than in the plotter.

the great gathering at Nijni Novgorod in Russia to the neighborhood assemthey displace no other institution; and we do not anticipate that the street fair in America will do away with the agricultural fair, which serves a special purpose and has proved its usefulness. You may safely depend on the wisdom The effect of the street fair-an interesting, easily accessible display in the very center of trade, where the exhibltor pays no extra rent, and the visitor no admission fee-should be to benefit buyer and seller alike. And it practically adds a new hollday to the over-

crowded lives of a busy people. John W. Keely, the man who gained a certain sort of fame from the inven- So on through the days of existence, tion of the Keely motor, has died, and left the problem of perpetual motion still unsolved. In fact, it can be said with truth that he made no contribution to the subject that is likely to prove of any scientific value. He belleved in himself, and was thoroughly convinced that he had made a discovery which would revolutionize the motive powers in common use; but he has now passed away from earth, his ex- A VENTURE FOR LOVE. pected and promised revolution has not occurred, and it certainly is not going 66 graceful movement compared with to occur during the closing years of those Parish commissioners having to the nineteenth century. It was the policy of Keely to surround his alleged invention with an air of mystery so thick that the public could not penetrate it. For a long time this plan worked well, and many were led to believe that he had indeed made a wonderful discovery. But as years passed and nothing came of it, men who had -invested in the stock grew suspicious, and demanded to know when they might expect at least some promise of return for their outlay. Keely even went to prison rather than give away his secret, but his machine was finally examined by scientific experts, who concluded that ingenious though it was, it gave no promise of the performance of those remarkable things which

its inventor claimed for it. The princied in them generally taking wings first. ple that Keely sought to apply was that of the vibration of the molecules of the air. For lack of a better name, he called this "apergy," and claimed that as these vibrations were perpetual, all he had to do would be to produce a machine that would respond to them, and then he would have perpetual motion. The theory was a pretty one-true, perhaps, to a certain extent; As it always attacks the unfittest, what | but it has not been yet applied in such chance is there left for poor bachelors a way as to be of any use to the world. It must be first shown that sufficient power can be derived from this principle to do the work that electricity and \$5,000, and he could earn this sum in a steam are now doing before any valuable results can follow and the problem zine article, it's another case where the of perpetual motion from one of nature's forces be completely solved. Keely's death may revive for a while, Russia to build warships for the Czar's from the work that he tried to do, a well-cooked dinner, and that is about even though he falled at it. He caning made in all fields of scientific re- ago?"

> man and forced to obey his commands? Effect of Flour on Teeth

"It is said that the invention of the new processes for making flour has done more for the average dentist than steps padded decorously down the all things else combined," explained a thickly carpeted staircase. dentist, "and there is a great deal of flour that is not white.

ing away the bone-producing and nour- out along the tail of his coat. ishing qualities of the wheat, but the earnings of a head of a family than is eyes shone like stars. required to provide shoes for them, for good teeth are a rarity."-Washington Star.

An Attentive Audience. Lecturers and other public entertainist delivered a lecture in a New Jersey town. After the lecture, when the people met, they talked about the affair,

as was their wont. "Were you at the lecture?" one would ask another, and in every case the answer was:

"Oh, yes, I was there, but I couldn't hear a word. Did you hear it?" "Well, no; I was there, but I couldn't

ear, either. No one could be found who had heard a word. About this time an acquaintance of the novelist heard from friends in the place this account of the matter, and meeting the lecturer, asked him what kind of an audience he had had there, and how he liked the place.

"It's a fine place," said the novelist, and I had the most attentive audience I have ever spoken to. Why, no one made a sound, and I didn't have to raise my voice above a whisper!"-Saturday Evening Post.

Carefully Selected.

