OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

BIG SHIPMENT OF LAMBS.

Polk County Stock Brings Top-notch Prices for Breeding.

Independence — There were loaded and shipped from Independence one day last week 700 buck lambs and 20 head of thoroughbred Angora goats. The buyer of this blooded stock was Alexander Donaldson, of Sheridan, Wyoming. The seller was W. W. Percival, of this place

The lambs were principally from Polk county, although there were a few in the shipment from Yamhill, Benton and Marion. The goats were raised by Mr. Percival. It required seven single-decked cars to carry the shipment. The lambs are Lincolnshire and Cotswold breeds, for which Polk county is becoming famous. A few carloads were shipped to Wyoming by Mr. Percival last year, and this year he received an order for double the amount.

For breeding purposes the Polk county lambs bring fancy prices, which the butchers cannot pay, and owners of sheep are naturally turning their attention more to the raising of thoroughbred stock. The shipment included lambs from the J. B. Stump and William Riddell farms, already known among Eastern stockmen as producers of high grade sheep and goats.

One lamb from the Riddell farm, one year old, sheared 23 pounds, and weighed 270 pounds. The fleece at 28 cents brought $6.44. At the market price of lamb, it would have brought $10.80, which, together with the fleece, amounts to $17.24. For breeding purposes the lamb sold for more.

There were a number of lambs in the shipment which shear 21 to 23 pounds.

GOOD FRUIT NOT COSTLY.

Small Outlay Will Eradicate Codlin Moth and Other Pests.

Milwaukie — J. H. Reid, of this place, who has made a close study of sprays for codlin moth and fruit pests, believes that wormy apples are not necessary, and that it is possible for all who raise fruit to keep it free from codlin moth or other pests. Contrary to the supposition that the cost of spraying is excessive, Mr. Reid gives some figures to show that spraying is not expensive.

Mr. Reid cites the apple orchard of Mark Levy, at Milwaukie, who had a total of 300 boxes of apples and pears. Each time he sprayed it took 18 hours. There were two men employed at a cost of $9, one team at $6, and cost of material was $10, making the total cost $26. This was less than 8¾ cents per box. A great many of Mr. Levy's trees are young and not in full bearing, and for that reason the cost for spraying was larger than it would have been had the trees been in full bearing.

"In a large orchard like that of Millard O. Lownsdale, in Yamhill county," said Mr. Reid, "the cost would not be more than 4 to 6 cents per box for spraying. When the spraying is properly done the grower does not have more than eight or ten per cent loss from worms."

Salem Has New Industry.

Salem—The only sienna paint factory on the Pacific coast and one of the few in the United States, is now in operation in Salem. A complete outfit of grinding, sifting and mixing machinery has been installed, but the demand for the product already indicates that the plant will have to be duplicated. The factory is being operated on material shipped from the sienna deposits discovered a year or two ago south of Eugene, in Lane county. As the deposits cover an area of 62 acres to a depth of 50 feet, there is plenty of material to supply the factory for a number of years.

Tests have proved that the Lane county deposits are of as high grade as the Italian sienna and it has been demonstrated that the Oregon material can be placed upon the market in competition with the imported article.

Off for the Hop Yards.

Portland—The first section of Krebe Bros.' special hoppickers' train left Portland for Independence at 9 o'clock Monday morning. There were a dozen coaches in the train, and the departure was a gala event. The bulk of the crowd, with their baggage, was taken on at the Union depot, and the remainder of them at Fourth and Stark streets. Another instalment of pickers will leave for the big Polk county yard later in the week. Hoppicking begins at Krebe' Bros.' Independence and Brooks yards Wednesday morning.

Epidemic of Hog Cholera.

Seaside—E. K. Willard, who runs a dairy on the Wauhama, reports an epidemic of hog cholera throughout his neighborhood. Willard had eight fine porkers that he intended to slaughter within a few days, but the cholera beat him to them. Mr. Thompson, a neighbor, who is also in the dairying business, has lost all his hogs, and Mr. Dawson, who lives on the Clatsop plains, has lost his entire herd from the disease.

