

THE WORD "ANKLE."

Its Root Shown in Many Words of Many Different Tongues.

We are not likely to think that "ankle" and "anchor" are closely related, but etymologically they are full sisters, having had the same mother, and that mother has a large family of daughters, who are to be found in all of the branches of the Aryan tongue. And neither "anchor" nor "ankle" has any relation to its uses, but entirely to its form.

This mother of the two words was born at least a hundred centuries ago in some place likely not far from the north shore of the Caspian sea, when the roots of the Aryan language were planted and began to put forth shoots. When that people began to lay the foundations of a dozen tongues they found a little word the sound of which we express by "ank," and they applied it to what was bent from a straight line or what we call an angle.

So it is that we use that little root in most of our words that imply what is bent or curved. The ankle is at the bend of the foot, and for that reason we base its name on the old root "ank." With "anchor" we do the same thing because its arms are bent at angles from its shank.

Though our work "hook" has come to us through a different channel, when we use a hook for fishing we say that we are "angling" because we use an instrument that is made on an angle. Then we call it an "angle" for the reason that our first known ancestors said that what was bent was "ank."

Our more immediate ancestors, the Anglo-Saxons, made their word "angel" out of this same root and applied it to their fishing hooks. The same word with the same meaning is in the Danish and German.

When the Frenchman talks about an anchor he says "ancree," and in Latin it is "ancora," from "ancus," which means having a crooked arm. In the Greek it is "ogkos," meaning a bend, from which comes "agkura," an anchor. From the same root "ank" our Hindoo brothers get their "anch," which in Sanskrit means a bend.

This little root shown in many words of so many different languages, all pointing far back to a union of tongues, is one of the links in the chain that leads to the knowledge of the once sameness in now widely separated tongues.—New York Herald.

Another Moving Job.

"Moving again, Fitz?" asked Pullet as Fitzgoober came out of the gate with a washtub tightly clasped in his arms and trailing a mirror behind him.

"Yes," moaned the afflicted man, mopping his perspiring brow, "I'm going to leave this hole."

"What for? Don't you like the neighborhood?"

"Oh, no, not that. The neighbors are all right."

"Water not good, maybe?"

"No better can be found."

"The rent hasn't been raised, has it?"

"No. That's the reason I'm going to seek another house."

"What!" exclaimed the surprised Pullet. "Moving from a place because the rent has not been raised! Surely you don't object to that, Fitz?"

"No, I do not," sadly replied Fitz as he started back for the kitchen set of furniture, "but the landlord does, you know."—London Answers.

She Got Her Holiday.

A bright girl in a large school applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day on a plea that her mother had received a telegram which stated that company was on the way.

"It's my father's half sister and her three boys," said the pupil anxiously, "and mother doesn't see how she can do without me, because those boys always act so dreadfully."

The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons which justified absence and asked if her case came under any of them.

"I think it might come under this head, Miss Rules," said the girl, pointing as she spoke to the words "Domestic Affliction."—Exchange.

Difficulties of Womanliness.

To be a man is the simplest thing in the world—he has only to be as nature has chosen—but the strenuousness of a girl's life begins when she is quite little. At all ages women must keep up appearances, but the ever present necessity to be better looking than she really is and to maintain some illusion about herself is only one of the difficulties of being a woman.—Sydney Australian.

IMITATING COQUELIN.

One Time That the Great Actor Disappointed His Audience.

The great French actor, Coquelin, used to tell with glee the following experience in which he himself played the leading part:

"I was tired out and so made up my mind to leave the theater for a time and go and vegetate in some isolated country place. I went right into the center of France and soon found myself nicely settled in a homely yet comfortable commercial hotel. I did not want to be known, so I signed myself in the book, 'Frederick Febvre, traveler for wines, spirits, etc.'"

"At the table d'hote I soon became acquainted with those staying at the hotel. My neighbor on the right traveled for a firm which specialized in table delicacies, my neighbor on the left was in the drapery line, another dabbled in oils, another for a novelty in babies' feeding bottles. These gentlemen soon became known to me, and I was myself asked the name of the house for which I traveled. 'For Claretie & Molier,' I replied."

"Now, being a new hand at the game, as I said I was, I was immediately inundated with tips, advice, etc., as to the value and kinds of wine I ought to go in for. I carefully made a note of all these tips, intending as soon as I got by myself to just as carefully light my cigar with them."

"During dinner all went pleasantly. A certain little traveler, full of life and conceit, commenced to give us a few recitations and imitations, some of them fairly clever, I must confess. He was applauded tremendously, and, filled up with confidence and wine, he said:

"Now I am going to imitate a few celebrated actors, etc. He imitated Mounet-Sully as Hamlet, he imitated Sarah Bernhardt in 'La Tosca' and then finished by saying: 'I am now going to give you an imitation of Coquelin. Pay great attention, and you will all swear that it is Coquelin himself.'"