One of the most remarkable features of life in New South Wales is the transformation of criminals into hard-working citizens. Of the thirty thousand settlers there in 1821, twenty thousand

were, or had been, convicts. It is said that, on board an American liner, a boastful Australian asserted loudly, and over and over again, that "the men who settled Australia were a

remarkably sensible lot." "Yes," said an American, quietly, "I have always understood that they were sent out by the very best judges."

Put your faith in the plodder rather

THE AVERAGE MAN.

blages of the Latin countries. But When it comes to a question of trusting Yourself to the risks of the road When the thing is the sharing of burdens The lifting the heft of a load,

In the hour of peril or trial, In the hour you meet as you can, And skill of the average man,

'Tis the average man and no other Who does his plain duty each day, The small thing his wage is for doing, On the commonplace bit of the way. Tis the average man, may God bless his Who pilots us, still in the van,

All mingling in shadow and shine, We may count on the everyday hero, Whom haply the gods may divine; But who wears the swarth grime of

Just the plain, hardy, average man.

Over land, over sea, as we travel,

calling, And labors and earns as he can, And stands at the last with the noblest, The commonplace average man. -Harper's Weekly.

H, me! I am certainly no beauty. It was the gilding which made Vermount swal-

low such a nauseous pill." In a Venetian mirror were reflected an oval face, pale and sad looking, with dark, liquid eyes, a nose of a nondescript order, and a mouth rather large than otherwise. Clarisse, Lady Vermount, turned from the study of her features to take from a table loaded with photographs the portrait of a handsome man.

"I am unhappy; for being which I am an idlot," she said, addressing the smiling face which looked at her out of its frame of pierced silver, "and it is all your doing. When you asked me to marry you I did not care a snap of my fingers' for you, and I know you did not for me. It was a convenient' arrangement; you wanted my money, I your title. How you shuddered on our wedding day over the too evident rapture of my parents at having a fitled son-in-law! I saw it as we stood in the vestry of the church. You put your hand on mine when we were alone in the carriage, but did you for one moment imagine that I thought love inspired the action? Not a bit of it, I remembered the shudder too well."

"And then-well, and then I told you, you had got what you wanted, the wealth of my Chicago papa, and I had achieved my ambition, I was 'my lady.' For the rest, in the eyes of the world, we were husband and wife, and-that was to be all. If you wished anything different, you didn't show it, and I imagined myself content. We have been good friends; we have not had at least, interest in this subject, and it | much opportunity of being otherwise, is possible that some good may come it is true. People don't quarrel over the only time in the twenty-four hours not be classed among the world's we are together. Oh! why don't I feel greatest inventors; but, in view of the as coldly indifferent to you now as I wonderful discoveries that are now be- did when I married you three months light footstep up the stairs and paused always does, walking back and forth ing his own destiny; the ominous and

search, who can say that the day will | She threw the photograph impatient-Vermount's man stood aside to let her

"His lordship dines at home night?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady." The servant's foot

She paused by the door of her husfoundation for the statement. The band's bedroom, then passed on and miller has found that he must make a entered her own. A moment and she flour that will please the eye rather was back again and stood within his room. than satisfy the stomach. To get his chamber. His clothes lay ready for flour as white and fine as possible be him, and on the dressing table a black has to discard the coverings of the silk mask, while propped against the grain of wheat, thus removing the phos- looking-glass were two cards of admisphates. It is the phosphates that give | sion to masked balls. One for this very strength to the teeth, and with them night, the other for one three days out of the flour it is not in any way hence. She took them up, twisted wonderful that people's teeth wear out them nervously round in her fingers. and decay. The miller knows this bet- Strange thoughts coursed through her ter than the people who eat his flour, brain. She put the cards down and but he has found that they will not buy ran out, coming back a minute later with a needleful of thick blue silk in "The miller knows that he is throw- her hands. She ran the needle in and

