

STATE AND COUNTY TAXES.

The State Journal of today fully explains the tax levy of the present year as it relates to roads, schools, county and state. It says:

Last Tuesday, Jan 7, the county court of Lane county levied the state, school, road, road district, [which was formerly collected by road supervisors] and county taxes to be paid in the year 1902 on the assessed values of 1901, amounting to a total of twenty-four and one-half mills. It is apportioned as follows:

State tax, seven and seven-tenths mills, or one mill more than last year, caused by the large appropriations made by the last legislature; school tax five mills; for county expenses, five and four-tenths mills; for roads and bridges, including one and one-half mills that was collected by road supervisors last year, four and six-tenths mills; for county debt and interest, one and two-tenths mills; for election expenses, that did not have to be provided for last year, six-tenths of one mill; total twenty-four and one-half mills. Of this amount, twelve and seven-tenths mills or more than one-half, is state and school tax, fixed by law, over which the county court has no control in levying or expending. The remaining eleven and eight-tenths mills is for all county purposes, including expenses fixed by law, such as interest, court expenses, jurors, witnesses, justices of the peace, road supervisors, indigent soldiers, registration of voters, judges and clerks of elections, scrip counties and everything else the legislature could think of. It also includes the funds to be expended in repairing and building roads and bridges, which can be controlled by the court, but cannot be materially reduced without serious injury to the people.

The tax for county purposes is the same as last year, twenty-two mills, but to this was necessarily added one mill extra for the state, and one and one-half mills for roads which has formerly been collected by road supervisors, making a total of twenty-four and one-half mills, an increase of one mill for the state, but the same for the county, the only change being that the one and one-half mills collected last year by road supervisors is now to be collected by the county, and will secure a great deal more work on the roads than under the former system.

GOV. SHAW SUCCEEDS GAGE.

A Brief History of the New Secretary of the Treasury.

He is an earnest Methodist. He is opposed to dancing. He never drank liquor nor tasted tobacco. He belongs to no secret society. He is democratic and, it is said, treats his servants as his equals. He is both banker and lawyer. He leaped from obscurity into political prominence by replying to a free silver speech by W. J. Bryan. He is 54, very hale and vigorous. He was born in a log cabin in Vermont, and spent his boyhood on a Vermont farm. He earned with his own labor the money that put him through college. He says his success in life is due to hard work. He always got to his law office at 7 a m and stayed till 10 p m.

A CHICAGO STADIUM.

Chicago will get ahead of the rest of the earth a long way in the erection of a stadium in which the Olympic Games to be held in that city in 1904 will take place. The Athens stadium of 1896 seated about fifty thousand people, but as Chicago must be at the head the one proposed will seat a half more, seventy-five thousand. Thereof will be a novelty. While the circus-like seats on the circumference of the arena will be protected by a permanent roof that over the arena will be arranged so it can be rolled back, leaving the open sky for a space of 130 by 800 feet. An unusual feature is an arrangement for dividing the stadium

into three or more buildings for special occasions, when the whole space will not be required. At either end, or in the center, a hall for any sort of a gathering can be made in three or four days at a nominal expense. Another feature of construction is that there will not be a pillar or post in the whole interior to shut out the view from any point. The first row of seats is five feet above the arena and the topmost row eighty feet above.

Yale University expended \$67,618 on the several departments of athletics last year. That sum ought to buy a big lot of football, the principal item of expenditure.

Even the big fellows can call names. Now Great Britain's colonial secretary, Mr Chamberlain calls Germany's chancellor, Von Bulow, a "swaggering Pharisee."

A Brooklyn man afflicted with what the doctors informed him was incurable cancer of the throat has been greatly relieved by use of the X ray machine projecting violet rays down the throat.

That North Pacific coast is a veritable graveyard for steamships. The Bristol is the latest instance. All the old hulks, though, are put on that route, this latest victim being twenty-five years old.

The German budget for 1902 shows a deficit of seventy million marks. It causes no alarm, however, as the treasury has a surplus of that amount. But if it happens again next year, what then?

The practically unanimous vote in congress, yesterday, in favor of the Nicaragua canal administers the final blow to the hopes of Panama stockholders. Their only chance of getting back a small percentage of the money invested in the big isthmus ditch lay through sale to the United States.

The dense smoke from coal-using engines caused the collision, with terrible resultant loss of life, between two trains in the railroad tunnel beneath New York City. In this age of electricity it seems astonishing that the clean and smokeless power is not used, especially considering the immense traffic that passes through the tunnel.

