Checks for the Communion Table.

The author of "The Sabbath in Puritan New England" mentions a custom which prevailed in several New England churches that made it the duty of the deacons to walk up and down the aisles of the church at the close of each service and deliver to every person who in their judgment was fitted to commune a metal check, which entitled him at the next celebration of the Lord's supper to join in the sacred ordinance. On the communion Sabbath it was the deacons' duty to see that every one who presented himself at the Lord's table had this check and to collect it from the communicant before passing to him the bread and wine.

All to Do Over Again.

It is an open question if the old fisherman in the following story ever got the right answer to the problem that was puzzling his head. A writer in Everybody's Magazine, at least, leaves one in doubt on that score. The riddle was this: "If a herring and a half costs a penny and a half, how many herrings can you buy for a shilling?" The old fisherman had worked on it for some time.

"What did you say the mackerel and a half cost?" he asked at last.

"I didn't say mackerel; I said herring," explained the skipper.

"Oh, that's different," said the other. "I've been figuring on mackerel."

The Old Hoss Room.

Alvin Adams when the express business was in its infancy had an office and two horses in New York city. One of these horses was a fine, fast animal, and the other an old, broken-down nag. Packages that were to be delivered immediately he sent out behind the fast horse. Of goods that didn't have to be rushed he would say, "Leave them for the old hoss." In every express office to this day there is an "old hoss" room, where undelivered and unclaimed packages are kept.—Argonaut.

Rob Dentists of Gold Leaf.

"Pennyweighters," as the detectives call them, have been busy in Washington during the last few days. Eleven dentists' offices have been entered and robbed of gold leaf and platinum to the value of about $300.

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His Definition.

At a London board school the teacher had explained to the children the meaning of the word "ability." "Now children," she went on, "what word would express the opposite to ability?"

A sharp faced little boy at the end of the end form bobbed up his head and exclaimed, "Please, teacher, nobility!"—Work and Play.

Near Its Final Stage.

Mr. Dorkins—Maria, I think I can make this dining table last a while longer by replacing a few of the top boards with new ones.

Mrs. Dorkins—Well, go ahead and patch the top of the old thing up if you think you can, but I want you to understand that it's on its last legs.

Eloping Up-to-Date.

The coatless man puts a careless arm
'Round the waist of the hatless girl
While over the dustless, mudless roads
In a horseless wagon they whirl.
Like a leadless bullet from hammerless gun,
By smokeless powder driven,
They fly to taste the speechless joys
By endless union given.
The only luncheon his coinless purse
Affords to them the means
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod,
With a dish of stringless beans.
He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe,
And laughs a mirthless laugh
When papa tries to coax her back
By wireless telegraph.
—Motor Record.

The Ambiguous Cook.

Mrs. DeAysker—Did your cook leave on account of the extra 15 cents a week that the Razer woman offered her?

Mrs. Von Holmer—I can't tell; she said she was going to leave because she wanted the change, and I don't know whether she meant the money or the new place.

Back to Nature.

"Yes, I am a milliner."

"Trim hats, eh? Maybe you can pick up some ideas out here in the country."

"I have already learned much. I had always supposed that the blossoms were wired to the bushes."—Kansas City Journal.

Lessons From the Pulpit.

Manhattan Congregational church, New York, of which Rev. Dr. Henry A. Stimson is pastor, has been holding a series of "civic services," these being addressed by publicists and experts in municipal development.

Not Appalled by Figures.

Stage Manager—Do you know, my dear sir, that not more than one play in fifty is a success?

Ambitious Author—Yes, sir, but that doesn't scare me. This play is one of a thousand.

FOREST FIRES RAGE

Six Known Dead and Millions of Feet of Timber Gone.

Schoolteacher and Niece in Lonely Homestead Cabin Fall Victims—All Efforts Fail to Save.

Spokane, Wash. — Six lives have been lost in fires which are raging in the district around Spokane. For hundreds of miles in every direction is a caldron of flame, a seething furnace which is taking its toll of life and property. It the Coeur d'Alenes, all over the Idaho Panhandle, in the Colville district, north around Nelson and Kaslo, far westward, extending clear to the coast, the fire fiend is king.

No real estimate can be placed upon property loss from the fires. Great tracts of timber have been burned. In the Coeur d'Alenes some of the finest standing timber of the entire district has been wiped out. For miles in every direction the mountains appear as huge bonfires. North, east, west and south of this city the same condition exists and every day the loss of property is growing greater and the death list is being added to.

