

FORETOLD BY DREAMS.

Two Singular Cases in Which Sleep Warnings Came True.

"I dreamed that the ship was in a heavy sea, that a big wave came over her bows, pressed down upon her, and then she rolled over on her starboard side and disappeared."

This is not an extract from a story. It is evidence, given on oath, during the inquiry at London into the mysterious disappearance of the Waratah, the vessel which on her second voyage mysteriously disappeared in July, 1909, and has never been heard of since. And so impressed was the passenger with the vision that he left the vessel at Durban, from which point she continued on her ill fated voyage. Thus one more was added to the extraor-

inary coincidences in which dreams have figured.

The third Lord Waterford was able to verify a story of an extraordinary dream coming true. Talking one day with the landlord of the inn in the village close to Curraghmore, a man rushed up and said there had been a murder on the hills. "Then it must be the little one," said the landlord, at which Lord Waterford, not unnaturally, became very suspicious. The landlord proceeded to explain that in the night he dreamed that two men had come to the inn and that the taller of the two had murdered the shorter with a very curious knife.

He told his dream to his wife, who laughed at him. But, to his horror, the men he had seen while asleep came to the inn, and one used the curious knife to cut up his food. They left, and soon afterward news of the murder arrived. Search was made for a tall man answering to the landlord's description, and one was quickly arrested. In prison he confessed he had murdered his short companion.—Pearson's Weekly.

Humbog.

The word "humbog" had its origin as follows: Among the many issues of base coin made from time to time in Ireland there was none so worthless as that made by James II. at the Dublin mint. It was made of whatever metal was the easiest to get, lead, copper, pewter or brass, and so low was its intrinsic value that 20 shillings of it was worth only twopenny sterling. The soft mixed metal of which that worthless coin was composed was known to the Irish as "uimbog," pronounced oombog, meaning soft copper or worthless money. Thus the phrase "humbog" originated by a person saying: "That is a piece of uim-bog." "Don't try to pass off your uim-bog on me."—Exchange.

A Big Difference.

From the parlor there came a crash that brought the careful housekeeper downstairs at unusual speed.

"Sarah," she said, "did you break something?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What was it?"

"One of those green vases, ma'am. But it only broke in two pieces."

"You stupid girl," said the careful housekeeper. "It is gone, so what difference does it make whether it is in two pieces or two hundred?"

"All the difference in the world, ma'am, as you would soon find out if you had to pick up the pieces," said Sarah.—Exchange.

When Love Got a Chill.

"Christie and me have had a row," said the young man, murdering grammar in the intensity of his grief.

"Why, what's up?"

"Well, you know Christie's a schoolteacher, and—I mean I can stand a bit, but there's a limit."

"I don't understand. What's the trouble exactly?"

"Why, I promised to meet her last night at 7 under the clock, and I couldn't get there till 7:30. And when I arrived—would you believe it?—she asked me if I'd brought a written excuse from my mother. Isn't that enough to put anybody off?"—Exchange.

Lake in a Volcanic Ring.

On the island of Ninafow, halfway between Fiji and Samoa, is a volcanic ring inclosing a crater containing a lake two miles in diameter. Toward the sea the ring is bordered with walls of black cliffs 200 to 300 feet in height. An eruption in 1886 formed a peninsula on the eastern side of the lake. While the ocean outside is trembling and thundering under a heavy wind the lake remains smooth or is simply wrinkled with ripples or wavelets.

Did Him Honor.

"Did you read that interview with Dubwaite in the morning paper?"

"Yes. It's positively brilliant. I had no idea Dubwaite was such a smart man."

"Neither did he. I hear he wants to present the reporter who wrote it with a suit of clothes."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Two Visiting Cards.

In 1844 when M. de Lagrene was sent under Louis Philippe as minister extraordinary to China the courtesy of the ambassador greatly impressed the Chinese statesmen, particularly their "doyen." After the negotiations had been completed and M. de Lagrene was ready to embark a delegation brought him a great roll of paper. The ambassador seeing this parcel at once thought this was a present, knowing Chinese methods, but to his surprise they started to unroll the cylinder, which extended to about fifty meters of paper, over 162 feet. Then he learned that it was the visiting card of the "doyen." In returning his modest little bribe he heard the humiliated ambassador added a few words, which read, "The ambassador of France regrets that he is able to offer only these simple words to your excellency."

FANTASTIC BAKU.

