For Sale or Trade—For Ore. or Wash. Land, 40 a. all cult., near Cedaredge, Delta Co., Colo.; house, barn, outbldgs., 7-a. orchard, etc.
E. W. Stolte, Cedaredge, Colo.

For Sale—320 a. near Colville, Stevens Co., Wash.; 40 a. cult., bal. timber; 4-r. house, barn, outbldgs., 2-a. orchard, stock, machinery, etc.
L. E. Hedrick, Colville, Wash.

For Sale or Trade for Western Property—320 a. in Lee Co., Ill.; 125 a. cult.; 12-r. dwelling, modern barn, outbldgs., sheds, etc.
I. P. Clarke, Franklin Grove, Ill.

The Wrong Burns.

At the town of Ayr, two miles out of Glasgow, stands the cottage built by William Burns, in which his son Robert was born. A Californian, who was in Scotland recently, was asked if he would like to see the cottage of William Burns. "Sure, I'll go," responded the American, "but I'm blessed if I see how he finds time to live there very much."

Putting It Delicately.

He was a stage aspirant, and had contrived somehow to gain an introduction to a well known manager, who agreed to fix a date for a trial. This duly came off, and expectantly the aspirant awaited the verdict. "What do you think of it?" he asked, after a deep silence. "Well," the manager replied slowly, "all I can say is that if ever you are put in prison for acting it will be a grave miscarriage of justice."

Erratic Traveler.

Opportunity is the slowest thing in the world when it is approaching you; but when it is going in the other direction it travels faster than light.

Leisurely.

"The hired man fell off the fence down in the meadow lot just now!" "Had he hit the ground when you left?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Boy's Idea of the Veil.

Little Burney attended a wedding where the bride wore a veil. While going home he said: "Mamma, when you married did you wear curtains?"

NURSERYMEN WILL ATTEND

Annual Rose Show in Portland to Be Great Event.

Portland, Or.—The National Nurserymen's association of America will hold its annual convention in Portland next June and a large majority of the 3000 delegates will come to Portland in time to take in the Rose show and Rose festival. The Rose festival week comes June 9 to 14, and the floral exhibit will be one of the greatest drawing cards for the first three days of the celebration. The National Nurserymen's association is the most important floral organization in the United States and in the membership and among the delegates who will be here will be the foremost professional rosarians in the country.

Special attention will be given to their entertainment while here and the judging in the Rose show competitions will probably be done by some of these experts.

BEST PLACE TO KEEP FRUIT

Space Between Beams Provides Dry Spot the Most Fitted for Its Proper Preservation.

Where persons have a house with eight or ten-inch beams on which the floor is laid in the first story, the spaces between the beams make an excellent place to keep canned fruit in the cellar.

Boards can be nailed firmly to the underside of the beams, forming shelves on which the fruit can be set. Wide boards are best.

The air is dryer in this point in the cellar than at any other place, and there is a freer circulation, too, keeping the fruit in a more even temperature and better atmosphere than is possible in a fruit cupboard or on shelves built along the side walls.

In erecting such shelves care should be taken to secure the boards well with nails. A good plan is to saw the boards to fit a certain place, allowing the ends to be just even with the sides of the beams. Then a small board can be nailed firmly on the end of the shelf and, when in place, nailed to the outside of the beams.

Meddling Stage Directors.

In a recent lawsuit regarding the ownership of a play a stage director testified that in thirty-two years' theatrical experience he had never heard of a play being produced as originally written. "The chief duty of a stage director," he said, "is meddling with manuscripts. I have even heard of stage directors who tried to improve on Shakespeare by revamping his works."

My Symphony.

To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quickly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and songs, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common—this is to be my symphony.—Channing.

Direct Hint.

They had been talking as they walked. She had remarked pathetically: "Oh, it must be terrible to a man to be rejected by a woman!" "Indeed it must," was his response. Then, after a while, with sympathetic ingenuousness, she exclaimed: "It doesn't seem that I could ever have the heart to do it." And there came a silence between them as he thought it over.

