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Miles of
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BITULITHIC AREA STILL GROWING

An increased area of bitulithic paving, or a new award where it has not been used has come to be recognized throughout the Northwest as a sign of progress and prosperity. It indicates that the citizens and taxpayers are wide-awake and alive to their interests and to the welfare of their home city, and want a high-grade, economical paving that will stand the strain of hard traffic, and require the minimum expenditure for repairs.

The recent award at Wilkinson, Washington, has placed that city in the long line of bitulithic boosters, and general satisfaction is expressed because of the selection made by the city authorities. The award was made only after a close investigation of the merits of the various kinds of paving proposed, and at the earnest solicitation of the taxpayers interested.

KEEPS STEP WITH PROGRESS

The taxpayers, the men whose money pays for civic improvements, are the men who are interested in getting their money's worth. When a paving proposition is under consideration, they too, are doing some investigating, as well as the city authorities. As a rule, wherever bitulithic awards are made, it is after a thorough investigation of the merits of the various pavings under consideration, and upon the urgent request of the taxpayers, who, if they must pay for city improvements, desire the kind that will withstand heavy traffic, and keep the repair bill down to the minimum.

Marriage Licenses

Ethel E. Daniels, age 20, to Archie F. Persens, age 20.
Alda Metcalf, age 23, to J. B. Stilwell, Jr., age 28.
Louise Jones, age 18, to Arthur Bates, age 23.
Ruby Chambers, age 17, to Charles Van Horn, age 27.
Edna M. Hill, age 20, to Vilo D. Sherwood, age 21.

THE SCARRED WRIST.

Queer Dream Story Connected With the Beresford Family.

For three generations the Beresford family has handed down as substantially true a remarkable dream story which is connected with a small pocketbook and a piece of black ribbon in possession of a member of the family. So well known and so well authenticated was the story that a member of the Beresford family printed for private circulation a short account of the facts, of which, without impugning the sincerity of his relatives, he endeavored to give a simple explanation.

The narrative is a love story as well as a dream story. The heroine of it is Nicola Hamilton, the young wife of Sir Tristram Beresford. This young lady appeared at the breakfast table one morning very agitated and pale and with her left wrist bound with a piece of black ribbon. She replied to her husband's inquiries by entreating him to ask her no questions. She then said that her brother, Lord Tyrone, of whom she had been very fond, had died on the preceding Thursday, which subsequently proved to be the case.

It seems that in the night Lady Beresford had dreamed that her brother sat by her bedside (although she declared that he had indeed sat there) and, after telling her whom her child should marry and that her husband would die before her, warned her with the utmost vehemence against marrying the second time. "If you do remarry," her dream visitor had said, "you will suffer from your husband's ill treatment until your death at forty-seven. Resist every temptation to a second marriage." Requiring some proof of her brother's reality, he had, at her request, touched her wrist with his hand, whereupon the sinews had shrunk and the nerves withered. She showed her wrist, bound with black ribbon, but declared that it had been forbidden her to uncover it.

When Sir Tristram died Lady Beresford, in spite of all remonstrances, immediately sought absolute solitude and retirement. But, life without friends proving unbearable, she consented to exchange visits with a single family of the neighborhood. In this family was a son whom, after a time, she strove in vain to regard with indifference. Her love grew and overpowered her. When the young man declared his passion she consented to a private union. All turned out as the dream had foretold. In a year or so her husband's conduct was so bad that she had to separate from him. At forty-seven she died. After her death her wrist was examined and found to be as she described it.

The most remarkable of the facts connected with this strange story—the scarred wrist—is explained by the writer of the pamphlet referred to above as follows: He considers that Lady Beresford, who knew that her brother, Lord Tyrone, was ill,

dreamed that he was dead and in consequence became so violently excited as to injure her wrist. In the morning she bound it up so tightly that in course of time the sinews shrank and withered.

The First Armored Ship.

According to the best authorities on curiosities of the navy and warfare in general, the first armored vessel was launched in 1530. It was one of the fleet manned by the Knights of St. John and was entirely covered with sheets of lead. The accounts of the times leave us in darkness as to the thickness of this lead armor, but they are very positive in the statement that they were of sufficient strength to "successfully resist all the shots of that day." At the siege of Gibraltar in 1782 the French and Spaniards used war vessels which were armored with "light iron boom proofing over their decks and to the water's edge." The very first practical use of wrought iron plates as a defense for the sides of vessels was by the French in the Crimean war in 1853.

The Best of the Carlyles.

"A Book of Scotch Humor" illustrates anew of a native of Annandale the saying that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. "I ken them a'," said the rustic, speaking of the Carlyles. "Jock's a doctor about London. Tam's a harem scarem kind o' chiel an' wreats book an' that. But Jamie—yon's his farm you see ower yonder—Jamie's the man o' that family, an' I'm proud to say I ken him. Jamie Carlyle, sir, feeds the best swine that come into Dumfries market."

