## THE BUSY FAIRIES.

"When little children lie asleep
The fairies leave the sky,
And through the windows slyly creep
And touch each sleepy eye,
And on the little beds they sit,
And 'round the curly heads they flit
Till rosy morning's nigh.

"When all the story telling's done
The fairies come to stay
And watch beside each little one
Till Dawn wakes up the day;
Where silvery beams of moonlight stream
In happy dreams fair castles gleam,
While fairies watch away.

"And when the sky above is blue
And when the sun is high,
What do the little fairies do?—
They make our money fly!
The dollars that were hard to earn
They pile up in the yard to burn,
Or waste them on the sly.

"They make new gowns too old to use
And little trousers tear;
They touch the toes of little shoes
And presto! holes are there—
They win away by spoiling things
The money that much toiling brings—
But leave us love to share!"
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

# THE TWO SKIPPERS

**Remarkable Rivalry of Capt. Davis and Capt. Davies of the Nellie B.**

SOME few, some very few indeed, of the not numerous American lines of sea transportation have a system of retirement after long service, with the enjoyment of a life pension representing a fair share of the active wages last paid the retired mariner. This is far better than Sailor's Snug Harbor, for it does not interfere in the least with the ambition which every sailor thinks out in the mid watch, namely, to retire to a farm and raise things.

Theoretically this is all very fine; it is supposed to act as an incentive to faithful service over a long series of years, and to attach a man to his line, and, above all, to his own ship. That is just where the trouble comes in; the retired sailor gets so thoroughly attached to his own ship that he does not know enough to let go all holds and give his worthy successor a fair show. That is bound to be the case with the retired first mate. Just as soon as he goes on the retired list he schemes to get a passage on the first voyage of the old ship, in order that he may give the benefit of his advice to his successor, either his old second mate promoted up, or else some chief officer from some smaller ship of the line, who thereby gets an increase in pay. This is such an unfailing source of trouble aboard that the agents positively refuse to sell a retired mate passage on his old ship. This leads to a conflict of scheming intelligences, and sometimes the wily mate succeeds in getting into the cabin on that first pleasure voyage. Not, however, if he sticks to the simple-minded sailor's subterfuge of writing for passage for John Johnson, for no person can have much to do with the sea and its affairs without discovering the wear and tear that falls to that alias.

If by hook or crook the retired first mate can get off on that first voyage after his retirement, the prospects are bright that there will be a lively ship. He turns out in the morning, no matter what the weather, and he is promptly on hand to get his cup of coffee at the galley door before the hands turn to. The men for a time forget the change, and obey the old mate through sheer force of long habit, until at last some one happens to remember that mere passengers are not allowed to have belaying pins, and then the crew is apt to become cheeky.

Nor is the new chief officer disposed to take the interference in good part. His pensioned predecessor is only too glad to nose around and find a speck of dirt under the long boat or to discover a smudge of unwiped rotten stone on the brass work. He is sure to report it to the new mate and get a sharp retort for his officiousness. Then arise words which might be actionable ashore, and which even jar the stout sea air. The active mate is apt to suggest that passengers on deck are expected to have no views higher than ring toss and shuffleboard. And the mate emeritus is sure to retort that even passengers have a right to expect decks to be clean and not such a filthy mess. It is easy to see why retired mates should be prevented from taking pleasure trips on their old vessels.

Even if they are stopped from voyaging there is no way of keeping them off the dock. They know to a dot when the old boat is due in port again, and not cabbages nor turnips, nor yet the whole farm, can keep them away at that time. The station of a mate is at the bow when the ship is coming to her berth, and he cannot avoid the sight of his predecessor on the pier head, watching the mistakes he makes, and commenting thereon with great distinctness and corresponding vigor of expression. That is the one great joy of the retired mariner's life. It fills his soul with glee to watch his successor doing the things he himself did for so many years, and to feel the glow of satisfaction when he assures himself that the new man does not begin to come up to him in all-around efficiency.

