CONDENSED STORIES.

Why the Strenuous Efforts of an Oarsman Were Futile.

J. Sloat Fassett at a dinner of the Steuben society in New York compared the unsuccessful campaign of a certain candidate to the unsuccessful efforts of a young oarsman.

"He failed through no fault of his own," he said, "and this oarsman failed through no fault of his own.

"The oarsman was rowing a young girl on a deep, still river. It was a beautiful day, but perhaps a little warm. The young man pulled

"WE DON'T SEEM TO MOVE A FOOT."

and pulled, but he was going up stream, and he made little headway. So he pulled the harder, at the same time trying to appear easy and to carry on a fluent conversation with his fair [illegible].

"Finally, however, he became desperate, for, though he was working like a steam engine, he was not gaining an inch. At this rate it would be better to get out and walk home.

"'I never saw anything like this current,' he gasped. 'Here I've been rowing my hardest for ten minutes, and we don't seem to have moved a foot.'

"Ten or twelve minutes more went by, and then the young girl said:

"'Oh, by the way, I've just thought of something. While I was playing with the anchor awhile ago it dropped overboard. Do you suppose it could have caught on something?'"—Buffalo Enquirer.

Medical Ignorance.

The late Jay Cooke was talking one day in his Ogontz residence about General Grant.

"General Grant," he said, smiling, "once described to me an illiterate surgeon in the employ of a certain northern regiment.

"A promising young officer had been wounded, and his surgeon had dressed his wounds. General Grant sent for the surgeon later to ascertain the young officer's chances.

"'He is wounded,' said the surgeon to the commander in chief, 'in three places.'

"'Are these wounds fatal?' General Grant asked.

"The surgeon nodded a grave assent.

"'Two of the wounds is fatal,' he said. 'The third is not. If we can leave him to rest quiet for awhile I think he will pull through.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

All Right but the Ring.

Yarnall Abbott of Philadelphia, who, though an amateur, is admitted to be one of the best photographers in America, collects with much zest stories about the camera.

"A North Ninth street photographer," he said the other day, "told me this morning that a young woman brought back to him a dozen cabinets that he had made of her the week before.

"'What?' he exclaimed in dismay. 'Bringing them all back? I thought they were very successful.'

"The young woman reassured him with a smile.

"'Yes,' she said; 'oh, yes, they are successful. I only want you to touch out the ring. I've got a new young man.'"—New York Tribune.

Part American.

Francis R. Roome, the new superintendent of the mails for New York city, was approached the other day by a man in a faded blue uniform. The stamp of the Emerald Isle was so unmistakably upon him that Mr. Roome asked him, "Aren't you an Irishman?"

The man hesitated a bit, then said, "No, sor; it's an Irish-American I am."

"I'd never have thought it," said Mr. Roome.

"It's this way, sor: I got me wooden leg at Chancellorsville, so I'm part American sure enough," replied the applicant for work.—New York Times.

Mrs. George Gould and Child.

There are more children in the family of George J. Gould than in any other branch of the house founded by the late Jay Gould. Mr. and Mrs. Gould have six children—Kingdon, aged seventeen; Jay, aged fifteen; Marjorie, the eldest of the girls, who is thirteen;

Helen Vivien, eleven; George Jay, Jr., eight, and Edith Catherine, who is now at the cute age of four. The children have a splendid playground at Georgian Court, the Gould home in Lakewood, N. J. Mrs. Gould is very fond of her daughter Edith.

Fridtjof Nansen.

Fridtjof Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, now forty-five years of age, is noted for his wonderful physique, his courage, his powers of endurance, his scientific knowledge and his modesty. These qualities are due in part to his ancestry and his early training. He

had as one of his progenitors Hans Nansen, a bold navigator who lived 300 years ago. This Nansen wrote a handbook for arctic navigators. When Fridtjof was a boy his father, though a man in comfortable circumstances, trained him to endure privation and dispense with all luxuries.

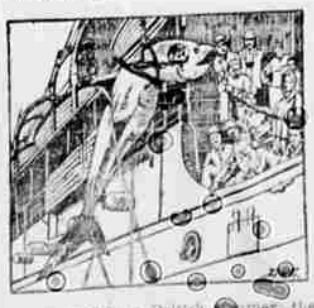
Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke.

