

AFTER THE EDITORS.

Delegate Reynold of Chilton introduced a resolution in the Alabama constitutional convention which was held at Montgomery last week, providing that no newspaper in that state or representative thereof, shall receive or accept a pass or other free transportation from any railroad company doing business within the state; that a newspaper, in the event that it or its representatives receives or accepts and uses transportation or free passes, shall be fined not less than \$5000 for each violation of this section and that said railroad company who itself or through its agent issues to such person transportation shall be fined a like amount for each violation thereof.

Mr Reynolds based the ordinance on the ground that the newspapers were recognized as great instrument for the public good, and that if the owners or editors accepted passes they would feel under obligations to the railroads.

Delegate Reynolds seemed to be carried away with the idea that the issuing of passes to newspapers is a purely complimentary affair. As a matter of fact, it is a case of quib pro quo. Railroad passes to newspapers are chargeable to the advertising account of the particular newspaper, and they are paid for in pure gold.

FENCES TO BE TORN DOWN.

Jesse D Carr's Big Ranch is the Property of Uncle Sam.

United States District Attorney Hall is taking steps to have the decree of Judge Bellinger, in the case of the United States vs Jesse D Carr, carried out. He will have the fence around the government lands inclosed by Carr torn down. As there are 15 or 20 miles of rock fence in the lot, about five feet in width and four feet in height, the United States marshal or United States troops, or whoever may be sent to tear it down is likely to have an all summer job on hand, especially as Mr Hall says the rock fence is to be destroyed as was the Tower of Babel, or the Temple of Babylon, or perhaps it was the Temple of Jerusalem (Mr Hall is not well posted in biblical matters), of which not one stone was left upon another. The miles of barbed wire fencing will be rolled up like a scroll, but the rimrock cliffs which form a part of the fence will not be molested. Mr Carr, however, is still in possession of the lands, with the exception of a calf pasture of some 5000 acres, and the end of the trouble is not yet. Carr fenced in many thousands of acres of government land in Southeastern Oregon with the result that proceedings were brought against him in the United States court to recover possession of the lands.

WOULD EASILY DOWN GEER.

The name of Hon R D Inman, the able and influential state senator from Multnomah county, is being mentioned in connection with the nomination for governor on the democratic ticket in 1902. It is The Times' candid opinion that he is by far the strongest candidate the Democracy can present, and he would have no trouble in disposing of Gov Geer, who seems to be slated for renomination.

The country people are so busy caring for their crops that our town is very quiet. As a calm precedes a storm, so all are preparing for the big rush of business which is coming this fall. With good crops of grain and fruit and the finest climate the year round to be found anywhere, Lane county is unsurpassed as a place to live in.

An irreverent editor suggests that western farmers would raise better crops if they would depend more on irrigation and less on prayer.

The price of wheat sacks, $8\frac{1}{2}$ cents each, is a cheat of the worst kind.

An Eastern writer makes a long argument to prove that a married couple cannot live on \$25 per week. If he is correct, there must be a great number of very lively dead couples "in our midst."

Brownsville Times: The continued reports from the Blue River mining district of rich strikes confirm the oft repeated prophecies that this district would eventually out-rival everything of the kind in Oregon.

Watering stock should be made a crime. It is a crime against the people, a murdering of their interests. Talk of flat money, watering stock creates wealth by a mere stroke of the pen. Recently a few trust magnates made thirty or forty million dollars by simply changing the capital stock of a concern from \$30,000,000 to \$70,000,000.

Brownsville Times: The Eugene Guard reports a rich discovery of quartz in the new Fall Creek district, which is located midway between the Blue River and Bohemia mining districts. Many new claims have been recorded in this district lately. The indications are that eventually the Blue River and Bohemia districts will be virtually connected, making one grand mining camp.