As in other affairs of life the modern tendency is to make religion easy. Even the Mohammedan, the most self-abnegating of zealots, is to be provided with easy means of fulfilling his religious obligations by the construction of trolley lines to Mecca. But will he ride? It may be the old story of leading the horse to water, only to find that he will not drink.

It hardly pays to be a president down in South America. The presidents of both Paraguay and Colombia are reported prisoners in their own capitals. But this great republic cannot make light of such expenses. The deaths of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley by assassin's pistols within the space of a little more than a third of a century must cause sorrowful reflection.

A CHINESE ESTIMAE.

It is related that when Li Hung Chung made his tour of the world several years ago, and visited Germany, the Kaiser asked him: "How do our women compare with those of China?" "I really cannot tell," said Li, stily, fastening his eyes on the corsage of a lady who was present. "We never see half as much of our women as you do of yours.—Chicago Times.

CRUEL FATHER.

Mr Phamliman—I find onions excellent for the cure of certain mental disorders. Doctor Price—Nonsense, man; nonsense! Mr Phamliman—Fact, I fed them to my daughter, who imagines she's old enough to have beaux, and they cured her.—Philadelphia Press.

The Martyrdom of Lycurgus Bilthorpe

By Edward F. Youinger.

Lycurgus Bilthorpe says that in the remote event that he should live a thousand years and retain all his faculties up to the moment of dissolution never again would he exert himself to accommodate a woman. Bilthorpe, ordinarily a mild mannered man and soft of speech, accompanied this announcement with weird and picturesque profanity and much pawing of the lambent atmosphere.

It all came about in this way: Mrs. Sawyer, who resides in an interior Illinois town, took advantage of a cheap excursion to pay a long deferred visit to the Bilthorpes and incidentally to have a casual look at some of the bargain sales. On the trip in the excursion train was crowded almost to suffocation, and Mrs. Sawyer feared she would have trouble getting a seat in the congested coaches on the return trip. This was the subject of two conversations at the Bilthorpe home, and it was finally suggested that Mr. Bilthorpe get to the station Monday noon as soon as the train was made up, pick out a good seat and hold it, pending the arrival of Mrs. Sawyer, who had some shopping to do.

Bilthorpe, always an obliging man, cast business affairs to the winds and was the first person through the gates. Swinging aboard the train, he selected a seat in the middle of the first car and awaited the coming of Mrs. Sawyer. Meanwhile the coaches filled rapidly with tired, cross people, and when all the seats had been pre-empted those who had failed to find accommodations forward began to surge back against the crowd still pouring in at the rear. First a large, palpitating lady who was perspiring like a porpoise and struggling under sundry parcels attempted to push her way into the seat beside Bilthorpe.

"Beg your pardon, madam, but this seat is taken," he said softly. "I see it is," she snorted, "taken by a little whipper snapper who ought to be up there in the hattrack instead of sitting among decent folks."

Then a red faced man attempted to push two gangly children into the seat, and when Bilthorpe expostulated the flaming faced individual invited him out on the platform, promising to adorn his countenance with a few choice daubs and scrolls, just as a mark of his esteem.

Meanwhile the human torrent poured in, surging and roaring around the luckless man who was immolating himself upon the altar of good fellowship. He anxiously craned his neck in the hope of catching sight of Mrs. Sawyer, and, once or twice, when the angry passengers who wanted the seat threatened to demolish him, he loudly expressed the wish that "his wife would hurry up."

Finally the train started and Bilthorpe made a dash for the door. In the scramble to gain the coveted seat a number of passengers became entangled in a general scrimmage. Bilthorpe was punched in the ribs with an umbrella, his hat was knocked off and lost, his coat torn and his luckless body was the recipient of sundry surreptitious kicks and cuffs as he squirmed toward the door. Just as he reached the platform some one raised the cry of "Pickpocket!" A dozen pairs of rough hands reached for the struggling man, but he shook them off and plunged madly from the rapidly moving train, alighting face downward and plowing a furrow in the hard cinders with his nose.

When he had taken up a collection of himself and held an inventory he found that he was minus a hat, half his coat, a large section of epidermis; his watch was broken, also three expensive cigars, while his letters and other contents of his pockets were scattered pretty generally over the right of way.

He dragged himself home wearily and painfully, the object of many unkind remarks and suggestive glances by street car conductors and passengers. His wife promptly threw several spasms upon beholding her lord and master, and after a rapid fire outline of what she would have done under the circumstances and how much better she would have managed the whole business she fell to and proceeded to patch up her battered liege.

It was the following morning, as he lay in an atmosphere of camphor and flaxseed poultices, that Bilthorpe made his declaration never again to accommodate a woman, all of whom, he asserts, are as capricious as the wind. His wife removed the bandage from one of his ears and read to him the following message, written on a postal card and mailed at a station half way from the home.