The new director of the Metropolitan museum in New York, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, is fifty-eight years of age and for many years was connected with the South Kensington museum in London. He was art director of the

museum for ten years previous to assuming his present post and collected treasures for it from the orient and other portions of the world. Though he bears a title, the director of the Metropolitan is essentially a self made man and is democratic and approachable.

Shark Ate a Man.

It has sometimes been claimed that a shark will not attack a man and that the belief in the existence of man eating fish of this species is a superstition. Many stories have been told, however, in support of the idea that there are sharks which enjoy making a meal off a human being. On a recent



voyage to Siam a British steamer, the Syria, [illegible] in the path of a big shark. It was caught from the deck of the steamer. When [illegible] heard [illegible] contents a man's head, [illegible] monster weighed 700 pounds.

HOLBEIN, THE ARTIST.

His Early Training and His Wide Range of Genius.

Born at Augsburg, almost at the very end of the fifteenth century, twenty-six years later than Durer and twenty years after the date usually given as that of the birth of Titian, Holbein was a child of the high renaissance and slowly as the renaissance crept northward, fell early under Italian influence. At Basel, where he began his independent career at the age of seventeen or eighteen, this influence must have been greatly strengthened in some way and reaches its visible height about 1526, just before his first journey to England. The multifariousness of his work during these early years is somewhat surprising to us who have learned to think of him almost exclusively a portrait painter. There is an all round artist who can turn his hand to anything and in the absence of steady employment is very willing to do so. Book illustrations, portraits, designs for stained glass, anything from initial letters to altar pieces, he is glad to do, and he does them with a wonderful fertility of invention and a precocious mastery. The earliest are decidedly German in accent, reminding one not a little of Durer, but almost from the first there is a finer taste in ornament and in architecture, a greater freedom of movement, a more Italianate costume and a more concentrated composition, while the study of light and shade becomes early a visible preoccupation. There is a whole series of his cartoons for glass in the museum at Basel which are worth attentive study, and the designs for the shutters of the Basel church organ, there preserved, seem to me admirable in character, in decorative propriety and in beauty of line—far finer than anything of the same sort by Durer or by any other northerner. As for his little woodcuts of the "Dance of Death," every one knows them, and every one admires them. No one else has packed so much action, so much energy, so much tragedy, into such small compass. These tiny blocks are among the world's masterpieces of designs.—Kenyon Cox in Scribner's.

Hamlet.

Hamlet, prince of Denmark, is, of course, best known as the hero of one of Shakespeare's greatest plays. The time when he lived is unknown. Some historians say 500 B. C., others say at 700 A. D., and there are some who say he never lived. Shakespeare's play was based on the Danish story of Amlet, whose history is recorded in Saxo-Grammaticus, twelfth century. Belle-Forest adopted the story in 1564, among a collection of novels he began at that time. From him the history of Hamlet was translated, the earliest edition bearing the date 1608. The characters of Laertes and Ophelia are wanting in the original. Some events that transpired in Shakespeare's time must have brought the old legend before the poet's mind. The murder of Darnley and the marriage of his widow, Mary Stuart, to Lord Bothwell furnishes a counterpart of some portions of Hamlet. The theme of tragedies generally at the close of the sixteenth century was revenge. The tragedy of Hamlet in Shakespearean form appeared in 1601-02. His grave is shown at Elsinore, the scene of the play, and there is a garden near by called "Hamlet's garden."

Big Game on the Nile.

A traveler on the upper Nile gives this picture of big game that abounds there: "Of wild animals elephants take the first place; there are enormous herds of them, and the ivory is of the greatest size. A big herd wanders down from the flanks of Elgon and uses a remarkable elephant road, which is apparently used only during the season of migration. This herd frequently crosses the Nile at the southern end of the lake-like extension near Wadelai. Hippopotami come next in size and are to be found in countless numbers in the Nile. When the tributary rivers are in flood they go a long way up them. Were it not for the fact that in the Nile they are extremely dangerous and cause considerable loss of life they might well be preserved, for they do little other harm at very small place is sufficient to keep them out of cultivation."

Woman's Work.

