

RACE WAGERS IN INDIA.

Native's Method of Choosing a Winner and Making Bets.

The native of India wagers his money according to the colors worn by the jockeys and takes no heed of the merits of the horses, or he will back a horse ridden by his favorite jockey, no matter whether the animal is a rank outsider or not.

His ideas of gambling, in fact, are distinctly novel. Some of the more wealthy Indians form rings and back every horse in the race, thus gaining the satisfaction of getting a winner every time. It is really only of late years that the native of India has become a habitual gambler on the turf, and nowadays the bulk of the betting of the various racing centers in India is done by natives. Indeed, the authorities are somewhat concerned about the growth of the betting which takes place among Indian natives. It has been asserted that as many as thirty lacs of rupees (about £300,000) is lost and won in the course of a season.

The ignorant masses have not a great deal of actual money to wager, but so badly bitten are many of them with the craze for betting at race meetings that they frequently wager what little property they possess on a horse, and if they lose they simply replace their loss by stealing a neighbor's goods. The consequence is that when the racing season comes around the police are kept very busy dealing with cases of petty larceny and other crimes involving loss of property.—London Trib.

NOT ANNOYED.

The Directors Were Rather Pleased at the Barrister's Refusal.

Mr. Reader Harris, K. C., was once offered a brief marked 50 guineas on behalf of a railway company that wished to obtain a refreshment license for a particular railway station. He returned the brief on conscientious grounds, but later on it was sent back to him with a fee of 100 guineas marked on it. This time he returned it with a note in which he explained that his refusal was due to a matter of principle. Subsequently he met one of the directors of the company and expressed a hope that he and his colleagues were not annoyed at his conduct.

"Not at all," said the director. "I'll tell you all about it. So-and-so, the big brewer, was sitting on the board for the first time at the meeting at which the solicitor reported that your brief marked 50 guineas had been returned. 'Who's this psalm singing humbug?' he asked. 'Mark the brief 100 guineas and I'll bet you anything you like he'll take it.' 'Oh, you will, will you?' asked the chairman. You see, we all knew you, Harris. We took the brewer on at 5 to 1 in five pound notes. He booked the bets with every one of us, and he has paid up."—London Scraps.

A Curious Receipt.

Hanover's registrar discovered a very curious document some time ago as he was looking through a bundle of papers that date back to the eighteenth century. The document is a receipt—probably the only one of its kind in existence—which was given to a Hanoverian captain by a canon of Dunsburg during the Seven Years' war. "I, the undersigned," it reads, "hereby acknowledge that I have received fifty blows of a stick, which were inflicted upon me by a lieutenant of Captain B.'s regiment as a punishment for the stupid and frivolous calumnies which I have uttered in regard to the regiment of chassours. For my impudent words I now admit that I am profoundly sorry. I received my punishment lying on a heap of straw and held by two men, and I bear testimony to the fact that the officer struck me as vigorously as he could with a stick that was as thick as my finger. "In proper form and with due gratitude I sign this receipt and avow that all therein is true."

Hard to Kill.

A crocodile's tenacity of life is most remarkable. "I remember one time," says a traveler in India, "I was with a shooting party on the Ganges when the natives brought in a six foot crocodile. They hoped some one would want to buy it, but no one did, so it was determined to kill the creature. It was hauled out of the tank and tied to a tree. Bullets from a small rifle or an ordinary gun seemed only to irritate the scurrier, nor did he seem to care very much when a native thrust a spear down his throat. Finally they were obliged to dispatch him with axes. Even then the tail thrashed about for no little time after."

Not That Kind.

"Once in a Bible lesson," said a Sunday school teacher, "I repeated the text, 'Arise and take thy young child and his mother and flee into Egypt.' And then I showed the children a large picture that illustrated the text in bright colors. "The children studied this picture eagerly. Then they all frowned; all looked rather disappointed. Finally a little girl said: "Teacher, where is the flea?"

Where to Sing.

"I will sing something restful to you, dear," said a lady to her morose husband. "Shall I sing 'Far, Far Away'?" "I wish you would," was the bitter reply. "It would save the trouble of apologizing to the neighbors."