"Dear Mr. Bilthorpe—I will drop this at Streeter, where we stop twenty minutes. Tell Mr. B. that I think he was real mean not to get down to the train and hold a seat for me as he had promised. However, I met some friends, and we found very nice accommodations in the third coach, so I shall forgive him. Will write you more fully as soon as I get home. Love, Mrs. S.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her Wedding Too.

A woman without arms has been married at Christchurch, New Zealand. The ring was placed upon the fourth toe of her left foot. A similar marriage to this was performed at St. James' church, Bury St. Edmunds, in 1802.—Melbourne Argus.

Sunshine.

"Tis a Dutch proverb that "paint costs nothing," such are its preserving qualities in damp climates. Well, sunshine costs less, yet it is finer pigment. And so of cheerfulness or a good temper—the more it is spent the more it remains.

THE RETURN OF BUDDHA

I had an idol from Ceylon. They said it was Buddha. One day a fellow came along who looked sick—in fact, he hadn't a bit of flesh on his bones.

"I'm far from well," says he nervously. "But you needn't be frightened of infection or anything like that. Fact is, I've been poisoned—poisoned near a place I've got in west Ceylon, near Palatupane. It began five years ago last month," he went on in a dreary sort of way, "and I suppose I was in some degree to blame at first."

"You see, there was so little for a man to do about my district, and not a soul to speak to except natives, and one naturally got wild for a bit of excitement. Still, I think I must have had some drink in me at the time or I shouldn't have gone messing round a temple. I suppose the priests looked further ahead and thought they could get more out of me dead than alive. So they poisoned me."

"But, pardon me, wasn't it rather a mad thing of you to eat anything in such a place?"

"I neither ate nor drank. I was not so insane as that."

"One of them gave me a push with a cane he had in his hand, and I felt a tiny prick and the thing was done. It was not till a week after that I began to get seedy. But the worst of it was no one could make out exactly what was the matter with me—neither native quack nor white doctor—and for three whole years I hadn't a ghost of a notion myself either. I just wasted down."

"It was just three years after that affair in the temple that I got the first inkling of what was the matter with me, and then only indirectly from whisperings among the coolies. But a man in as bad a fix as I was will clutch at any hope, and so I got a palquin rigged and had myself carried away through the woods to the gloomy little temple."

"The priests were fulsomely civil. They remembered my honored visit, time back; were prostrated with the honor I did them in apologizing, but flatly denied that they had any hand in doing evil to my celestial person."

"So I went wearily back again and in a week had a mysterious communication handed me—how, I know not—couched in very grammatical English. "It stated simply that for my insult to them the gods, through their servant priests, had chosen to punish me. Already I had tasted of their power in that I had wasted from a heavy, strong man to a puny skeleton. I could save myself by delivering my own ransom on the threshold of the temple."

"Years back, so I read, a wandering Irishman had visited the shrine and had purloined a bronze statue of Buddha possessed of infinite sanctity. He had departed, leaving small trace, and had taken with him the Buddha to the place whence he had come."

"The letter went on to give a minute description of the lost treasure and its probable whereabouts and wound up by assuring me that, if it alone, contained the sole antidote which would cure me. How the healing drug was to be administered the writer forbore to tell, but that would be shown when the image was replaced in its shrine."

"Convincing as this letter was, I believe I should have disregarded the advice but for one thing. Accompanying it were notes for ten thousand rupees. A Cingalese native may lie, but he will never outlay his money without seeing clearly a very good return for it."

"And so I set out, with old death always spurring me to hurry in the search, and after three weary months I have found the Buddha in your house. It remains to see if you will surrender it to me."

"That was the fellow's yarn. Of course I took him to be mad at first, but as he went on, in spite of myself I could not help believing in it. I took him into the hall and he spotted the bestly green thing on its perch in a minute."

"That's my fate," says he; "and, look you, inside it there ought to be a small packet of purple powder done up in a scrap of snake-skin. May I look?"

"Go ahead," says I; and, reaching up his bony hands with a bit of a shudder, he presses a knob, and I'm blessed if the little idol's stomach didn't swing out on a hinge, showing a tiny cupboard which held the speckled snake-skin and the stuff, just as he said.

"And what are you asking for this piece of bronze? You know what it's worth to me, but I've not much money left. I ask you, as a man, not to be too hard with the price?"

"Oh, confound you!" says I, a bit confusedly. "I may be fond of driving a stiff bargain over horsehair sometimes, but I'm not altogether a brute. Take the ugly thing with you and welcome."

