

AGASSIZ REBELLED.

An Youngster He Had a Stronous Time in Neuchatel.

An anecdote of Alexander Agassiz's boyhood in Neuchatel, in the days when that Swiss canton was administered by the Prussian officials, shows that the man who was to become so famous as a scholar and man of science had his full share of a healthy boy's mischievousness. The story is told in his "Letters and Recollections."

The small boys of Neuchatel were much interested in politics. They were arrayed in two parties, the Royalists and the Reds. The former were devoted to Prussia and loyal subjects of Friedrich Wilhelm; the Reds were ardent Swiss patriots, who wished Neuchatel to have the same republican form of government that the other Swiss cantons enjoyed and who resented the authority of the governor, an appointee of the king of Prussia.

The governor, who liked to show his authority in the smallest details, was so lacking in a sense of tact and of proportion as to complain to Louis Agassiz that his little son was not saluting him with enough politeness. Alexander was punished, and when he met the governor on the street the next day he saluted him with exaggerated abjectness. The governor complained of that, too, whereupon the elder Agassiz, much incensed, gave his son a sound thrashing, for the father was a great admirer of the king, who, at the suggestion of Humboldt, had assisted him in many ways. Not content with his victory, the governor singled out his diminutive adversary at a school celebration and held him up for reproof before a large audience.

When it was Alexander's turn to receive his prizes from the governor he was so angry that he refused them with scorn, turned his back on the representative of the king and, to the delight of the Reds, walked out of the room. That led to further punishment at home.

Infuriated at the governor's treatment, the youthful patriot collected a band of confederates of his own age, stormed the castle on the night of a large dinner party, at which his father was present, and smashed all the windows of the state dining hall. Louis Agassiz, suspecting the instigator of this outrage, rushed home, but found his son safely in bed and apparently asleep.

Commenting on this episode in after years, Alexander Agassiz remarked that it was perhaps fortunate he came to the United States at an early age, for with his views he would surely have been hung or shot before he had grown to middle age!

Close Buying.

"Commend me to the average woman shopper for real shrewdness," says the manager of a well known establishment. "We received a visit from one the other day that taught us something."

"She was considering the purchase of a yard of silk at 80 cents. The woman's purchase left a remnant of a yard and a half, which the salesgirl suggested that she should take."

"What'll it cost?" asked the shopper.

"Fifty cents."

"I'll take it," was the prompt response, "and you may keep the yard you've torn off."—Youth's Companion.

Blind Justice.

We meet our philosophical friend and observe that he is smiling contentedly.

"What has gone wrong now?" we ask.

"Nothing has gone wrong," he explains. "Something went right. Spriggans owed Hennett \$10,000 and put his property in his wife's name so that Hennett couldn't collect."

"But that isn't anything unusual."

"And last night Mrs. Spriggans eloped with Hennett!"—Life.

A Mixed Metaphor.

Sir Robert Ball, the famous astronomer, was rather fond of telling the story of a correspondent who wrote to him saying that, although he was a grocer's assistant, his great ambition was to become an astronomer. But he got his ideas somewhat mixed, for this was one of his sentences, "My mind finds no rest for the sole of her foot save on one of the heavenly bodies."

Why He Is Disappointed.

"I am disappointed," said the doctor, "if I don't make a hundred dollars a day."

"Oh, come off!" they cried. "What are you giving us? You know you never make a hundred dollars a day."

"I know it," he answered plaintively. "and so I'm always disappointed."—New York Press.

WATER AND AIR.

An Old Test Upon Which Many Famous Theories Were Based.

Here is an ancient experiment upon which several famous theories have been based: If a vessel of water having a hole in the top and several narrow holes in the bottom be suspended in air no water will fall from it so long as the upper hole is closed. As soon as the upper hole is opened the water will fall. You can test this with a glass tube full of water. So long as you keep your finger over the upper end the water will not drop out, but the instant you lift your finger the water drops.

Yet water is heavier than air and, according to Aristotle's physics, should fall to the ground. What, then, keeps it up? Early physicists said that the fall of the water would produce a vacuum and that a vacuum cannot exist in nature. Roger Bacon said this argument was a fallacy, because a vacuum does not exist.

He advanced the hypothesis that although by their particular nature water tends downward and air upward, by their nature as parts of the universe they tend to remain in continuity.

But a writer more than a century earlier than Bacon offered this law of universal continuity. Professor Lynn Thorndike of Western Reserve university points out in a letter to Nature that Adelard of Bath, in a dialogue with his nephew about such a vessel which they had seen, wrote:

"If it was magic then enchantment was worked by violence of nature rather than of water. For although four elements compose the body of this world of sense, they are so united by natural affection that, as no one of them desires to exist without another, so no place is or can be void of them. Therefore immediately one of them leaves its position another succeeds it without interval, nor can one leave its place unless some other which is especially attached to it can succeed it."

