

WALLOWA CHIEFTAIN.

Published Every Week.

ENTERPRISE OREGON.

A thorn in the bush is worth two in the flesh.

Liberty consists of letting your wife do as you please.

Almost every man is lazy, but he doesn't like to admit it.

If a man gets too fresh he deserves to find himself in a pickle.

If a man finds that marriage is a failure he puts it all in his wife's name.

It is easier for some musicians to compose a wedding march than a crying baby.

Self-praise goes a long distance—in an advertising medium of universal circulation.

A sister's love isn't supposed to be expensive—unless it happens to be some other fellow's sister.

Few men have will power enough to do things they don't want to do and don't have to but ought to.

The woman who has found out how to flirt with her husband after the honeymoon need not be afraid of old age.

A man talks knowingly of the inconsistency of women and then proceeds to get mad if one of them proves he is right.

One way to avoid fatal mistakes in distinguishing between mushrooms and toadstools is to confine your operations to parsnips.

The finding of Noah's ark in Alaska would seem to explain the occasional discovery of the remains of a mammoth in that latitude.

Edward Everett Hale is working hard, with prospect of success, to secure a system of state pensions for the worthy and indigent aged in the State of Massachusetts. Old age pension systems are certain to be adopted in this country sooner or later.

Gen. Horace Porter, in his oration at the centenary of the West Point Academy, gave advice good alike for soldier and civilian: "Never under-rate yourself in a battle; never over-rate yourself in a despatch." Valor and modesty combined add glory to the victories of peace, not less than to the triumphs of war.

Amid the applause of the assembled surgeons at the Academie a Paris physician of eminence urged the prompt use of the knife where appendicitis is suspected. The knife's the thing, with which I'll prick the appendix of the king—or the subject, for that matter. For more true joy the surgeon feels with a good sharp knife in his hands and a well-choreographed body on the table than Cato or any other exuberant person of the classic past.

The Department of Agriculture announces a new historical novel entitled "The Bedbug, History and Habits of this Well-Known Insect." In certain respects we might be induced to hail this as the great American novel, embracing as it does the country from Maine to California, from Florida to Alaska. With the habits of this industrious insect the public is more or less familiar, but its history has been enshrouded in mystery and will be read with increasing interest by all admirers of the cunning little creature. We hope this charming book will be advertised according to all the facilities of this enterprising day, and we have no doubt that the first edition has been largely exhausted. Tributes from authors, who have gone into small country hotels for repose and literary environment and inspiration will be placarded in the street cars, and we shall look for such testimonials as "A good scratch goes with every page," and similar appreciative comments on Mr. Mariatt's art.

"Good-morning; how's your health?" "Very good, thank you." "Glad to hear it." "What an unbecomingly liar you are." You are not particularly glad that Jones is enjoying average health, but you said you were. "Why, Mrs. Brown, how pleased I am to see you, and how is Mr. Brown and how is the baby, and why don't you come oftener, and etc." Lying. Way down deep in your heart you are saying, "The horrid thing, I wish she would stay at home." "Delighted, delighted," says the public man at every introduction to Smith of Podunk. He is not delighted. He is bored to death. He is lying because of habit. Conventionality makes liars of us all! We have been taught to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest with books and words that belie our feelings. We have been taught to say things we do not mean. We lie because we are cowards. It is the easiest way out. To tell the truth would often involve us. We lied when we were young to escape punishment or to serve a vivid fancy or for diplomatic purposes, and we have formed the habit. How likely when we get to the portals of heaven that we will lie to St. Peter. We will be asking after his health, and when he says he is quite well we will remark "Glad to hear it."

Judge Sidener, of St. Louis, has decided that a wife has the right to search her husband's trousers at night.

The case was that of Henry Shauer and wife. Mrs. Shauer claimed her husband had disturbed her peace. Shauer's defense was that on several occasions he discovered his wife searching his pockets after he had gone to bed. "That is no defense at all," said Judge Sidener. "A woman has a perfect right to rummage her husband's pockets at night." It needed no judge to declare this inalienable right of a wife. Viewed from any standpoint, the privilege is one of the perquisites of widowhood. Under the common law practice, made and provided, the wife gets the rake-off. It may be remarked that insofar as newspaper editors and some other individuals are concerned, the decision will cut no ice. The trousers pockets are always depleted before night comes. It might, however, be suggested to wives of the rich that they make a closer study of a husband's habit respecting this matter of carrying money. When a husband ostentatiously hangs his trousers on the bed post before retiring and snores inside of five minutes it may be taken for granted that the pockets do not contain over 75 cents in change. Look in his sock if you would find the roll. One other consideration: Is not this decision opposed to public policy? Marriages are becoming more and more unpopular. If this prerogative of a spouse is exploited, will not marriageable men hesitate at the prospect of being looted?

