

HOW CAESAR SHOWED MERCY.

Story of the Great Roman and a Band of Bold Pirates.

Caesar traveled with the retinue of a man of rank, and on his way to Rhodes he fell in with an adventure which may be something more than legend.

When he was crossing the Aegean his vessel is said to have been taken by pirates. They carried him to Pharmacusa, an island off the Carian coast, which was then in their possession, and there he was detained for six weeks with three of his attendants, while the rest of his servants were sent to the nearest Roman station to raise his ransom.

The pirates treated him with politeness. He joined in their sports, played games with them, looked into their habits and amused himself with them as well as he could, frankly telling them at the same time that they would be hanged.

The ransom, a very large one, about \$10,000, was brought and paid, Caesar was set upon the mainland near Miletus, where, without a moment's delay, he collected some armed vessels, returned to the island, seized the whole crew while they were dividing their plunder and took them away to Pergamus, the seat of government in the Asiatic province, where they were convicted and crucified.

Clemency was not a Roman characteristic. It was therefore noted with some surprise that Caesar interceded to mitigate the severity of the punishment. The poor wretches were strangled before they were stretched on the crosses and were spared the prolongation of their torture.—James Anthony Froude.

Papered With Postage Stamps.

Within easy walking distance of the old cathedral town of Chichester, England, is the Rising Sun, in North Bersted, a house of interest to all who collect stamps. This small inn contains a room every inch of which is covered with postage stamps. Ceiling, walls, doors, chairs, tables, picture frames, every part of the room, except the floor, is thickly covered, while from the ceiling hang long festoons and ropes made of bundles of stamps for which there is no other place. Fully 2,000,000 stamps are pasted up and 1,000,000 more hang in the festoons.

Greek Fire.

The so called Greek fire was some sort of combustible composition, probably naphtha, that was thrown from engines said to have been invented by Callinicus of Heliopolis about the middle of the seventh century to destroy the ships of the Saracens. From all accounts the effects of this combustion were fearful. It is claimed that 30,000 Saracens were consumed by it upon a single occasion. A so called Greek fire, a solution of phosphorus in bisulphide of carbon, was employed at the siege of Charleston in 1863.—New York American.

A Queer Funeral.

One day some years ago a man passing along a street in a central district of London dropped into a gulf that suddenly yawned for him. He had got into a coal mine shaft that had been bricked over 150 years before and forgotten. The depth of the shaft and the accumulation of foul gas in it precluded the recovery of his body, so the borough authorities had religious services held over the hole. The mayor dropped a handsome wreath into it, and it was once more covered up and arched with brick.

The Miserable Villain.

Low Comedian—After all these years Egbert has at last succeeded in making a hit with the audience. Soubrette—So? How does he do it?

Low Comedian—You know he has always played villain roles. Soubrette—Yes.

Low Comedian—Well, in the last act of a new play the author allows him to repent and say, "I've been a miserable villain." That confession invariably brings down the house.

An Embarrassing Joke.

A young lady who was painfully shy was being seen off by train by her brother. He got her comfortably seated next to the door in a compartment containing several other passengers. Then as the train was starting he leaned forward and kissed her, saying mischievously in a stage whisper: "It's all right, dear. They'll think I'm your brother!"

Plump Birds.

She (after the service) — You dreadful fellow! Why did you smile during the offertory? He—I couldn't help it. There was Miss Addie Pose singing "Had I the wings of a dove." The mental picture of a 200 pounder trying to fly with a pair of four inch wings was too much for me.

SENTINELS OF THE DESERT.

Rock Piles That Guard the Traveler From Thirst Delirium.

Travel in the Painted desert would be a dangerous matter were it not for the silent sentinels erected by the Navajo Indians to direct the stranger traveling through this country, where once there was water in plenty, but where now there are only the dry beds of rivers.

If you have never experienced the pangs of thirst you cannot conceive of the terrible agony it may bring to a prospector lost in the desert. Half crazed with delirium, he loses all sense of direction. His swollen tongue protrudes from his mouth. His lips are raw and cracked by the action of the fine alkali dust which rises from every movement of his leaden feet. He strives to reach the phantom lake so clearly seen in the quivering heat waves of "the mirage," only to have it fade before his bloodshot eyes, just as he stoops eagerly to drink of the unreal waters.

It is to avoid just such occurrences that the Navajo Indians have placed their stone sentinels to point the way to water in the desert.

These sentinels are piles of rock as high as a man, located on the higher ground, where they may be readily seen. In the body of the monument is placed a projecting rock, which is arranged to point the direction to the nearest spring or water hole. If you follow the direction indicated, though you may have to travel a considerable distance, the precious water will always be found.

