

WASHINGTON'S HUMOR.

A Dinner Invitation That Showed the General's Genial Side.

In spite of the general opinion to the contrary, Washington was not an especially grave and austere man. He had a sense of humor and could make or enjoy a joke as well as any one. From Professor C. F. Holliday's "Wit and Humor of Colonial Days" is taken this letter, written to invite a friend, with the ladies of his family, to dine with the general. There is no date, but there is some reason to think that the note may have been written from Valley Forge. It shows the grave and burdened soldier in a pleasantly genial light:

"Since our arrival at this happy spot we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table, a piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the center.

"When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case tomorrow, we have two beefsteaks or dishes of crabs in addition, one on each side of the center dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them would be near twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies, and it is a question if in the violence of his efforts we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beefsteaks.

"If the ladies can put up with such entertainment and will submit to partake of it on plates once tin, but now iron (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them."

STAMPING A LETTER.

A Swindler's Way of Doing It Brought Him to Grief.

"Whether a man is a criminal or a law abiding citizen, he ought to take the pains to stick his postage stamps on exactly straight," an old detective said. "If he is straight he won't lose anything by it, and if he is crooked he will gain. When I was in the government service the first thing I found out about a man under suspicion was the way he stuck on his stamps. One of the cleverest swindlers I ever landed was tracked through his postage stamps.

"After you put a stamp on a certain way for a little while it becomes second nature, and you stick it on that way unconsciously. That was what that man did. All his stamps were stuck on diagonally, leaving a little triangle of a certain size at the corner of the envelope. He was a slippery fellow and had eluded vigilance for months.

"One day I happened to be loitering around a postoffice of a country town, where I had gone on another trail. The mail came in, and through the little window I watched the postmaster sort it. Presently I spotted an envelope with the stamp stuck on in that triangular fashion. I got the postmark, hiked back to that town and nabbed my man. If he had put his stamps on straight probably he never would have been caught."—New York Times.

Rousseau on Show.

Rousseau created a sensation when he visited England in 1796. "Rousseau and his Armenian dress," wrote Lord Charlemont, "were followed by crowds when he first arrived in London, and as long as this species of admiration lasted he was contented and happy. Garrick not only gave a supper in his honor, but played two characters especially to please him. Rousseau was highly gratified, but Mrs. Garrick declared that she had never seen a more unpleasant evening in her life, the philosopher being so anxious to display himself and hanging over the front of the box so much that she was obliged to hold him by the skirts of his coat to prevent him from falling over into the pit."

Helping Father.

It was Sunday afternoon, and the curate, calling unexpectedly to visit a member of his flock, found him out in two senses.

The gentleman's young son came to the door and announced his father's absence. "He's gone to the golf club," said he casually, and then, reading perhaps some shade of disapproval in the parson's eyes, he extenuated thus: "He's not gone to play golf, you know, not on a Sunday; only to drink beer and have a game of cards."

Having thus cleared his father's character, he shut the door on the dumfounded cleric.—London Answers.

Involved.

"Pop, is patience a virtue?" "Yes, my son."

"And virtue is its own reward?" "So we are told."

"And do all things come to those who know how to wait?"

"See here, my son, never attempt to monkey with the proverbial buzzsaw!" Puck.

Much Better.

"Doctors now say that boiled cow's milk is not good for babies; it is better raw."

"The doctors are right. A raw cow gives better milk than a boiled one."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Missing.

Lillian (aged four)—Mamma, you're not a girl, are you? Mamma—No, dear I used to be a little girl, but now I'm a woman. Lillian—Then what became of the little girl you used to be?—Kansas City Star.

The wine of life goes into vinegar, and folks that bugged the bottle shrink the crust.—Kansas Jerrid.

BEFORE THE CAMERA.

The Best Pose, as a Rule, Is For the Three-quarter Face.

How very few people really know how to sit for a photograph! Every face has its weak points, and these, unfortunately, have a way of cropping up in a picture and ruining the effect. Of course a photograph should be as perfectly lifelike, but at the same time one naturally prefers to look one's best.

