Curious Paradox.

It is a curious paradox that the man with the strongest will is the man who yields the most quickly to opposition. He saves all his strength to throw it into the line of least resistance. He is a good general and does not waste himself battering away at an impregnable position, but makes a flank movement at once.

Which Spells Success.

Study the world and its forces. Your strength lies in co-operation with them. Study men; leadership consists in knowing how to run with them. Public opinion is like an ocean liner; you cannot back it in a minute; you cannot guide it when it is going slow, and it can only be controlled by one who is riding on it.

Exclusive.

"Don't you desire to be famous?" "No," replied Mr. Groucher. "I don't care to have my name in the encyclopedia along with those of whom I do not approve in the slightest.

CAP and BELLS

STILL HE MISSED SOMETHING

Suburban Amateur Gardener Who Had Improved Small Estate Is Given Severe Jolt.

He was a suburban amateur gardener, whose mission in life was to bore all his friends by asking them down for week-ends, and showing them round his three-feet-by-two estate. Just now he was boring Jackson, from the office. He showed him his four rose trees; he showed him his pocket shrubbery; he showed him his half-inch fountain jet, with its little basin and pair of goldfish; he showed him his summer house, which would almost admit two persons at one and the same time.

"Never know what you can do with a bit of ground till you try!" cackled the host, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"Quite so—quite so!" returned Jackson, absently. "But I think you might improve it."

"How?" questioned the owner, betwene gratification and wounded pride.

"Well,," replied Jackson, "why don't you take a strip off the flower bed—say, four inches wide—turf it over, and convert it into golf links?"

Giving Away a Trade Secret.

"I want you to notice that man over there."

"What's peculiar about him?"

"He's well off and he got his start as a window dresser."

"A what?"

"Don't you understand? He fixed up displays in the front windows of stores so as to attract a crowd. I've seen people almost fighting for a chance to look at them."

"That takes skill."

"Skill nothing! All he did was to put pictures of prize fighters in ring costume here and there among the exhibits."

Minus the Price.

"Do you think there is any chance of my poem appearing in your magazine?" asked the bard. "I'm without so much as a quarter in money."

"Before you told me your financial situation I thought there might be some chance of your poem appearing in our magazine," answered the hard-hearted editor, "but now I see no hope. Our advertising rates are $5 an inch."

LOCK 'EM OUT.

Hiram Hayrick (at the country store)—I see thet this here Panama canal is goin' to be a lock canal.

Jonas Meadows—Thet's good. Then they kin lock these derned furriners out.

Followed Instructions.

Gunner—You can't get the best of those railway porters who bang your things about. I labeled my trunks "China" and thought they would handle them with unusual care.

Guyer—And did they?

Gunner—No; but blamed if they didn't ship 'em all the way to Shanghai, and I haven't seem 'em since.—Judge.

Sure of His Oats.

Young Centaur—I'd like to have your daughter for my running mate, old hoss.

Old Centaur—H'm! What are your prospects?

Young Centaur—Why, yesterday morning, before the railbirds got busy, I reeled off a mile in 1:26 flat—and I didn't extend myself, either.—Puck.

Just Hake.

Prospective Customer—What fish is that?"

Illiterate Fishmonger—That's 'ake, sir.

Prospective Customer—Oh, indeed. Toothache or headache?

Illiterate Fishmonger—Neither, sir. It's 'ake all over, sir.—Tit-Bits.

Fanciest Ever.

New Boarder—Haven't you got any fancy dishes here?

Rural Landlord—Sure thing! Mame, bring the gentleman that mousetrap cup your grandfather used to use.—Puck.

A Natural Sweeper.

Particular Housekeeper—I'll give you your breakfast if you take this broom and sweep up around the house. Are you a natural sweeper?

Tramp—I wuz born in Broome county, mum.—Judge.

His Which.

English Waiter—Which side of the table do you wish to sit on, sir?

American Guest—I prefer to sit on a chair.—Tit-Bits.

Bad Price, Bad Work.