Brownsville Times: Rev Chas R Moore returned Wednesday from a business trip to Eugene, where he had been to make preparations to attend school during the coming year. He reports great activity in that city. Many new residences and business blocks are being built. The town has an air of general prosperity, probably due to a great extent to the fact that the Blue River mines furnish a big volume of trade the whole year round.

Sherman county, one of the Eastern Oregon group, is entirely out of debt, says the Pendleton East Oregonian. There is not a county in Eastern Oregon that should be in debt. The taxpayers have contributed abundance of funds to meet each county's needs, but government has been so bad that it has cost more than it was worth. Bad government always costs in excess of good government. Sherman county has been economically governed; therefore, it is out of debt.

The people of Hartford, inspired thereto by the Times, have contributed \$8000 in token of their appreciation of the simple heroism of Miss Ida L Hathaway. She was a nurse in the Hartford hospital where, in the line of duty, she contracted ophthalmia from a young child committed to her care, of so serious a character that it led to blindness. Knowledge of the irremediable fate which had overtaken her only served to reveal the strength of this young girl's character, for she accepted it as ordered of God and without repining. Now a sympathetic community has insured Miss Hathaway's future support.

Harrisburg Items.

Bulletin, August 1.
Miss Nellie Parton was a passenger on Tuesday's local for Eugene.

W A Lane anticipates making Eugene headquarters for the winter season.

Mrs M M Wyatt, mother of Attorney Wyatt, of Albany, visited here this week.

B E Cogswell, who is a prominent farmer and stockraiser, also is road supervisor of North Harrisburg precinct, was in town Tuesday transacting business.

E F Wyatt and family returned Wednesday evening from a 10 days' outing on the McKenzie river, several days at Belknap springs and by easy drives this way, hunting and fishing until their return.

Henry Gore, our veteran teamster, brought the big steel boiler for the flouring mill here from Monroe Thursday. This boiler weighs four tons.

Uhlig & McMurry, blacksmiths, with their shop on Pearl street, have dissolved partnership. Mr Uhlig is retiring from the firm. He will soon go to Portland.

QUAINT WAYS IN RIO.

TO DISPUTE A BILL IS TO MAKE ONESELF AN OUTCAST.

The Brazilian Capital is the Easiest Place in the World to Get Credit and the Hardest Place in Which to Dodge a Debt.

"Rio is the easiest city in the world to get credit in," said a New Orleans man who lived for awhile at the Brazilian capital, "but it's the worst place in the world in which to dodge a debt. All business there is done on the semi-annual account system, and you can get anything you want and have it charged without difficulty, but the end of every six months is settlement day, and if you are not on hand with the cash—well, I'll give you a little experience of my own to show you what happens."

"I went to the city as the representative of a well known American house, and at the outset I was surprised to find that it was practically impossible for me to pay for anything. 'Don't bother about that, senhor,' the storekeeper would say. 'I will make an account of it.' Of course my American friends soon explained the system to me, and while I didn't like it, I thought best to conform to the custom of the country without rendering myself disagreeable by kicking."

"About two months after my arrival I went to a native shoemaker's one day, ordered a pair of English riding boots, and as I had been used to wearing ready made footgear, I mentioned, incidentally, that my number was 8 1/2. The shoemaker gravely made a note of the fact and promised to send around the boots as soon as they were done. Several weeks elapsed, when, one morning, a porter came staggering into the office almost buried under an enormous load of English top boots. To be exact, he had 17. I was thunderstruck, but as he could give me no explanation except that they were mine I rushed immediately to the shop, where the proprietor received me blandly and insisted that he had merely sent what I had ordered. 'You said that you desired them to the number of eight and a half,' he added, 'and I accordingly made you eight pairs and one boot, a right, which, if you desire, I will exchange for a left.' 'But, good heavens,' I protested, 'you ought to have known there was some mistake! Why on earth should I order half a pair of boots?' He shrugged his shoulders. 'That was not for me to inquire,' he said."