Hence it is futile to give the water a chance to get out unless you give the air a chance to get in.

The Effects of Ammonia.

The effects of ammonia upon the complexion are directly the opposite to that of arsenic. The first symptom of ammonia poisoning which appears among those who work in ammonia factories is a discoloration of the skin of the nose and the forehead. This gradually extends over the face until the complexion has a stained, blotched and unsightly appearance. With people who take ammonia into their system in smaller doses, as with their water or food, these striking symptoms do not appear so soon. The only effect of the poison that is visible for a time is a general unwholesomeness and sallowness of the complexion.—London Telegraph.

The Skirmish.

The yokels were enjoying the fun of the fair. Seeing an old fiddler playing in the street, some of them went over to him, and one, handing him twopenny, asked him to play the "Battle of Stirling Bridge."

The old fiddler took the money and went rasping away the same as before.

The yokels getting tired of this, the spokesman again went over to the fiddler and said to him, "Hi, man, that's no the 'Battle of Stirling Bridge.'"

"I ken no," replied the old fiddler; "that's the skirmish before the battle."—London Scraps.

A Peculiar Picture.

In one of the German picture galleries is a painting called "Cloud-land." It hangs at the end of a long gallery, and at first sight it looks like a huge, repulsive dach of confused color without form or comeliness. As you walk toward it the picture begins to take shape. It proves to be a mass of exquisite little cherub faces like those at the head of the canvas in Raphael's "Madonna San Sisto." When you come close to the picture you see only an innumerable company of little angels and cherubims.

The Gentleman's Psalm.

A reader of the Scriptures emphasizes the Fifteenth Psalm as the gentleman's psalm because it describes as among the many who are entitled to be considered as gentlemen "one who leadeth an incorrupt life, speaketh truth from his heart, doeth no evil to his neighbor, is lowly in his own eyes, keepeth his word even if it be to his own hindrance."

His Poems.

"May I offer you this little gift, Franklin Kate?"

"Excuse me. I never take presents from men."

"But it is only a copy of my book of poems."

"In that case I will accept. I thought it was something valuable."—Fliegende Blatter.

NETS TO CATCH WHALES.

How They Trap Hundred Ton Monsters in New Zealand Waters.

Whales are, of course, too large to be caught in nets, yet the New Zealand whale fishermen find that the use of nets is decidedly helpful to them. In the autumn whales moving south to the polar seas swim close to the mainland of North New Zealand and round Cape Brett close inshore. Thence they sweep again seaward to pursue their voyage.

During the six months' sojourn in southern seas a thick crust of barnacles collects on the whales' bodies. These barnacles catch and drag quantities of seaweed, and perhaps that is why the whales seek the shore, where by rubbing against the rocks in the shoal water they may scrape off some of the unwelcome parasites.

Whether that is so or not, the whales take full advantage of the circumstances. A number of the whales, hugging the shore more closely than their fellows, often pass through the narrow channel just under Cape Brett that separates a group of outlying rocks from the mainland. The whalers place their nets at that spot.

No ordinary fishing gear is strong enough for this service. The nets that are to stop a hundred ton monster must be extraordinary nets. They are five or six hundred feet wide and 200 feet deep and made of three-eighths inch wire rope, and they are hung on strong wire cables buoyed by huge floats and drogues.

At the cry of "There she blows!" from the lookouts stationed along the coast, steam launches put out from the shore to place the nets, three in number, which are to close the narrow channel. These nets, unanchored, are permitted to float loose, the ends of each slightly overlapping. Kept taut by their own weight, they hang stretched on the float line, an invisible curtain of wire mesh barring the passage.

The nets will not stop the rush of a charging whale, but they do hamper the big creature's movements that it falls an easy prey to the hunters. That is why the nets are placed so that on "striking" an entangled whale may "race" seaward or "sound" downward, carrying the enveloping net with him without disturbing the remaining two.

Armed with harpoon guns and lances, the men in the boats and launches watch for the dancing of the float line that marks the "striking" of a whale. Once their prey is entangled in the net the rest is not difficult, although it is frequently exciting.—Youth's Companion.

Why He Was Defeated.

In San Francisco some years ago a leading lawyer ran for assemblyman at a special election to fill a vacancy, and, to the astonishment of everybody, was defeated by an opponent who had been only a few months in the city.

"I account for it in this way," said the defeated gentleman. "Those who knew me and did not know my opponent voted for him. Those who did not know me and did know my opponent voted for me. Those who knew both of us stayed away from the polls. My opponent had been here only a few months and I had been here for years. As a result he was elected."—Los Angeles Times.