The New York Court of Appeals has recently handed down two decisions which will be of interest to the whole business world. The first is connected with a man's liability for the account he may give of himself to a business agency. A certain New York firm, represented by Clarence Birkett, had told an agency that its assets amounted to more than \$150,000. In consequence of this rating Thomas Tindle had sold the firm several bills of goods. The basis of Mr. Tindle's estimate of the firm was the information he had received from the agency. Pretty soon the firm failed. Mr. Tindle lost. He was determined, however, to see that his deceivers did not get away altogether unscathed. He began suit against them on a charge of fraud. The defense put up was that the firm itself had never made misleading representations to Mr. Tindle in person. It had merely made certain statements to the agency, and the agency had told Mr. Tindle what it thought it knew. If the blame lay anywhere, then, it lay with the agency. This course of reasoning commended itself to the Supreme Court and to the Appellate Court. It seemed defective to the Court of Appeals. The judgment of the lower courts were reversed. Mr. Birkett's firm was held to be guilty of fraud. "Disregarding mere forms and methods it cannot be doubted that the defendant spoke false and deceitful words to the plaintiff through the agency just as effectually as if they had met face to face and the statements had been made directly and personally." Whether this is good law or not it seems excellent justice. One cannot help feeling that statements made to a commercial agency are made to the public and that when the public is misled by them it ought to have some remedy. The second of the two decisions mentioned is concerned with a certain aspect of the relations between a bank and its customer. A New York firm deposited with the Chemical National. The firm's credential man fell into the habit of raising the firm's checks. He put one figure on the stub of the check and another on the check itself. The difference between the two figures he appropriated to his own use. He kept on doing this for two years. During all that time the firm never compared the returned checks with the stubs. It seems odd, therefore, that when the ultimate disclosure came the first thing the firm tried to do was to get the bank to reimburse it for its losses. Naturally the bank refused. Then came the suit. The lower courts found for the plaintiff. The Court of Appeals found for the defendant. The plaintiff, it is held, ought to have examined its vouchers and notified the bank of all discrepancies. This decision seems to be as righteous as the other. A firm cannot ask a bank to protect it against its own employees and its own neglect to make sure that they were not swindling it.

The Royal Observatory, Greenwich. The great increase of British maritime trade in the seventh century rendered the determination of longitude at sea a pressing necessity. The subject was brought to the notice of Charles II., who, understanding that the first requisite was a more accurate knowledge of the positions of the moon and principal stars, founded the Royal Observatory in 1675, on the hill which was formerly the site of a castle occupied by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the alterations being carried out under Sir Christopher Wren. On the Duke's death the property reverted to the Crown, and in succeeding reigns the castle was used as a Royal habitation, a prison, and a place of defence. It was here that the Earl of Leicester was confined when he incurred the displeasure of Queen Elizabeth by marrying the Countess of Essex.

As the Man Sees It. Miss Justout—Wherein, Mr. Wiseman, lies the secret art of conversation? Wiseman—Young lady, listen! Miss Judson—But I am listening! Wiseman—Well, that is all there is of the art of conversing agreeably.—New York Times.

There is so much competition in the world that the man who makes a good living should be a hero with his women folks.

The only man who dares give the star actor any back talk is the prompter.

NATIONAL PRINTERY.

GIGANTIC BUILDING IS NEARING COMPLETION.

Will Have a Floor Space of Over Fourteen Acres and Nearly 4,000 Persons Will Find Employment—127 Presses Will Be Running.