Well, the fellow went away, and for a long time I heard no more of him, and Mabel said I'd been swindled by a clever rogue, and I began to think as much myself, although I didn't say so. And then, by Jove, a long letter full of thanks came to say that he'd delivered up his prize, and the priests stood to their promise; and he was getting well rapidly.

And after that we didn't hear anything more till about a couple of months ago, when some lawyer out there wrote to say that the poor fellow had gone dead from snake bite and left me all his property.

A Gain of Time.

"I once invented a flying machine," said the thoughtful man. "Did you have any better luck than other inventors in that field?" "Yes; it didn't take me as long to find out that it wouldn't fly."—Washington Star.

WINNING A WIFE. AN OLD STORY.

By Jean Wright.

An old diplomat who had resided a number of years at St. Petersburg, being one of a recent company, averred that the mania which possessed the military officers, as well as the whole Russian aristocracy, during his stay in the country was something terrible. An officer, he said, who did not gamble received no credit for it, and the public man who did not now and then run the risk of being ruined was considered to be a stingy fellow and was lightly esteemed by his acquaintances.

"I know of one instance," continued the speaker, "truthfully showing the straits to which a liberal player in Russia was reduced."

"At a grand ball on one occasion, to which I had been invited, a lady was pointed out to me as the Princess Augustinoff. She was a charming woman in spite of her age, still pleasing through her well stored mind and faultless manners."

"Now let me tell you her history. Her maiden name was Mary—. She had been selected as maid of honor to the czarina, who was greatly attached to her. Her engagement at 18 was, therefore, the natural consequence of possessing much beauty and wealth and holding a high position."

"Peterhoff, her affianced, was a fine officer, having reached the grade of major general at an age when most officers are serving as captains and lieutenants. But he did not play. He was often rallied about it, and the czar himself had one day expressed wonder thereat, saying, 'Come, general, let us have a game of preference.'"

"This was an invitation not to be refused, but so great an aversion had the officer to gambling that he did not know the rules of the game. 'Not know the rules for preference?' exclaimed the czar, coughing. 'You must learn them, my dear general. A little play drives off ennui. There's Augustinoff, who has reached the apex of perfection in preference. He must instruct you.'"

"Augustinoff was the best player at court, prudent, skillful and inscrutable, a man to be avoided at cards. He undertook with real zeal the instruction of Peterhoff, but he could never infuse into his mind his own coolness and prudence. Peterhoff was not headed and played with a dash which oftentimes made his game famous for the amount of his winnings and losses."

"Gambling in a short time became a mania with him, and had it been necessary he would have paid men to play with him. On the occasion I am about to describe he was found late in the evening at the gaming table, where he had passed most of the day. He had won from his adversaries without interruption. Piled up before him were almost 100,000 rubles, not to speak of 200 promises to pay from brother officers."

"In a burst of exultation he exclaimed, 'I will stake my day's winnings upon the chance of a single game!'"

"How much?" inquired Augustinoff, who had just entered the room.

"Three hundred thousand rubles in round numbers."

"I accept your offer!" exclaimed the imperious Augustinoff. "The game for some time was equally well conducted. After an hour or two General Peterhoff was noticed to move toward Augustinoff 100,000 rubles. Hardly had the night reached the hour of 3 when the bewildered general had lost every ruble of his day's winnings."

"Now for retaking the citadel!" he exclaimed.

"The game continued, the gains of Augustinoff continued, and before the dawn of day—and the nights are long in Russia—the aide-de-camp of the czar had parted with his vast landed property in the central provinces, his possessions at Moscow and his castle at Ukraine."

"Rising from the table, he filled and emptied his glass several times, walked up and down the room, passing his fingers nervously through his hair, finally returning again to his seat. Opposite still sat Augustinoff, who appeared to be amusing himself with cutting and shuffling the cards."

"Bending over him, Peterhoff said in a low whisper: 'It is not day yet, Augustinoff. Do not rise.'"

"And is there yet left some hidden treasure, general?"

"With livid lips and contracted brow he gasped: 'And you are ready to take it, Augustinoff? You love the same woman as I—the woman to whom I am engaged.'"

"The cards were again taken up, but both seemed loath to begin the game—Augustinoff possibly at the thought that the princess might not fulfill the conditions of the victory, Peterhoff at the thought of his wrecked career and future despair."

"At the cut the antagonists paused, like wrestlers overcome with fatigue and impending defeat. The trick balanced at the first deal."

"A bold play was now ventured on by Peterhoff, which should have brought him victory. It brought him defeat, however. His frenzy had passed away. He was covered with profuse perspiration."

"The agreement was carried out to the letter. The czar's aide-de-camp, however, obtained permission to join the army in active service. He departed for the front and never returned more."