Not Quite What She Meant.

A very stout lady while out walking in a certain part of Edinburgh came to a gateway which appeared to be the entrance to a private road. Not being certain, however, she asked one of two messenger boys who were standing at the entrance whether she could get through the gateway or not.

The boy looked her up and down and across. Then, winking to his friend, he replied:

"I dinna ken, missus, but think ye might try, as I saw a horse and cart gang through a wee while since."—London Tit-Bits.

Two Narrow Escapes.

An Irishman, seeing a vessel very heavily laden and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed, "Upon my soul, if the river was but a little higher the ship would go to the bottom!"

"See there!" exclaimed the returned Irish soldier to the gaping crowd as he exhibited with some pride his tall hat with a bullet hole in it. "Look at that hole, will ye! Ye see, if it had been a low crowned hat I should have been killed outright."

Miss Tenderfoot.

Young Lady (on first visit to western ranch)—For what purpose do you use that coil of line on your saddle?

Cowpuncher—That line, as you call it, lady, we use for catching cattle and horses.

Young Lady—I dare say. Now, may I ask, what do you use for bait?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

HOMES FOR VETERANS.

Two That Are Well Endowed and Cost the Government Nothing.

The beautiful home in the suburbs of Washington for soldiers of the regular army was established March 3, 1891, the first fund for its support being \$100,000, a portion of the tribute levied by General Scott on the City of Mexico. It has been supported by a very small monthly contribution of 12 1/2 cents by each soldier and by fines and forfeitures, which produced such a large sum that the monthly contribution has been discontinued. The beautiful grounds and magnificent buildings of this home have not only not cost the government a penny, but there is now in the treasury of the nation a surplus of over \$3,000,000, on which the government pays 3 per cent. The income of the home exceeds its expenses, and the fund is steadily accumulating.

In 1798 the first steps were taken to care for our gallant tars, both of the navy and commercial marine. In 1811, by the advice of the then secretary of the navy, Paul Hamilton of South Carolina, sailors of the navy and of the commercial marine were provided with separate homes. On May 26, 1826, under the administration of President John Quincy Adams, the site of the present home near Philadelphia was purchased for the small sum of \$16,000. This home was supported by monthly contribution from the sailors and by fines and the sale of prizes. The contribution from the sailors has ceased, as it now has over \$14,000,000, on which the government pays 3 per cent. The excess of income over expenditures is used for the pay of naval pensions. Like the Soldiers' home, this establishment has cost the government nothing.—Confederate Veteran.

Trapping the Parson.

William Morris did not always get his jokes right and first. In a biography of her husband Mrs. Edward Burne-Jones tells of the case with which he reversed them.

A dinner gathering had been asking conundrums.

"Who killed his brother Cain?" asked Burne-Jones.

Morris fell into the trap at once.

"Abel!" he shouted.

Later in the day he came in laughing.

"I trapped the parson, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "I asked him, 'Who killed his brother Abel?'"

"Cain," he said at once.

"Ha!" I said. "I knew you'd say that. Every one does. I came away and left him puzzled enough, and I doubt if he's found out yet what the joke was."

An Attentive Daughter.

"I don't see why you are not as considerate of my comfort as you used to be of your father's," remarked a husband to his wife, who had shown signs of neglect. "When I come into the house I have to hunt for my slippers and everything else I happen to want, but when I used to court you, and your father would come in from the city, you would gather up his things, wheel his easy chair to the fire, warm his slippers and get him a head rest and a foot rest, so that all he had to do was to be comfortable."

"Oh, that was only to make him go to sleep sooner!" was the young wife's satisfactory explanation.—London Mail.

How Ancients Squared the Circle.

The rule given by Ahmes requires that the diameter of a circle shall be shortened by one-ninth and a square erected upon this shortened line. The area of such a square approximates the area of the circle; but, of course, is not exact and is not even as close a result as that at which other mathematicians have arrived. The Babylonians, who were also great mathematicians, had a solution, to which a reference in the Talmud has been traced. The Babylonian method, however, was not a quadrature, but a rectification of the circumference.

Marjorie's Family.

Little Marjorie went to a children's party the other afternoon and was given a warm greeting by the hostess.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?" said the lady of the house.

"Oh, yes'm. A brother and a sister."

"And are you the oldest one in the family?"

"Oh, no'm!" very seriously. "Papa and mamma are both older than me."—Exchange.

The Whole Truth.

Magistrate—Why did you beat your wife unmercifully?

Prisoner—Well, your honor, she aggravated me by sayin' she'd have me up before that bald headed old fool, meanin' you, yer honor.

Magistrate—You're discharged.—Boston Transcript.

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