How These Girls Love One Another. Maud—And the last thing that Henry did was to give me a kiss. Mabel—Indeed! I should think that is about the last thing he would do.—Illustrated Bits.

THE RAT KING.

His Method Was Successful, but It Remains a Secret.

In the early sixties of the last century the Smithsonian Institution was infested with rats. Nothing in the building seemed to be rat proof. They ate skins cured with arsenical soap or table linen or the contents of Professor Henry's pantry without discrimination. Every one in the city, from Professor Henry to the bootblack, had one subject in common, and that was "rats."

As Professor Henry, who lived in the east end of the building, was listening to an account of the ruin wrought in his home during that day Professor Spencer Baird walked in and said, just as if he had been following every word of the family conversation, "I have just been told that there is a man in Philadelphia who can rid this place of rats."

Professor Henry's eyes expressed interest and incredulity at the same moment.

"I have his address here," went on the assistant secretary. "He calls himself the 'ratten konig' and won't take a cent if a rat remains and has"—

"We'll send for him if it takes our last thousand cents to do it!" said Professor Henry and laughingly predicted the repetition of the famous old tale of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Several days later the "rat king" appeared in Washington. He was almost as short as he was broad and wore clothes too loose for description; they had no shape. He carried a large oilcloth sack and a covered basket. His penetrating blue eyes were almost covered by shaggy eyebrows, and his blond hair had not been cut, but ragged. His manner was short and brisk, and he went straight to the point, talking to Professor Henry in German.

He declared that not a rat would be in the building three days hence if his directions were obeyed. During that time he would stay in the basement alone; every door was to be locked, and on no account was he to be disturbed until he gave them the signal. So they left him in absolute darkness and carried out his directions.

On Sunday morning the queer old man emerged from the darkness so confident of his success that he refused to accept the money which was his due then and there, but insisted that Professor Henry mail the check to him in Philadelphia the following week.

"Now you can leave your food in the basement, and it won't be touched. And I won't take a cent if you are troubled with rats," were his parting words.

Cheese and cake were directly placed about the building to tempt the rats. Morning after morning they were found as they had been left, and from that day to this the Smithsonian Institution has never been seriously troubled with rats. And no one has ever found out the secret of the "rat king's" method.—Youth's Companion.

Washington's High Priced Shad.

Washington's steward was a man named Fraunces, who liked good living and with whom Washington continually quarreled about the marketing. One time he bought a shad in February, and as Washington saw it coming into the dining room he was charmed and asked what fish it was.

"It is a shad," replied the steward, "a very fine shad. It was the only one in the market, and I bought it for you."

"But what did you pay for it?" said Washington sternly.

"It is a very fine shad," continued the steward, "and it is cooked to a turn."

"But I want to know the price—the price!"

"It cost \$3," stammered out Fraunces.

"Take it away," said Washington as he raised his hand; "take it away. It shall never be said that I set such an example of luxury and extravagance."

And with that he drove the steward out of the room, and the shad was eaten in the servants' kitchen.

She Liked Silk Hosiery.

Susan B. Anthony was a woman of simple taste in dress, but her close friends knew of one pretty feminine vanity that she always held to. She had a weakness for silk stockings. Being pressed on one occasion for an explanation of what most women at one time regarded as an unnecessary extravagance, she laughingly exclaimed: "Oh, I just love 'em! They are an inspiration. If I have my silk stockings on when I rise to make an address I feel just as if I am walking among the clouds. They help me to soar away on flights of eloquence. I wouldn't be without them."

Just the Thing.

The poet took his silver mounted pistol from the bureau drawer. "What are you going to do with that?" asked his timid wife. "I'm going to use it to drive the wolf from the door," he answered. Ten minutes later the pawnbroker had advanced \$2 on it.—Chicago News.

Headed Him Off.

He—You know, Clara, about the diamond engagement ring I want to give you, diamonds have gone up so— She—Oh, you dear boy! How sweet of you to want to make sacrifices to prove your love.—Baltimore American.

Lost Opportunity.

Wife—I remember the night you proposed to me—I bent my head and said nothing. Hub (comfortingly)—I know it worries you, dear; but never mind—you've made up for it since.—Exchange.

A man should stand erect, not be kept erect by others.—Marcus Aurelius.