There was a sound of quick footmiller, like nearly every one else in steps on the stairs. With a whisk she this world, is out for the dollar and his was out of the room and in her own. share of them. People can't buy flour She shut the door, then stole softly to the use of which will strengthen their the one which divided her chamber teeth, for the reason that that kind of from her husband's. It was locked, flour is not made any more. The fam- as it always was, and the key was stiff ily dentist is now as much of a factor in its socket. She pressed her lips In life as the purchase of shoes for the against the woodwork. "It is a venfamily, and frequently gets more of the ture for love," she whispered, and her

"What pretty bird is it that wears a

blue tall?" The words spoken in soft, cooling accents struck on Lord Vermount's ers appreciate greatly an attentive au- ear as he stood against a pillar of the imploringly-"it means-Oh! don't you ogy, sympathetic magic, the doctrine of dience, but is there such a thing as be- ballroom. He turned sharply. A see? It was a venture on my part, a signatures, hiero-therapeutics, and all When a woman's husband is present. ing too attentive? The story is told white-clad figure stood by him holding venture to gain your love." that not long ago a well-known novel- up his coat tall by a thread of blue silk, while, behind a white domino, dark eyes danced merrily.

> "That would be telling," he answered, "but I think I'll shed my gay thinker, and he was fighting now plumage," twisting to get hold of the

> "And I think I'll keep it, Sir Bird," drawing it out and winding it in and out of the links of a gold chain that them. held her long cloak together. "We will reverse the old order, the lady little shiver of gladness she let herself shall wear her knight's colors. Doth be caught in his outstretched arms,it please you, Sir Bird?" She dropped Chicago Times-Herald. him a courtesy as she spoke, and a faint, delicate scent of white violets came to him, along with the silvery

chiming of bella. "In truth, fair maiden, it does," he answered, "but it would please me still better if you would dance with me." The eyes behind the white domino had lost their merry look, but that which had replaced it made the blood beat quickly in his veins, as, without a word, she yielded bereelf into his arms. He felt her slight form tremble in his clasp as they glided round the room.

"Are you tired?" he whispered. "No, no, my knight." He bent again and whispered some tender words in her ear; the scent of her violets, the chiming of her bells,

had intoxicated him. They neared the American manufacturers on the other has become very keen. An importer of "I am tired now," she whispered, and toothpicks said recently that the Japabefore he realized her intention she nese picks can be made and sold in the had slipped from him and fled. Some-American market, cases and all, for thing white lay at his feet. He stoopless than the cost of the paper boxes ed to pick it up; it was a slip of paper, violet scented. "Three nights bence I shall be here again," was written on

and left the building.

that contain the domestic picks .- Philadelphia Times. it. He put it away in his pocketbook If a woman can't find any other fault with a man, she hope his grammer.

"It will depend on Lady Vermount IOWA'S REMARKABLE EDITOR.

on with this arrangement at home

was not calculated to loosen.

nized by his sorceress.

bells seemed to his heated fancy to

beat out the words, "Love, love!" to the

measure of her footsteps. He breath-

ed some tender words in her ear, and

felt her whole frame quiver. A mo-

ment and she had drawn herself from

him, and, lifting her face, let her

"My knight," she whispered, "dare I

"Do not go," implored Lord Ver-

mount, stretching out his hand to

catch, not her cloak, but a slip of pa-

per. He stood looking at it sullenly,

marked her flight had ceased. "Little

witch, let her go," he muttered, but

"What impertinence! Well, I'll be

hanged! So this is some scheme of her

ladyship's; thinks to entangle me with

untwisted the paper all the same.

door now, and firmly, please."

glasses were also on the tray.

this mean? Had his wife...."

where is Lady Vermount?"

mask.

shoulders.

he asked, gaspingly.

him, and a faint silvery chiming of

Leaning back among the cushions of

"You here!" he cried. "Where is my-

shed tears. He had never been a quick

against the prim prejudices of genera-

"Have I falled?" There was a beart-

ache in each work. He felt the pain of

"No," he cried; "come!" and with a

Picks from Portugal.