"I realized that the fatal reputation for eccentricity which Americans enjoy the world over was partly responsible for the trouble. Still it was an inexcusable stupid blunder, and, after vainly arguing for an hour, I put him on notice that I would only accept one pair. When I returned, I sent back the other 15 and considered the incident closed. I heard no more about it, in fact, until exactly six months later, when I received a bill for 8 1/2 pairs of riding boots at \$15 each—total, \$127.50 gold—and a polite notification that 7 1/2 pairs awaited my pleasure at the shop. 'That made me furious. I sent the man my check for \$15 and told his messenger to sue me and be hanged. But he didn't sue me. They have a much more effective method down there."

"Within a week every tradesman with whom I did business advised me courteously that he had closed my account—meaning that my future custom was not desired. Moreover, the foreign colony all gave me the cold shoulder, and when I dropped in at the club the frost was something awful. 'At last I sent for a particular friend. 'Look here,' I said, 'I want you to tell me frankly why I am getting this trouble.' 'Because you haven't paid for your boots,' he replied. 'But this is monstrous,' said I. 'You know very well that I never ordered 8 1/2 pairs of boots.' 'Of course not,' said he, 'but you'd best pay for 'em all the same. It ruins a man here,' he went on to explain, 'if he allows any bill to pass settlement day. No explanation is permitted, and everybody joins in cutting him. It seems hard, but we have to do it to sustain this credit system. If we didn't, we'd all be ruined by bad accounts.'"

"I groaned in spirit, but I sent the shoemaker \$12.50 and told him to let me have the rest of my boots. I was so mad I could have worn out the whole lot on his anatomy, but I preserved my outward calm and was promptly reinstated socially and financially throughout the town. Later on I used seven pairs of boots as Christmas presents to friends and gave the one odd one to a one legged beggar on the plaza."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Unappreciated Efforts.
Unselfish goodness is seldom appreciated in this world of ours. There was that man in the electric car, for instance. Having rung up three fares in his efforts to stop the car for the lady that sat on the opposite side, he tossed after her the umbrella that belonged to the little gray whiskered man on his right. Neither the gray whiskered man nor the conductor liked the thoughtful Samaritan for his altruistic efforts.—Boston Transcript.

Accepted.
"I am a self made man," said the pompous individual, with his chest expanded. The other looked at him critically. "Your excuse is satisfactory," he said.—Brooklyn Life.

Before 50 the most healthful occupation is that of the clergyman. The doctors and the lawyers are close together. After 50 years, according to the figures, it is more healthful to practice medicine or the law than it is to preach.

PRECIOUS STONES.

The Methods by Which They Are Tested by Experts.

In a lecture on precious stones recently delivered before the Industrial association of Berlin, Dr. Immanuel Friedlaender said that the testing of diamonds is comparatively simple. The common test for hardness suffices. If the stone resists strong attacks, it is certain to be genuine; if it does not, the damage is insignificant, as only an imitation has been destroyed. This test, however, is doubtful with rubies. If a ruby can be affected by a steel file or by quartz, it is surely not genuine, but such a test with a topaz is liable to injure a valuable stone.

The test for hardness is of no avail with emeralds, as this stone is not much harder than quartz and in addition possesses the quality of cracking easily.

For examining rubies and emeralds the optical test is best. A glass magnifying about 100 times suffices. Every expert knows that almost all precious stones have little flaws. Nearly every ruby and all emeralds have many defects, which are so characteristic that the genuineness of the stones is readily established. Such a test is very necessary with rubies, because the imitations are very deceiving. Their color is absolutely durable and often much finer than that of the genuine, although it may be stated that a somewhat yellowish tint is always suspicious.

The only reliable way in which genuine rubies can be told from imitations is by the minute air bubbles of the latter, which become clearly visible under the magnifying glass. These are not to be found in the natural gem. On the other hand, the imitations lack certain defects characteristic of genuine rubies—certain vacuums, whose outlines are much more indistinct than those of the air bubbles in imitations.