In Danger of Forfeiting Respect. "Come, Josiah," said Mrs. Gottlieb, "bury up and make a kick about something or they'll think we ain't never in a first class place before."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Still Worrying. I wish I were a polar bear—I do, upon my soul. I might have saved these days of care, in which I've raved and torn my hair and worried till my nerves are bare, by knowing how and why and where And who and which one of this pair Discovered that old pole. —Boston Herald.

Sordid Consideration. "Will your new play have a happy ending?" asked the friend. "I won't be able to say," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "until I balance my books at the close of the season."—Bohemian Magazine.

Accomplishments. Jane had a wondrous mind; Ethel was fair; Gwendolin had a kind Of haughty air; Maude can sing well; Marie For painting has a bug. I shall wed Mabel—she Is nice to hug! —Boston Herald.

Helps Some. "Smith must be prosperous at last." "Why? Has he paid what he owed you?" "No, but he tries to borrow bigger sums than he used to."—Cleveland Leader.

Disappointing. The pumpkin is most fair to see. For yellow luster you can't beat it. Perhaps that's why it seems to be A gold brick when you try to eat it. —Washington Star.

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Administrator's Sale of Real Property.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Umatilla County.

In the matter of the estate of Kate Cunningham, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as administrator of the estate of Kate Cunningham, deceased, pursuant to order of the above entitled County Court made on December 21, 1909, will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, at one o'clock p. m., on January 24th, 1910, at the front door of the Court House of Morrow County, Oregon, in the town of Heppner in that county, the following described real property belonging to said estate, in said Morrow County, to wit: The east half of section 16 in township 1 south of range 29 east of Willamette Meridian; all sales to be made subject to confirmation by said County Court.

Dated December 23, 1909.

CHARLES CUNNINGHAM, Administrator of the estate of Kate Cunningham, deceased. Dec 20 Jan 27

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION: Isolated Tract.

Public Land Sale. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, December 24th, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906 (34 Stat., 817), we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 17th day of February 1910, at this office, the following described land:

The W 1/4 SW 1/4 section 32, T 2 N, and the SW 1/4 NE 1/4 section 6, T 3 S, R. 29 E, W. M., serial No. 03948.

Any persons claiming adversely the above described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

Dec 30 Jan 27 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register. COLON R. EBERHARD, Receiver.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, LaGrande, Oregon, December 29, 1909.

Notice is hereby given, that the State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office its application to select under the provisions of the act of Congress of August 14, 1898, and the acts supplementary and amendatory thereto, the SE 1/4 NW 1/4 and SW 1/4 NW 1/4 section 28, T. 1 S, R. 27 E W. M., serial No. 07420.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands above described or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land or for any other reason to the disposal of applicant, may file their affidavits of protest in this office at any time prior to the approval or certification of said selection by the honorable Commissioner of the General Land Office Dec 30 Jan 27 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at LaGrande, Oregon, January 10, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Oliver A. Devin, of Heppner, Oregon, who, on December 16, 1904, made homestead entry No. 1400, serial No. 0289, for lot 4, SW 1/4 of NW 1/4 and W 1/4 of SW 1/4 section 5, township 2 S range 27 E, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. P. Williams, U. S. Commissioner at his office, at Heppner, Oregon, on the 28th day of February, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses: James A. Brown, John H. Edwards, Oscar O. Edwards and Miffitt J. Devin, all of Heppner, Oregon.

Jan 10 Feb 17 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

Gazette and Semi-weekly Journal \$1.75.

Notice For Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at LaGrande, Oregon, October 11, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Artemus Brown of Heppner, Oregon, who, on July 11th, 1904 made homestead entry No. 13996, serial No. 0267, for 1/2 NE 1/4 NW 1/4 section 18, township 2 N, Range 27 E, W. M., has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. P. Williams, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Heppner, Oregon, on the 6th day of December, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles Ridgway, Enoch Cave, John F. Ridgway and Walter Davis, all of Heppner, Oregon.

Oct 11 Nov 18 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

Knights of Pythias.

Doric Lodge No. 25, K. of P.—Meets every Tuesday evening. Visiting members invited.

VAWTER CRAWFORD, C. C.
CRAWFORD CRAWFORD, K. of P. & S.