Scarcely one face in a hundred has features perfect enough to promise a satisfactory photograph in profile, for this pose brings any little defect into the foreground.

For a full face picture a sitter must possess fine eyes, above all things. If they are good the pose will be a success, even if the other features are lacking in comeliness.

If one has any pronounced defects to hide, the three-quarter face is really the happiest way to be photographed. This position enhances the charms of the beautiful and tones down the irregularities of the plain face.

It is never well to be photographed in a hat distinctly modern style, for in a year or so the picture is ruined by the old fashioned headgear. But a picture hat—such as those worn by the Gainsborough women—makes a most picturesque setting for a beautiful face, and this, of course, is never out of fashion.—London Answers.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Known as a Flower to Which God Has Granted Wings.

Our continent has a monopoly of humming birds, the gems of the feathered creation. Of these there are said to be as many as 400 species, most of which confine themselves to the tropical regions.

Only eighteen varieties live farther north than Mexico. It is generally thought that humming birds live upon honey. This, however, is a mistake. They do devour some honey, it is true, but most of their food consists of the small insects which inhabit certain flowers.

The little bird is therefore useful as well as beautiful and has been called a flower to which God has granted wings.

Humming birds are so small that when they are captured for commercial purposes it is impossible to use even the smallest shot for fear of injuring their skins. They are therefore stunned with a drop of water from a blowgun or syringe and fall into a net, when they are quickly poisoned.

Humming birds vary in size from those half as large as a sparrow to those about the size of a bee. Their flight is so swift that they can be well seen only when poised on a flower.—Ave Maria.

The Train Robbers.

"Yes," said the distinguished foreigner traveling in this country and being interviewed by the busy reporter—"yes, I've gone about quite a bit in this bally big hinterland, y' see. And I can't help wonderin' why your bloomin' government doesn't catch the train robbers and lock them up, by Jove."

"Train robbers?" said the American. "Why, have you met up with train robbers already?"

"Tubby Shaw! Tubby Shaw!" "Who's that?"

"I meaner say, yes, I have. These bandits black their faces, y' know, and then they come in very politely and take me money."

The American thought it over, and then it began to dawn upon him that this was only another story about Pullman porters.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Mistake.

"While in Kansas City last week I had occasion to dictate some notes to a hotel stenographer in regard to a coming convention," said a Chicago man. "I began one paragraph with this statement:

"On Wednesday evening the visitors will be the guests of the various fraternal organizations having clubhouses in the city."

"This particular paragraph came back typewritten thus:

"On Wednesday evening the visitors will be the guests of the various freight terminal organizations having clubhouses in the city."—Chicago Post.

The Moon's Offspring.

Looking out of the window one evening, little Marie saw the bright full moon in the eastern sky and apparently only a few inches from it the beautiful Jupiter, shining almost as brightly as the moon itself. Marie gazed intently at the spectacle for a moment and then, turning to her mother, exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, look! The moon has laid an egg!"—New York Press.

Not Attractive.

Mrs. De Good—Why aren't you going to church? Mr. De Good—Last Sunday the roof leaked, and three or four drops went down my back. Mrs. De Good—The roof has been repaired since then. Mr. De Good—Huh! Then they'll be wanting money to pay for the repairs.—New York Weekly.

Broke Through.

Ella—He is said to be a very versatile young man. Stella—He is. One night last winter he started out to teach me to skate, and before we got through he was teaching me to swim.—Exchange.

Literally.

"Mr. Henpeck and his wife had a fight over his coming into the house with his feet muddy."

"How did it end?"

"He went to the mat."—Baltimore American.

MONEY NO ONE CLAIMS.

British Banks Have Millions That Owners Never Call For.

Twenty millions of unclaimed money are in the coffers of British banks—derelict gold which nobody owns and which the banks are naturally pleased to take care of—gold more than sufficient to pave every square foot of Cheapside with sovereigns.

Some years ago, when Mr. Goschen's conversion scheme was in the air, it was found that the Bank of England alone had nearly 11,000 of these dormant accounts. Forty of them had more than \$50,000 apiece to their credit. One balance was written in six figures—\$907,900. The total at the bottom of the long list was \$39,248,875. This amount was very largely made up of unclaimed dividends on government stock.