Frequently it is only a very weak seep, supplying no more than a few cupfuls an hour. Or it may be a pool located deep in the recesses of a rocky ledge and collected from the melted snows of the past winter. Sometimes it may be situated in an out of the way place, and in that case there may be two or even three smaller monuments erected along the route designated.

Along the way there may be arrows cut in the rocks or crooked grooves symbolizing the windings of a brook or signs of various kinds which will attract attention. These directions all help to make the way plainer and reduce the chances that the traveler will become confused.—Independent.

It Paid.

Mrs. Skinner keeps a boarding house, where, it is whispered, the guests are by no means too well fed. One of her neighbors took it upon herself to point out to the estimable lady the error of her ways.

"I should think," said she, "you'd do well to feed your boarders a little better. You can't expect them to say a good word for you when they leave."

"Oh, but they do," was the quick reply. "Almost every one of them has a grudge against some friend or other, and he invariably recommends my house to him. I get lots of new boarders in that way."—Exchange.

Hair Seals and Fur Seals.

The fur seal has a sharper nose than the hair or harbor seal, and both its swimming flippers and its tail flippers are proportionately to its body, much longer than those of the harbor seal. The harbor seal, when it rests or sleeps, climbs out on the rocks, or, in winter, on a cake of ice. The fur seal, a far wider traveler, sleeps more on the water, and when it sleeps it folds the long tail flippers up on the body between its side flippers, presenting thus a curious appearance, quite unlike the harbor seal.

Good Habits.

Good habits bring a personal freedom that is impossible to obtain otherwise. He who has the habit of doing anything he ought to do with regularity is saved from a galling bondage of uncertainty, time consuming, energy wasting debate with himself, renewed daily and growing more of a burden as life advances. When the matter is relegated once for all to the realm of unquestioning, automatic habit that man's life passes from bondage to freedom in at least one detail.

Gratitude?

Mr. Blake, a man of somewhat caustic wit, had been dining sumptuously at the table of a nouveau riche, and upon his return home he felt a new and strange sensation around his heart.

"Perhaps it's indigestion," ventured a friend. Then, on second thought, he continued. "If it isn't indigestion I think it must be gratitude."—Judge.

Both Extremes.

"Who are those two sad looking women over there?" "They're a couple of neighboring women who always get together to mourn."

"Torn by some common sorrow?" "Yes; one's husband never comes home, and the other one's husband hangs around the house all the time."—Chicago News.

SWORDS OF TOLEDO.

Their Fame Reached Its Height in the Sixteenth Century.

Toledo has been famous since the Roman occupation of Spain for its manufacture of steel swords, but this industry existed at Toledo before the appearance of the Romans. The town was captured by them in the year 193 before Christ. The Roman army from that time forward was provided with steel swords from Toledo and other places in Spain.

The manufacture of Toledo blades probably attained its greatest development in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. A certain degree of mystery has always surrounded the manufacture of these swords, and the same may be said of the manufacture in ancient times of the equally celebrated Damascus blades.

The iron industry in Spain was the first in the world for hundreds of years after the Romans obtained a foothold in the country, surviving the downfall of the Roman power in the peninsula in the fifth century after Christ and flourishing under the subsequent rule of the Visigoths. This distinction was strengthened when the Moors became masters of the greater part of Spain in the beginning of the eighth century of the Christian era.

They stimulated the further development of the iron manufacture in the districts subject to their sway. At the same time the native inhabitants who had successfully resisted the Moorish arms continued to push their small Catalan forges still farther into the Pyrenees and along the coast of Biscay, lighting up the forests in every direction.

So prominent did the iron industry of Spain become that its ironworkers were sought for by other countries, and on the French side of the Pyrenees and in the mountains of Germany and along the Rhine they set up many of their small forges.

The Catalan forge, which received its name from Catalonia, has been introduced into every civilized country of modern times which produces iron, and it still exists in almost its original simplicity in the mountains of both Spain and France and in the southern states of this country.

Spain continued to make large quantities of iron and steel of the best qualities down to the closing years of the eighteenth century, when its iron and steel industries began to decline in consequence of the greater enterprise of other countries and their adoption of modern methods of manufacture.—Argonaut.

Washington on Farming.

George Washington, who was first of all a farmer and never saw a city of over 5,000 until he reached manhood, once stated his views on agriculture in the following words, written to Arthur Young in 1788: "The more I become acquainted with agricultural affairs the better I am pleased with them. I can nowhere find so great satisfaction as in those innocent and useful pursuits. In indulging these feelings I am led to reflect how much more delightful on an undebauched mind is the task of making improvements on the earth than all the vain glory which can be acquired from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted career of conquests."

