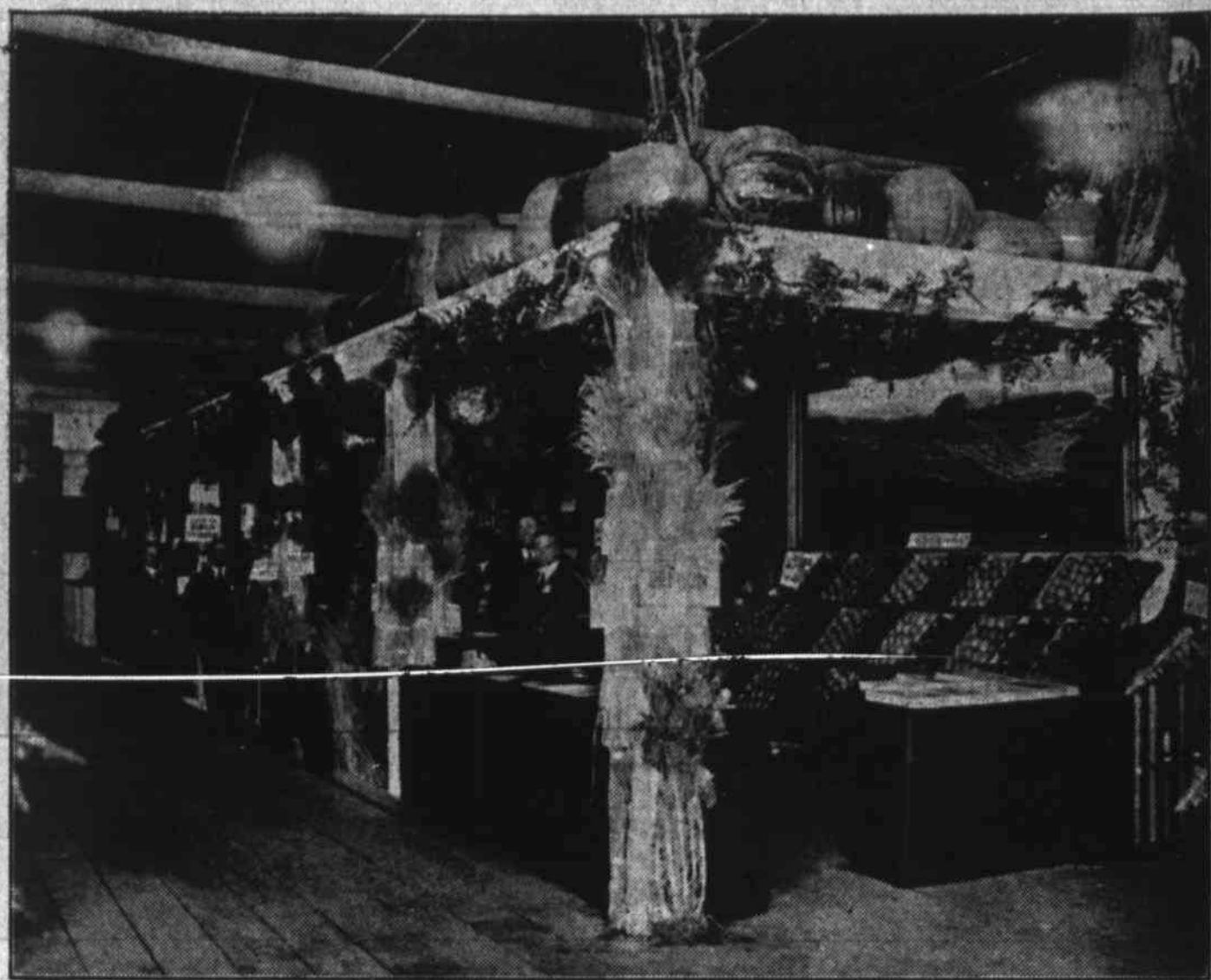




OREGON AT THE NORTHWEST PRODUCTS EXPOSITION

The state of Oregon was fully represented at the Northwest Products Exposition by the finest collections of fruits, grains, grasses and vegetables that the state has ever sent East to an industrial and agricultural show. In charge of the

booths were Messrs. O. E. Freytag of Oregon City, J. E. Sawhill of Bend, and M. J. Duryea of Eugene, Oregon.

All three gentlemen were prominent speakers at banquets given by the Minneapolis Civic and Commerce Association

during the course of the land show. Thousands of booklets, leaflets and folders of handsome appearance were distributed to the land seekers who crowded the show during the entire two weeks.

LITERARY IMPOSTORS.

Some of the Clever Writers Who Have Deceived the World.