The new government printing office is approaching completion and will be a gigantic affair, writes Rene Baché, the well-known Washington correspondent. It will cost \$2,000,000, and will provide a total floor space of over fourteen acres—more than two and a half times the floor area available in the present establishment. As yet the building is entirely covered with scaffolding, but it is substantially finished, except for the interior woodwork and painting. It will be the greatest printing shop in the world, employing the services of nearly 4,000 people. Accurately speaking, 3,889 persons will toil under its mighty roof, nearly 1,900 of them being women and girls. Each year it will expend the enormous sum of \$4,000,000, nearly three-fourths of it for labor, and in its main composing-room 824 printers will be engaged in setting type. Eight hundred and eighty-five employees will be occupied in binding the books and documents produced, and an additional 685 will do nothing but fold the printed sheets. Figures like these give a notion of the gigantic scale on which the shop will be conducted. Each twelvemonth it will consume for bindings the skins of 30,000 sheep and 11,000 goats, in addition to 75,000 square feet of "Russia leather," made from cowhide. It will use up in a like period 8,000 tons of white paper, 40,000 pounds of printing ink and 37,000 pounds of glue, together with 7,000 pounds of thread for sewing books and pamphlets, and 4,000 packs of gold leaf for the titles of volumes de luxe.

One hundred and twenty-seven presses will be constantly in operation in the great building, their total output in a working day of eight hours being just about 1,000,000 impressions. These presses are of every conceivable kind, one of them being capable of printing cards on both sides from a web of bristol-board at the rate of 65,000 cards per hour, while four other machines turn out 49,000 printed envelopes every six minutes. The quantity of type actually employed will be approximately 1,500,000 pounds, or 750 tons.

No other government spends anything like the amount of money on public printing that is squandered by Uncle Sam. In this particular Congress is always disposed to a reckless extravagance, and hence the huge size of the plant required. Public documents are an important requisite of Senators and Representatives, who scatter them broadcast among their constituents. One hundred tons of a single report now in press will be issued and distributed in this manner, and the total number of volumes of various kinds of literature turned out by the office in a twelvemonth is about 1,000,000, representing a total cost of somewhat more than \$1,000,000.

Nowadays government books, like other kinds of publications, require illustrations, and the cost of these ran up to about \$300,000 last year. It is safe to say that ten years from now Uncle Sam's printing shop will spend pretty nearly half a million dollars for pictures. The most costly illustrations are for the reports for the Department of Agriculture and the bulletins of the Bureau of Ethnology, many of these being in colors. Each bureau furnishes its own pictures, but the printing office has them reproduced by firms in Boston, New York and elsewhere. These firms print the illustrations and return them to Washington, ready to be bound with the text.

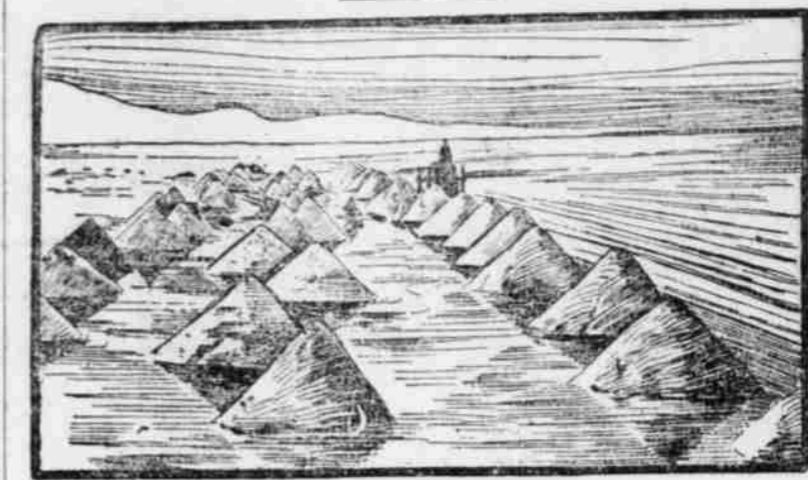
The most important job the big shop has to execute is the printing of the Congressional Record. This daily newspaper, which records nothing but the doings of the National legislature, is written from beginning to end by the official reporters of the House and Senate, who take down in shorthand every word that is said at either end of the Capitol. They dictate from their notes to typewriters, and the material thus reduced to typescript is sent over to the printing offices in batches by messengers. The Record is ready for distribution early next morning. One hundred compositors are employed exclusively in the business of setting type for it, one department of the printing office being devoted exclusively to this publication, which is "set up" and sent to press just like any newspaper, being delivered every day to about 9,000 subscribers. Each representative in Congress gets 22 copies daily, while a Senator is entitled to 42. Anybody may subscribe, the price being \$1.50 a month; but the paper is not directly profitable to Uncle Sam, inasmuch as it costs \$125,000 a year.