A lady doctor writing to the London Chronicle on "Women Workers" makes the following unanswerable statement: "If you come to estimate a day's work, even in foot pounds, the woman who cleans, bakes, washes and takes to school six children, carries water and tramps up stairs and down for sixteen hours a day, need not fear comparison as to kinetic energy even with a miner working eight hours."

True, but is all this quite necessary? asks Punch. Could not her children sometimes go to school unaccompanied and unbaked? And why must she keep on carrying tramps up and down stairs all that time? Is it even fair on these poor unemployed?

Of course we had a chaise—Cape Cod's ship of shore—called a one horse chaise to distinguish it from the two horse chaise which never struggled through Cape Cod sand. Everybody big enough to be anything above nothing had a chaise. He had to. A Cape Codder without a chaise was not a Cape Codder, and nobody but a Cape Codder, by birth or marriage, long lived on Cape Cod. There are some of the old chaises half left, some even in use, and none of them has completely [illegible]. Once a Cape Cod chaise always a Cape Cod chaise, for [illegible]

UNIQUE AZTALAN.

The Only Brick Walled Town Site Found In This Country.

In many respects Aztalan, in Wisconsin, is among the most remarkable prehistoric monuments in the northwest. It is the only brick walled town site found in this country. It is on the bottom land of the Crayfish river, about two miles from Lake Mills. The inclosing walls of the town site are about 700 feet on its flanks and about 1,500 feet long. The river serves to complete the inclosure of seventeen acres of land.

Within and without the inclosure there are round, truncated and oblong mounds. Just beyond the inclosing walls the land rises abruptly over twenty feet to the rolling table lands of the surrounding country. From the bank above a stone could be tossed into the town site within the inclosure, which would seem to be a good reason why this inclosure, which has been called a fort, could not have been intended for a defense against any human enemy.

Along the brow of the higher land is a row of more than thirteen round pyramidal mounds ranging from three to twelve feet in height. From the top of these mounds or standing on the table land an enemy could command the whole town site. It has always been conceded that Aztalan was not inclosed for purposes of defense. It has been supposed that it was walled for protection from wild animals, though the inclosure has never been high or abrupt enough since its discovery to keep out the panther, wildcat, wolf, bear, moose and buffalo, which were the only dangerous animals of the woods hereabout.

The purpose of its inhabitants in constructing this inclosure over a half mile long still remains a mystery. The most remarkable art of Aztalan is its brick walls and walks. In this it is singular and alone, the only example of bricklaying among all the monuments of the mound builders. These bricks or bricklets are not rectangular and regular in form and size, as are the modern brick. They are simply balls of plastic clay welded by the hand into small bricklets of irregular form about the average size of a snowball. The material used was the glacial yellowish red clay of the vicinity, and the color of the bricks is red or light yellow. Under the glass scrapings appear like a handful of crystal sand.—Minneapolis Journal.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Don't be a misfortune teller.

If you can't do anything else, try to keep out of the way.

You don't have to be impolite to people because you dislike them.

Don't think up mean things in your mind which you intend to say if you get the chance.

Don't tell your wrongs to your friends unless you want to discover that their enthusiasm is very weak.

When an accident happens, there is always some one present to tell how it could have been avoided.

A man never knows till he gets out of the rut how many jolts and bruises he would have missed by staying in it.

It is figured that one rich man's son who has all the money he can spend will spoil ten poor young men in the course of his life and not half try.—Atchison Globe.

Wrangel and the Artist.

Adolf Menzel did not care much for women, and he was apt to treat them with scant courtesy, no matter what their rank. When he was making his picture of the Konigsberg coronation the Empress Augusta came to the conclusion that the women in it had not been sufficiently considered, so she sent Field Marshal Wrangel to tell him so. The artist took the criticism very ill and bluntly told the marshal that he had better mind his military affairs and leave art to artists. After a violent altercation Menzel pointed to the door, and Wrangel, red with rage, retired with the word, "You are a nauseous toad!"

They Didn't Have Time.

A short time ago some men were engaged in putting up telegraph poles on some land belonging to an old farmer who disliked seeing his wheat trampled down, according to the veracious Register of Great Bend, Kan. The men produced a paper by which they said they had leave to put the poles where they pleased. The old farmer went back and turned a large bull in the field. The savage beast made after the men, and the old farmer, seeing them running from the field, shouted at the top of his voice: "Show him the paper! Show him the paper!"