But in all the annals of retired mariners there was never such a case as that of the two skippers of the Nellie B., a snug bit of a bark that sails out of this port. Her only master for a number of years was Cap'n Davies, who owned one sixty-fourth in her. Cap'n Davis, the same name except one letter, and leading to perpetual mistakes, was the master of another bark belonging to the same owners. This bark was burned at sea, and Cap'n Davis bought one sixty-fourth in Cap'n Davies' bark, the Nellie B. Neither had what is really a master's interest, and both set to work to buy an additional piece to make it up to one thirty-second. The two succeeded just about the same time, and each insisted on his right to be the master. It was evenly divided, and the managing owner said that he could make no division. On the quiet he sold piecemeal to Cap'n Davies to protect his position as master, and piecemeal to Cap'n Davis to help him get to be master; this was a good thing for the managing owner, for the Nellie B. had not been paying for a long time, and he had been thinking of having her cut down for a coal barge. Finally Cap'n Davies and Cap'n Davis had bought as much of the bark as they could, and they went in a body, the two of them, to the managing owner to get him to appoint one or the other master. Then the managing owner told them he did not have anything to do with it, since he did not own anything in the bark.

When they came to compare notes they had spent a lot of money, and were no better off than before; in fact, the advantage was entirely with the managing owner, who had got a good price for a property that it did not pay to run. Cap'n Davis had fifteen thirty-seconds, Cap'n Davies had fifteen thirty-seconds also, and the remaining two thirty-seconds was owned by the ship's husband, a South street ship chandler. He played fair with both skippers. He would sell half to each if they wanted to buy him out very badly, but he would not sell all to one, and thus be a party to giving him control over the other captain's investment. He suggested that they take the Nellie B. turn and turn about, and that's how it was that the bark had two skippers.

The way they fixed it up was that when Cap'n Davies brought the Nellie B. in from a voyage and had her discharged down to a clean floor, he should turn her over to Cap'n Davis to charter and load and sail until he got her down to a clean floor at the end of the voyage. When Cap'n Davis had her in charge Cap'n Davies was not to go aboard, but he could come down to the pier and find all the fault he wanted—and that was a whole lot—and vice versa. It was a caution to see how each of these old skippers put the bark into apple-pie order before they came into harbor from a voyage. The paint and cordage bills, to say nothing of white duck, must have been something big, but the ship's husband, who was in that line of business, never let on as between the two captains, so he must have been making a good thing out of his small interest in the Nellie B. The two old gentlemen were great rivals, and it was nip and tuck between them on every point connected with the bark, and it would be hard to say which was the more jealous of the other.

It got so they never would speak except when handing the bark over, and then they were freezingly polite.

"Good-morning, Cap'n Davis," was always the form that Cap'n Davies followed, "the Nellie B. is on a clean floor, and I think you'll not find anything the matter with her."

"Thank you, Cap'n Davies," was the unfailing response. "I suppose it seems so to you, but I have brought a broom with me; she'll not be the worse for a good sweeping. I suppose you'll enjoy the rest while I'm gone."

"Well, I wish you a prosperous lading and a quick voyage. You're getting old, man, and this will likely be the last voyage you'll make in the Nellie B., so make the most of it."

Then they'd part, speechless with rage. Not content with sitting on the pierhead day after day watching the loading of the bark and finding fault with everything the other skipper did, Cap'n Davies thought he'd take a look at the bark in some foreign port; he wanted to see whether Cap'n Davis saved up all his repairs for the home port, or whether he fixed the Nellie B. up creditable when she went foreign. The bark had been chartered for Melbourne with clothespins and woodenware. That's a voyage that took her all of a hundred days, for she was a dull sailor, and Cap'n Davies had plenty of time to get out to Melbourne by steamer. There he waited for the bark to be signalized from the Heads, and when her number was made he took a sailboat and hurried down Port Philip to see how the Nellie B. was looking when she came into port foreign.

Whether the bark looked better than Cap'n Davies expected to find her, or whether she looked worse, nobody could say for certain. But that something serious was the matter anybody could see, for the old skipper hardly woke up to rip and tear more than once or twice a day, and that was nothing for him. The Nellie B. got a charter for London with wool, and lost no time discharging. Cap'n Davies hung about her all the time she was in Port Philip. Soon after she sailed he just up and died. There wasn't much satisfaction in it for Cap'n Davis, for he died, too, before he got around Cape Horn, and he never knew that he was sole captain at last.

Another scheme of the two skippers went astray. Each of them, having neither chick nor child, had willed his share in the bark to the ship's husband, thus giving him the controlling interest on the condition that he would oust the rival skipper and put in a man of his own. But as both died at the same time there was nobody to oust, and the property came into the hands of this ship chandler. He's sailing her still, as she cost him really less than nothing, for what he had paid in the beginning for his small piece was repaid over and over in his dealings with the rivalry of the two skippers.—Boston Budget.

