

HOW TO HOLD A HUSBAND.



The best known guide to married happiness is to hold the husband as you won the lover—by cheerfulness of disposition, patience and keeping your youthful looks. Of course a great many women are handicapped by those ills to which women are heir. The constantly recurring troubles which afflict her are apt to cause a soured disposition, nervousness and a beclouded mind.

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OREGON'S WOOL CLIP.

It Was Worth Last Year Nearly \$2,500,000.

Boston, Jan. 26.—According to the annual report made public by the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, Oregon's 2,000,000 sheep gave up, in 1904, 14,500,000 pounds of fleece, averaging 7.25 pounds each and shrinking 69 per cent, piling down the scoured total of 4,495,000 pounds at 55 cents per pound, against 52 cents the year before, making a lump sum of \$2,472,250 for the year 1904.

Utah's total clip was 13,162,500 pounds of washed and unwashed, or 4,324,635 of scoured. The average shrinkage per fleece was 67 per cent, and the average weight 6.5 pounds. The average price received was 55 cents, or 6 cents better than in 1903, and the total receipts were \$2,378,549.

California's total production of washed and unwashed wools for the year was 11,781,250 pounds, or 3,770,000 pounds of the scoured product. The fleeces averaged 7.25 pounds in weight, shrinking 68 per cent. The average value was 53 cents per pound, or \$1,998,100 for the whole, an increase of 3 cents per pound over the previous year.

Nevada has 600,000 sheep, which produced 4,200,000 pounds of washed and unwashed wool, equaling 1,260,000 pounds of scoured. Nevada fleeces averaged seven pounds each, with a shrinkage of 70 per cent, and worth 57 cents per pound against 52 cent the year before, or a total of \$718,200 for the year.

Arizona's 620,000 sheep produced 4,340,000 pounds of wool in the rough, averaging seven pounds to the fleece, and shrinking 62 per cent. This brought the scoured total to 1,345,400 pounds at 53 cents per pound, against 49 cents in 1903, or a total value of \$713,000.

Montana's grand total of production was 37,773,000 pounds, as stated previously, at an average weight of 6.75 per fleece. The shrinkage of 64 per cent reduced the final total of scoured to 13,592,280 pounds. The 55 cents per pound received brought the total receipts to \$7,479,054 for the state. Wyoming's 29,450,000 pounds in the rough was reduced to 8,835,000 pounds by the 70 per cent shrinkage of the average 7.75 fleeces, and the amount received for this was \$4,859,250, at 55 cents per pound, an increase from 49, like that of Montana, Idaho's 14,950,000 pounds in the rough averaged 6.5 to the fleece, and shrunk 65 per cent to 5,232,500 pounds, which sold for \$2,877,275, or 55 cents per pound, a 6-cent increase over 1903. Washington's total production was 4,480,000 pounds, or, with an average shrinkage of 68 per cent, 1,433,000 pounds of scoured, valued at \$759,808, or 53 cents per pound. Fleeces averaged eight pounds each.

BEE-TUGAR MEN CONFIDENT.

Champions in Senate Have Records For Long-Distance Talking.

Washington, Jan. 29.—Senators and Representatives from the beet-sugar states are determined to prevent the passage of any bill at the present session of Congress intended to reduce the duty on Philippine sugar, and in the fight they will have the co-operation of delegations from Southern States which are interested alike in the cane sugar and tobacco industries. The prospects are that the beet-sugar men will win out.

In the little time remaining after the Swayne trial is ended, the Senate must consider and pass the several appropriation bills, and taking out the time required for this absolutely necessary legislation, there will be little left for the consideration of other measures. So little time will there be, in fact, that any bill to which there is any marked opposition will not be able to get through the Senate.

It so happens that the opponents of reduction of the duty on Philippine

ALASKA HAS A POOR SHOW.

Senators Pay Little Attention to Interest of Big Territory.

Washington, Jan. 29.—The determination of the Senate to dispose of the Swayne impeachment case means, according to Senate leaders, that most of the time between now and March 4 will be taken up in court duty, to the exclusion of legislative matters, save only the necessary supply bills. All legislation which encounters objection will have to go over.

This means not only the defeat of the ship subsidy, interstate commerce and statehood bills, but the defeat of all legislation relating to Alaska. It had been hoped that several Alaskan measures might be passed before adjournment, but that hope has been dashed. Plans had already been laid for bringing forward the Alaska delegate bill, passed by the House last session. But Alaska will get no delegate by grace of the 58th Congress. Neither will Alaska get much else, save what is provided in the regular appropriation bills.

Alaska is weak in the Senate for two reasons: All Alaskan legislation encounters opposition from a few men, but what is more significant, few Senators have any real interest in the great district, and not more than a dozen men make any effort whatever to push through legislation which Alaska seeks. There is more opposition to the delegate bill than to any other Alaska bill now pending, and this opposition will be able to put a quietus on the Cushman bill, so far as the present session is concerned.

Eruption of Krakatoa in 1901 Scattered Dust All Over Central Europe.

In the course of a paper on "The Cornish Dustfall of January, 1904," read before the Royal Meteorological society at 70 Victoria street recently, Mr. H. R. Mill said that since the Krakatoa eruption in '83, when the volcanic dust thrown into the air made itself apparent for many months all over the world in a long series of brilliant sunsets, the most remarkable instance of far-traveled dust was that which occurred in March, 1901, reports the London Telegraph. In Italy the rain fell so thickly charged with red sand that the peasants took it for blood and became panic-stricken. For three days the dust cloud traveled northward over central Europe, substantial traces falling as far north as the Danish islands, and instances in which it reached parts of England and Scotland had been recorded. A large quantity of similar dust fell about January 21 last in Cornwall over an area of 2,000 square miles, and the conclusion seemed to be that about his time the atmosphere over the extreme west of Europe consisted of air which had come from the African deserts, carrying with it a quantity of fine dust, of which a mere vestige—some 100,000 tons or so—had been caught in its fall and carried to the shores of the channel. There seemed to be little doubt that the farmers of the west of England had this spring plowed many tons of the sand of the Sahara into their furrows.