Next to Portugal, Japan sends the

greatest supply of toothpicks to the

United States. These are made by

hand from fine reeds. They, too, are

sold in close competition with the

American product, owing to the cheap-

er labor in Japan. The cases in which

the Japanese picks are inclosed are fine

specimens of skill with the jackknife,

They are of wood, cut into strips as

thin and delicate as tissue paper, but

very strong. The cases are ornament-

ed with hand-painted Japanese scenes

and are of a size convenient to be car-

ried in the vest pocket. The competi-

tion between the Japanese and Portu-

guese makers on the one side and

glowing eyes rest on his face.

say au revoir?"

whether I come here again or not," he Richard Peters Clarkson, One of the said to himself. "I've tried to keep Interesting Characters of the State, straight, but I'll be hanged if I can go much longer. I was a fool to begin with it, but I felt I owed so much to original and forceful characters in the her that I did not like to oppose her State. He has grown up in the newswishes. Who would have imagined paper business. His father, Coker F. such a strength of cold purpose lay Clarkson, lived in Brookville, Ind., behind those eyes of hers?" He bit where Richard was born in 1840, and off the end of his cigar viciously, hailed there the elder Clarkson conducted a a hansom and was driven homeward. weekly paper called the Brookville He tried to think of his wife, but the fingle of the horse's bells recalled too and James S., learned their trade in vividly the gigl in the white cloak. She that office. In 1855 the family moved had cast a spell over him which Lady to Grundy County, Iowa, and settled Vermount's coldness-more pointed than ever during the next day or twofifteen years. In the spring of 1861 Richard entered the office of the Des Lord Vermount found himself on the night of the second masked ball dressing eagerly; he even ran up to his room vate in Company A. Twelfth Iowa Inat the last moment with a thread of fantry. He suffered severely during blue silk, purloined from his wife's work bag, and with clumsy fingers in-6, 1862, and was confined seven months serted it in the tall of his coat. He in a rebel prison. Afterward he rewould lose no chance of being recogturned to his regiment and served to It was hours before he saw her whiteto the Grundy County farm and recloaked figure drawing near him through the crowd of dancers, which he had watched with all the weariness Register. Eighteen months later ocof hope deferred. She did not speak, but, slipping one white rounded arm from the shelter of her cloak, laid it on States Senator, and William B. Allison, member of Congress and candidate for "Are we to dance?' he questioned. A the Senatorship. The elder Clarkson slight movement of her hooded head favored Harlan, but the boys were for and his hand slid round her waist beneath the cloak. For a space neither unexpectedly to the senior partner, for spoke. He felt her violet-scented the boys secured from him an offer to breath coming in little quick gasps, sell his share, and they raised the and the music of her silver anklet



EDITOR CLARKSON AT WORK.

not as cold as you deem your wife to be; and Frank Clarkson, the other son, is sible ground is seized by the charlatan go home and ask her who I am; she associate editor.