Was Even More Upset.

"I can't understand how you have the presumption to think I would permit my daughter to become your wife." "It does seem rather surprising. I suppose; but cheer up, You're not half so badly upset as I was when she suggested it to me."

Oldest Known Prescription.

The oldest prescription in the world is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is on a piece of stone 3x4 inches in size and was probably written 3,500 years ago in Egypt. The prescription takes up both faces of the stone and is written in the old cursive characters, the compound being a remedy that was used for a fumigation.

Awake.

"That man talks a great deal, but you must admit that he's wide awake." "Well," replied Farmer Corntossel, reflectively, "you couldn't expect a man to fall asleep during one of his own speeches."

Not Many.

"Women are living longer than they did a generation ago," says a statistical authority. Yes, but will they own up to being any older?—Exchange.

Poetry and Music.

If I had to live my life again I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.—Charles Darwin.

Sand Cure for Fatigue.

One of the most efficacious cures for fatigue from overwork consists in walking barefoot in sand. The nerves of the sole and heel are slightly irritated by coming in contact with the grains and accelerate the circulation of the blood in all parts of the body. The effect produced is highly invigorating. Besides this, the monotony of an ample extent of yellow sand exercises a soporific effect on the brain which induces sleep.—Harper's Weekly.

Saving of Men.

Men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward, and the hand may be a little child's.—George Eliot.

Love as Form of Religion.

Love at its highest point—love sublime, unique, invincible—leads us straight to the brink of the great abyss, for it speaks to us directly of the infinite and of eternity. It is eminently religious; it may even become religion.—Amiel.

For the LITTLE ONES

CARD SERVES AS DIAPHRAGM

Interesting and Instructive Experiment May Be Tried With Any Talking Machine.

Here is an amusing and instructive experiment that may be tried with any talking machine. Heretofore it has been supposed that the needle and sound box were necessary to transmit the words or music etched in the disks or rolls used as records on these machines. You may be surprised to know that an ordinary visiting card, or any similar card, will be quite effective as a diaphragm. As the disk revolves push aside the needle and apply the corner of the

Card as Diaphragm.

card to the surface. It will receive and transmit the sounds perfectly clearly. Of course, such a primitive transmitter has neither the volume nor the expression of the regular apparatus, but it is most interesting as a scientific experiment and will afford a great deal of amusement as well as furnish food for thought.

REAL MEANING OF "POTLUCK"

Inhabitants of Limoges Make One Plunge With Ladle and Take Whatever They Can Get.

The real origin of the word "potluck" is unknown to most of the people who use it. In Limoges, France, however one runs into potluck itself, remarks the New York Sun. In a certain corner of that quaint city of jostling roofs there is still segregated, much as if in a ghetto, a Saracen population, probably a remnant of the wave of Saracens that swept over Europe hundreds of years ago. Here they live in their crooked, narrow streets, following old customs handed down from generation to generation. There are many butcher shops in the quarter and outside of each steams a great pot of soup over a glowing brazier. In each pot stands a ladle as ancient as the pot.

When a customer comes with a penny in goes the ladle and comes up full of savory broth and chunks of meat, odds and ends that the butcher has had left over. And what comes up the customer has to take. One can imagine how anxiously the hungry urchin or the mother of seven must eye the inexorable ladle and how a pretty girl might get another draw from the butcher's boy.

At any rate "to take potluck" means to take what you get and say nothing whether the pot is in Limoges or in the flat of the man who eagerly invites a friend of his youth to dinner.

RIDDLES.

Which is the largest room in the world?

The room for improvement.

When can you drink out of a flagstaff?

When it holds a flagon.

How high ought a lady to wear her dress?

A little higher than two feet.

Why do little birds in their nests agree?

Because they are high men (Hymen).

Which is the most dangerous bat that flies in the air?

A brickbat.

Why is a flirtation like plate powder?

Because it brightens up spoons.

How long did Cain hate his brother?