Craftsmanship used to be the keynote of labor. The aim was to produce an excellent thing, to sell at a good price. The modern business man tries to produce quickly a rotten and fantastic article, so as to be able to sell at a bad price in enormous quantities. So far is this paradox true that a real economist nearly always buys the most expensive things, and the cheapjack is as often as not a millionaire.—R. R. Buckley, in London T. P.'s Weekly.

Mayor Is Poo Bah.

The mayor of High Wycombe, England, is not only in business as a hairdresser, but is also color sergeant in the territorials, foreman of the fire brigade, vice-president of the football club, a champion marksman, public singer, amateur actor and cricketer.

After Emerson.

"That wealthy young broker has given his motor to a well-known actress." "Yes. He says his father taught him to hitch his wagon to a star."—Life.

Heroic Treatment.

Little Marjorie, aged four, bumped her head on a key in the front door. She went in the house and put some cold cream on a rag and then went to the door and tied the key up carefully. As she was leaving she said: "I will call in the morning to see how you are."

Good Things Are Eternal.

Bring your children up to be happy. Don't let them be any more superstitious than you can help. But, at any rate, avoid one horrible, haunting belief that good things can't last. The good things are the only eternal things of the world.

Literary Boy Chases Cupid.

A Kansas City (Kan.) man was given a divorce recently because his wife is so busy writing love stories for the magazines that he had to prepare his own meals and do most of the housework. When the literary bug enters the parlor Cupid slips out of the kitchen door and climbs over the fence.

Under Colored Glass.

A Swiss professor of agriculture has been experimenting with cultivation under colored glass, and finds, according to the Review Scientifique, that ordinary transparent glass gives the best results. Orange glass forces the plants, but hurts the fruit; violet glass increases the quantity of fruit, but lowers the quality; red, blue and green glass are positively injurious.

DOINGS OF THE WEEK

Current Events of Interest Gathered From the World at Large.

General Resume of Important Events Presented In Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

The town of Gardiner, Ore., is reported to have been almost totally destroyed by fire.

Scouts in an airship failed to discover the advancing "enemy" during practice maneuvers.

Railroads defend their advance in Western freight rates, declaring government ownership is the only alternative.

A girl at Wenatchee, Wash., has been unconscious for 15 days as a result of sickness, and all attempts to rouse her have failed.

All mail clerks in the postoffice at Goldfield, Nev., have struck because the state legislature refuses to longer add generously to their regular pay.

Chicago city officials are trying to prevent the unloading on the city's markets of many tons of cold storage provisions, much of which has been on ice for several years and is totally unfit for food.

The late Geo. H. Williams, ex-mayor of Portland, left an estate valued at $163,262.

Leaders of fashion in Paris have decreed that the "rat" will no longer be worn by women.

After a 40-day chase the leaders of a big Chinese smuggling gang have been captured in California.

The Washington Equal Suffrage association had a stormy session and very little was accomplished.

British political parties are preparing for a final struggle in parliament on the Lords' veto question.

A bill has been introduced in the Utah legislature for a $200,000 exhibit at the Panama fair in San Francisco in 1915.

Heirs of the late Mary Baker Eddy will contest her will, which left the bulk of her fortune to the Christian Science church.

A Great Northern train was snowbound for four days in Montana, while the wind blew a gale and the temperature went to 50 degrees below zero.

Congressman Macon, of Arkansas, declares he will oppose to the utmost the making of Peary a rear admiral until he proves his discovery of the North Pole.

The widow of the late Henry Weinhard, a wealthy brewer of Portland, has given a 20-acre tract, worth $30,000, near Portland, for the establishment of a home for aged Germans.

Heavy snow stopped the town clock at Albany, Ore., by clogging the hands.

Cincinnati loses her finest building, the chamber of commerce, by fire; loss about $1,000,000.

A hotel clerk of El Paso, Tex., has confessed that he was one of the "robbers" who looted his hotel office Jan. 5.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, 84@85½c; club, 82@82½c; red Russian, 80c; Valley 82@83c; 40-fold, 83@83½c.