knows." He smoked no cigar on the The editor of the Register is exhomeward drive on this night; his tremely methodical in all that he does, erywhere and at all times, because they temper was too ruffled. He meant to The Register office is about ten blocks are based on those desires and that ighave it out with his wife, despite the from his house, and so situated that norance which are and will ever be a lateness, or rather earliness, of the he can start from the office and make part of man's nature. He is dimly hour; such affairs as this were better a turn at every corner, going in a zig- aware of mighty, unmeasured forces in gone into at once. He went with no zag direction to his home, and this he ceaseless activity around him, controllat her door, which was on the latch. every day in the year. He takes a dif- omnipresent portent of death meets "Vermount, is that you? Push open ferent route in the winter, choosing him at every turn; dissatisfaction with not yet come when this force, to which ly from her. It was nearly time to the door a bit. I want to tell you somethe sunny side of the street. Any his present condition, intense longing pleasure and advantage from it. Mrs. I have had a letter from papa; member of his family wishing to interRecognitive formitted with a seren book. Reely pinned his faith or some other dress for dinner, and she went slowly be her formed a life and joy which it can never dress for dinner, and she went slowly be her formed a life and joy which it can never dress for dinner, and she went slowly be her formed a life and joy which it can never dress for dinner, and she went slowly be her formed a life and joy which it can never dress for dinner, and she went slowly be her formed a life and joy which it can never dress for dinner, and she went slowly be her formed a life and joy which it can never dress for dinner, and she went slowly be her formed a life and joy which it can never dress for dinner, and she went slowly be her formed a life and joy which it can never dress for dinner, and she went slowly be her formed a life and joy which it can never dress for dinner, and she went slowly be her formed a life and joy which it can never dress for dinner, and she went slowly be her formed a life and joy which it can never dress for dinner, and she went slowly be her formed a life and joy which it can never dress for dinner, and she went slowly be her formed a life and joy which it can never dress for dinner, and she went slowly be her formed a life and joy which it can never dress for dinner. akin to it, will be harnessed down by up the stairs. On the landing Lord he has just made a big thing over some cept him on his way to or from the ofrallways; that means more dollars for fice knows exactly where to look for which weights and measures are in you some day. Good night; shut the him, for he never varies his route, un-Lady Vermount's voice was hard and program is as fixed as the planetary can supply. Therefore he turns in deviolets which doubtless still hung works about sixteen hours a day. He temples of folly. about his coat sleeve altered his purspends the morning and until about pose. He took a step or two into the 2:30 or 3 in the afternoon at his house. where he does a large part of his edi-A rose-colored satin curtain hangtorial work. He then goes to his office ing down at right angles from the fire- and stays until about 6, returning at place shut out his wife from his sight, 8:30 and leaving again a little before

but beyond its edge protruded a little 11. Moorish stand on which was set a Mr. Clarkson has no interest outside coffee equipage, and cups for two. A his newspaper. He has always refused quaint shaped liqueur carafe and to take stock in local enterprises, though he has been a liberal contrib-"Two cups! Two glasses! What did utor toward securing them. He mis preferred to retain his independence A hand held the curtain slightly from all obligations outside his own aside, a fresh whiff of violets assailed office.

bells. He made a hasty dash forward. A CRAZE OF PSEUDO-SCIENCE, man who had introduced the substi-

his wife's couch was the white-cloaked Mediceval Superstition. girl, her face still hidden by the In the Century, Daniel G. Brinton has an article on "Popular Supersti- margarine.

tions of Europe." Dr. Brinton closes his article by saying: "She is"-fumbling for one moment From some strange reason, there has with the mask which the next lay on

been a wonderful revival within the at what precise stage of the luncheon the floor--"she is here." She sprang to her feet as she spoke and stood facing last decade of nearly every medieval superstition, under various guises, in him, the cloak, with its gold clasp blue silk, hanging back from her white world. The practitioners of this mod- was overwhelming. It readily occur-"Clarisse, why, what does it mean?" names and jargons. Palmistry, astrol- its value. "It means" -- she put out her hands He let her stand there a full minute. the color coming and going in her and New York, in Paris and Chicago, to than if he were absent. cheeks, her dark eyes misty with un-

Richard Peters Clarkson, editor and principal owner of the Iowa State Register, is one of the most interesting, American, and his sons, Richard P. on a farm, where they lived for some Moines Register as a printer, but the following October he enlisted as a prithe war, was captured at Shiloh April the end of the war, when he returned mained until 1870. The father and his two sons then bought the Iowa State curred the famous Senatorial contest between James Harlan, then United Allison. The matter was settled quite money and paid him the cash with the assistance of the then wealthy and

> a degree surpassing anything known three centuries ago.