**Waste Paper.**

Servant of Society Swell—Thunder! How am I going to light the fire this morning? There's not a single bill in the mail!—Fliegende Blaetter.

**Cowardice.**

The plea of consistency often means cowardice.—Ram's Horn.


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The largest sum ever paid for a prescription, changed hands in San Francisco, Aug. 30, 1901. The transfer involved in coin and stock $112,500.00 and was paid by a party of business men for a specific for Bright's Disease and Diabetes, hitherto incurable diseases.

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## A MODEL HOTEL CLERK.

**He Has a Phenomenal Memory and His Cheery Manners Gladden His Guests.**

The hotel clerk stood behind his little bar, and, one after another, the guests arrived. Thus, smiling affably, did the hotel clerk handle them, says the Philadelphia Record. "Mr. A., I'm glad to see you. Will you have your old room, 304, again? Good! It's vacant, fortunately. How do you do, Mr. B? There are five letters waiting for you. I rather expected you to-night, so I had a fire built in the open grate in 172. You are still fond of open grates, I suppose? Mr. C., you are just in time. We engaged a new pastry cook yesterday, and the boss said he hoped you would be along soon to pass judgment on him. Would you like 289 again? All right. Front! 289. Hullo, Mr. D.! I didn't think you'd visit us this winter. One of your men told us about your typhoid fever siege. I think you're looking mighty well, all things considered."

Very wonderful was the hotel clerk's memory, and very pleasant was the effect of it upon the faces of the guests. Their worn and harried look vanished; they smiled; it delighted them to be welcomed so agreeably. And thus does the typical hotel clerk of the big city conduct himself always, doing more by his tremendous memory and tremendous tact than any other employe to help his boss get rich.

## A MARK FOR MAGICIANS.

**The Modest, Retiring Man Is Always Singled Out as a Fit Subject for Experiments.**

"I have the vaudeville habit," said a diffident, mild man, relates the Philadelphia Record. "Every week you may see me beaming in a box at some vaudeville performance, but I tremble with fear when I see by my programme that a magician is to come on.

"For my nature is retiring; I love to blush unseen, but magicians invariably single me out and make me help them in their tricks.

"Last week, for instance, I stood in the front of my box for quite two minutes, holding at arm's length a huge paper bag containing an egg. My hand and wrist looked extremely red and bony; the thought that the audience was regarding their ugliness filled me with shame.

"Yesterday a female magician at this theater made tea out of sand, and began to pass it around to assure the audience of its reality. Would she tackle me? I drew back in the shadow, but her eye caught mine somehow and she advanced to the box rail from the stage, extending her tray. 'Please try my tea, sir,' she said, and I grinned awkwardly and took one of the cups. In full view of the audience I drank it, and felt like a fool.

"Hang these magicians, I say! I don't go to the theater to make an embarrassed ass of myself in helping them to earn their pay."

## WONDERFUL SKIN GRAFTING.

**Almost an Entire New Cuticle Covering Provided for a Small Chicago Boy.**

A dispatch from Chicago to the New York World says: After five months of wonderful surgery and careful nursing, in which time many records for skin grafting have been surpassed, a five-year-old Chicago boy, Marion Weaver, has had his little body covered with a new suit of skin.

Upon his chest, abdomen, back and sides 219 square inches of new skin have been grafted, while over 100 square inches more have been used in a vain attempt to implant them upon his small body.

His father, Rev. William K. Weaver, pastor of the Ninth Presbyterian church, and his four brothers have suffered their arms and legs to be stripped of long ribbons of skin to form the new covering for the little fellow's body, and now they have the satisfaction of being told by the physician, Dr. A. E. Dinnison, that their sacrifice has borne fruit and that the new coat of skin which they have furnished the child will enable him to live.

The child's entire body and limbs were seared in a fire last September.

**The Best Hello City.**

San Francisco seems to be the best telephone city in the world. With a population of 342,782 there are 21,324 telephones, or 62 per 1,000. In Europe Copenhagen is probably the best telephoned city, with 15,311 telephones to its 312,959 of population, equal to 49 per 1,000. In Copenhagen, too, the best conditions for the public exist, although the rates are relatively as high as those in American cities. London compares very unfavorably with these figures. At the beginning of this year there were 41,111 telephones to a population of more than 5,500,000, or a proprion of 7 to every 1,000 people. New York, with a population of 7,250,000, had 34,647 instruments, or 26 per 1,000.