True emeralds have similar characteristic defects, such as inclosures of liquids and curious dendrites. Sapphires also show peculiar netlike formations.

SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEERS.

The Part They Played in the War Between the States.

It is odd to think that the southern mountaineer was not discovered until the outbreak of the civil war, although he was nearly a century old then, and it is really startling to realize that when one speaks of the southern mountaineers he speaks of nearly 3,000,000 people who live in eight southern states—Virginia and Alabama and the southern states between—and occupy a region equal in area to the combined areas of Ohio and Pennsylvania, as big, say, as the German empire, and richer, perhaps, in timber and mineral deposits than any other region of similar extent in the world. This region was and is an unknown land. It has been aptly called Appalachian America, and the work of discovery is yet going on.

The American mountaineer was discovered, I say, at the beginning of the war, when the Confederate leaders were counting on the presumption that Mason and Dixon's line was the dividing line between the north and south and formed, therefore, the plan of marching an army from Wheeling to some point on the lakes and thus severing the north at one blow. The plan seemed so feasible that it is said to have materially aided the sale of Confederate bonds in England, but when Captain Garnett, a West Point graduate, started to carry it out he got no farther than Harpers Ferry. When he struck the mountains, he struck enemies who shot at his men from ambush, cut down bridges before him, carried the news of his march to the Federals, and Garnett himself fell with a bullet from a mountaineer's squirrel rifle at Harpers Ferry.—Scribner's Magazine.

The Honorable Board.

Sam Lawson occasionally said a good thing, and one of these occasions happened to be the town meeting. The people of Sam's village could not understand how the money appropriated for the roads had vanished with such poor results.

A stretch of road running past Sam's house was in notoriously poor condition, although Sam declared that he had paid liberally to have it put in good order, and there was general interest when Sam rose to make his statement before the selectmen.

"I'd just like to say one thing," he drawled, heedless of the fact that he had interrupted an indignant neighbor. "I don't want to make any fuss, but I'd just like to ask the honorable board of highwaymen."

That was as far as he could get. A roar of laughter swept over the town meeting and showed its effects in the red faces of the "highwaymen."—Youth's Companion.

Forever Dry.

There is a youngster in Girard college who combines the poetic instinct with a keen sense of humor. He is not a close student—in fact, he regards books as instruments of torture. One of the professors picked up a textbook belonging to him the other day and found on the fly leaf this bit of verse, which no doubt expressed the student's opinion of it:

Should there be another flood,
For refuge hither fly,
And should the whole world be submerged
This book would still be dry.

—Philadelphia Record.

A Pound of Cure.

"My son," said the family man, "is anxious to become a pugilist. I'm doing my best to prevent him." "Let him go ahead," said the friend of the family, "and have some one pound him. You'll find a pound of cure worth more than an ounce of prevention."—Philadelphia Record.

UNDEFINED.

Who can define love? Not the little child who sits his seat, eyes down for mother's knee, pulled led with innocent responsibility. Nor that poor knight who went where Venus smiled. And still, by a sufferer beguiled, To seek the meaning of its mystery. Nor can he tell whom love hath crowned or he From very pain of love undone made wild. Not the man who at the white Christ's feet Offers the world as one poor sacrifice. Nor the sad tale that follows where the sweet, Swift moon allures it from the circling skies. Say, not from time or joy or suffering Is knowledge brought that we may know this thing.

—Theodore Pickering Garrison in "Brown Book of Boston."

SNAKE, EGGS AND A JUG.

A Moosasin's Appetite and Lack of Sense Led to His Death.
A party of Jacksonville mechanics were at work on the Matanzas river raising a sunken dredgeboat. They lived on board of the big lighter on which they worked in a small house on the deck. One noon their bill of fare was somewhat strengthened by some wild turkey eggs which had been found by some of the party while hunting on shore. After the hungry engineers had destroyed a heavy dinner they left their dining room and returned to work. The doors and windows were all open, and the cook did not clear off the table for some time.