Record-breaking Prune Crop.

Oregon City — William X. Davis, who owns a 20-acre prune orchard near Carus, reports that he will have a record-breaking crop of exceptional quality this year. He says his trees are loaded to their capacity. Mr. Davis' trees are all of the Italian variety, he having plowed up his acreage of petites, supplanting them with the Italians which he finds more profitable.

Large Crop of Cabbages.

LaGrande — Harvey Clark, from a 20-acre tract of mountain land, located four miles south of town, will harvest 500 sacks of potatoes and 16,000 heads of cabbage, weighing from two to five pounds. His potatoes will bring $400, and the cabbages $800, or a total return of $1,200 from 20 acres.

Vandals Cut Hop Vines.

Salem—Unknown marauders entered the hop yard of Hing Quong, near this city, and cut all the hop vines on about an acre of ground. The hops will be of little value.

FORTUNES IN DAIRYING.

Prominent Willamette Valley Dairyman Says "Buy Cows."

Independence—That the cow is the best of money makers for the farmer, is the assertion of K. C. Eldridge, of this place, owner of creameries at Independence, Dayton, Jefferson, Eugene and Junction City, and one of the largest buyers of cream in the Willamette valley.

"A large part of the prosperity of the Willamette valley has come from the milch cow," he said. "Darying beats wheatraising out of sight. And three or four years of dairying on wheat land will double the wheat growing capacity of the soil. A number of farmers in Polk are raising more than 30 bushels of wheat to the acre on such land, which several years ago would not produce more than 12 to 15 bushels.

"A farmer with say 50 cows, although that's a rather big herd, and with hogs and chickens as accessories, can make more money than do many of the country banks—that is, if he uses brains as well as hands. It's a bonanza for him, sure enough. Farmers are fast coming into realization of this; in fact, many of them realize it already. Dairy products always can find a market without hunting for it, at high prices. But dairying requires constant attention every day in the year, and for this reason some farmers are unwilling to take up with it.

"One man of my acquinatance who, six years ago, owned 30 acres of land and was in debt, by going into the dairying business paid his debt, bought 70 acres more for $3,850, and has paid $2,500 of this price already. The other day he sold 14 six-months old hogs for $217."

$500,000 Claim Bonded.

Ashland — Authentic reports which have reached here from the scene of the recent reputedly rich gold discovery in the Coyote hills of Lake county, beyond Lakeview, state that Loftus Brothers, the original discoveres, have bonded their claims for $500,000 to Dr. Patterson, a Tonopah mining capitalist, who already has a force of ten men at work opening up the mines. Under the terms of the bond, Loftus Brothers are paid $1,000 in cash to bind the agreement, with a $9,000 additional payment on November 1.

Construct Eagle Valley Line.

Baker City—David Eccles has decided to take in hand the construction of the Eagle Valley railroad, a project which has long been looked forward to by the peope of this place as of great importance. Mr. Eccles has himself announced that he will build the line and has called upon the people of Baker City to assist by raising a stock subscription of $100,000. This work has already been taken up and good progress made.

Seaside Bath House Burned.

Seaside—The large bath house owned by E. N. Zeller, located on the beach near the Butterfield cottages, was totally destroyed by fire a few days ago. There was no wind, or the surrounding cottages would have been destroyed. Adjoining cottages were protected by the bucket brigade. The loss is partially covered by insurance.

Dry Rust in Valley Hop Yards.

Woodburn — Dry rust has appeared in hopyards in the vicinity of Mount Angel, where there is considerable complaint, and an immense amount of damage is liable to be done. This is the first appearance of dry rust in this section. It has a musty smell and absolutely destroys the flavor of the hop.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, 65c; bluestem, 69c; valley, 69@70c; red, 63c.

Oats—No. 1 white, $22@22 50; gray, $20@21.

Barley — Feed, $20@21 per ton; brewing, $21 50@22.50; rolled, $23.

