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wear longer than others because the materials are better; if they should prove defective in any way, you will receive a new corset without charge.

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NAPOLEON'S RISE.

The "Little Corporal's" Great Work With the Army of Italy.

Napoleon lacked five months of being twenty-seven years old when, March 2, 1796, he was made commander in chief of the army of Italy. Only twelve years had passed since he was a charity student at Brienne. In the meantime he had kept himself in the limelight and at Toulon had won the distinction which he knew would give him the opportunity he longed for. The opportunity came when the directory commissioned him to see what he could do against the Austrians in Italy.

When he took command of the army of Italy it was composed of but 36,000 ragged, half starved soldiers, but he breathed into it his own invincible spirit and began operations. At his achievements the world will never cease to wonder. In a brief campaign of wonderful dash, daring and brilliancy he routed an army of 80,000 Austrians commanded by the greatest generals of the age. Five armies, one after another, all under accomplished generals and all greatly outnumbering him, were sent against him by Austria, and Europe was amazed at the marvelous skill and rapidity with which he met and overthrew them.

To the poor old directory the audacious young general paid no attention. Its orders were treated with contempt. "The commissioners of the directory have no concern with my policy. I do what I please," was his reply to those who criticized his insubordination. As to how campaigns should be planned and battles won he was his own judge. From the oldest and ablest generals of the republic he took no advice and would brook no interference. He held no councils of war. By the intuition of supreme genius he saw what was needed to be done, and his advance was as rapid as his thought. "In our days," he declared, "no one has conceived anything great; it falls to me to give the example."

And he gave it. In fifteen days six almost perfect victories, following each other with lightning-like rapidity, completely staggered the Austrian rule in Italy. Beginning his campaign on April 10, by the 28th he had the convention of Cherasco in his pocket. Crossing the Po on May 7, he won the "terrible bridge of Lodi" on the 11th and entered Milan on the 15th, with

Lombardy prostrate at his feet.

Utterly beaten, Austria sued for peace, gave up to France the Netherlands and Lombardy, and the "Little Corporal" went back to Paris, the ideal of the nation and the center of the amazement of a continent.—Rev. Thomas B. Gregory in New York American.

That Habit.

"What galls me," said the man with the disturbed eyebrows, "is one of these fellows who tell you a joke and then repeat the point. Honest, though, it's funny when you think of it. He'll tell the joke; then after you've laughed he'll repeat the nub of it and laugh again."

"Yes?" comments the man with the pointed nose.

"Yes; tells the joke, then repeats the point. Ha, ha! Funny habit! Tell it, then repeats it!"

"Um! I see," says the other. "I see."—Judge.

A Guest's Mot.

Greville does not tell the following story in his famous "Memoirs," but it is a fitting return for his own rather malicious wit: On one occasion, when Lord Alvanley was his guest, the dining room had been newly and showily furnished, whereas the dinner was a very meager one. While many of the guests were complimenting their host on his taste and magnificence Lord Alvanley interrupted them with, "For my part, I should prefer more carving and less gilding."—London Standard.

Parting Gradually.

George Ade said of a modern tragedian:

"The only trouble about his tragedy is that it makes you laugh. His pathos is side splitting. It is like the pathos of the German poet who made a lover say to his lost love as he bade her a final goodbye at the railway station:

"Farewell. We part forever. But, to make the separation more gradual, I am going by an accommodation train."

Distance Lent Enchantment.

Some anecdotalist tells a story of Washington Irving, who was fond of the theater and who on one occasion went into transports over the acting of a famous woman star, yet when an accommodating friend volunteered to introduce him he instantly replied: "Please don't. It would destroy the illusion."

WONDERS OF DUST.

Its Kingdom is as Boundless as the Universe itself.

Vast is the kingdom of dust. Unlike terrestrial kingdoms, it knows no limits. No oceans mark its boundaries; no mountains hem it in; no parallels of latitude and longitude define its boundless area, nor can the farthest stars in the infinitudes of space serve other than as twinkling outposts of a kingdom as vast as the universe itself. And what shall we say as to the component subjects of this kingdom? In number, form and variety they transcend all conceptions of the human mind; in shape they comprise every possible form; in position they include every substance that is material; in condition they are solid, liquid, vaporous and gaseous.