A forest fire driven by a sweeping gale through the dry pine forest on Mill Creek, 18 miles northeast of Colville, surrounded the homestead cabin of Miss Pearl Brewen, aged 22, a teacher in school district No. 156. Before assistance could reach her she and her little niece, 1 year old, daughter of Hon. J. S. Wyman, of Plains, Mont., were burned to death. Dozens of determined men vainly sought to reach the cabin, but were driven back.

W. W. Clark, residing on the south fork of Mill Creek, arrived at Colville and reported to Prosecuting Attorney H. G. Kirkpatrick the harrowing details of the schoolteacher's death. She was in her lonely homestead cabin, her niece spending the day with her. The grewsome tragedy was the result of a forest fire set by W. A. Trowbridge, a near neighbor, clearing a slashing.

Trowbridge has been arrested, with two other men, and he will be taken to jail. The settlers are very angry, and Sheriff Graham is prepared for emergencies. Millions of feet of timber have been burned in the last few days.

Warden Hanson has arrived at Colville with Trowbridge in custody, and Prosecuting Attorney Kirkpatrick, who with Coroner A. B. Cook and Undertaker W. S. Prindle, was just leaving the court house for the scene of the death of Miss Brewen, ordered the prisoner to the custody of Sheriff W. H. Graham.

According to Mr. Clark, Trowbridge had been warned personally not to set fire, that it was contrary to law.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of timber is being destroyed and there is but little hope of checking the flames until rain falls.

Men Die as Heroes.

Nelson, B. C.—Leaving safety to look after others, Foreman Charles Norman, of the Lucky Jim mine at Kaslo, lost his life in a bush fire which, fanned by a high wind, swept over the mine. Four other men were suffocated and about 30 escaped.

A party of prominent mining men, including Finecane, Miller and Colonel Davidson, from Spokane and Webster; Loper and Proctor, of Nelson, on coming out of tunnel No. 5, noticed fire rapidly approaching. They went to Whitewater and assisted to get the women and children away. Norman went to the mine camp to warn the men in the cabins. Otto Swanson led the men to the back of tunnel No. 4. Not being room there for all, several went to another part of the tunnel, where smoke was swept through the ventilating chambers, suffocating Col. Peterson and W. A. Chesney. Dave Peterson was found suffocated at another point. Meanwhile Norman went to look for Ted Lucas, who is still missing. He was cut off by the flames and his body was found at the entrance to the tunnel.

Forests Blaze Near Hoquiam.

Hoquiam, Wash.—A force of 1,000 loggers is engaged in patrolling the logging districts north of Hoquiam to prevent forest fires from breaking out anew. No damage has been done yet, with the exception of $5,000 worth of timber destroyed Saturday. Hot prevailing weather has a tendency to dry out mosses and brush, making timber easy prey to the flames. The territory burned over is estimated at 4,000 acres. Forest fires are raging in Little North river country, located 16 miles southeast of here.

Fire Might Have Been Checked.

Seattle, Wash.—Five hundred thousand feet of logs that had been cut and were ready for delivery have been destroyed by a forest fire now raging near Tolt, in this county. The fire is the worst that has broken out this side of the Cascade mountains this season. It is eating its way into valuable green timber owned by the O'Neil Timber company, limited. The fire might have been checked in its early stages before it destroyed the large quantity of logs had the contractors taken the pains to put in a few fire fighters.

Bad Storm Sweeps Nevada.

Reno, Nev.—The worst storm Nevada has experienced in years at this time of the year started late Tuesday afternoon breaking the longest dry period the state has ever known. The precipitation has been nearly two inches, which exceeds the total for the five preceding months combined. Streetcar traffic was demoralized by a flash of lightning which burned out the transformers. The cars were out of commission all night.

Big Mill Threatened by Fires.

Tacoma, Wash.—Forest fires on the McKenna branch of the Tacoma Eastern railroad threaten the Bryan sawmill, according to reports received here. A lively fire is raging and it is feared the force of men fighting the flames is inadequate to save the mill.

Cleaning the Henhouse.

If you wish to rid your henhouses of lice and mites now is the time to do it.

Clean them perfectly, whitewash the sides and roosts, remove all litter from the nests and whitewash them outside and in. Take out all droppings and litter on the floor and sprinkle ashes over the floor every few days.