For seven years the bankers keep the accounts open, prepared to pay over the balance to any who can prove title to it. This term expired, they regard the forgotten gold as their own. Five million dollars of such ownerless money went to build London's splendid law courts. The city, it is said, has more than one magnificent bank building reared from the same handy material. The Bank of England, one learns, provides pensions for clerks' widows out of such a fund.

But, whatever becomes of it, these millions of "mystery gold" are always growing, fed by man's carelessness or forgetting, their secrets hidden away in thousands of musty bank ledgers.—London Tit-Bits.

A BONE IN THE THROAT.

Lemon Juice, It Is Said, Will Quickly Melt It Away.

Sitting at a planked shad dinner, a laughing guest drew a bone into his throat, and he began to strangle. Some one suggested that the sufferer swallow a fragment of dry bread.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed one man. "Don't give him bread. It might catch the bone, and it might not. Give him something that is sure to give relief." Beckoning to a waiter, he said, "Bring me a lemon, cut in two." And it was brought without delay. Taking one section, he offered it to the choking guest and told him to suck the juice and to swallow it slowly. Directions were faithfully followed, and in about a quarter of a minute the afflicted one placed the half lemon on his plate, looked into the anxious faces around the table and smiled.

"Well, Joe," said one, "how about it?" "It's gone," was the reply. "The bone has slipped down." "Not exactly that," said the man who suggested it. "The bone slipped down all right, but it was melted first by the citric acid. I never knew it to fail to dissolve a fishbone. You can test the power of lemon juice by dropping some on the fishbones you may have lying on your plate."

Several diners made the experiment in each case the acid reduced the bone to liquid gelatin.—New York Press.

They Tell a Different Story.

There are peculiarities of our English language which no other language exhibits. Did you ever notice how many English words are formed by simply dropping the first letters—for example, wheat, heat, eat, at; sham, ham, am; wheel, heel, eel; whale, hale, ale, and scores of others?

Again, we have in our mother tongue two words which joined together, make a distinct word of an entirely different meaning, just as a single word disjoined does. Take the words "since" and "rely" or the separate word "sincerely." To illustrate:

Your letter came in words that tempt me to write them, sweet, most truly and sincerely. For please like that heroes might gladly die. But on another's love you since rely.

Origin of "Chaufeur."

There were chauffeurs long before automobiles. History tells us that about the year 1706 men strangely accoutered, their faces covered with soot and their eyes carefully disguised, entered by night farms and lonely habitations and committed all sorts of depredations. They garroted their victims, dragged them before a great fire, where they burned the soles of their feet and demanded information as to the whereabouts of their money and jewels; hence they were called "chauffeurs," a name which frightened so much our good grandmothers.—Paris Journal.

A la Crimison Gulch.

"These great nations," remarked Plute Pete as he thoughtfully folded his newspaper, "have purty much the same idea that we have here in Crimison Gulch."

"In what respect?"

"They sort of take it for granted that the one that kin shoot quickest, straightest and oftentimes is sort of naturally entitled to be considered boss."—Washington Star.

Phonograph Records.

"The family in the flat next to ours have a phonograph."

"Have they any good records?"

"Yes; they have one record for six hours continuously playing and another of six hours and twenty minutes almost continuous."—Kansas City Journal.

Deferred Dividend.

"Oh, mother! I just broke a window with my ball."

"Very well, Tommy; I'm busy just now, but if you'll remind me a little later I'll punish you."—Life.

Decision of character will often give an inferior mind command over a superior.—Wirt.

DANGERS OF COCAINE.

Effects of the Constant Use of This Powerful Stimulant.

The most harmful of all habit forming drugs is cocaine. Nothing so quickly deteriorates its victim or provides so short a cut to the insane asylum. It differs from opium in two important ways. A man does not acquire a habit from cocaine in the sense that it is virtually impossible for him to leave it off without medical treatment. He can do so, although he rarely does. On withdrawal he experiences only an intense and horrible depression, together with a physical languor which results in a sleepiness that cannot be shaken off.