As long as he was Abel.

Why is a bad cold a great humiliation?

Because it brings the proudest man to his sneeze (his knees).

Why is a tumbler like a pugilist?

Because he can't get his living without some assaults (somersaults).

Why is ivy climbing a tree like a watch?

Because it's a stem winder.

When are roads like corpses?

When they are men-ded

Why is cold cream like a good chaperon?

Because it keeps off the chaps.

When is a blow from a lady welcome?

When she strikes you agreeably.

What snufftaker is that whose box gets fuller the more snuff he takes?

A pair of snuffers

Glimpse of Real China

LET us put aside the official goggles of Peking and the jeremiads of Chinese worthlessness, and notice some of the ripples stirred by the little white stone of western progress that has been dropped into the well-nigh stagnant pool of Chinese thought. The point of impact is small, but the ripples are expanding.

Geographically, almost in the very heart of the yellow empire, nestles a beautiful summer resort. The lovely, white bungalows, imposing churches and school buildings, telephones and telegraphs scattered over this garden valley 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, seem as though dropped from the hand of some giant fairy, and the more so when we consider that a hundred years ago there was not a Protestant Christian in China, writes Thornwell Haynes in the Philadelphia Record.

But during the hot, trying days of every year at this summer resort of Kuling, just off the great yellow Yangtse, over 100 miles below Hankow, the "Chicago of China," some 1,500 foreigners, consisting mostly of missionaries, interspersed with American, English and German government officials and tourists from all over the east, gather for two or three months to regain depleted strength and store up energy for another year's onslaught against Chinese apathy.

All travelers to Kuling must go by way of the Yangtse to Kiukiang, the river port, whence they go over and up the hills toward the south for several miles to Kuling, and these journeys to and from that Mecca of health are as interesting and helpful as the residence there.

Luxurious Boats.

While American consul at Nanking I took this journey. "Lazy John" had begun to bespeak the coming of the hot summer months, and one early morning of June found myself at Hsiakwan, the port of Nanking, the old southern capital of China, awaiting the up-river steamer toward Hankow.

These boats are models of luxury, the staterooms are large, the berths resemble beds, your servants are allowed free passage, wine is served free at meals, electric bells, fans, lights vie to be nearest at hand—in fact, every convenience and luxuary abounds.

When our vessel docked at the hulk, native passengers began crowding on board, and luggage-carrying coolies were clamoring for pay. Groups of card-playing, opium-smoking Chinese were scattered here and there on the hulk, and if the vessel sailed before the game was finished it made little difference to the traveler—he simply waited for the next boat.

Scores of coolies in their eagerness to make a few "cash" in unloading the cargo of rice sacks, tea, flour, cotton goods and bales of silk, leaped from the hulk to the vessel before it came to a standstill, and I was told that some were drowned in the effort to be first.

Little attention is paid him who thus falls into the water. A rope is sometimes thrown, but before this life-thread can be availed of the vessel often closes in and he is heard of no more.

The Chinaman's idea is that the dragon wants those who are thus unfortunate, and it is tempting the demon's ire to interfere with his designs, not to speak of the responsibility of the rescuer for all the future life of the rescued.