Fumigate the house once or twice a week with sulphur or tobacco smoke. Make a war on the insects for the next two months, and you will not be troubled much with them during summer.

Aeroplane Made Comfortable.

Aeroplaning is to be made comfortable. Henri Deutsch of Paris, whose prizes did so much for the advancement of aviation in its early days, is having an aerocab built for his own use. The aeroplane is of the Wright type, but a little cab of basketwork is being made to shelter the driver and his passenger from rain and cold.

Suggesting a Reason.

Corkins—I don't know how I do it, but I can always tell what time of day it is without looking at a watch or clock.

McStab—To be sure. Nature always confers instinct upon creatures that lack the higher faculties.

Getting Honest.

"This is your birthday, isn't it, Bess?"

"Yes, Dick."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"Well, I'm going to give you a kiss for every year of your life."

"Why, Dick! Dick—I—I may as well confess to you that I am really twenty-six."

Domestic Fiction.

Mrs. Brown—I used to be so fond of fiction before I was married. Mrs. Smith—And don't you read much now? Mrs. Brown—No; after the tales my husband tells me about why he is late getting home merely printed fiction seems so tame and unimaginative.

An Amendment.

"Are you ready to live on my income?" he asked softly.

She looked up into his face trustingly.

"Certainly, dearest," she answered, "if—if——"

"If what?"

"If you get another one for yourself."—New York Journal.

What the Wild Waves Heard.

"You're looking blue," remarked the lobster. "What's the matter?"

"I have just heard," the oyster answered, "that there are such things as vegetable oysters."

"What's the difference?" rejoined the other. "There are human lobsters, too, but I don't let that worry me a cent's worth."—Chicago Tribune.

The Burning Question.

Venus was rising from the sea.

"Great Jupiter!" cried the men, as they crowded the beach. "How did you lose your arms?"

But the women never noticed the arms.

"In the name of all that is wonderful," they chimed, "how do you keep your hair in curl in salt water?"—Judge.

Threatened Them.

Mike and Pat were hired to clean a cistern. Mike took a firm hold of the rope and started to let Pat down. When about half way down Pat yelled up:

"Ho! Mike, stop letting me down."

"For why?" said Mike.

"Don't ask any questions," said Pat, "fer if yez don't stop letting me down, I'll cut the rope."—Harper's Monthly.

Kindred Spirits.

"John, what kept you out so late?"

"Didn't I tell you, Maria, that I had to go to a meeting of the True Knights of the Mystic Brotherhood?"

"Now that you mention it, I believe you did."

"Well, we had a long wrangle, as usual."

Vocal.

"Ruggles, you are spending a great deal of money on your daughter's voice, aren't you?"

"Not exclusively. I'm spending some of it on her accent. She's learning French."

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

You can account for very few marriages.

Every time any big bill is presented to you, it looks like robbery.

If a woman can get her first man, she needn't worry about her second or third.

"My duty," said an unhappy married woman to-day, "is anything HE objects to."

There is plenty of cooking as good as "mother's," but very few appetites like a boy's.

We have observed that there is little complaint about the high prices of beer and cigars.

The women pick at men and at goods offered at special sale, in the same industrious way.

You are always at a disadvantage in arguing with a man who doesn't know what he is talking about.

Have you ever noticed how suddenly a useful man can die, and how long a worthless man holds out?

A book agent speaks as highly of the book he sells as a reformer speaks of the reform he represents.

Scrapping in families is objectionable, but it is not so bad as when kin praise each other too much.

When you hear a smart saying by a child, it is a sign the child has a smart mother, and that she made it up.

A man and woman going on a wedding trip try hard not to look happy, and on their return try just as hard to look happy.

FASHION HINTS

Ecru linen combined with a dark blue dotted linen, were very effectively used in this summery little dress. The linen was of the handkerchief sort, a fine material being necessary for the gathered skirt

A RESTRAINING HAND.

Its Action Followed by a Voice That Warned.

"Patrick H. McCarren once told me of a funny incident that happened in Rome," said a Brooklyn lawyer. "McCarren said that on his first visit to Rome, after he had seen the Coliseum and the Forum, he visited the Ara Coeli Church, on the left of the Capitoline Hill. He climbed the grand stairway leading to the church, the finest open air stairway in the world. He pushed back the heavy leather curtain, and, entering, he found a service in progress. So he put his hat on the marble floor at his side and took a seat.