Clever literary impostors who have deceived the world are numerous. Gamelli Carriari, a Neapolitan gentleman and scholar, while confined to his room for a long period of years by illness, amused himself by writing an account of an imaginary voyage round the world. When the volume was published, it was taken as a fact even by learned people.

The detailed account of a trip to China, which is credited to Du Halde, is another literary hoax. The author had never seen China and had been sufficiently clever to compile the work solely from the memoirs of Chinese missionaries.

It is remarkable, though no less a fact, that "Gulliver's Travels" was thought to be a true narrative when it first appeared, and the famous story of Damburger's travels was likewise a hoax.

Varillas, the French historian, enjoyed a wide reputation as a chronicler of events, but later it was discovered that his works were purely fakes. The volumes of this writer resemble those of Gregorio Reti, who, in order to keep himself from starving, appended the most unheard-of incidents to English history as it was known.

One of the most daring impostures on record is that of Joseph Vella of Sicily. He said that he discovered seventeen of the lost books of Livy in Arabic. He then set to work and wrote a translation from his fancy, which was printed. After his death the fraud was discovered. Before his death, however, he fell under suspicion and was condemned to imprisonment.

There are countless cases of authors selling their names to be put on works they have never read. Sir John Hill once contracted to translate a Dutch book. After the agreement he remembered that he did not know a word of Dutch. He then bargained with another translator to do the work for half the price he was to receive.

Where Persistence Won.

The quick wit of a traveling salesman who has since become a well known proprietor was severely tested one day. He sent in his card by the office boy to the manager of a large concern, whose inner office was separated from the waiting room by a ground glass partition. When the boy handed his card to the manager the salesman saw him impatiently tear it in half and throw it into the wastebasket. The boy came out and told the caller that he could not see the chief. The salesman told the boy to go back and get him his card. The boy brought out 5 cents, with the message that his card was torn up. Then the salesman took out another card and sent the boy back, saying: "Tell your boss I sell two cards for 5 cents."

He got his interview and sold a large bill of goods.—Everybody's.

Meteorites.

It was not until the eighteenth century that science was convinced that stones and metals fall from outer space. The British museum has now a collection of more than

550 meteorites, the fall of more than half of which was observed by authentic witnesses. Meteorites are composed of various minerals—an aerolite is of stone formation. The minerals most frequently found are iron, nickel, magnesium, calcium, silicon, aluminium and phosphorus. There are also copper, cobalt, antimony, chromium, manganese, tin, sodium and vanadium. Occasionally there are traces of gold, silver, platinum and lead. No element unknown to our earth has been discovered.

Like Calling For a Drink.

A hard drinker was told by his doctor that he could be cured if every time he felt that he must have a drink he would immediately take something to eat instead. The man followed the advice and was cured, but the habit of asking for food had become so fixed with him that once he was nearly locked up as a lunatic. He was stopping at a hotel, and, hearing a great commotion in the room next to his, he peeped over the transom to see what the matter was. He saw and rushed madly down to the office and shouted to the clerk: "The man in 153 has shot himself! Ham and egg sandwich, please!"

The Quietest City in Europe.

Berlin is said to be the quietest city in Europe. Railway engines are not allowed to blow their whistles within the city limits. There is no loud bawling of hucksters, and a man whose wagon gearing is found loose and rattling is subject to a fine. Strangest of all, piano playing is regulated in Berlin. Before a certain hour in the day and after a certain hour at night the piano must be silent in that musical city.

JOHN BRENNAN'S LIE.

It Traveled Round the World and Caused Lots of Anxiety.

One of the silliest lies ever told was the famous invention of Sailorman John Brennan of Sligo. It was made out of whole cloth. There wasn't the shadow of foundation for it, but there was so much that might have been true about it that it was cabled round the world wherever men go down to the sea in ships, and for several hours it kept hundreds of people on the rack of anxiety.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Oct. 14, 1891, a bulletin was posted at the New York Maritime Exchange that the City of Rome had foundered off St. Shotts, off the coast of Newfoundland. About the same time the newspaper offices got a dispatch from St. John's, N. F., saying that Sailorman John Brennan of Sligo, Ireland, had got into the little town of Trepassy that morning from Peter's river and had declared that he was probably the only survivor of the City of Rome, which had struck on the rocks and gone down. He was in such a condition of exhaustion that nothing more could be got out of him until he had had rest and nourishment.

That story was cabled and telegraphed everywhere, and at once the newspapers began to strive for further details. The first effort was to get confirmation or denial. It was found at once that the City of Rome had sailed from New York at such a time that she must have been near St. Shotts when Brennan

said she was there. That looked like confirmation. The evening papers got out extras, with lists of the passengers and crew, pictures of the ship and her history. The offices of the Anchor line agents were crowded with persons eager for news. But there was no news. Friends of the passengers flocked about the place. The Maritime and Lloyd's registers were searched for reports of other ships with names similar to that of the City of Rome. An Italian Citta di Roma was found, but when she was tracked it was found she was all right.