Rye—$1.30 per cwt.

Corn—Whole, $26; cracked, $27 per ton.

Hay—Valley timothy, No. 1, $10@11 per ton; Eastern Oregon timothy, $12@14; clover, $7@7 50; cheat, $7@7.50; grain hay, $7; alfalfa, $10; vetch hay, $7@7.50.

Fruits—Apples, common, 50@75c per box; fancy, $1.25@2; grapes, 75c@$1.50 per crate; peaches, 70c@$1.00; pears, $1 25; plums, fancy, 50@75c per box; common, 50@75c; blackberries, 5@6c per pound; crab apples, $1@1.50 per box.

Melons—Cantaloupes, 10c@$1 25 per crate; watermelons, 1@1½c per pound; casabas, $3.25@3 50.

Vegetables—Beans, 5@7c; cabbage, 1¾@2c; celery, 85c@$1 per dozen; corn, 15@20c per dozen; cucumbers, 25c per dozen; egg plant, 10c per pound; lettuce, head, 25c per dozen; onions, 10@12½c per dozen; peas, 4@5c; bell peppers, 12½@15c; radishes, 10@15c per dozen; spinach, 2@3c per pound; tomatoes, 25@50c per box; parsley, 25c; squash, $1@1.25 per crate; turnips, 90c@$1 per sack; carrots, $1@1.25 per sack; beets, $1.25@1.50 per sack.

Onions—New, 1½@1½c per pound.

Potatoes—Oregon Burbanks, 70½@80c; sweet potatoes, 4@4½c per pound.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 23½@27½c per pound;

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 24c@25per dozen.

Poultry—Average old hens, 13½@14c per pound; mixed chickens, 13@13½c; spring, 14@15c; old roosters, 9@10c; dressed chickens, 14@15c; turkeys, live, 17@20c; turkeys, dressed, choice, 21@22½c; geese, live, 9@10c; ducks, 13@15c.

Hops—1906 contracts, 17½@20c per pound; 1905, nominal; 1904, nominal.

Wool—Eastern Oregon average best, 15@19c epr pound, according to shrinkpage; valley, 20@22, according to fineness; mohair, choice, 28@30c per pound.

Veal—Dressed, 5½@8c per pound.

Beef—Dressed bulls, 3c per pound; cows, 4½@5½c; country steers, 5@6c.

Mutton — Dressed, fancy, 7@8c per pound; ordinary, 5@6c; lambs, fancy, 8@8½c.

Pork—Dressed, 7@8½c per pound.

KING EDWARD AS A FARMER.

King Edward plays many parts as ruler of Great Britain and its colonies, and in his presence at the Royal Agricultural society's show at Derby he is seen in a new character and one which appeals strongly to his people, as may easily be imagined. The interest displayed by the King in this event, the greatest annual affair of its kind held in England, and his personal inspection of the stock of various kinds added immensely to its popularity and success, and notables from all parts of the country thronged to the scene. Of course the entire country was out, not only the "county families," as the residents in the manors and the large landlords are called, but the farmers from all parts of Derbyshire and from many of the counties around attended in numbers that have not been seen at the shows of the society for years. This annual event and the work of the Royal Society in general has been a great aid to the science of agriculture in England, but has of recent years somewhat languished. The presence of the King this year has given a new impetus to such interests, which is likely to bear substantial fruit for some time to come. For it must not be thought that King Edward was there in a merely perfunctory way to give an air to the thing. He was one of the most enthusiastic among the attendants, counting among his many accomplishments a real understanding of practical farming with some knowledge of agriculture as a science.

LEGAL INFORMATION.

An exception to the general rule that an appeal does not lie from a decree for costs is applied in Nutter vs. Brown (W. Va.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1083, in case of a decree for costs not in the discretion of the court.

A grantee from a mortgagor, who takes possession of a strip beyond the true boundary line, is held in Thornely vs. Andrews (Wash.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1036, not to be in adverse possession as against the mortgagee until the mortgage becomes due.