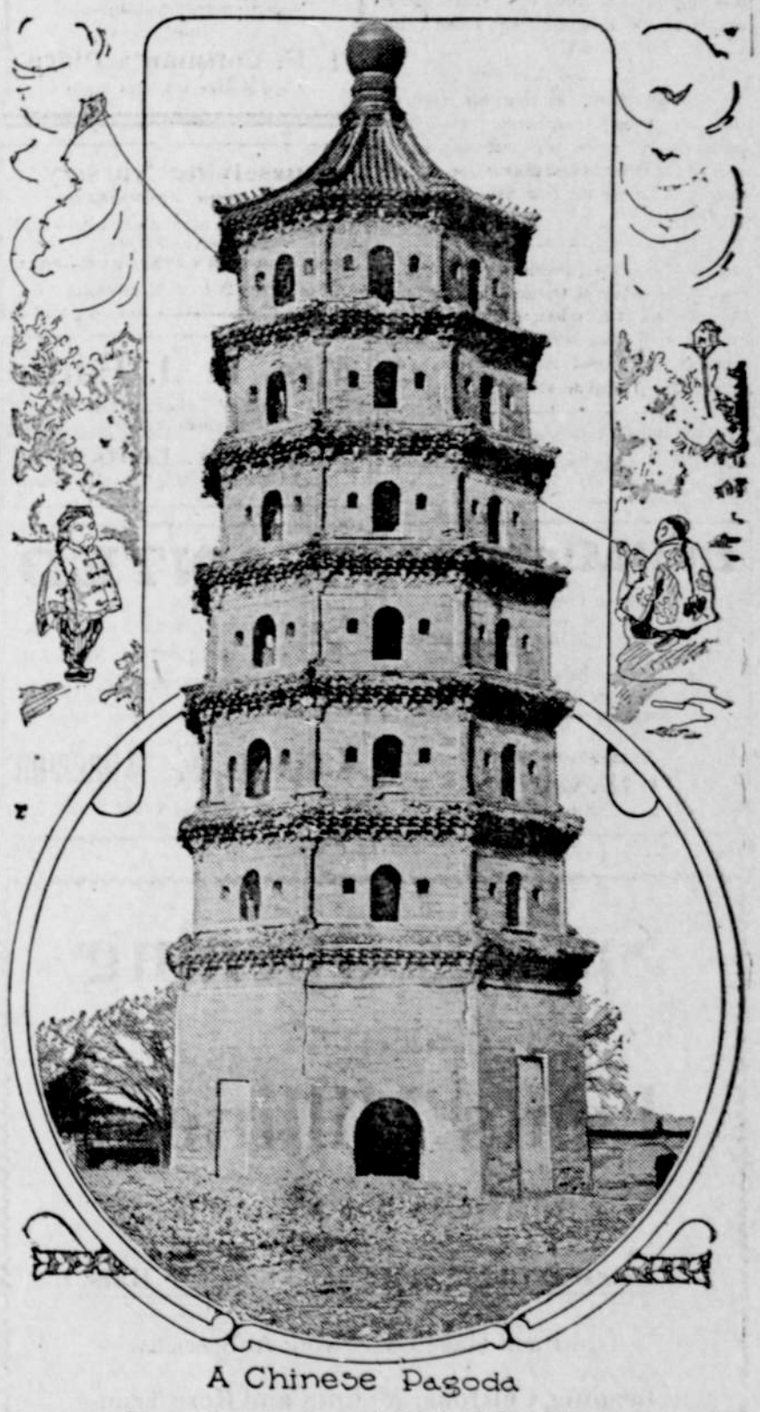
When the cargo is handled, mails exchanged and the passengers aboard, the steamer pushes itself away from the hulk and twists its nose on up river, past every conceivable kind of craft.

The Pagodas.

Farther on up the river, on the north side, was passed Nanking, the capital of Nganhui province, which contains one-third as many inhabitants as the United States. Just at the water's edge is a beautiful pagoda, a most interesting type of that peculiar class of buildings that rise three, five, seven, nine—always an odd number—stories high in the form of a narrow and polygonal obelisk, which is tenanted mostly by idols and bats. The stiffness of the lines of this pagoda has been toned by time; decay has thrown off a brick here and there; the lightning and winds have robbed it of several corners, and Nature has dropped seed on its roofs which the fierce tropical sun has warmed into maturity.

At so frequent intervals on both sides of the river are seen these pagodas that they seem almost a natural feature of the landscape. From them magnificent birdseye views of the surrounding country are obtained; but not all are open to ascent.

The purpose of erecting pagodas is the same as that for which we more civilized nations install systems of sewerage. The pagoda secures health, old age and prosperity. The winds may blow, but they bring no harm, floods may come, but they cause no damage



A Chinese Pagoda