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THE PASTOR SPRINTED.

He Made a Good Run In Record Time With Plenty of Reason.

One of the traditional stories of the town of Fairfield, Conn., recounts a wild dash from the pulpit made by a worthy and beloved pastor of the Episcopal flock, Dr. Labaree.

It was on a Sunday more than a hundred years ago. The service had been read, the prayers said, the hymns sung, and the parson began his sermon. As he proceeded his gestures became very energetic. He brought his right hand down with great force. Then he turned pale, cleared the pulpit stairs at a bound, dashed out of the church door and ran toward the pond a short distance away.

The congregation followed in bewildered pursuit and saw their venerable pastor with flying robe rush into the water until it came to his neck. Then, turning round, he faced his astonished audience and said:

"Dearly beloved brethren, I am not crazy, as no doubt many of you think, but yesterday at the drug store I bought a bottle of nitric acid and carelessly left it in my pocket today.

"My last gesture broke the bottle. I knew the suffering the acid would cause when it penetrated my clothing and rushed for the water to save myself pain."

He drew several pieces of glass from his pocket in witness of the tale. Then he dismissed the company and hurried home.

FROZEN WITH HEAT.

A Remarkable Process Known as the Caloric Paradox.

Freezing is usually associated with cold, but water can be frozen on a red-hot plate. This pretty experiment has rightly been called the caloric paradox.

If a drop of water is placed on a red-hot or white hot metal plate it does not suddenly flash into steam under the influence of the great heat. It does not even boil. It simply evaporates quietly and slowly as it rolls about the plate. Now, suppose that the drop on the plate is a volatile liquid like sulphurous acid. It will evaporate, and this evaporation will produce cold. Let a drop of water fall in the sulphurous acid drop and it will be frozen in spite of the heat.

M. Boutigny thus froze water on a white hot platinum capsule. Faraday carried this remarkable experiment even further. Pouring some ether and solidified carbonic acid gas on a red-hot platinum capsule, he formed a spheroidal mass which evaporated very slowly. He then brought some mercury into contact with it, and this was instantly frozen. Now, mercury requires a temperature of 40 degrees below zero to solidify it, and here it was frozen on redhot platinum.

No "Deadhead" Trip.

One of the most famous of American shipping lines in the palmy days of our marine was the Cope line, which ran between Philadelphia and Liverpool, says the author of "Memoirs of Charles H. Cramp." By this line John Randolph of Roanoke determined to go to Russia when he had been appointed minister to that country by President Jackson. Entering the office of the company in Philadelphia, he said to a clerk in his usual grandiloquent manner:

"Sir, I wish to see Thomas P. Cope."

He was shown to Mr. Cope's office.

"I am John Randolph of Roanoke," he said. "I wish to take passage to Liverpool in one of your ships."

If he expected to be tendered a pass he was grievously disappointed.

"I am Thomas Cope," replied the head of the line. "If thee goes aboard the ship and selects thy stateroom and will pay $150 thee may go."

An Ants' Sewing Circle.

A party of German naturalists recently returned from Ceylon have reported the existence of a species of ant that has been observed in the act of sewing two leaves together for the purpose of forming a nest. This report confirms the observations of the English naturalist Ridley, made in 1890. They saw a row of the insects pulling the edges of leaves together, then others trimming and fitting the edges, and finally the completion of the work by still other ants which fastened the edges with a silky thread yielded by larvae of the same species the workers carried in their mandibles. It is said that the sewing ants pass the thread-giving larvae like shuttles through holes in the edges of the leaves.—Boston Post.

For the Boy's Sake.

A Roseville man stopped smoking for the sake of his young son. "If I smoke I shall set him a bad example," he argued and gave up tobacco with many sighs of regret. For three years he has done without the weed. The other night he found a box of little cigars in the boy's coat pocket, a well smoked brier pipe in the youngster's tool box down cellar and a pack of cigarettes in the woodshed.—Newark News.

His Experience.

"In order to succeed in any line of business," said the great merchant, who was given to the habit of moralizing, "one must begin at the bottom."

"I tried that," replied the young man with the fringed trousers, "and now I'm on my uppers."—Exchange.

Reckless Dissipation.

His Mother—Hiram, ain't you 'shamed o' yourself settin' up till half past 8 playin' solitaire? Whar you get your taste for gamblin' I don't know.—Life.

No man can do nothing, and no man can do everything.—German Proverb.

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OREGON NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD

EVENTS OF THE PAST WEEK

Transpiring in Oregon Boiled Down to Least Number of Lines and Yet Make the Subject Understood

The rivers and harbors bill passed by the house January 29, carried a generous appropriation for Oregon. The amonnt for the second district was $1,960,000, which is more than was given any other district in the United States.

Brooks has in operation an establishment for the bottling of loganberry juice.

Captain James Blakely, the oldest pioneer in the state, Indian fighter, merchant and one of the founders of Brownsville, died at his home in that city January 30, at the age of 100 years. In 1856 he was elected captain of Company E, Oregon Volunteers which he assisted in forming The same year he organized the neighbors and led them against the Rogue River Indians, defeating them, thus freeing the settlers from that menace thereafter He several times represented the Linn county democrats in the legislature. He assisted in organizing the First Presbyterian church in Brownsville

Ontario will soon have a Carnegie library.

Plans are drawn for a five-story office and store building for Eugene.

A carrot measuring in length almost three feet, twenty one and one-half inches in circumference and weighing fourteen and one-half pounds was pulled from the garden of Wm. H Crook of Gold Beach last week.