"After ten minutes or so he decided he would go and reached down for his hat. But a restraining hand was laid on his, and he desisted. He knew, of course, that some churches don't like people to leave in the midst of a service.

"Ten or fifteen minutes more passed. The service still continued. Senator McCarren got impatient and again reached for his hat. But again the unseen hand restrained him from the rear.

"A little later, however, the senator quite lost patience. This was, he told himself an important service, of course. Nevertheless, he did not propose to miss his luncheon, and it would harm no one if he slipped out quietly.

"So a third time he reached for his hat, and the invisible hand a third time detained him. He persevered, however. The silent hand pushed and his silent hand pushed against it. But just as he was conquering in the struggle a voice said in good American:

"Cheese it, boss; that's my hat you're taking."

Ample Proof.

Lottie—Is your young minister, so very, very fascinating?

Hattie—Fascinating! Why, lots of girls in our church have married men they hated, just to get one kiss from the rector after the ceremony.—Puck.

Postponed.

Dolly—Why aren't you at the cooking school?

Polly—Teacher's laid up with dyspepsia.—Cleveland Leader.

Good Tip.

"I guess I'll have to dispose of my dog."

"Why?"

"The price of dog biscuits has gone up out of sight."

"Can't you feed him animal crackers?"—Houston Post.

Its Nature.

"There is one good thing, or ought to be, about the society model deity business."

"What's that?"

"It gets the cream of the trade."—Baltimore American

Strawberries Grown in City.

To show that strawberries can be grown in the heart of the city, Willis A. Hendricks of East Twenty-first and Albert streets brought to the office of the Oregonian a number of boxes of Magoon and Oregon improved berries containing an average of twenty berries to the box. The berries were grown on an ordinary city lot without irrigation. Mr. Hendricks had 1,000 plants on his lot and at the first picking he picked a total of 56 boxes of the monster berries. A number of the berries were over five inches in circumference and one measured 7½ inches in circumference.—Portland Oregonian

His Question-Answer.

"Are marriages made in heaven?"

The lecturer paused, as if for an answer to his interrogation; whereupon a man with a hunted look glanced furtively over his shoulder, swallowed hard, moistened his lips and said, huskily:

"Do strawberries grow at the north pole?"

Mixed Feed for Horses.

In large city stables feeding the horses the hay and grain as mixed feed is the general practise and gives the best results. Keepers find that horses can be worked hard and kept in good condition on cut hay and cornmeal. The amount of hay fed varies from 8 to 14 pounds a day in different stables, and of grain from 7 to 20 pounds a day.

Good Rotation.

A good rotation is corn, grain, clover. Hay land should be topdressed with stable manure, and best results were obtained by applying this little and often. Where land remains in grass a long time a light seeding of clover from time to time is beneficial, reseeding in summer after the hay crop has been removed.

The Great Problem.

"Please advise me."

"Well?"

"Shall I marry a girl who is my temperamental opposite and quarrel with her the rest of my life, or shall I marry a congenial soul and get tired of her?"

No Cause for Alarm.

Traveler—Here! Keep off! What the——

Pullman Porter—Don't shy, sah! It am only de vackum-cleaneh, which hab supeheeded de microbey whiskbroom in dis heah up-to-date car, sah!—Puck.

How a Boomerang Acts.

Rich Father—When I was a young man of your age I was compelled to keep an accurate expense account and wasn't allowed to be out at night later than 11 o'clock.

Son and Heir—Sorry to hear it, governor; your father couldn't trust you as safely as you can trust me.

Attractive Letters.

Rodrick—Yes, he came over here to learn our language and started on the alphabet. Began picking up letters, you know.

Van Albert—And what progress has he made?

Rodrick—Oh, he soon found that the only letters he had time to pick up were the X's and V's.

Protecting Seed Corn.

A method of protecting seed corn against the crows is to add a tablespoonful of chloride of lime to a peck of shelled corn mixing it well. It is a very cheap and easy way and the seed is more agreeable to handle than when coated with tar after the more common method.

Economical.

Whyte—Browne is very economical, isn't he? Black—Browne? Well, I'll tell you. Browne is the sort of man who, when he wants an awl and hasn't any, instead of buying one will go to work to make one by straightening out a corkscrew.

Methods of Calculation.

"Scientists are not usually successful business men."

"No. They think they are doing very well if they come within a few hundred thousand miles of the exact measurement. You can't figure on dollars that way if you are doing business with a bank."