clous method of viewing facts, at the clock and incidentally the cathedral, pasis of these pseudo-sciences. Yet the but in Venice there is a clock that is truth and the facts exist, and these ex- quite as unique as that in the Alsatian plain the success of the deceptions. They dazzle and daze minds not trained in sound reasoning; and how few this young woman that she may be powerful B. F. Allen. The firm of are! The societies for "psychical re- in 1496 by the Veronese architect, Anfree to carry on some little game of Clarkson Brothers, then formed, has search" and theosophic speculation beher own. I wonder what she will say never been discontinued at the head gin with an acknowledgment of the to this revealing of her plot. H'm," of the paper. John R. Clarkson, eldest possible truth of ghost-seeing and of reading the note. "All Americans are son of Richard P. is business manager communion with the divine. This pos-

A Witty Retort.

party this test was applied?" The retort brought down the house ern sorcery, instead of concealing, ad- red that at a convivial luncheon party vertise their claims, and urge them on there might be a period when the judg-

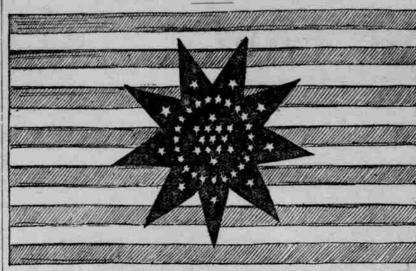
the farrago of fifteenth century thau- her invitations to friends to come and matology, flourish to-day in Boston visit her are 50 per cent, less cordial

PICTURE OF THE PRISON OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

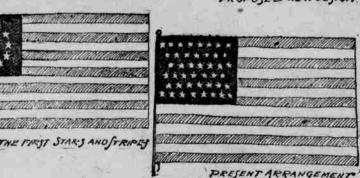


HIS HUT AND THE HOUSE OF HIS GUARD ON DEVIL'S ISLAND. Off the coast of French Guiana lies a group of three little islands-Joseph Island, Royal Island and Devil's Island. The last of these, a mere flat-topped, rocky islet, with a little sparse tropical greenery upon it, was chosen in 1804 as the place of Dreyfus' confinement, and there he has been ever since. A little wooden but, the door of which gives on to a yard surrounded by a strong stockade, stands on Devil's Island. Higher on the island, but quite close to the hut, is the guardwhere the sentries live, and above it rises a watch tower in which is nounted a Hotchkiss gun. The island is moated round by the deep sea, the pris out is fenced in with a strong palisade, and over but and yard and island is the Hotchkiss gun in its all-commanding tower. Small chance of escape, were escape dreamed of! And yet it is said that the unfortunate man thus shut out from the

HOW SHALL THE NEW FLAG BE MADE?



PROPOSED NEW DESIGN



Uncle Sam's new possessions will demand representation on Old Glory, as is certainly their right, but the fact is that on the flag as at present designated therescarcely room for them. The last addition of States has so filled the field that e stars are too small and so crowded together that they no longer stand out distinetly when the glorious banner is waving in the breeze. This difficulty could only be overcome in the present design by enlarging the field, but this would destroy the proper proportions of our standard. The accompanying design for a new flag has been suggested, and there are many points in its favor. The many-pointed star with blue field on a background of red and white stripes is not unlike the conventional sunburst. The inner cluster represents the thirteen States which created the Union. The surrounding circle contains twenty-three stars—the number equaling that of the States admitted to the Union up to the close of the civil war, this noble cluster typifying the welding together and perfect preservation of the Union. The outer circle contains the new States, and it will be readily seen that there is

There is a reason for this. Sorcery is science seen upside down. There is a confused groundwork of truth, a falla-

as proved basis for his illusory edifice. Superstitions are at core the same evless to transact business. His daily stricted knowledge is all that science

Though a witty retort is not an argument, it often serves as a spring-board sallants' heads. Col. T. W. Higginson, in the Atlantic Monthly, tells how, while a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, he was made a victim of sary.