Capt. Wesley Miller, with his power boat Myra M., is the first skipper to successfully scale the rapids between Gold Beach and Big Bend. So great was the danger that the entire populace lined the bank expecting to witness the Myra M., dashed to splinters on the treacherous rock, but with the alertness of a salmon she was steered by her gallent captain over the crest of the worst riffle on the river.

Oregon will spend not less than $300.000 at the big expositions in 1915.

The prospect oil hole at Hare is now down to a depth of several hundred feet. The indications are good and the genuine "dope" may be reached at any time.

The taxpayers of the Big Bend country are petitioning the legislature to appropriate $20,000 to aid in building a steel bridge across the Snake river, the only point on the Snake where a bridge could be built wholly within the State of Oregon. Such a bridge would make accessible 6,684 acres in the Big Bend of Oregon, and many more thousands of acres on the Idaho side of the line.

Subscriptions taken for all leading newspapers and periodicals published in the United States, at the Herald office. Save money by ordering of us.

W. S. Skelton, a merchant at Stanley, Ind., says he would not take $100 for the relief a single box of Foley's Kidney Pills gave him. "I had a severe attack of kidney trouble with sharp pains through my back and could hardly straighten up. A single box of Foley Kidney Pills entirely relieved me." Fuhrman's Pharmacy.

$100 Reward, $100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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THE STREETS OF NAPLES.

They Are the Workshops of the People In the Poorer Quarters.

The ancient city of Naples has always been more celebrated for its beauty and interest of its surroundings than for its own attractiveness or scenic advantages.

The charm of Naples itself lies in its life—the careless, open air life of its people, with much of it passed almost wholly out of doors under the gaze of the passerby. The Neapolitan is the most buoyant, light hearted creature in the world and, it must be added, about the most indolent. The streets are bright and moving pictures. Many of the people, men, women and children—when these latter are not innocent of any clothing—are garbed in strange and somewhat gaudy costume, with bright colored kerchiefs on their heads.

In the poorer and more populous quarters all handicrafts and occupations are carried on out of doors, and the streets are as busy as beehives. Tailors are seen at their work, and carvers of lava, tortoise shell and coral articles, makers of statuary, women sewing, cooking and performing all their domestic duties, men, women and children eating, sleeping, chattering, playing, singing, all in the open. There is no cessation to the noise and bustle in the streets from early morning, when the tinkle of goat bells starts the day, until the evening, when countless mandolin players, wandering from house to house, from trattoria to cafe, "singing for their supper" of macaroni and red wine the famous old love songs of Naples and popular operatic airs.

All day long the rattle of wheels, the cracking of whips, the furious shouting of drivers, the jingle of the elaborately decorated harness, the cries of innumerable street hawkers, the playing of military bands as regiments march through the streets, fill the air with a not unpleasant and thoroughly Neapolitan din.—American Travelers' Magazine.

BREVITY APPRECIATED.

Japanese Courtesy Was a Bore to Both Oriental and Englishman.

Oriental courtesy takes up a great deal of time and on that account is not always appreciated in western lands, as is shown in the following extract from Yoshio Markino's book on Englishwoman, "Miss John Bull," in which he says:

"I used to live in Greenwich, and thence I attended to the Japanese naval office in the morning, then to the night school of the Goldsmith Institute. It was nearly 11 o'clock every night when I arrived at my diggings. I was deadly tired. The landlord asked me every evening:

"'How were you getting on with your work today?'

"I always answered him every small detail of my work at the office and the school. One day I said to my landlady:

"'Why is your husband giving me such a troublesome question? You see, I often feel too tired to answer.'

"She patted me and said:

"'My poor boy, you need not give him all information of your work. It is our custom to say "How are you getting on?" and if you simply say "All right" that will be quite enough.'

"The next evening the old man put the same question to me. At first I rather hesitated because I thought such an abrupt answer might offend him, but I got courage at last when I saw his wife giving me some sign in her eyes. I shouted loudly, 'All right!' To my surprise, the old man seemed more satisfied than to hear the details

"Since this event I began to incline to have more friendship with John Bullesses than John Bulls!"

Chilling Prospect.

It was in Lincolnshire, and the guard of the train at the preceding junction had been attentive to a gentleman whose luggage he noticed was labeled to an out of the way little station a few miles beyond. On reaching the traveler's destination the guard, having carefully deposited the gentleman's traps on the platform in acknowledgment of a generous tip, solemnly grasped the donor's hand and feelingly shook it. This unusual move raised the curiosity of the passenger, who asked the meaning of it. The guard answered significantly:

"Well, sir, you never can tell. I have left several gentlemen such as you at this forsaken hole, but never picked one up. Goodness only knows what becomes of them, I don't."—London Telegraph.

Fixing the Guilt.

Following Tim, who was following a pair of horses, the owner of the farm noticed that the drills Tim had been running out for potatoes were strangely irregular.

"Tim," he said, "these drills are very crooked."

"Faith, they are now," assented Tim, "but you should have seen them this mornin' before th' sun warped them."

Stupid.

"I wish I was half as beautiful as Miss Brown," remarked the fair Edith to Mr. Green.

"Well, you are, you know," replied Green thoughtlessly.

Then he wondered why she suddenly rose and left him.

She Could Spend.

He—I am a millionaire. Haven't I money enough for both of us? She—Yes, if you are moderate in your tastes.—New York Sun.

Mind is the partial side of man. The heart is everything.—Rivarol.

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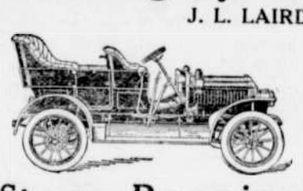

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