The printing of bills is another important feature of the work of the establishment. Though only a few hundred of the measures submitted to Congress in a year become laws, millions of copies of them have to be printed. A bill must go through a great many phases before it can become a law, and during the process of its evolution it has to be printed again and again—perhaps dozens of times. If finally passed, a single copy of it is printed on the finest parchment, and this goes to President Roosevelt for his signature.

MAN WITH A BIG VOICE.

Member of the "Spellbinders' Trust" Tells a Story on Himself. Grouped in the lobby one warm day, taking in the light southerly breeze, were half a dozen of the House leaders.

CURIOUS SALT DEPOSITS.



One of the unique sights of California is the remarkable salt deposits at Salton. This region lies in a depression some 300 feet below sea level, and is thought at one time to have been the bed of an ancient sea or lake. The tract of land looks like a vast snow field.

The rock salt deposits cover about 1,000 acres, and are now worked for commercial purposes. The output from this place is about 2,000 tons of salt annually, valued at from \$6 to \$34 per ton. The labor is done chiefly by Indians, who are able to withstand the intense heat of the desert (running up to 150 degrees in June) better than the white men.

The method employed is as follows: The salt is first collected by a peculiar plough having four wheels, in the center of which sits an Indian to guide it. This is run by a cable from a distant dummy engine. This machine cuts a broad and shallow furrow eight feet wide and three feet long, throwing up the ridges on both sides. Indians follow in the wake of the plough with hoes and pile up the salt in pyramids.

Then and there the "Spellbinders' trust" was formed. The coming campaign and the probable amount of speaking that would be required were discussed at length, and then the members of the trust drifted into anecdotes of the trust.

Charles Littlefield, of Maine, led off. "I'm going to tell one on myself," said he, and soon he had a large and increasing audience, including pages and doorkeepers. Mr. Littlefield's voice, it must be remembered, is famous from Seattle to Eastport, and his constituents in Maine insist that they can hear the rumbling when he speaks in the House.

"It was up in Buffalo in the '96 campaign," he continued. "A local lawyer and I had been assigned to a big meeting over on the tough side of the city. The local man, who was evidently making his first campaign appearance, was introduced first, and proceeded to draw from his inside pocket a manuscript, from which he started to read.

"It was a pretty hard crowd, taken all together, but at the same time they were a bright lot and up-to-date. My friend read on for some twenty minutes under great difficulty, and then the crowd began to cheer and shout in derision. Nothing like this, however, could stop him. All kinds of questions were fired at him, but he paid no attention and continued to read off long lists of statistics. At last the chairman of the meeting signaled the leader of the band to start up. The band played 'Home, Sweet Home,' as a gentle hint, but the speaker only waited until it finished and then continued. At the end of an hour of the worst rot I ever heard, my ambitious friend rose in what he thought was a blaze of glory.

"Three cheers for the speaker—for finishing!" some one yelled. "The cheers were given, and then I was introduced. It was a tough proposition, but I jollied along with the crowd for some fifteen minutes, and then launched into what I thought was my best line of talk. I finished all right, and the chairman said I had made a hit.

"In driving to the hotel after the meeting the local speaker said to me: 'Mr. Littlefield, if I only had your voice, with what I have to say, I would be a wonder!'"

Just then a roll call was announced and the trust adjourned.—Washington correspondence New York Herald.

HAS SOUVENIR OF KING.

It Is Only a Crust of Bread, but Chicago Woman Prizes It Highly.

A unique souvenir of the banquet given at the Richmond House in Chicago in 1890 to the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., is possessed by Mrs. Charles Hunt, of this city. Mrs. Hunt is the mother of Mrs. Moses J. Wentworth, wife of the nephew of "Long John" Wentworth, Mayor of the city at the time of the Prince's visit. Mr. Hunt was City Treasurer then, and he and his wife were living at the Richmond House. In deference to the hotel's distinguished guest they gave up their suite of rooms for his use. After the guests had left the dining room at the close of the banquet Mr. Hunt went in with a number of others out of curiosity.