Fraud or mistake on the part of an umpire, so great and palpable as to imply bad faith, or his failure fairly and honestly to perform the function assigned to him, is held, in Edwards vs. Hartshorn (Kan.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1050, to invalidate his decision.

The failure of the court, in a criminal case, to interpose objections to improper questions made by a juryman is held, in State vs. Crawford (Minn.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 839, not necessarily to be reversible error in the absence of objection or exception by counsel.

The right of a bank to apply to the personal obligations of a commission merchant money received for produce sent him for sale and deposited by him in his general account in the bank is denied in Boyle vs. Northwestern National Bank (Wis.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1110.

LOST ARMFUL OF BEAUTY.

Otis Skinner Tells How He Let Fool's Daughter Drop.

I always enjoy attending the graduating exercises of the Empire School of Acting. President Sargent invariably provides an interesting speaker for the occasion, and then it is a never cloying spectacle to watch the young men and women step forward to receive their diplomas, done up in tight rolls, tied with ribbon in the center, and looking for all the world like the wafer one gets with his ice cream at the Vienna Bakery. They must bow in three different directions in acknowledgment, and the varying personalities conveyed in the fashion of these bows is alluring.

This spring the speaker *de resistance* was Otis Skinner, and the only portion of his excellent discourse that seems to have escaped the reporters was a capitally told anecdote of his salad days when he was playing in "The Fool's Revenge" with Edwin Booth. On one memorable occasion it fell to young Skinner to assist in carrying the abducted daughter down the ladder, but the leading lady was by no means a sylph, and Skinner was only a stripling.

"We must have a dummy," decided the stage manager, at rehearsal.

So one of those figures used in dry goods stores on which to display gowns was procured, and the night of the performance arrived.

At the crucial moment Skinner ascended the ladder, with Booth waiting at the foot, eager for the culmination of his revenge on the duke. A stage hand passed the dummy over the balcony, Skinner received it, but in his eagerness took too large a half in his arms. He felt himself being over-balanced, and in order to save his neck let go his hold on the figure to grab a rung of the ladder.

Out into the air shot the lightweight daughter of the fool, down on the stage upon her head she landed, and those who had come to shudder remained to laugh until their sides ached.

Over what was said to the stripling actor afterward Mr. Skinner drew the veil of silence.

We are getting so familiar with "coup d' etat" that we haven't any more respect for it than we have for oatmeal for breakfast.

LANDED HER MAN.

Then Made a Confession that Shocked the Poor Husband.

"I have a confession to make."

Young Tompkins and his wife had just returned from their honeymoon. As they sat in their beautiful little home, Tompkins, in a comfortable armchair, with a good cigar, was expressing by every gesture his perfect satisfaction with things in general.

Mrs. Tompkins as she spoke, came over and took her husband's hand in hers. "You won't mind, will you," she continued, "if I tell you something I think you ought to know? The fact is, I am not what I seem."

Tompkins started.

"Not what I think you are?" he repeated. "Impossible! As if I didn't know that you are the dearest and sweetest woman in all the world."

Tompkins half closed his eyes and watched the curling smoke.

"Do you know, my dear," he said, "the best thing about you is your domesticity? You are just a simple, sweet little woman, who doesn't know it at all."

Mrs. Tompkins timidly held his hand.

"That is what my confession is about," she said. "In our long courtship I have carefully avoided any of those subjects that might have been calculated to excite your suspicion. But now I might as well tell you that I am really an educated woman. I can speak three languages, am saturated with German opera and have made a thorough study of socialism, transcendentalism, the higher philosophy, education and biology."

The stricken man beside her buried his face in his hands.

"Oh! why," he cried, "did you not tell me this before?"

And his trembling wife replied:

"Alas! I didn't dare! I knew that if I did you would never marry me."—Tit-Bits.

A Test of Efficiency.

A certain colonel who is an authority on all military matters, and who is often besieged by inventors with useless weapons and appliances for warfare, was conversing with a friend, when a servant brought in a card.