"And the princess? She paid the gambler's debt and became the wife of Augustinoff, who had won her fairly."

Sarcasm.

In one of the dirty second class carriages of the District railway there was the usual framed and glazed warning. "Passengers are requested not to put their feet on the cushions or seats of the carriages." Underneath a humorist had added, "Or they will dirty their boots!"—St. James Gazette.

Some years ago, 15 or 20 maybe, at one of the posts in the far west, there was a colonel in command whose fame as an Indian fighter was undeniable and even passed muster in the States. His courage and sagacity had been proved a hundred times. He was big and strong and gentle. The red men called him "the Great Chief" and were mortally afraid of him. His own men only called him "the Chief," and they adored him. But he couldn't play cards, which was a pity, as there is nothing else to do when the Indians are quiet. All the other officers could play very well, and, as it was their only amusement, they naturally preferred that he should not spoil the game. Particularly the captain objected, for he played exceedingly well and with an enthusiasm that was almost too pronounced, unless one took into consideration the total absence of other forms of entertainment. A man who couldn't play cards was a very poor sort of man in his eyes, and a man who was superbly fearless and yet entirely modest was one to be jealously admired and secretly, but none the less intensely, hated.

There was also a nice young lieutenant of two and twenty who played poker very well, not so well as the captain perhaps, but he had a gay, boyish and rather provoking way of being willfully lucky that made him a very fair adversary.

One night when the captain and the lieutenant were deep in the game the colonel entered.

At the first pause in the game he invited himself to join in. The captain rather gruffly invited him not to, for, as I said before, cards were not his strong point, but when the young lieutenant incautiously suggested that the stakes were rather high he laughed his mellow laugh and said he had a few dollars to lose. So since even when off duty and playing poker a soldier cannot shake off a certain obedience to his superior officer he got his way. But the captain's brow grew black, and his hand stopped shaking.

The game went on for half an hour or so with no unusual incident. The colonel bungled his cards and lost his money, but he was accustomed to that. He never could be made to understand that poker was anything more than a pastime, and so he laughed his low laugh and played on. After awhile the captain threw the cards under the table and took a new pack "for luck." Half a dozen officers had dropped in and were looking on, but nobody objected. It was the custom. It came the colonel's turn to deal. With his usual gentle, smiling awkwardness he fumbled the cards, dealt them and when it came to his own hand dropped one of them on the floor. Without looking he stooped and gathered a card from under the table. His face brightened. The captain sent a quick look at him, and his face was whiter than ever. The hand was played out, and the colonel won. With an almost childlike laugh of pleasure he put out his hand to draw in his winnings, when the captain sprang to his feet and brought his own hand down on the cards. "Get! Get! I denounce this man as a cheat!" He lifted his hand, and there was one blue back among the red ones scattered over the table.

In the turmoil that followed the colonel was almost dragged out of the room by his friends and got away. Of course there was nothing for it but to fight. His friends, and they were many, waited for his orders, but after the first burst of rage he seemed stupefied. He sat perfectly silent, staring straight in front of him. Finally his fellow officers spoke. He must do something. A challenge was written, sent and declined. There was an uproar of indignation. Not only the army was at stake. He must horse-whip the man, since he would not fight. There was nothing else for it. So they talked and argued excitedly, sternly, and the colonel listened dully and said yes, he must horse-whip him. He said indoors that night, and the post talked of the morning.

At 10 o'clock the next day the troops were drawn up in line ready for parade. The captain stood in front of his company. Every man and woman at the post was there to see "the Chief" horse-whip the scoundrel who had dared to insult him. The excitement was intense. There was a deathlike stillness, and every eye was strained as the colonel walked slowly across the parade ground. His face was white and stern and his step firm and deliberate. In his hand was a twisted leather whip such as teamsters use driving mules.

The captain saw him coming and stood like a rock, with his arms folded and a cold smile of unutterable contempt and malignant hatred on his face. When his adversary stepped in front of him, he raised his head and, without changing his position, looked him straight in the eyes, his black and evil face set in an expression of devilish scorn. With a gesture of noble indignation the colonel raised his whip in the air, held it poised a moment, and then the brave soldier, the superb gentleman, shrank back weakly, dropped his whip to the ground and buried his face in his hands. Then he turned, went back to his quarters and shut the door behind him.

A few hours later, in sheer spite, some of his friends went to him, but the door was locked. The next day he left the post and a few days later resigned from the army.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Nothing Unusual. "He has a heart of stone!" she cried. Her friend laughed sardonically. "No wonder; he is the ossified man in the museum."—Chicago News.