Seeing others seeking souvenirs, and thinking that, as he and his wife had given up their rooms to the Prince they were especially entitled to a souvenir, Mr. Hunt took a small piece of toast from the Prince's plate. He placed it in a little box and presented it to his wife "as a present from the Prince." She has carefully kept the crust, and it is in an excellent state of preservation, a little harder to bite, however, than it was 42 years ago.

In connection with the Prince's toast Mrs. Moses J. Wentworth tells an anecdote. It seems the Prince was not feeling well on the night of the banquet. He had so little appetite that a piece of toast was about all he cared to eat. Having satisfied his slender appetite, and been at the table as long as he wished, he announced, as is usual with royalty on such occasions, "I have finished." This was the signal for all persons at the table to quit eating, rise and then follow the Prince from the table.

Now it happened that "Long John" Wentworth, the Mayor, was a good deal hungrier on this occasion than the Prince was. He had started in to eat something of a "meal," when the

Prince's announcement, "I have finished," interrupted him. "Well, I have not finished," he exclaimed, in a tone of good-natured but injured protest. However, he arose with the rest and left the table. But he afterward told one of his friends that he took advantage of the first opportunity to "skip off by himself" and get something more to eat.—Chicago Tribune.

English Landlord's Ways.

The secretary of the Tenants' Protective League sends us details of a particularly unjust and hard-hearted landlord on the part of a Peckham landlord.

Last December a widow took a house in Peckham upon an annual tenancy, at a rental of £30, and was foolish enough to sign an agreement containing a clause which specified that the rent was to be paid quarterly in advance. She was allowed to enter without any prepayment, and on the 25th of March six months, £19, was demanded, one quarter due and one quarter in advance. This, of course, she was unable to pay, and before March had run out her home was stripped from kitchen to attic of all its furniture save and except what was contained in one small bedroom, where one of her daughters lay dying of cancer.

On Saturday last the broker paid a second visit and made a second demand, broke the lock and forced an entrance into the sick room, and cleared it of everything, even to the beef tea standing by the bedside, and would have taken the bed upon which the dying girl lay, but was prevented by the accidental presence in the room, where the door was brutally forced, of a well-known Church of England clergyman, who was tending to the girl dying of cancer spiritual consolation. His determined protest saved the girl her bed.

The Tenants' Protection League will take the earliest opportunity of holding a public meeting to protest against such barbarous proceedings. They have accordingly convened a meeting for 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon on Peckham Rye, where the chairman will give chapter and verse, names and details of the outrageous acts here described.—London Chronicle.

Anecdotes of the Queen's Girlhood.

Mrs. Sarah Tooley, in her recently published "Life of Queen Alexandra," tells some very interesting anecdotes of her majesty. As a child the Queen's surroundings were exceedingly simple. "Mamma," said the little Princess one day, "why may not Dagmar and I wear muslin dresses?" "Because," replied her mother, "your father is not a rich man, and muslin dresses cost so much to get up." There were not many servants at the Gule Palais, where the Queen's early life was spent, and the young Princesses were required to dust their own rooms and to make themselves useful at meal times. A gentleman who was invited one day to partake of the informal family luncheon at the Palais recalls that the butter-dish chanced to need replenishing, and the Princess Louise (of Denmark), instead of summoning a servant, turned to her eldest daughter and said: "Alexandra, will you fetch some more butter?" And the future Queen of England departed on the homely errand to the larder.

Reason to Fear.

The following conversation is said to have taken place between two Boer leaders when it was first announced that the Australians were sending a contingent to South Africa: "I see," said one, "that some people called Australians are coming over here. Do you know anything about them?" "Not much," was the reply, "but I hear that eleven of them beat All England a year or two ago." "Good heavens," cried the first—"and they say that five thousand of them are coming here!"

A Hard-Worked Hero.

"When I starred as 'The Drummer Boy of Shiloh,'" said the eminent actor, "I was on the stage during the entire play and spoke nine-tenths of the lines."

"That," said the low comedian, "was a long roll."—Baltimore American.

The matter of kin settles whether a wedding is to be a home or church affair. Aristocratic kin who look well on parade means a church wedding; lots of poor kin means a "cozy wedding at home."

RECENT JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

The right to designate the route of shipments through shipments at through rates is held, in Post vs. Southern R. Co. (Tenn.), 55 L. R. A. 481, to belong to the carrier and not to the shipper, in the absence of a sufficient or controlling reason to the contrary.