Barley—Feed, $24@25 per ton; brewing, $27@27.50 per ton.

Millstuffs—Bran, $23.50@24.50 per ton; middlings, $31; shorts, $25.50@26.50; rolled barley, $25@26.

Hay—Track prices; Timothy, Willamette Valley, $19@20 per ton; Eastern Oregon, $21@22; alfalfa, $14; grain hay, $14.50@15.50; clover, $13@14.

Corn—Whole, $29; cracked, $30 ton.

Oats—No 1 white, $28@28.50 ton.

Apples—Waxen, 50c&@1; Baldwin, 75c@$1.25; Northern Spy, 60c@$1.25; Snow, $1.25; Red Cheek Pippin, $1@1.25; Winter Banana, $1.75@2; Spitzenberg, $1.25@1.75; Yellow Newtown, $1.75.

Green Fruits—Pears, $1.25@2 per box; cranberries, $12@12.50 per barrel.

Vegetables—Beans, 12½c per lb.; cabbage, $1.25 per hundred; cauliflower, $2.25 per crate; celery, California, $3@3.25 per crate; squash, 1@1½c per lb.; tomatoes, $1.75 per box; carrots, $1@1.25 hundred; parsnips, $1@1.25; turnips, $1; beets, $1.25@1.50.

Potatoes—Oregon, jobbing prices, $1.25@1.35 per hundred.

Onions—Buying price, $1.50 per hundred.

Poultry—Live: Hens, 18½@19c; Springs, 18½@19c; turkeys, 20@21c; ducks., 23c; geese, 14c; dressed turkeys, choice, 25c.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, candled, 33@35c; Eastern, 28@30c.

Butter—City creamery extra, 1 and 2 pound prints, in boxes, 35c per pound; less than boxes, cartons and delivery extra.

Pork—Fancy, 11@12c per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 85 to 125 pounds, 13@14c per pound.

Hops—1910 crop, 18@18½c; 1909 crop, 10@12c; contracts, 12@13c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 12@18c per lb., according to shrinkage; Valley, 17@19c per pound. Mohair, choice, 30@31c.

Cattle—Prime steers $7@7.50; good to choice, $6.50@7.00; fair to good, $5@6.50; common, $4.50@5.75; choice to prime cows, $5.25@5.50; good to choice beef cows, $4.75@5.25; fair to choice, $4.25@4.75; common to fair, $2@4; good to choice heifers, $4.75@5; fair to good, $4.50@4.75; common to fair, $4@4.25; choice to good fat bulls, $3.75@4.50; fair to good, $3.25@3.50; common bulls, $2.50@3.25; good to choice light claves, $7@7.50; fair to good, $6.50@7; good to choice heavy calves, $5.25@6; fair to good, $4.75@5.25; common calves, $3.75@4.75; good to choice stags, $4.50@5.

Hogs—Fair to good, $4@4.50; choice, $8.75@9.10; good to choice, $8.50@8.75.

Sheep—yearling wethers, grain-fed, $4.75@5; old wethers, grain-fed, $4.25@4.50; choice ewes, grain-fed, $3.75@4.75; feeders, $2.25@3; choice lambs, grain-fed, $6.50@7; good to choice, grain-fed, $6@6.25.

THE GOLD MINER'S GARDEN.

Housewives who cannot be happy without their little gardens had better make a wide detour of the Nevada desert. Nothing grows in the treasure hills and vales of the Great Basin save the joshua-tree, a shabby variety of the yucca-palm; sagebrush and the greasewood bush. A writer in Good Housekeeping tells of one attempt at gardening, which proved not only expensive, but useless.

In Goldfield there was the wife of a bonanza mine operator who pined for a little lawn. Her husband freighted down from the Washoe range a thousand dollar carload of sod.

It was carefully laid out before the tiny cottage by an expert gardener, borrowed from a garden estate in southern California and it was generously sprinkled with water bought by the gallon.

It was summer time, and usually one hundred degrees in the shade at noon.