Then the newspapers began to prepare to send men to the scene of the wreck. Boston papers got men off for Halifax, there to take ocean tugs for St. Shotts. All the time the telegraph and cable were worked for further news from Newfoundland. At last there came a dispatch from the cable station at Cape Race to the Anchor line agents here:

"Your City of Rome passed here on Tuesday. All well," it said.

That was all. For the next twenty-four hours the truth hustled to overtake the lie. It succeeded, but it was a hard chase. Brennan had absolutely nothing on which to go in making up his story. He couldn't have known even that the City of Rome was in New York or had sailed. He just fired in the air, and, as may happen once in ten million times, he hit the mark.

She Understood.

A young man who had a strong liking for poetry, but a rather mediocre talent for writing it, deluded himself into the belief that the world was determined to keep him down. He continued writing for years, confident that he would win fame in the end. Once in conversation with a clever girl he started in on his pet theme.

"Like the rest of the world," he said, "you don't understand me. But I can afford to laugh at present neglect, for I'm writing for posterity."

"Oh, I understand you now," replied the girl. "So that's the reason your poems are not published during your lifetime!"—Denver Times.

Why a Cat's Eyes Shine in the Dark.

A cat's eyes shine in the dark not because they produce light, but because they reflect all the light that may reach them. If the cat is in a totally dark room one cannot see its eyes; it is only when there is at least a glimmer of light that these glow. The cat's eye is a powerful lens with a reflector behind. This gathers the rays and concentrates them in a horizontal beam. It is possible that these shining eyes exercise a sort of hypnotic fascination over mice and rats.

Easy Way.

An attendant at a certain institute for the deaf and dumb was undergoing a pointless rapid fire inquisition at the hands of a female visitor.

"But how do you summon these poor mutes to church?" she asked finally, with what was meant to be a pitying glance at the inmates near by.

"By ringing the dumb bells, madam," retorted the exasperated attendant.—London Answers.

LAMARTINE'S PRESENT.

It Won the French Author a Big Price For a Little Poem.

Francois Buloz, the founder and editor of the famous French journal, La Revue des Deux Mondes, was by no means celebrated for his generosity to contributors. One day shortly after the publication of Lamartine's "Les Girondins," and while the literary world was ringing with the fame of its great author, Buloz called on him and asked him to write an article for his magazine. Lamartine consented, but stated that he could not have it ready for some weeks.

Buloz, fearing that this was only an excuse and that he would never get the article, offered Lamartine an advance. It so happened that the author was in need of 4,000 francs at that time, and he so informed the editor, who at once handed over the money. Three months later he called Lamartine's attention to the fact that the contribution had not yet been received. It was toward the end of 1847, and the great author was devoting his entire time to politics.

"While you are waiting for this article would you care for a little poem I have here?" he asked Buloz.

He enthusiastically replied in the affirmative.

Months later, when Lamartine had become minister of foreign affairs, Buloz again called upon him to remind him of the promised contribution.

"But you see my position," answered the minister, "how busy I am!"

Buloz frowned.

"But, citizen minister, a certain amount of money was advanced, and the interests of my magazine do not permit me to—"

"How much was it?"

"Four thousand francs."

Lamartine took this amount of money from the drawer and laid it upon his desk.

The editor, however, looked somewhat embarrassed.

"Well, what more can I do for you? You have your money."

"The fact is, I owe you for a small poem."

"Oh, that's not worth mentioning! I'll make you a present of it."

Buloz drew himself up haughtily.

"Citizen minister, La Revue des Deux Mondes does not accept presents. How much do I owe you?"

"Oh, well, if you insist," answered Lamartine dryly as he took up the 4,000 francs and replaced them in his drawer, "we will call it square!"

Late News.

In earlier days it was a custom in many households for each child to learn a verse from the Bible each Sunday. In this way the children became familiar with the wonderful book, and to them the experience described in "The Unvarying East," by Rev. E. J. Hardy, could not have happened.

Sir Ernest Shackleton said one morning to a little waiting maid who brought him tea, "What a rainy day, Mary! It is almost like the flood."

"The flood, sir?" responded the little maid, with a puzzled smile.

"Yes, the flood, Noah, you know, the ark, Mount Ararat."

She shook her head and murmured, apologetically, "I ain't had time to read the papers lately, sir."

A "Jumbie Bird."