"Oh, send him in!" said the colonel. "His business won't take more than a minute or two."

A wild-eyed man, who twisted his soft hat nervously in his hands, was shown in.

"Colonel," he said, "I have here"—and he took out a small parcel—"a bullet-proof army coat. If the government would adopt this——"

"Put it on. Put it on," said the soldier, and he rang the bell. The servant appeared as the inventor was getting into the coat. "Jones," said his master, "tell Sergeant Brown to order one of his men to load his rifle with ball cartridge, and——"

"Excuse me, sir, I forgot something," interrupted the inventor, and he disappeared with extreme haste.

A Puzzle.

A youth from the country, who was new to the delights of town lodging, recently entered an oil shop and, producing a bottle labeled "Best Unsweetened Gin," asked for a pint of lamp oil. "Better take the label off, in case of accidents, hadn't I?" asked the oil man.

"Don't matter a bit," was the reply, "there's only me and the cat ever goes to the cupboard, and I don't mind if I do kill the cat."

"Killed the cat yet?" asked the oil man, as the youth was passing the next day.

"No, I ain't," said the youth, with a puzzled look, "but there's a bit of mystery somewhere. My landlady has been right queer since last night; she won't open her mouth within yards of a box of matches, and she smells something awful o' paraffin."

Watch your side issues; don't give them so much attention as to ruin your main issue, which makes you a living.

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE WOMAN'S SHARE.

THE sailor, the engineer, the employe in powder mill or lead works, the miner, take their lives in their hands when they go to their tasks. The world honors their courage, and pays them tribute of praise when, as often happens, they meet disaster or death in their vocation.

But even their risks are not so trying to heart and flesh as the dull, ceaseless, gloomy foreboding under which their women-folk must always live. The woman who knows the breakfast her good man eats may be the last meal before he is brought home mangled or dead from mine or mill bears a severer test of courage than he who goes forth to danger.

Every woman whose husband works in the comparative safety of field or shop ought to send a sympathetic thought to the wives and daughters and mothers and sweethearts of the thousand and more miners who recently met so horrible a death in northern France. To add to the anguish of the loss came the disfigurement of the dead—so complete that of the first one hundred and six bodies rescued, only forty were recognized.

On the day of the burial sixty-six coffins bore the tragic words, "Non reconnu." It gave the last touch to the agony of the distracted women who wept and wailed at the funeral, that they could not even know whether the men whom they loved were among the blackened corpses.

When the women turned from the graves, it was to meet the harsh exigencies of daily life—the need for food and shelter and clothes. The apprehension of years had for them become a grim reality.

As we read of peril by land and sea we are bound to remember, not only the imperiled, but those who wait and watch for them and live by them—the women who share the fear if not the danger.—Youth's Companion.

CHEATING THE REDMAN.

A STORY which reflects little credit upon the parties concerned comes from the White Earth Indian reservation in western Minnesota. Its accompaniments are plenty of liquor in the hands of the speculators. Since June 21, the report says, the Indians and half-breeds have been permitted to dispose of their holdings or to place mortgages upon them. It was a fine chance for the Indian-cheating rascals who watch for such opportunities, and so it is not surprising to read that in place of money the drunken redmen were given tin checks redeemable at the saloons for liquor. The most shameful part of the dispatch says: "The agent at the reservation is powerless to check these evils, for the law has clothed the Indians with the right to do as they please with their lands."

It is the same old story repeated again and again during the years since the white men and the redmen first met in the conflict for the possession of the continent, a war of extermination through the weapon of liquor, with its accompanying command, "Move on" until the territory under control of the first possessors of the country is circumscribed within narrow bonds. Several writers have proclaimed the shame of the thing in burning words. Joshua R. Giddings in his "Exiles of Florida," Charles H. Coe in "Red Patriots," Seth K. Humphrey in "The Indian Dispossessed," Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson in "A Century of Dishonor" and others of her books have each told a story of substantial uniformity in its details, a narrative of oppression, deceit and wrong. The famous James G. Birney lost much of his social position when he championed the cause of the Indians whose lands his neighbors in northern Alabama and Georgia coveted, but he stated his conviction, based upon careful investigation, that in every case of trouble between a white man and a redman the white man was the original person to blame.

