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### CROOK COUNTY COFFEE

Unique Exhibit Made at Portland Land Products Show. (Portland Telegram).

There is one exhibit in the land products show where the coffee bean can be found as it grows. Amazing as it seems, that exhibit is from Crook county, the semi-arid realm where there are cold nights the year through, and where dry farming methods are necessary. The coffee has been grown on a mere bush, which the expert manager of the exhibit has nursed to maturity, just to show what he can do.

The exhibit suggests anything but a tropical jungle, where coffee in its natural state thrives. If ever an exhibit was arranged to make the Western plainman homesick, it is this. After looking at it for a moment, you can smell the sagebrush smoke of the Indian tepee, hear the buccaroos riding through the greasewood as they attend the fall rodeo, and see steers fattening on the whitened bunchgrass of the rolling hills. If ever a setting was designed to suggest the opposite of a coffee plantation, it is that whiff from what the world has regarded as the "Eastern Oregon Desert."

But the coffee is there in its native pod, on the bush which grew on a Prineville farm. It is not Mocha or Java, but the veracious word of the master of this exhibit is given that it is real coffee, of the bush variety, and that its home was where the coyotes serenade at night and jackrabbits disport all the time.

For originality, it is conceded by visitors that the Prineville exhibit is remarkable. It illustrates the pace of development between the Rockies and Cascades, where the sagebrush is universal. An Indian tepee is on the right, begrimed with smoke, from which it would not surprise one to see the greasy face of a Plute pro-trude. There is greasewood and sagebrush nest, and then the famous bunchgrass, just as it is taken from the Eastern Oregon hills. Then come the first products of the white man, and finally all the vegetables and fruits known to the region.

**Eccentric John Underwood.**  
John Underwood, who died at Whit-Hess, England, in 1733, left some odd instructions for his burial. His fortune of 40,000 went to his sister, provided that no bell was tolled at his grave, no relative followed his coffin and various other arrangements were carried out. Six men only were invited and requested not to come in "black," who received 10 guineas each for their services. Service over, an arch was raised over the green painted coffin, with "Non Omnis Moriar, 1733," inscribed on white marble. The six men sang the last stanza of the twentieth ode of the second book of Horace. The deceased

who had been coffined fully dressed, had under his head "Sanadov's "Horace," at his feet Bentley's "Milton," in his right hand a Greek Testament and in his left hand a small "Horace." The six on repairing to his house to a cold repast had to sing the thirty-first ode and drink a cheerful glass before retiring at 8 p. m. This done, directed the will, "Think no more of John Underwood."

#### Books in Ancient Rome.

It has been pointed out that in old Rome books were actually produced and sold more easily and quickly than they are in modern times. With his trained staff of readers and transcribers, it is contended, an ancient Roman publisher could turn out an edition of any work at very cheap rates and almost a moment's notice. There was of course, no initial expense of type setting before a single copy could be produced, no costly extras in the form of printer's corrections. The manuscript came from the author; the publisher handed it to his slaves, and if the book were of ordinary dimensions

the complete edition could, it is said, be ready if necessary within twenty-four hours. The old Roman libraries were immense as well as splendid. Plutarch says that the library of Lucullus, who expended much of his money on books, "had walks, galleries and cabinets open to all visitors." It was proposed by Julius Caesar to open this library to the public.—Harper's.

#### The Usual Kind.

On Jimmie's birthday his uncle gave him a knife. His mother told him he ought to give his uncle a penny so that it would not cut their friendship.

"Oh, well," rejoined Jimmie, "it won't cut anything else, so I guess it won't cut our friendship."—Chicago News.

#### Never Had a Chance.

"Why have you never run for office?" asked the reporter.

"Well," said the wealthy citizen, "when I was younger I was too poor to make a campaign; now that I am rich I don't dare to."—Detroit Free Press.

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