He was arguing against a bill for the prohibition of oleomargarine, and insisting that good oleomargarine was better than bad butter. He fortified his argument by a story of a gentletute without explanation at a luncheon, The Present Remarkable Revival of and who, on asking his guests to com- flon of the Magi. They march slowly pare it with the best butter, also on the table, found them all selecting the oleo-

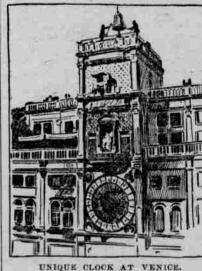
Suddenly Mr. - arose, and with the profoundest seriousness asked: "Will the gentleman kindly inform us

the community under pseudo-scientific ment of the guests would lose some of

world was actually put in irons-chained down to his plank bed-soon after the commencement of his imprisonment.

CLOCK OF VENICE.

Great Timepiece that Is Quite as Unique as the Strasburg Wonder. The only reason the European traveler goes to Strasburg is to see the capital. It is in a beautiful white tower at the east end of the old Procuratic, near St. Mark's. It was built



cold; he shuddered at it. For the mo- system. Not one of his employes puts spair to the mystics and the adepts, the tonio Rizzo. The tower is some hunment he was disposed to go and let in as many hours of solid work as the Cagliostros and the Humes, who stand dred feet high, and surmounting it is matters drop; then some faint scent of head of the establishment, for he ready to beckon him into their illusory a big bell, on either side of which stands two bronze giants, whose usual attitude is one of readiness to strike the hours upon the rim with the heavy sledges which they hold. Beneath, on the facade of the tower, is a gilded from which one may vault over his as- statue of the blessed virgin and the infant Jesus, and on either side of the group are square openings, where appear golden numerals which tell of the hours and the minutes. There is no this method of replying to an adver- dial. The numbers are shifted to the openings in some such manner as are the figures in a "cash register." Still lower is a beautiful azure and gold circle of the zodiac,

On Ascension day and for eight days thereafter the numerals do not appear at noontime, but instead issue forth from the right-hand opening a procesand reverently before the madonna and child and as they come abreast of mother and babe they make profound obeisance and one of the wise men with deference jerkily removes his headgear. Ascension day and the week following are gala times in Venice and when the Magi come the plazza is througed with the festal crowds, threaded through with the strand of the most enlightened centers of the instantly, and the rout which followed drawn thither by the unusual specta-

A little below the arch of the tunnel which penetrates the base of the clock tower is a white stone in the pavement which, it is said, marks the spot where the standard bearer of Benjamonte Tiepolo was killed in the early part of the fourteenth century by a heavy stone thrown from a window. The stone was meant for Tiepolo himself, who was heading a conspiracy to assassinate Don Pietro Gradenigo and dissolve the grand council. A banner, hung from the window whence Giustina Rossi threw the stone, long celebrated her act and in 1841 her bust

was placed in a neighboring portico. Palace C r Dog Wagons. Philadelphia has an ambulance for dogs and small animals, the only one of its kind in the world. The exterior of the car is decorated on each side with a vignette of a grand-looking St. Bernard and the inside is covered with removable antiseptic pads to guard against contagious diseases. In order to avoid belligerent encounters between the injured four-footed patients of this traveling hospital, it has been provided with movable slides so that the interior can be divided into various sized compartments. It contains also cages attached to the top and sides for pet birds and poultry.

Happier in Glory. The Lowland Scottish peasant has an

extremely matter-of-fact way of speakng about her relatives' and friends' deaths. The Corubill Magazine tells of a good woman who lost her aunt remarking to a sympathizing visitor: Eh, yes, mem, aunty's deld. But she was very auld and frail. She's far better awa, and far hoopler in glory, and I got a hunner pounds o' a legacy."

Caller-Mrs. DeStytle is not in, you my? Why, I saw her through the window as I came up the steps. Servant blandly)-Shure, mum, that was only ber shadow you saw .- Truth.