Odeous, but Beautiful, and Only Millions Can Live There.

I'm afraid that I shall have to tell my great-grandchildren that the Caspian is very little to look at, at least from Baku. It has no color, and it smells outrageously of kerosene, writes H. G. Dwight in the Century.

Baku, however, is something to look at. (Baku is the Russian Transcaucasian seaport on the Caspian sea.) It is a kind of Pittsburgh dipped in Asia, and it tickled me beyond measure. Not so long ago it was a wretched fishing village inhabited chiefly by Persians and Tartars who were too stupid to sell their land to prowling oil prospectors. So those same Persians and Tartars now roll in gold. And they don't know what on earth to do with it. The consequence is that nobody but a millionaire can afford to live in Baku.

But what a fantastic hodgepodge of civilization and barbarism! What types! What costumes! What morals!

Above all, what motorcars, satin lined, emblazoned, gilded, jeweled, skittering there on the edge of Asia!

It's too good to be true, but I shan't tell you about it. What I want to tell you about is a park the Russians have made there on the shore of their Caspian. They always do those things well, you know. No green thing will grow for miles around Baku, but those Russians have coaxed a few trees to sprout in tubs in that tidy little park, and hands far better than I ever heard in Central park play you Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakof, not to say Wagner and Verdi and Bizet. And you should see the extraordinary crowds that listen—the Russians, the Persians, the Armenians, the Georgians, the Lezgians, the Tartars, the wild, the swarthy, the fiery, the rainbow colored! My son, when in doubt go to Baku.

ONE WAY TO PAY.

How the Artist Raphael Settled His Bill at an Inn.

Raphael, the great Italian painter, whose celebrated Biblical pictures are worth fabulous sums of money, was not a rich man when young and encountered some of the vicissitudes of life like many another genius.

Once when traveling he put up at an inn and remained there, unable to get away through lack of funds to settle his bill. The landlord grew suspicious that such was the case, and his requests for a settlement grew more and more pressing. Finally young Raphael in desperation resorted to the following device:

He carefully painted upon a table top in his room a number of gold coins, and, placing the table in a certain light that gave a startling effect, he packed his few belongings and summoned his host.

"There," he exclaimed, with a lordly wave of his hand toward the table, "is enough to settle my bill and more. Now kindly show the way to the door."

The innkeeper, with many smiles and bows, ushered his guest out and then hastened back to gather up his gold. His rage and consternation when he discovered the fraud knew no bounds until a wealthy English traveler, recognizing the value of the art put in the work, gladly paid him \$50 for the table.—Stray Stories.

The "Third Degree" in Japan.

Medieval torture for securing confessions from criminals is, it seems, clung to by random policemen in Japan, although distinctly against the law. It is recorded in the daily papers that two Japanese detectives, Jihei Fujikura and Kumataro Takedo, who extorted a false confession of murder from Suke Komori by means of torture, were each sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the Yokohama district court recently. They were given one year's postponement of the execution of the sentence. After being imprisoned for many months Komori, the victim of the overzealous "bulls," was recently released.—East and West News.

Salt Sea Superstitions.

Iceland fishermen considered sneezing a sign that some evil was about to happen to the ship and used to salute the man who had sneezed to atone for his act. Spitting to the windward, which is unseamanlike for a very obvious reason, was also considered as a sign of ill omen. A reasonable explanation for this superstition is that no ship was safe as long as she had members of her crew who were so ignorant in such an elementary principle of seamanship. Chinese sailors consider it good luck to cross the bows of foreign ships, and in seeking good fortune cause a great deal of trouble in narrow channels and congested waters.

Glass Room in a Hospital.

The hospital of the Hebrew Infant asylum in New York contains a room built entirely of glass. It is divided into twelve compartments, each having glass sides, through which the nurse can see the baby at all times without going in. Each compartment is ventilated separately, states the Southern Hospital Record. A child having a communicable disease can be cared for in one of these little compartments without any possibility of infecting the baby in the next one, although it may be only three feet away, and the children smile at each other through the glass.

Herbert Spencer's Oddities.

Herbert Spencer hated clocks which strike, especially out of door clocks. When staying in lodgings in a Berkshire village he sent a request to the owner of the principal house there that the stable clock, which struck the hours, might be stopped. He was not a good companion to go out for a drive with, as, if he did not feel well, he would ascertain how fast his pulse was beating and if it was not satisfactory would instantly give the order to return home.