"He gave us this imitation, and when he had finished I rose and said:

"Yes, you did that fairly well; but, although I may appear conceited, I really think I can give you a better imitation. I will try, however."

"I commenced. I gave something from one of my favorite pieces and, as I really think, quite excelled myself."

"Do you think they applauded me? Not at all. They smiled and said, 'Thank you,' and almost appeared as though they felt sorry for my ridiculous attempt. Later on, when all except the little conceited traveler had retired, he came up to me and said:

"May I offer you a little friendly advice, sir? You are a young hand at the traveling game, I plainly see, and perhaps wished to make yourself agreeable this evening. Never, however, try to imitate a great actor whom you have never seen. To imitate Coquelin one must have seen him act. You did your best, I dare say, but, oh, dear!"

Cruel Woman!

The tramp narrated to a fellow wanderer the story of an intensely tragic occurrence. "Yus," he said, "there was a beautiful lawn in front of the house, nicely kept, and it looked a real good chance for getting a bit of honest sympathy. So I walks in, gets down on me 'ands and knees and starts chewin' the grass. Out comes as kindly looking a lady as I ever seed and wanted to know wot I was doin'. Told her I 'adn't 'ad grub fer weeks and was obliged to eat grass. She looked very symperthetically at me and then said: 'My poor man! Come around behind the house. The grass is longer there!'"—London News.

Origin of Word "Cockney."

The old catch about the peacock (of my neighbor) who came into my garden and laid an egg is recalled by the derivation of "cockney." A cockney was originally a small or malformed egg, which the ignorant were wont to imagine was laid by the cock. From this it came to be applied derisively to a child suckled long, and hence to a milk-sop, whence it passed to the townsman, who was supposed to be less hardy than his country brother. So the cockney was never a speciality of London, but could be found in any large town.—London Chronicle.

A Failure.

"Well, Uncle Zeb," said his neighbor, "your boy's come back from college, and I reckon he's got a good ejection."

"No," groaned Uncle Zeb. "Them four years is plumb wasted. I tried 'im on a railroad guide the other day, an' he couldn't make head nor tail of it any more'n the rest of us could!"—Chicago Tribune.

THE PEAFOWL.

A Hardy Bird That Lives in the Open All Year Round.

Peafowls were undoubtedly the first birds used by man for ornamental purposes, and to this day there is nothing more gorgeous in nature than a flock of full plumaged specimens strutting about the lawn of an estate. The beautiful common peafowl is too well known to need describing, although it is probably the handsomest of the family. The black winged differs from the common in having a much darker neck and blackish wings. The female is almost white or splashed in color.

The Java or green species is noted for beautiful metallic coloring, the sexes being plumaged alike. Although this bird is lacking the long train of the former mentioned varieties, it is considered by many to be the most beautiful bird in the world.

The white peafowl is an exquisite bird; when spreading its lacerate train it resembles a huge fantail pigeon and forms a pleasing contrast with the colored birds. It looks especially charming on a well kept lawn.

Few people realize what a hardy bird the peafowl is. My flock is never housed summer or winter, even with the temperature below zero and snow and ice on the ground. The peafowls will roost on a tree or on the ridge board of the poultry house or stable. If confined in houses they soon contract disease and die. The adult birds should be fed once a day only, about an hour before sunset, on four parts wheat and one part each of cracked corn, barley, buckwheat and broken rice.

In the spring of the year the hen will wander off in search of a nesting place. When a suitable spot is found she will deposit six or seven eggs and immediately settle down to incubation. When the chicks are hatched they should be left to the care of the peahen entirely, with the exception that a little chick food should be given them about three times a day. Many fanciers have made the fatal mistake of placing the peafowl eggs under domestic fowls to hatch and rear; but as chickens only brood their young for a few weeks and peafowls for about six or eight months the youngsters soon perish when left to take care of themselves in the early fall. In other words, it is almost impossible to rear pea chicks with hens or brooders.—Country Life in America.

A Simple Expedient.

It was the custom of Mr. Cameron to fall into an easy attitude wherever he might be. This habit led to an occasional dialogue of a spicy nature, and the dialogues led to a small, square package which Mr. Cameron presented to his wife one night.

"What in the world are these?" inquired Mrs. Cameron as the unwrapping of the package revealed a few cards neatly marked, "For use," and two or three dozen marked, "For show."