In this interval a large water moccasin of near six feet crawled on board the lighter and wriggled into the dining room through the open door. In his prospecting tour he climbed the table leg, and here, with a snake's fondness for eggs, he went in for a feast. One of the turkey eggs lay alone by a plate, and the rest were in a dish on the other side of the table. In the center stood a large water jug, and right here the wily serpent slipped up. After swallowing the lonesome egg, he started for the main supper and in his artless manner crawled through the handle of the jug. It was a rather tight fit, and he had to stop about half way through on account of the egg, which enlarged him somewhat. So, stretching forward, he bolted another egg and thereby fastened himself.

On each side of the jug handle was an egg on his inside, and he could move neither backward nor forward, practically riveted in position. He was soon found in this peculiar situation by the cook, who speedily killed him.

The reporter was shown the skin of the snake with a crease still in the middle from the tremendous pressure, and he was also permitted to gaze on the jug whose handle proved so fatal.—Florida Times-Union and Citizen.

What is a "Lich Gate?"

A lich gate is a shed, generally of oak, over the entrance of a churchyard, beneath which the bearers paused when bringing a body for interment.

Here the clergyman met the body and read the introductory part of the burial service as he preceded the funeral train into the church. Examples of old lich gates are still to be seen in many country churchyards. In Wales they are more modern and are usually built of stone.

Some of the old lich gates are formed with one wide door turning on a central pivot and self closing by means of a rude pulley wheel in the roof and a stone weight inclosed in an iron frame, a primitive but effective piece of machinery.

In Herefordshire they are also called "scallings," or "scallenge gates." "Lich gate" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon lich, a corpse; hence the north country "lyke wake."—London Answers.

A Feast.

An old dorky who lives in the thickets across the river came to Memphis one day to get his pension check cashed. After receiving his money, which amounted to \$11, the old ex-slave sauntered down Front street to a produce house and bought three crates of cabbagees. When they were delivered at the wharf late that afternoon, the old man was there and received them with a mouth watering in anticipation of the good time ahead.

"What yer gwine ter do wid dem cabbagees?" inquired the negro drayman who delivered them.

"Eat 'em," was the quick response. "I've bin free 40 years, and dis is de first time I've had de money to buy 'nuff cabbage. I've gwine ter eat cabbage till I fergit de way ter my mouf."—Memphis Scimitar.

The Immensity of Space.

A photographic plate exposed to the heavens in a large telescope for any considerable length of time shows nothing but a continuous blur of light, indicating that the photographic eye sees beyond the reach of human vision such a multitude of suns that every part of space is filled. One may gain some inkling of the immensity of space by supposing the photographic plate exposed upon the remotest star it now records and looking out still farther to find the heavens still crowded with millions of billions of suns, each possibly having its quota of planets.

The Retort Contretons.

"No, I have nothing for you," said the housekeeper sternly. "And don't you come here after dinner again." "Beg pardon, lady," replied Hungry Hawkes, "but I didn't suppose you'd have dinner over dis early in de day. You ain't very stylish, are you?"—Philadelphia Press.

No More Whispers.

"It is a great drawback to be getting deaf." "Yes, it is; people quit telling you secrets."—Chicago Herald.

Nearly every Chinaman can read, but 90 per cent of the women are entirely uneducated.

In British India only 5 1/2 per cent of the population live in cities.

WASP STINGS.

People Who Have Died From the Effects of Them.

In an article on the stings of wasps a British medical journal cites the two following cases which have come under its notice: A strong, healthy girl of 27 was stung on the neck by a wasp and fainted. On regaining consciousness she complained of a general feeling of numbness and partial blindness and vomited. She suffered severe abdominal pain. She recovered in the course of a few hours. Two months later she was stung again, this time on the hand. Her face became flushed, she again complained of numbness and blindness, suddenly became very pale, fainted and died 25 minutes after she was stung.