THIS BIRD LIVES ON FISH.

And He Doesn't Build a Nest, but Lives in a Sand Tunnel.

The belted kingfisher has a great taste for fish. Every day is Friday with him, because no matter how hungry he gets, he will eat nothing except fish. Wherever there are creeks, rivers, ponds or lakes the kingfishers are to be found.

His principal business in life seems to be diving into the water for fish. From his perch on a dead branch or as he hovers over the water this unusual bird spies a small fish. With a swoop and a splash and a dive he goes into the water and is out as quickly with the fish firmly held in his stout beak. As he emerges from the water a quick shake of the body sends the water flying from his oily feathers, and he is dry in short order. The fish is tossed into the air, caught again in the beak and swallowed head first.

Unlike most other birds, the kingfisher does not build his nest in trees, but seeks a sand bank, in which he digs a tunnel several feet straight in. At the far end a little room is hollowed out, and there on the sand the glossy eggs are laid.

The belted kingfisher is recognized by his buffy crown and his breast band. The male has a blue-gray breast band, back and sides, while the female has chestnut colored sides and breast band in addition to a gray breast band.—Exchange.

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A Famous Welsh Fortress.

Carnarvon castle is the most splendid specimen of medieval military architecture surviving in Britain, not excepting Alnwick. Art and beauty were combined with strength by De Elfreton, the architect, who had been commanded to construct a palace within an impregnable fortress. Whether the mean little passage chamber in the Eagle tower was the birthplace of the infant prince whom Edward I. made the medium of such a grim practical joke upon the Welsh seems doubtful, but the main story may still be true. Every famous soldier who helped to make history in this corner of Britain has played some part within or without the walls of Carnarvon castle. It has been starved into surrender, but never captured by force of arms and can therefore claim to be considered a "virgin fortress."—Westminster Gazette.

Proverbs of the Highway.

Thank the Lord that most of the deep rivers to cross are those we see in dreams.

Don't want a world so bright that we won't enjoy the glory that's waiting for us hereafter.

We spend lots o' time praying for Providence to help us, and it never occurs to us to surprise Providence by helping ourselves.

It's too great a compliment to trouble to be always hunting it—especially when you know the old fellow will come to you if you only wait for him.—Atlanta Constitution.

Filling a Sack.

The clumsy performance of holding a sack and filling it at the same time can be simplified if the sack is hung in a barrel. Four curved nails are placed at equal distances in the rim, and the sack is suspended from these. When it is filled the sack can be easily removed.

Question of Credit.

"Do you think the world owes you a living?"

"Yes. But the world's like a bank. You've got to go to some trouble to get yourself identified as the person to whom the living is due."—Washington Star.


Like a Wet Blanket.

Hokus—I never knew such a wet blanket as Flubub. Pokus—That's right. If that fellow should jump from the frying pan into the fire he would put the fire out.

The Reason.

"That young fellow is always complaining he cannot find an opening." "That is why he is always in the hole."—Baltimore American.

Give no reins to your inflamed passions. Take time and a little delay. Impetuosity manages all things badly.—Statius.



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Administrator's Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Isaac B. Ramsey, deceased, has filed his Final Account as administrator of the estate of said deceased, in the County Court of Yamhill County, Oregon, and that said Court has appointed Monday, the 8th day of January, 1917, at 11 o'clock a. m. of said day as the day and hour for the hearing of objections to said Final Account and the settlement thereof.

Now, therefore, all persons interested in the estate of said decedent are hereby notified and required to appear at the County Court room at the Court House, at McMinnville, Yamhill County, Oregon, at said time to show and there show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be settled, allowed and approved, and said estate forever and finally settled and said administrator and his bondsmen forever discharged.

Dated December 7th, 1916.
S. A. MILLS,
Administrator of the estate of Isaac B. Ramsey, deceased.
Charles Busch,
Attorney for estate.
First issue Dec. 7, 1916. Last issue Jan. 4, 1917

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Nov. 17th 1896.....	50,203.73
Nov. 17th 1901.....	102,505.31
Nov. 17th 1906.....	221,545.98
Nov. 17th 1911.....	447,668.36
Nov. 17th 1916.....	572,500.93

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Between all points in Oregon Dec. 30 to Jan. 1st inclusive. Return limit Jan. 3rd. Oregon to California points Dec. 25 to 28 inclusive. Return limit Jan. 15.

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