"Those, my dear," said Mr. Cameron, "are for you to attach by the small pin on the underside to the various sofa cushions, chair backs and unoccupied wall spaces in this house. Then neither my head nor that of any chance visitor will rest in or on any object designed for ornament, and once more, even with Christmas coming every year, we shall have a happy home."—Youth's Companion.

A Thrilling Sport.

The few sportsmen who visit the Massachusetts coast in the summer for big fishing become acquainted only with the sea bass and the shark, while the swordfish, remaining always in the open sea, is left to the tender mercies of the men who fish not for sport, but for a livelihood. Yet if the lover of exciting sport should care to master the use of the harpoon and resort to the open sea for his diversion he would discover in the swordfish a fit subject for his most ambitious efforts and become acquainted with the swiftest swimmer, the hardest fighter and, withal, one of the most interesting of the denizens of the ocean.—Frederick Booth in St. Nicholas.

Japanese Way of Smoking.

The Japanese have a curious manner of smoking. The pipes have very small metal bowls with bamboo stems and metal mouthpieces and hold only enough tobacco for three or four whiffs. They use a light colored tobacco, which is cut extremely fine. They take a whiff of smoke and inhale it, letting it pass out through the nostrils. They rarely smoke more than one pipeful at a time. If they do smoke a second they drop the little bulb of ashes out of their pipe, which they refill and light it with the ashes taken from the bowl.

MEASURING A TREE.

Different Ways in Which Two Boys Accomplished the Task.

"Near the end of the season our boy announced the height of our tall maple tree to be thirty-three feet."

"Why, how do you know?" was the general question.

"Measured it."

"How?"

"Footrule and yardstick."

"You didn't climb that tall tree?" his mother asked anxiously.

"No'm, I found the length of the shadow and measured that."

"But the length of the shadow changes."

"Yes'm. But twice a day the shadows are just as long as the things themselves. I've been trying all summer. I drove a stick into the ground, and when its shadow was just as long as the stick I knew that the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree, and that's thirty-three feet."

The above paragraph appeared in one of the daily papers which come to our office. The item was headed "A Clever Boy." Now, we do not know who this advertised boy was, but we knew quite as clever a boy, one who could have got the approximate height of the tree without waiting for the sun to shine at a particular angle or to shine at all, for that matter. The way boy No. 2 went about the same problem was this: He got a stick and planted it in the ground and then cut it off just at the level of his eyes. Then he went out and took a look at the tree and made a rough estimate of the tree's height in his mind, and, judging the same distance along the ground from the tree trunk, he planted his stick in the ground. Then he lay down on his back with his feet against the standing stick and looked at the top of the tree over the stick.

If he found the top of the stick and tree did not agree he tried a new position and kept at it until he could just see the treetop over the end of the upright stick. Then all he had to do was to measure along the ground to where his eye had been when lying down, and that gave him the height of the tree.

The point about this method is that the boy and stick made a right angled triangle with boy for base, stick for perpendicular, both of the same length, and the line of sight the hypotenuse or long line of the triangle. When he got into the position which enabled him to just see the treetop over the top of the stick he again had a right angled triangle with tree as perpendicular, his eye's distance away from the trunk, the base, and the line of sight the hypotenuse. He could measure the base line along the ground and knew it must equal the vertical height, and he could do this without reference to the sun. It was an ingenious application of the well known properties of a right angled triangle.—Railway and Locomotive Engineer.

Willing, but Weak.

Commercial travelers find most of the natural curiosities along the lines of travel. This is a story told by one after a trip through southern Canada. "Being impatient to get out of a sleepy little town, I ascertained the time of the outgoing train and hurried down to the station. After awhile an object slowly emerged from the distance and slunk up alongside. I boarded the solitary coach, and after a tedious wait the engine began to gasp feebly, the old coach creaked a little, but the train did not move. I was about to get out to see what was the matter when the forward door of the coach was suddenly flung open and a head popped in. 'Hey, you,' said the engineer, leaning at me, 'climb off till I git a start, will y'?"

In Default of a Stone Breaker.

The new boarder shyly took his seat at Mrs. Skimpin's table.

"May I ask, sir," said the old boarder, "what your occupation is?"

"My occupation?" repeated the new comer. "Oh, I'm a sculptor!"

"You carve marble, do you?" pursued the veteran.

"I do."

"Then," concluded the other, "I see you will be a valuable acquisition to this happy house. Do you mind coming up to this end of the table a moment and carving the fowl?"

Joe Miller's Intention.

"But I can't see," said the friend to old Joe Miller after the latter had shown him the manuscript of his "Jest Book," "why you ever took the time to collect all these old jokes."

"I didn't mean to do so much of it," explained Joe confidentially. "At first I started out to arrange the scenario of a musical comedy, but learned that the time was not yet ripe for such a production."

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