For a day or two the liberally watered sod looked fresh, and a few blades of grass raised their heads proudly. Hundreds came from miles round to feast their eyes on this little patch of verdant green.

The gold miner's wife was overjoyed and sent to Sacramento for a box of rose bushes. She would have a little oasis of her own.

Alas! one shimmering afternoon it began to blow. Spirals of sand rose up on the hill slopes and danced down the trails and into the camp, gaining velocity and volume with every revolution.

First came one little sandspout, which tripped a sprightly saraband on the little lawn. Then came another, a trifle larger, and danced like a mad dervish from corner to corner of the square of sod.

Presently a very ballet of sandpoints were performing their bewildering evolutions about the cottage, merging at last one into the other, and becoming a prodigious whirlblast of alkaline dust.

When this cruel visitation had passed the little lawn had vanished. Although deluged with a reckless waste of water, not a solitary blade of grass could be brought to raise its head. The poisonous dust had killed swiftly and thoroughly.

FASHION HINTS

"Snappy" describes this afternoon frock; just the right color touch and contrasts in materials.

It is a combination of cashmere, chiffon, velvet and lace with a cord and tassel belt fixing that is right up to the minute.

The Power of Potemkin.

Potemkin, the great Russian general and statesman, once desired that the word "impossible" be erased from his dictionary. Just how near he came to fulfilling this extraordinary ambition, the following anecdote shows:

The favor and power bestowed on him by the Empress Catherine the Great had accustomed Prince Potemkin to satisfy his slightest wish. Some one, speaking before him one day of the height of one of his aides-de-camp, said that an officer whom he named, in the Russian army, was even taller. When a discussion arose, Potemkin sent an express with an order to bring back the officer in question, who was then about a thousand miles away.

When the officer heard that he was sent for by the prince his joy was extreme; he felt assured that he was going to be appointed to a superior grade. One can, however, imagine his disappointment when, on his arrival at the camp, he learned that it was only that he might be measured against the aide-de-camp of Potemkin, and that he was expected to return at once without any other result than the fatigue of a very long journey.

Inspiration in Dreams.

Coleridge must be added to the list of authors who have found inspiration in dreams, for he himself told us that he composed over 200 lines of "Kubla Khan" during a sleep of three hours. On awaking he wrote down the fragment now existing, but the interruption of a visitor banished the rest from his mind. The first idea of "The Ancient Mariner," too, was suggested to the poet by a dream of his friend Cruikshank. And Kipling's "Greatest Story in the World" was but the half-remembered dream of a commonplace young man.

Pitchers Will Be Pitchers.

Mr. Falfan (immersed in the game, fiercely)—If that pitcher would only settle down!

Mrs. Falfan (inexpressibly shocked)—Dear me! You don't tell me! Is he as wild as all that, George??

Her Unconscious Slam.

Mr. Bjinks—I hunted deer with a dog last season.

Mrs. Phluff—Let's see, that was when you went up into the woods with my husband, wasn't it?—St. Louis Star.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

Genuine Merit Required to Win the People's Confidence

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfil the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been cured, to those who are in need of it.

In an interview on the subject a prominent local druggist says, "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows immediate results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

The success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that it fulfils every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder diseases, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

A free trial bottle will be sent by mail, absolutely free. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and mention this paper. Sold at druggists in bottles of two sizes—50c and $1.00.

All Her Own.

"Did the audience weep while I was singing?" asked the temperamental soprano. "No," replied the music director, "you were making that noise all by yourself."

The Little Corporal.

Napoleon complained of being hampered. "Rope," he exclaimed, "all I want is rope!" "Yes, sire, Eu-rope," responded his generals.

The Cattle Were Saved.

While a ferryboat was taking cattle across the Trent two animals jumped on board, in addition to three that were being carried. When in midstream all the animals crowded on one side of the boat, which capsized and the ferryman was drowned The cattle got safely ashore.

Old Grouch's Idea.

"Marriage," said the serious man, "is an education in itself." "Yes," commented old Grouch, "it teaches you what not to do after you've done it."

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