They are with us in the quiet seclusion of our homes, in the busy streets and marts of commerce, on the sunlit crests of the snowy Himalayas, out on the silent prairies, mingled with the desert's shifting sands, amid the ice of the frozen arctic. They fall as ambassadors from space on the clouds of canvas, the wings of the flying ships, thousands of miles from land. They come to us enshrined in the beautiful snow crystals, and every drop of rain carries with it from the upper reaches of the atmosphere some of these tiny subjects of the mighty kingdom of dust.

Dust would not be possible were it not for the fact that matter is almost infinitely divisible.

It has been estimated that an average puff of smoke from a cigarette contains about four thousand millions of particles of dust.

A single grain of indigo will give color to a ton of water. Of course every drop of this water must contain an immense number of ultra-microscopic particles of indigo. A few grains of fluorescein, a substance derived from coal tar, will produce a distinct fluorescence, shining with a yellowish green light when strongly illuminated, in 100 tons of water. To produce this result the fluorescein must be divided into countless billions of particles.

Every conceivable substance enters into the composition of dust. In street dust may be found bits of iron and steel from the tires of wagons, horseshoes and the nails of our own shoes, bits of leather from harness, fragments of wood, cotton, silk, stone, gold, silver,

clothing, paper, hair, animal excreta, various ores, tin, paper, clay, sand, molds, bacteria—in fact, everything under the sun.—Popular Mechanics.

A Few Questions.

How far is a far cry?
 Is it wrong to steal a march?
 Can you hum an air of unconcern?

Does it hurt to be struck by an idea?

Did you ever see the shadow of a doubt?

Can the voice of conscience be cultivated?

What artist painted the picture of health?

When the welkin rings, who answers the ring?

What florist raises the pink of propriety?

When Fortune smiles, does she show her front teeth?—Boston Transcript.

An Ambassador's Nose.

An ambassador to Russia, formerly a leather merchant in this country, discovered certain secret processes regarding a special kind of leather manufactured there. He would have been looked on with suspicion had it been suspected that he could learn anything of these methods. But during his sojourn he got near enough to certain factories to register through his sense of smell some impressions with which he was able to work out the formulas when he returned home.—Paul W. Goldsby in Atlantic.

Sure Proof of Love.

"Yes, my dear," replied Mrs. Obesity, "I know my husband loves me."

"How do you know? How can a woman be quite sure that her husband loves her and her only?" insisted her neighbor, who was somewhat in doubt about her own husband's affections.

"Well, I'm sure about John because he lets me buy his cigars for him. If he didn't love me to death he wouldn't."—Philadelphia Times.

The Real Thing.

"Tell me, Harold," she said as the gentle old horse they were driving along the country road dropped into a walk, "am I your ideal girl?"

"No," he said fervently. "You're my real girl."

Whereupon the horse, finding himself totally neglected, stooped and began to browse.—Chicago Tribune.

Sheriff's Sale of Personal Property.

By virtue of a writ of attachment, issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Yamhill, in the case of Geo. S. Hoopes, plaintiff vs. John Chong or John C. Young, defendant for the sum of three hundred and seventy-five dollars together with interest and costs, said writ being issued on the day of April 1911, and to me directed, I attached the following personal property to-wit:

Seven cows, four calves, one yearling heifer, one yearling bull, one bull calf, two Oliver chilled plows, one roll of barbed wire, one pump, one span of horses, one set of double harness, one farm wag n, one spring tooth harrow, eight head of sheep, 800 to 1000 feet of wire fencing, twenty-five sacks of ground oats, one shot gun, one cook stove, one heater stove, one table, about 60 chickens, a few sheep hides and season jars.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the power and authority in me vested by the statutes and laws of the State of Oregon. On Saturday the 17th day of June at the hour of 1 o'clock p.m. of said day for the year A. D. 1911, on the farm premises of H. D. Hulster in t. 2, s. 3, r. 5, w. 1, Yamhill county, state of Oregon, about 6 miles northwest of the city of Newberg. I will sell at public auction the above described personal property of said defendant for cash to satisfy said sum of three hundred and seventy-five dollars and said interest and costs and accruing costs.

Dated this 6th day of June, 1911.
 W. G. Henderson, Sheriff of Yamhill County.
 By Ray Henderson, Deputy.

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