Opium withdrawal, on the other hand, results in sleeplessness and extreme nervous and physical disorder. In action, too, cocaine is exactly the opposite of opium, for cocaine is an extreme stimulant. Its stimulus wears off quickly and leaves a corresponding depression, but it confers half an hour of capability of intense effort. That is why bicycle riders, prizefighters and race horses are often doctored or "doped" with cocaine.

When cocaine gives out its victim invariably resorts to alcohol for stimulus. Alcoholics, however, when deprived of alcohol generally drift into the use of morphine.—Charles B. Towns in Century.

HIS MISSING ENVELOPE.

He Learned Where It Was and a Lesson at the Same Time.

This happened in a crowded subway express train the other night.

An old man boarded the train at the Fourteenth street station and clung to a strap in front of a young woman who was seated. As none of the men showed a disposition to let the old man sit down, the young woman arose and offered her seat to him.

Before he could sit down a younger man slid into the vacant seat. The young woman was confused, but only for a minute. She leaned down slightly and said to the man in the seat: "You dropped an envelope on the platform, sir."

The man jumped up and elbowed his way to the platform. Half a minute's search failed to reveal the supposed envelope. The man returned to where the young woman was standing and said:

"Say, lady, where is that envelope? I can't find it out there."

"That envelope," replied the young woman, "is in the same place your manners are."

The young man understood and faded from view. The old man got the seat, while the people in the vicinity looked, listened and laughed.—New York Sun.

A Dark Dungeon.

About the middle of February, 1902, while in winter quarters, General Negley of Pennsylvania, who was a strict disciplinarian, was in command of the First brigade, of which the Second New Hampshire was a part. He thought the guardhouse of the Second regiment too comfortable quarters for prisoners and ordered Colonel Marston, who later won fame as a soldier, lawyer and statesman, to build a dungeon without so much as a crack or opening anywhere, so that it should be perfectly dark. The dungeon was built with four solid walls, and one day General Negley came over to inspect it. He was accompanied by Colonel Marston. "Where is the entrance," said the general, "and how do you get anybody into it?" "Oh," said Colonel Marston, "that is not my lookout. I simply obeyed your orders."

Why the Deaf Are Grateful.

A pleasant contrast to the sad fate of Beethoven is furnished by Dr. Thirwall, the radical bishop of St. David's, who wrote the history of Greece that held the field before the arrival of Grote. In his old age he became stone deaf, but, so far from fretting, declared that the infirmity was really a blessing, because it relieved him from the futile conversation of bore. One day a friend, forgetting the bishop's deafness, greeted him with the usual remark about the weather. "Eh?" queried the bishop. "It is a fine day!" belittled the friend repeatedly into the prelate's ear. When Thirwall finally grasped the meaning of the remark he quietly philosophized: "Dear me! How little a man loses by being deaf!"—London Chronicle.

Fully Explained.

"What is Boston coffee?" asked the customer at the lunch counter. "It's the kind you put the cream in first," answered the waiter girl. "But why is it called Boston coffee?" "Because the cream is put in first." "Yes, I know. But when a man orders Boston coffee why do you put the cream in first? That's the question." "Because he orders Boston coffee. Anything else you wish to know, sir?"—Woman's Home Companion.

A Convincing Demonstration.

"Now, Mr. Freshe," said the professor, "can you demonstrate that X equals 0?"

"Sure," said Mr. Freshe. "I write home asking the governor for an X and get nothing—Q. E. D."

"Excellent!" returned the professor. "I'll give you the same for your mark."

—Harper's.

First One Error Score.

Baseball Captain—You shouldn't be so hard on the boys. They played very well. The game was lost through just one error. Manager—Yes; so was paradise.—Boston Transcript.

For they can conquer who believe they can.—Vergil.

MAGIC OF WOODCRAFT.

Facts of Trailing the Result of Observation and Deduction.