Nobody cares much for the Indian nowadays. No one ever cared much for him. He has had a hard fight against so-called civilization, and the government whose ward he has been has not helped him in time of trouble, but has fallen back upon some technicality of law and allowed swindlers to cheat him and rob him of his lands while he has been crazed with drink. No one ever made an investigation of Indian questions, a really serious investigation tracing matters to the bottom, without a feeling of shame for his country in this chapter of its history. The tin tag and red liquor episode at the White Earth reservation is nothing new. It is the old story with new actors in the scenes.—Chicago Tribune.

DIPHTHERIA'S SURE CURE.

THE Chicago health department makes this assertion in the bulletin of the department:

"Every death from diphtheria should be made the subject of judicial inquiry, as other avoidable deaths resulting from negligence, culpable ignorance or criminal malpractice now are."

This is startling, but it is none too strong, as those are aware who have observed the administration of diphtheria antitoxin. Before the discovery of that remedy, diphtheria was the deadliest disease of childhood. Only in rare instances did those attacked by it recover.

But now, as the health department says, the death rate from that cause "continues a reproach to those timid or ignorant members of the medical profession who neglect to use the antitoxin in the early stages of the disease and in sufficient quantity."

Diphtheria can be cured in every instance by the use of antitoxin, if it is used soon enough after the disease has developed. Not one person ought to be allowed to die of it. When death occurs, as the result of it, the authorities ought to inquire into the circumstances, and severe punishment should be visited upon the persons responsible for failure to prevent it.

The progress of knowledge, however important, among the great mass of people is incredibly slow. Undoubtedly many persons even in Chicago, where the newspapers have published the facts about diphtheria antitoxin time and time again, have no idea such a discovery was ever made as this certain cure for one of the worst diseases that have ever ravaged the human race.—Chicago Journal.

THE YEARLY RAILROAD SLAUGHTER.

IF we were engaged in a war in which during the last year over 10,000 people had been killed outright and nearly 85,000 wounded it would equal the casualties of any year of the Civil War on either side, and would not only be the principal topic of interest, but would fill the land with mourning; and there would be intense anxiety and unremitting effort to bring it to an end. When, however, we are officially informed that between June 30, 1903, and June 30, 1904, 10,046 persons were killed and 84,155 injured in railroad accidents in the United States it seems to make no more impression on us than an idle tale.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A GENTLE "TOUCH."

All the means with which money can be extracted from the unwilling purse of the American tourist are in full practice on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius. Most of them are delicately shaded forms of highway robbery. "On our way down the mountain," says the author of "A Levantine Log-Book," "a beautiful Italian boy approached, put his hand on our carriage, and gave us a sunny smile—twenty-five centesimi.

"He walked along a few yards, and then went forward and patted the near horse's flank—ten centesimi. He stooped down and presented to madama a small piece of lava—fifteen centesimi. I put the price low purposely, as Vesuvius is entirely composed of lava and is thirty miles round. Again he walked along in silence a few yards, and then remarked, 'Fine day'—ten centesimi. He saw a yellow flower by the side of the road, which he gathered and presented to madama with another sunny smile—thirty-five centesimi.

"Here I interfered. 'Fair youth,' said I, 'waste not thy time upon heedless and unappreciative travelers like ourselves. We need no little pieces of lava; our horses do not care for caresses; we have no use for sunny Italian smiles. Here is a coin, fair boy; it is the smallest I have; if I had a smaller it would be yours, but take it with my blessing.' I gave him a soldo, worth about a penny.

"The handsome boy gazed at the copper coin with the expression of a man who has just bitten into a bad oyster. He protested that he did not want it, and tried to give it back to me—in vain.