Subtraction.

A teacher in a western public school was giving her class the first lesson in subtraction. "Now, in order to subtract," she explained, "things have to be always of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears or six horses from nine dogs."

A hand went up in the back part of the room.

"Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"—Harper's Weekly.

With the Ring on It.

Grayce—Edythe is pretty foxy. She won't say anything about her love affairs, but I have an idea that she has finally accepted young Sapleigh, Gladys.—In that case she is apt to soon show her hand.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Shrinking.

Mrs. Brown—My husband says there has been quite a shrinkage in the stock. Mrs. Jones—I see. They have the same again in Wall street. What do in dry goods—you can't always get goods that won't shrink.—New York Press.

THE TREADMILL.

A Punishment Still In Vogue In Many English Prisons.

The treadwheel is still in vogue at many English prisons. Within the walls is a little building, built of blue gray stone, standing somewhat apart from the main structure in a corner of the exercise ground and prison garden. On the chocolate colored door are painted in white letters the two words, "Wheel House." As the door opens the dull, grinding sound that we heard outside grows a little louder and clearer. The door closes behind us with the inevitable clash and click of the returning bolt. The house is an apartment some thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide. On the left hand side are the wheels, four of them, in two tiers, divided by a gallery running the whole length of the house and communicating with the floor by a staircase at the opposite end. On the right hand side there is another lower and shorter gallery, on which stands the warder in charge. The wheels are separated by a section of brick wall.

Each wheel is divided into compartments, cutting off each prisoner from the others. The object of this is to prevent the prisoners from seeing and hearing one another, although conversation in a low voice pitched in a different key from that of "the music of the wheel" is perfectly easy and intelligible.

AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

They Are Shy of Travelers or Hunters in the Forests.

"Elephants are but rarely seen in the forests of Africa, however numerous they may be," writes an old hunter of big game in the dark continent. "This is due to many causes. In the first place, they are naturally extremely shy animals and detest the neighborhood of man. In the second place, they are largely nocturnal feeders and rarely drink or bathe except at night. They often travel immense distances to and from the water and retire during the day to the remotest portions of the forest, where they doze away the long, hot hours under the shadiest trees that they can find. Lastly, their scent is extremely keen.

"This sense is so largely developed that they can recognize danger at a very long distance, and as soon as the alarm is given they move quickly but noiselessly away. As an elephant disturbed or frightened will frequently travel twenty or thirty miles without a stop, and as his pace under such circumstances is a good five miles an hour, it is easy to understand that travelers in the forest, although frequently coming upon absolutely fresh tracks, but seldom see the herd that has caused them."

INSURANCE SYSTEMS.

They Date Away Back to the Time of Claudius Caesar.

The principle of combination for protective purposes has been traced to the time of King Alfred, and according to Francis' "Annals of Life Insurance," assurance on its broadest basis was practiced in the Saxon guilds.

Marine insurance dates back to the Emperor Claudius Caesar, who during a corn famine encouraged merchants to send ships for supplies by engaging to make good the value of any vessel lost in the public service. The Greeks had a somewhat similar practice, and so had the Jews, for when banished from France in the twelfth century they took out policies of insurance upon all their effects in transit.

The earliest English statute relating to insurance is dated 1601 and says, "It hathe bene tyme out of mynde an usage amongste merchantes both of this realm and of forraine nacyons, when they make any great adventure, to give some consideracion of money to other persons, to have assurance made of all their goodes, which is commonlie termed a policie of assurance."—Pearson's Weekly.

Seventeenth Century Customs.

In the seventeenth century English men thought it injurious to sleep in rooms facing the sun, so most of the rooms faced north and east, opening off a passage or else out of each other. At the head of the stairs slept the master and his wife, and all the rooms tenanted by the rest of the household were accessible only through that. The daughters of the house and maidservants lay in rooms on one side, say the right, with the maids in those most distant, those of the men lay on the left, the sons of the house nearest the chamber of the master and the serving men farthest away.

Coming Back.