In the West Indies is found a bird called the sunset bird, because half an hour before sunset and half an hour before sunrise it utters its peculiar cry of "Soleil coucher!" The natives call it a "jumbie bird" (a bird possessed of the devil) and say that to kill it would bring death to its slayer. Another bird found in the same region is the "Soufriere bird," which makes its home near the volcano of Soufriere, and among the natives there is a strong belief that the first individual to see this bird will die, while the most horrible torture by evil spirits awaits the man who kills it.

Willing to Conform.

"Richard," said his precise wife in an undertone, "it is all right for you to avoid elaborate ceremony in introducing the guests to one another, but I wish you would not say, 'Mr. Throgson, shake hands with Mr. Wigmore.' I do not approve of that style of introduction."

"All right, Amaryliss," heartily responded the host. "I'll cut that out. Hello, Flatbush! Awfully glad to see you. Mr. Flatbush, wiggle flippers with Mr. Skimmerhorn."—Chicago Tribune.

Judicial Sarcaasm.

"All I demand for my client," demanded the prisoner's counsel in the voice of a man who was paid for it, "is justice."

"I am very sorry I can't accommodate you," replied the judge, "but the law won't allow me to give him more than fourteen years."—Stray Stories.

SAVED BY CLEAN HANDS.

Thrilling Incident of the Days of the Paris Commune.

Frederic Villiers' "Peaceful Personalities and Warriors Bold" contains a striking and somewhat bloody tale of the terrible days of the Paris commune. An unnamed Englishman tells the story of himself and Archibald Forbes, the great war correspondent: "There was a good deal of fighting in the streets at the time, for the Versailles troops were pressing hard upon the communists. One afternoon, in a street not far from where we were sitting, I was rounded up by a party of rebels and made to work erecting a barricade, when I found another Englishman pressed for the same business. It was Forbes, the war correspondent. We chummed together at our distasteful work, which we were compelled to do or risk being shot for spies."

"Presently the barricade was attacked by the Versailles, and the communists, after a sharp fight, were driven helter skelter down the street. Forbes and I ran with them. Presently he shouted, 'Dive into that wineshop on the left!' I immediately did so, and Forbes, catching hold of me, pushed me through a shop to a back yard, where we found a pump. 'Now,' said he, 'wash your hands quickly and let me have a turn.' After our ablutions he hurried me back into the street. That simple incident of washing my hands saved my life, and I always remember it with gratitude."

"We had hardly gained the street before we were roughly arrested by the victorious troops, who would not listen to any explanation, and were hurried along with many other prisoners till we came to a blank wall, where a halt was made. About a dozen of us were made to stand in a line with our backs to the wall. 'Hands up!' cried the officer in charge."

"The poor devils who had soiled hands were told to remain. Forbes and I were the only men who were allowed to fall out, for our hands showed no sign of barricade work or soil of powder upon them. Before we realized what had happened the rest were riddled with bullets. It was a ghastly sight."

Not in Sight.

A countryman named Street owned a runaway cow. As the season advanced Street was compelled to make several long pilgrimages into the country for the reprehensible animal.

On one occasion the trail led on and on until Street had entered the environs of a town where a new trolley system was installed. Just as the cow hunter turned a corner in the outskirts, the car lumbered up and the conductor called out: "Cedar Street!"

The owner of the estrayed cow stopped in his tracks and bawled back at the man in blue and gold: "No, darn her, I ain't seed her, and when I do it won't be good for her blamed old hide either!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Convenient Arrangement.

"What are you buying now?" "I am looking for some present to give my wife on her birthday. I tell you, making presents costs a heap of money."

"Why don't you do as I do? I have never failed to make my wife a present on her birthday every year for twenty-five years, and I am not a penny out thus far."

"How do you manage it?" "It is very simple. After we were married, when her birthday came round, I gave her a £5 note. When my birthday came round, she gave me the note back, and we have kept that up ever since, and neither of us is out a penny."—London Tit-Bits.

Ancient Science.

It is generally supposed that those who combated the opinion that the earth was a sphere when Columbus proposed his great voyage were only giving expression to opinions that had always been entertained. But the fact is that long before the Christian era the Greek and Egyptian philosophers entertained the idea that the earth was round and knew vastly more about eclipses, the motions of the moon and other astronomical matters than many do even today. The idea of Columbus had been anticipated by more than sixteen centuries.—New York American.

As Others Saw Him.

A day or two ago it fell out that an actor with a purpose was cinematographed on the stage and was vastly pleased with the result.

Said he gleefully to a prominent dramatic critic, "It was the most extraordinary experience I ever went through—actually to see myself acting."

"Now," said the prominent dramatic critic, "you understand what we have to put up with."

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