A Busy Husband.

A colored mammy worked for many years for a rich lady. The time came when she married. Her mistress met her a few weeks after. "Well, Dinah, have you a good husband?"

"Good!" said Dinah. "Ah should say so! He am sweeter dan honey!"

"Is he a good provider?" asked the lady. "A good provider?" said Dinah. "Ah spects he is! We was only married two weeks when he got me seven new wash places!"

Countering on the Muse.

"I have written a poem on"—The editor looked up wearily. The blue eyed blond young woman was merciless.

"I have written a poem on 'The Old Red Barn on the Farm,' and"—The weary look disappeared from the editor's face.

"Ah! Delighted! Written it on the old red barn, eh? Fine! I'll be going along by the farm in a day or so, and I'll stop at the old red barn and read it!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

When Feathers Came High.

A young lady only ten feet high was overset in one of the late gales of wind in Portland place and the upper most of her feather blown upon Hampstead hill.

The ladies now wear feathers exactly of their own length, so that a woman of fashion is twice as long on her feet as in her bed.—London Times, Dec. 30, 1795.

A FAMOUS FRENCH CASTLE.

Chantilly. Where the Great Conde Fought King Louis XIV.

There are two castles at Chantilly surrounded by a magnificent park and containing many fine pictures and objets d'art. The castles now standing are the great palace, built between 1876 and 1885, and the older portion adjoining, which is known as the chateau. But the original castle on the site of the modern palace must have been in existence as early as the thirteenth century. In the reign of Charles VI. the lordship belonged to Pierre d'Orgemont, chancellor of France. In 1484 it passed to the house of Montmorency, and from that family in 1632 to the house of Conde.

Louis II., prince de Conde, sur-named the great, was especially attached to the chateau of Chantilly and did much to add to its beauty and magnificence. Here he entertained La Bruyere, Racine, Moliere, La Fontaine, Boileau and other great men of the time, and it was here that his steward Vatel killed himself in despair because something had gone wrong in his preparations for entertaining Louis XIV. The grand chateau was destroyed about the time of the revolution, but the chateau, which was built for Anne de Montmorency by Jean Bullant, still remains as one of the finest specimens of renaissance architecture in France. The Chateau d'Enghien, facing the entrance to the grand chateau, was built in 1770 as a guest house. On the death of the Duke of Bourbon, the last representative of the house of Conde, the estate of Chantilly passed in 1830 into the hands of Henri, duc d'Aumale, fourth son of Louis Philippe.

In 1852, when the house of Orleans was declared incapable of holding property in France, the great estate was sold at public auction and bought by a firm of English bankers. But twenty years later it passed again into the hands of the Duc d'Aumale. He built a magnificent palace on the foundations of the ancient chateau in the style of the chateau and acquired a valuable library and collection of art objects.

In 1886 he gave the park, the chateau and the superb collections to the Institut de France, retaining for himself only a life interest. And on his death in 1897 the institutu. came into full possession.—New York Times.

Might Have Been Worse.

On a celebrated occasion in Vienna, when there was much excitement in all the European courts over affairs of international moment, the French ambassador was suddenly recalled by his government. "It is a very grave affair, is it not," Prince Metternich was asked by a lady at a court ball, "this recall of the ambassador?" "Not so grave, I assure you, madame," the prince responded, "as it would have been if it had been the French ambassador's cook who was recalled. The ambassador can easily be replaced, but not his cook."

No Harm Done.

"Dear me, pa," said the beautiful heiress, "you'll mortify me to death yet."

"What's the matter now, Lil?" "You told John to go down to the depot and get the earl's baggage right out loud so that he couldn't help hearing you. Why can't you learn to say station and luggage?"

"Oh, don't mind that. The earl won't care. He's got used to United States talk. He asked me this morning how I got my dough and how much I had of it."—Philadelphia Record.

Not to Be Scared.

The landlady beamed upon the new and prosperous looking boarder. "Don't be afraid of the bacon, Mr. Pullman," said she, endeavoring to make him feel entirely at home.

"Not at all, madam, not at all," said Pullman. "Why, I've seen a piece twice as large, and it did not frighten me a bit."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Anchored.

A little chap four years of age met with the misfortune to have his hat blown into the river. When he reached home his father said to him:

"It's a wonder you didn't blow overboard too." "I couldn't," was the quick response. "I was fastened to my feet!"

Too Much Fudge.

"Here's a scientific item of interest to us poets." "What is it?"

"A professor has a theory that what we eat affects our literary output."

"I'm inclined to think so too. You'd better stop eating so much fudge."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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