The truth is that without a knowledge of woodcraft one would soon perish in the wilderness, and woodcraft is simply Sherlock Holmes' work applied to wild life, a matter of observation and deduction. If a man finds a lot of hair adhering to a trunk of a tree he knows it did not grow there, and he is safe in assuming that no man took the trouble to stick it there. Thus he arrives at the conclusion that some animal has been scratching itself on the tree.

But in order to tell what animal has been there he must be familiar with the hair belonging to all the inhabitants of that section. Not until then can he say that a deer, a moose, a puma or a wolf, as the case may be, rubbed its side against the tree trunk. Of course if there is snow upon the ground the tracks of the animal will aid him in identifying the creature.

Again, if the day is absolutely calm and the sun is shining and he notes that the dead leaves have been displaced and their damp sides turned up, he knows that the damp sides of the pebbles are exposed he reasons that they have recently been disturbed and concludes that some animal disturbed the leaves or pebbles.

In fact, all the apparently wonderful feats of trailing are based primarily upon a trained habit of observation.—Dan Beard in Leslie's.

AN ELEPHANT'S CHARGE.

The Way It Was Met by a Cool Headed and Nerve Hunter.

Dr. Dunbar-Bruntton spent some years in Africa as a district medical officer. One of his most thrilling adventures was with a bull elephant. With a friend, who went off on another track, he had been following up the tracks of elephants all day without success, and just before sundown received word from his comrade that he was going back. Dr. Dunbar-Bruntton decided to return also, but before starting on the homeward track sat down and lighted a pipe. He was smoking quietly when he heard the noise of his friend's beaters, and a native who carried a gun said, "Look!"

A great bull elephant was close upon them. Very quietly the doctor laid down his pipe and took his gun, while the natives scuttled up the trees in terror. The doctor took a quick shot, but just missed the elephant's brain pan. It threw up its trunk, opened its mouth, put its tusks forward and charged. A second shot struck in the shoulder, but did not check its onrush.

The doctor shot again when it was within a few paces, and hurtling past him, it fell, with legs outstretched, with a bullet in its heart. The doctor turned to his pipe. It was still alight, and he finished his smoke while the natives danced round the body of the elephant.—Chicago News.

Man Eating Sharks.

The sailor says that the most ferocious creature that swims in the sea is the shark. By that he does not mean every shark, but what is called the man eater, just as a certain species of tiger in India is called the man eater because it hunts human beings for its prey, preferring them to animals. The man eating shark is not the largest of this species of fish, but is noted for its strength, also the rapidity with which it swims. It goes through the water so rapidly that few fish exceed it in swiftness, and it is thus able to catch food of that kind. This is especially true in the waters—such as the Indian and south Atlantic oceans, the Pacific ocean and the waters tributary to them—that are deep enough for the shark to swim in.—Chambers' Journal.

Oddly Shaped Spiders.

The most peculiar spiders in the world as well as the largest ones inhabit the island of Sumatra. They are of all conceivable forms and colors, and some of them spin threads almost as large and strong as the grocer's twine. Some queerly shaped spiders have square bodies poised on long red legs, and others have crooked green and yellow legs which support heart shaped bodies. One of the very oddest of the lot has a body that looks like that of a young turtle, the "shell" having round knobs and pear shaped projections all over it.

A Bad Recovery.

Scene: Registry office. Bridegroom (to registrar)—The first time I was married was in a church, the second time in a chapel, but I like this way best. It's so plain and simple, and I should come here if ever I got married again.—(Catches sight of his bride and sees he has said the wrong thing.) That is, my dear, if ever I have theer—misfortune to get married again, of course.—London Punch.

A Dig at Dubbleigh.

Dubbleigh—Your little dog barked at me, but stopped when I looked him straight in the eye. Do you suppose he noticed my presence of mind? Miss Keen—Possibly. They say animals often see things that human beings cannot.—Boston Transcript.

The Value of Experience.

It is expedient to have an acquaintance with those who have looked into the world, who know men, understand business and can give you good intelligence and good advice when they are wanted.—Bishop Horne.

Benefit of the Doubt.

"His wife looks as if she had some secret sorrow."

"Yes, but don't blame him too hastily. Her shoes may be too tight."

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