Another case was that of a girl of 22 years, who was stung by a wasp behind the angle of the jaw. The sting was at once extracted and ammonia applied. In a few minutes she complained of faintness and would have fallen if she had not been supported. Her face assumed an expression of great anxiety, and a few minutes later she was tossing on the bed, complaining of a horrible feeling of choking and of agonizing pain in the chest and abdomen. Brandy gave no relief. There was nausea, but no vomiting. She rapidly became insensible and died 15 minutes after receiving the sting. The most probable explanation of such cases seems to lie in what is known as idiosyncrasy—that is, abnormal sensitiveness in particular individuals to certain toxic agents. It is well known that drugs vary much in action on different people. What is a safe dose for one is dangerously large for another. The inability of some people to eat strawberries or shellfish is another instance of the same phenomenon. The active agent of bee stings is generally believed to be formic acid. It therefore seems very desirable that we should have more accurate information regarding the action of this drug on different species of the lower animals and through them on man himself.—Chicago Chronicle.

KNEW THE NOON HOUR.

A Pair of Horses That Stopped When the Whistles Blew.

A pair of intelligent horses attracted the attention of a large crowd on Nassau street at noon one day last week. They were attached to a heavily loaded ice wagon coming down the steep grade between Cedar street and Maiden lane and were holding back the wagon with a noticeable effort. When they were half way down, the whistles blew for 12 o'clock. Suddenly the horses drew in toward the curb and began to plant their hind feet well forward to stop the wagon.

The driver made no effort to check them, and their hard work at once attracted notice. Pedestrians looked at the horses and then at the driver, who had a broad grin on his face. By hard work the wagon was stopped. The driver sat still and watched his animals. One of them immediately began rubbing his head against the neck of the other and with nods and pushes succeeded in rubbing his bridle off. Then the other horse took his turn at rubbing, and his bridle came off.

Fully 200 persons had watched this, and when it was completed the driver got down from his seat and swung a bag of oats over the nose of each animal. They stood there and ate their midday meal. The driver was patient and proud of his team. He petted them and talked to them and when they were through drove off whistling.

"Talk about the laboring man dropping his shovel at the sound of the noon whistle," said one man, "that beats anything I ever saw. No one hereafter need try to convince me of the intelligence of the horse. That ice wagon team settles it."—New York Sun.

Roughish Ravens.

The raven of southern Europe is a bold fellow—not unlike his cousin, the crow. Some notices of the bird, given by an English traveler in Corsica, offer amusing proof of this.

A youth whom I employed to carry my camera could never look on ravens with any equanimity, for he had suffered much from their thievish impudence when sent to the bush to gather firewood.

On one occasion he lost his dinner, a loaf of bread wrapped in a napkin, although he was working close to the spot where he had laid it and had turned his back for only a minute.

But the most unpardonable insult he had ever received happened on a day when he was out gathering wood. As he was stooping down to bind a bundle of fagots a raven suddenly swooped from behind, lifted the cap from his head and flew away with it to a lofty crag, from which she uttered croaks of triumph.

The cap was subsequently seen lined with straw and serving for a nest.

A Chiropodist's Advice.

A chiropodist advises that foot comfort is much enhanced if all callous places on the feet are made perfectly smooth. This can be done easily and the feet kept in excellent condition by using a fine pumice stone every morning after the bath. The pumice stone should, of course, be wet, and if rubbed daily over the points on the feet that have hardened or shown a tendency to harden the places can be made and kept smooth. After a corn has been removed, too, a light rubbing daily of the place where it has been will often prevent its return.

Not Satisfactory.

"No," said the doctor, "I haven't voted yet, and I am not going to vote. I am not feeling well today. Isn't that a valid excuse?"

"Not at all," responded the professor severely. "That's an invalid excuse."—Chicago Tribune.