Doubtful Consolation.

"Mary," complained the husband, "why do you suppose it is that people all say I have such a large head?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, John," said his wife consolingly, "but never mind; there's nothing in it."—Exchange.

Absentminded.

Benson—I have a literary friend who is so absentminded that when he went to London recently he telegraphed himself ahead to wait for himself at a certain place. Smith—Did the telegram have the desired result? Benson—No; he got it all right, but he had forgotten to sign his name, and, not knowing who it was from, he paid no attention to it.—Pearson's Weekly.

Caught.

She—I had an argument with Alice this morning over the proper use of "shall" and "will." Perhaps you can tell me which is correct. "Will you marry me?" or "Shall you marry me?"

He—I should say "Will you marry me?"
She—Then why in the world don't you?—Boston Transcript.

A SENTENCE OF DEATH.

Tragic and Pathetic Climax That Came in a Murder Trial.

"One of the most tragic scenes I ever witnessed," said an aged lawyer, "occurred in a small town. The judge was a man of sixty or more, and in addition to a most venerable and dignified appearance and manner he was the saddest faced man I ever saw. He had come to our town ten or a dozen years before from the east, and we knew little of him except that he was an able lawyer and jurist and that his wife, who was the only other member of his family, and himself had some great sorrow.

"One night our town was all torn up by a robbery and murder and the capture of the killer and thief almost in the act. For a wonder he wasn't lynched then and there, but he wasn't, and as soon as daylight came proceedings were instituted against the prisoner, and I was appointed, with another youngster, to defend him.

"Really there wasn't any defense, and I was frank enough to tell him that he might be thankful if we could save him from a lynching. He was a stranger in the town, evidently led there by some stories he had heard of an old miser we had among us, and was a man of perhaps thirty-three or thirty-four, with a most unprepossessing appearance, greatly accentuated by a week's growth of rough whiskers, years of dissipation and hard living. In those days and in such cases the law's delay was not much in force, and by 6 o'clock of the second day the prisoner was standing before the judge to receive sentence. As he stood there that day a harder looking customer I think I never saw.

"Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you?" said the judge after all the preliminaries were over.

"I have, your honor, if you are to pronounce that sentence," replied the prisoner with an air of almost impertinence. "At least," he added, half apologetically, "possibly under the circumstances you might not care to pronounce it."

"This was entirely out of the ordinary, and I touched my client on the arm and was about to remind him of the customs of the court when the judge requested me to leave the prisoner to him.

"Will you be kind enough to explain?" he said in a strangely excited tone.

"Well, your honor," responded the prisoner without a quaver of voice, "as I'm your only son—"

"But the judge heard no more. It was evident that he knew the prisoner was telling the truth, for, with a groan, he threw up his hands and fell forward across the desk in front of him, dead, a little stream of blood trickling from his lips. The excitement was terrific, and in the midst of it the prisoner dashed through a window and would have escaped, but a timely shot from a rifle in the hands of a man on the outside settled him forever. And, best of all, his mother never knew. She lingered a few months after her husband's death, and the entire population of the town considered it to be a sacred obligation to lie to her about the whole affair."

"Hoodlum."

In San Francisco some years ago there was a notorious character named Muldoon, who was the leader of a gang of young ruffians. They were a terror to the community and about as tough a lot of citizens as you could find on the coast. A reporter who had been assigned to a story in which they had figured undertook to coin a word designating the gang. He reversed the name of the leader and referred to them as "hoodlums." The compositor mistook the 'n' for an 'h,' and as hoodlums the words passed the proof-reader. "Hoodlum" is a recognized word.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Unit of Heat.

We cannot, of course, measure heat by yards, pints or pounds, but the unit of heat, the standard measure of that phenomenon, has been agreed upon by those whose business it is to philosophize on that subject to be that quantity which can raise a pound of water one degree. Now, to turn a pound of water into a pound of steam requires 967 of these units of heat—that is to say, if you boil a pound of water until it all goes away in steam we shall have used in doing so a quantity of heat which would have raised 967 pounds of water one degree higher in temperature.

On the Safe Side.

They had been engaged for fully thirty minutes.

"I have a surprise in store for you, Alfred, dear," she said. "I can cook as well as I can play the piano."

"That being the case, darling," he replied, "it will be well for us to board."

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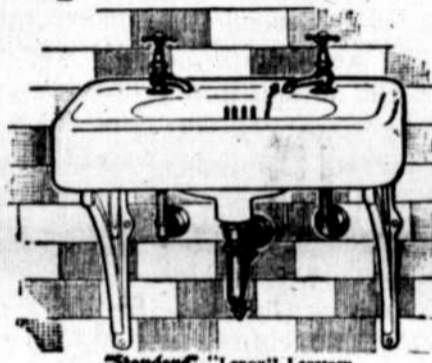
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