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HEPPNER, - ORE.

STEALERS OF BOOKS.

People Who Purloin Volumes from Public Libraries.

Large Numbers of Books Disappear Every Year in Spite of Perpetual Vigilance of Attaches.

While it may be taken for granted that the great body of readers who frequent any public library are honest, both in practice and intention, there will always remain a certain number who are conspicuously the reverse. In all public libraries a large number of volumes disappear during the 12 months of a year; a few of these may have been lost through carelessness while in circulation, but the greater number of them have been stolen, says the Philadelphia Record. This fact being freely admitted in the reports of all librarians, the question naturally arises: Who are the thieves? Do they steal the books in order to sell them, or does their dishonesty arise from a diseased love of literature?

Melvil Dewey, who may be regarded as an authority on the subject, has truthfully declared that it is almost impossible to tell a library thief at sight. He may hide his dishonesty beneath an exterior as smug and sanctimonious as that of Pecksniff. A prominent lawyer of Brooklyn, of distinguished appearance and fine manners, made a regular practice of stealing the periodicals in a well-known public library. Being caught at it one day and accused by the librarian, he put on an air of great dignity, hotly declared he was insulted and walked out. But the magazine the lawyer had stolen was found thrown down in the entry, and he never again reappeared in that library. At the New York mercantile library a young woman was discovered leaving the rooms with one book, which she was entitled to, in her hand, and five others hidden under her cloak. She proved to belong to a well-to-do family, and was amply able to buy all the books she could need.

The late Dr. William F. Poole, who was in charge of the Chicago public library, declared that many clergymen had, as regards books, an imperfect appreciation of the laws of meum tuum. He had found ministers more remiss in returning books than any other class of men. He did not intend to reflect on a noble and sacred profession by charging the derelictions of the few upon the many, but he believed the truth about the matter should be told. He had had unpleasant experiences with men of that calling, who, after stealing books from the library, had removed the book plates and library stamp and covered the volumes with heavy paper, carefully pasted down inside the covers. This statement seems to be borne out by the record of the Union theological seminary at New York, in its dealings with ministers and theological students. According to the librarian's report the seminary has lost 1,000 volumes, taken out and not returned. This, of course, included what were charged out, but could not be recovered.

The long history of the Mercantile library of Philadelphia furnishes many strange cases of this form of petty larceny. At a certain period in the somewhat checkered career of this time-honored institution a number of valuable books were missed from its shelves, and means were taken to detect the culprit. This led to the discovery that the thief was a physician in the most respectable sense of the word.

Uncle Sam's Salt-Water Farm. For 30 years the United States commission of fish and fisheries has been making a study of Uncle Sam's salt-water farm, its products and the men who work it.

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.

It Sounded Strange, But Considering the Situation There Was Nothing Remarkable About It.

A matron of Mount Pleasant, through the need of a lead pencil, furnished no end of embarrassment to the passengers of a Fourteenth street car one morning lately, says the Washington Post. She evidently had come down town, as her attire would indicate, for the express purpose of shopping, and the conspicuous bag which she carried was plainly intended to play an important part in the tour, expressing, as it were, the matron's independence of the pleasure of the delivery wagons.

As the car neared the business part of town it became somewhat crowded, and the conductor's request to "sit closer, please," had rendered every one's discomfort plainly apparent. Particularly true was it to the tall, stately, well-groomed man who sat next to the resident of Mount Pleasant, all of which seemed to be her cue to begin fumbling around in the deep bag, and finally extracting the inevitable shopping list which was carefully examined and again placed in the dark recesses of the bag.

Then the matron suddenly thought of something, so again the list saw the light of day. No, the article was not there, and from her attitude it must have been important and not to be forgotten, so the search for the lead pencil began, during which time the dignified gentleman had very much more than his share of jolting, which oftener than once interrupted his review of the morning paper. However he was very good natured about it, and every time the little woman said "beg pardon" his hand endeavored to reach his hat and his polite nod assured her that it was granted. But the lead pencil could not be found. Bag and pocketbook had been turned inside out, still it was nowhere to be seen. Withal she was a modest little woman and seemed to hesitate about asking the conductor or some one near her for a pencil. But with a quick resolve she gently touched her neighbor's arm. "Beg pardon," she said, "may I borrow your shoestrings?" Of course there was a general titter throughout the car.

"My shoestrings, madam?" said the aristocratic looking man.

"Oh, did I say shoestrings!" exclaimed the little woman. "I meant your lead pencil; shoe strings is what I want to add to my shopping list."

The little woman soon returned the pencil amid blushes and thanks, and settled back in her seat determined to remain quiet until her destination was reached. Then the Willard was in sight and the stately gentleman prepared to leave the car, the conductor in the meanwhile having entered it.

"Good morning, senator," said the conductor, as his passenger passed out.

Everybody, of course, looked at the little woman from Mount Pleasant, who had heard, too.

Spoiled Her Beauty

Harriet Howard, of 219 W. 34th St., New York, at one time had her beauty spoiled with skin trouble. She writes: "I had Salt Rheum on my face for years, but nothing would cure it, until I used Buxton's Arnica Salve." A quick and sure healer for cuts, burns and sores. 25c at Slocum Drug Co's drug store.

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