On one of the streets of a southern city a dusky belle, sauntering aimlessly along, met a white haired ex-slave who was promenading with definiteness and an approach to speed.

"Hello, Aunt Dilsey!" said the belle nonchalantly. "Whey you gwine?"

"Whey I gwine?" queried the old woman sharply. "Whey you reckon I gwine? I ain't gwine. I done been whey I gwine."

Cruel.

Mabel (not in her first youth)—First of all he held my hands and told my fortune, and then, Evie, he gazed into my face ever so long and said he could read my thoughts! Wasn't that clever of him, dear? Evie—Oh, I suppose he read between the lines, darling.—Punch.

Her Portrait.

Miss Plane—Now, not as pretty a picture of me as you possibly can. Photographer—Never fear, ma'am; when she is touched up you won't know yourself.—New Yorker.

A man is never selfish but for pure selfishness, not for gaining his own good, but for neglecting his neighbor's.—Whedon.

Justice of the Peace

The office of justice of the peace is a very important one to the people in a financial way, as it is therein most of the criminal cases that come to the circuit court have their initiative. It lies in the power of a level headed justice of the peace to greatly curtail expenditures in criminal prosecutions. He can see there is no reason for binding the defendant over, can send him with probably a long list of witnesses, making heavy expense to the taxpayer, up to the circuit court. Herein the writer would call attention to the fidelity of George W. Kinsey, candidate for justice of the peace for the Oregon district, to the trust which he holds that position. From our personal knowledge of the merits of criminal cases while filling the chief executive office of the county several years, all of which time Mr. Kinsey was justice, we can say he used good judgment in criminal examinations, his commitments to the grand jury usually resulting in indictments and convictions in the circuit court.

WATER PATRONS TAKE NOTICE

New Irrigation Rates in Effect May 1

On May 1 our new water rates will go into effect, as noted elsewhere in this issue. Under the new arrangement water for irrigating purposes will be charged for separately from that for household purposes, a separate rate being made for each service. For this reason it will be necessary for all those who desire the irrigation service to call at the office, 1 Willamette street, and sign a contract for use of same. Irrigation hours, 6 to 9 p. m.; 6 to 8 a. m.

WILLAMETTE VALLEY CO

Tree Spraying

Spraying for woolly aphis, peach blight and codlin moth done with dispatch and at reasonable rates. For information call up J. B. Willoughby at W. J. Warnock's feed barn. Phone 1291.

Moves Barber Shop

F. M. Stauffer has moved his barber shop from North Willamette street to the building formerly occupied by F. C. Potts' cigar store on Eighth street, near Olive, where he will be pleased to meet his old and all new customers.

Notice

The party who took a black silk umbrella, with brass knob and light wood set in centre, from the Baptist church April 15 will leave same at this office at once and save further trouble.

A PHILADELPHIAN

Back Again

Al A. Simmons is at the old stand, 437 Willamette street. Best standard and photos at lowest prices.

Storage! Storage! Storage!

Public and private. Storage of all kinds of goods and material, etc., at reasonable prices. Goods received for Hop storage solicited. Parties having hops to store will do well to see GEO. T. HALL & SON.

Save Your Money

By having your wood sawed with a gasoline wood saw. It furnishes its own fuel and does not burn you. See the point? Saws by a gauge. Prompt service. Phone Red 312, or call at 775 Perry street. W. E. BOYD.

Cabbage and Logan Berry Plants

Fine early cabbage plants for sale at D. R. Lakin's, 170 East Ellsworth street. Also Logan and Mammoth blackberry plants. Good time to put out right away.

Dirt for Filling

If you want to fill your lot, call up F. A. Ranlet at once for dirt.

"Say, Nel, my wheel just runs like new. I tried the vaseline cure at Goodyear's bicycle store."

Hanson & Bell, Eugene employment office, Oregon Hotel.

For delicious maccaroon ice cream go to the Hazelwood ice cream parlors.

The best way to get anything you want is to advertise for it in these columns. Hundreds are looking for something you have to sell.

F. W. WITHYCOMBE.

It pays to advertise in these columns. It was through this that Collister's Dairy Model found out, as nearly all the people do, that Collister's Dairy Model is the place to trade. Drug Co.