"'Hark ye, good youth,' said I, 'Waste not your time on us. That coin is all you will get. Far down the dusty road behold yon carriage. In it there is a Chicago millionaire with his wife, his mother-in-law, and eke his wife's sister. He is rich and generous. I am poor and mean. Fly to the Chicago millionaire. Touch the Chicago man—I mean, touch the Chicago man's heart.'

"The youth with sunny smile understood me. He followed my advice, and over lava blocks he bounded away like a chamois, in a short cut to head off the Chicago man.

"Driving down the mountain, I saw that the laps of the Chicago ladies were covered with yellow wild flowers gathered from the roadside, and the air was perfumed with sunny Italian smiles. But when the Chicago man's carriage was at the foot of the toll-road I heard a violent altercation gaing on. The youth with the sunny smile was demanding of the Chicago millionaire five francs. He said he had been hired by him to walk along by the carriage, push it down-hill, pick flowers, gather lava, and make himself generally useless. The bystanders all agreed with him—they were all guides and carriage drivers. They showed the Chicago man that he was wrong in grinding the face of the poor, so he reluctantly gave up five francs, and presented it to the youth with the sunny smile.

"Ah, he was indeed a beautiful boy, with his jet-black eyes, his curling hair, his bright and sunny smile. But I am glad I passed him on to the Chicago man."

HOW TO KEEP THE BOYS ON THE FARM.

—Indianapolis Sun.

LIVE OAKS OF FLORIDA.

One Five Feet from Ground Is Twenty-Six Feet Around.

Of the many splendid live oaks which inhabit the Southern States there are none so large as one a short way out of Jacksonville, Fla., beside a sandy roadway bordering the river, says the New York Herald. Here, visited by strangers from various parts of the world, it forms a spectacle so dignified, so magnificent in its proportions and unchangeableness that few can leave it unimpressed.

Naturally the tree is an evergreen, holding its foliage over the winter or until the young leaves of another season are sufficiently well developed to allow of the older ones falling unregretted to the ground. It is for this reason that its mammoth framework can never be wholly seen. Its trunk, however, at a distance of about five feet from the ground measures a trifle over twenty-six feet in circumference. Always the oak marks the landscape, something as might a colossal fountain casting out a spray of trembling green leaves.

Through how many generations the tree has been slowly attaining its great size none can tell with accuracy. In fact, when asked a question regarding the oak's age the oldest inhabitant of Jacksonville made answer: "Dat tree's always been dar, fur's I knows." And even those of more scientific propensities feel strangely inclined to take this statement as convincing. In spite of its perpetual greenness the oak has not the semblance of youth.

Waving through its green crown, even hanging so low as to touch the ground, long strands of gray moss cast over it a look of age and often to those unbred in the South mark it as well with a melancholy, unutterably sad expression.

He Got His Match.

One stormy evening recently, a prosperous business man, who is also a great church worker, stopped in the doorway of a large building on his way out, and attempted to light a cigar. An urchin with an armful of papers also stood within the arch lustily crying his wares.

The wind blew out the last match which the wealthy man had about his person, and he turned to the boy, and said:

"Here, boy, give me a match."

The lad eyed the gentleman furtively as he inquired, "Is that a demand or a request, Mister?"

Instead of being angry at this reproof, the gentleman—for he was such—replied kindly:

"A request, my boy, a humble request; and I'll take a couple of evening papers, too," he added, as he received a match from the youngster's hand and passed him a shilling, "and you may keep the change."

"That man's got manners if he's a mind ter take the time ter use 'em," said the boy, as his patron jumped into a cab.

"That boy won't always have to sell papers, if he practices what he preaches," thought the gentleman, as he sat down to read the news.

A Spring Story.

Once more we hear the story
That was told so long ago—
"The umpire was 'agin us,'
And we didn't have a show."

—Washington Star.

It is said so often when a man dies it is a wonder floral emblems are not made containing the words: "He's better off."

Hospitality is often nothing more than loneliness.