The owner of a dog that has always been of a kind temper and has never given occasion to suspect that he would bite is held, in Martinez vs. Bernand (La.), 55 L. R. A. 671, not to be considered liable in damages by a mere fact that the dog bites some one, where the owner is guilty of no negligence.

An agreement by the holder of a mutual benefit certificate to be governed by by-laws subsequently enacted is held in Gaut vs. Supreme Council A. L. of H. (Tenn.), 55 L. R. A. 465, not to authorize the reduction of the benefit called for by his certificate, after he has for years paid assessments on the original value.

A member of a mutual benefit society is held, in Rogers vs. Union Beneficial Soc. No. 2 (Ky.), 55 L. R. A. 665, not to be properly adjudged in default for nonpayment of dues, where the amount of accrued sick benefits to which he is entitled exceeds the unpaid dues. With this case is a note reviewing the authorities on application of accrued benefits upon dues or assessments according to a benefit certificate.

A stipulation in a contract for the sale of a proprietary medicine that the purchaser shall not sell it for less than a specified price, is held in Garret vs. Hall & L. Co. (Mass.), 55 L. R. A. 671, not to follow the medicine into the hands of a subsequent vendee. The right of a purchaser of personal property to sell or use it free from restrictions affecting it in the hands of the vendor is considered in a note of this case.

An instrument in the form of a deed purporting to convey to named grantees, their heirs and assigns, at a specified price per acre, all the pine timber suitable for saw-mill purposes on described lots of land, and providing that the balance due on each lot shall be paid when the lot is entered to cut the timber, is held, in McRae vs. Stillwell (Ga.), 55 L. R. A. 513, to make it incumbent upon the grantees or their successors in title to cut and remove such timber from the lots within a reasonable length of time from the date of the conveyance, and it is held that on failure to do so their interest in the timber ceases. With this case is a note discussing the authorities on conveyance of title to standing timber without conveying title to the land.

The Professor's Mistake.

The members of a certain learned society had been indulging in birthday festivities, and when dinner and the subsequent enjoyments were over Professor Jones started off to trudge the half-mile or so to his home. The professor is a very clever man, says the Pittsburg Bulletin, and noted for the keenness of his intellect.

The excitement and the unusually hearty dinner, followed by the abstract discussion in which he had been engaged, had given him a headache; so, approaching an electric light post, he pressed his throbbing brow against the cool iron. Thus he stood for a few minutes. Then, feeling a little chilly, he buttoned his overcoat preparatory to proceeding on his way home, but in his horror, when he attempted to leave the post he found himself unable to move.

A brain such as the professor's works quickly, and the reason for his detention soon seemed clear. Evidently the current which fed the lamp above had become diverted from its course and was passing through his body, blinding him to the post in the process. Death, ghastly and horrible, stared him in the face. Gradually his back-bone would become dissolved to a jelly, and while the awful process was going on he must stand there as helpless as a butterfly pinned to a cork.

In his terror he gave vent to his feelings in a mighty yell. This attracted the attention of a policeman, who hurried up, and then, shaking with laughter, listened to the professor's explanation. When he had finished, the policeman unfastened the professor's overcoat from the post, round which he had inadvertently buttoned it.

Her Letter Proved It.

The sense of importance which little Clara felt on being promoted to the public school after two years of lessons at her grandmother's knee was greatly increased, says Harper's Magazine, when the time came for her first written examination.

She studied faithfully the twenty pages of her spelling-book covered by the review, and when her paper was returned she had the delight of seeing that it was graded one hundred.

The little girl at once wrote to her father the news of her success. "Dear papa," the little note ran, "I did not miss a single word in my examination. I am now perfect in spelling."

Venezuelan Pearls.

The island of Margarita, situated off the coast of Venezuela, is one of the most celebrated centres of pearl fishery. The Spaniards in the days of Columbus found the natives of Margarita and the neighboring mainland decked out with pearls, and the pearl-producing oysters of that locality have never since failed in their productivity. Recently the price of pearls has risen in the market, and the activity of the Venezuelan fishermen has correspondingly increased. A French company has obtained a concession from the Venezuelan government to fish for pearls with diving apparatus.

Children of poor parents are born lucky; they have no inheritance to lose.