**Costly Government Clocks.**

Scattered throughout the various Washington departments are hundreds of clocks and chronometers, which cost the government annually thousands of dollars. The chronometers are the most expensive clocks in existence, and they are to be found on board every warship of the United States. These timepieces cost $400 each. The ones most consulted are those in the marble room of the senate and in the speaker's lobby of the house. Hundreds of people daily correct their watches by them.

## MINES AND MINING.

In a total valuation of our mineral statistics last year of $1,070,108,899 coal constituted $306,891,364, or nearly one-third.

The sensation among mining men in the southwest is the discovery of rich anthracite coal in Arizona in inexhaustible quantities. This means the development of vast mineral beds heretofore practically useless for lack of fuel.

For two or three years Pacific coast miners have been hearing wonderful stories of vast mineral wealth in the Siberian peninsula, extending into the Siberian sea and the Arctic ocean, 98,000 square miles. Word has just come that it is to be thrown open to the public next April.

Wonderful stories are now told on the Pacific coast by returning prospectors from Candle Creek, Alaska, which they say is the world's wonder. It is only ten feet wide, and men stand in it shoveling up rich gravel. Logs are dragged 20 miles by the miners who propose to winter there to build cabins.

A combination of the great copper mines of the United States similar in scope to the Morgan billion-dollar steel combine is now under the leadership of the Rothschilds, whom Senator Clark is now visiting. So far the Calumet and Hecla, the greatest copper company in the world, refuses to come in.

Until quite recently southern California has been comparatively unknown, but a New England company now owning all previously unsold land north of the twenty-eighth degree of latitude is pushing sales of land mostly for mining purposes. In the largest mines 2,000 Yaqui Indians are paid $41.00 a day. Copper and gold are abundant, and "workings" are appearing all over the peninsula. In some parts are plateaus 4,500 feet high, walled in by mountains. Vast deposits of almost pure sulphur are being opened up. There are turquoise mines and the largest turquoise found on the American continent was found there.

## FASHION'S MIRROR.

One pretty lace boa is of black point d'esprit, made up over white silk, and edged with a narrow gold braid. The braid is not garish, for it is one of the dull varieties of the braid, and is effective and in good taste.

There are czarina, Aiglon, Piccadilly, Napoleon, Byron, duchess of York and Bonaparte collars to be variously used on coats, jackets, redingotes and elegant evening wraps during the coming winter season.

A pretty effect is given a separate waist by having lapels turned back from the narrow vest the full length of the waist. One pretty light waist of silk has a narrow vest of white chiffon, and the silk of the waist turned back from it is faced with plaid.

Some charming hats are made of quarter-inch wide strips of fine felt and velvet, interwoven in basket fashion. The brim is either draped velvet, silk or felt. A variation of this is made by braiding the strips flatly and loosely, then sewing them together in a circular form to fit the crown. The material may be all one color or a mingling of black and white.

The rage for something new has now reached the "nighties," and the erstwhile favorite "Mother Hubbard" gown is placed in the background by the new cassock gowns. These, as their name implies, are modeled after the ecclesiastical garment of that name, even to the flowing sleeves. They come in white, bands of pink and pale blue chambray bordering the neck and sleeves.

A pretty evening gown is of palest blue liberty crepe, with inlet lines of black chantilly lace at each seam. The flounce is of the crepe, headed and bordered by the inserted lace, which is of serpentine design. The corsage is draped in surplice fashion and the lace that encircles the decolletage serves as sleeves and extends to the waist line on each side, meeting in a point. A black velvet ribbon sash completes the costume.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878.
United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, March 31, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Marion C. Ament, of Grants Pass, county of Josephine, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 2166, for the purchase of the S ½ N E ¼, S E ¼ N W ¼, N ½ S W ¼ of Section No. 2, in township No. 36 S, Range No. 5 west, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Thursday, the 5th day of June, 1902. He names as witnesses:

H. A. Corliss, Mel Andrews, Albert Longenbaker, A. H. Ament, all of Grants Pass, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 5th day of June, 1902.

J. T. BRIDGES,
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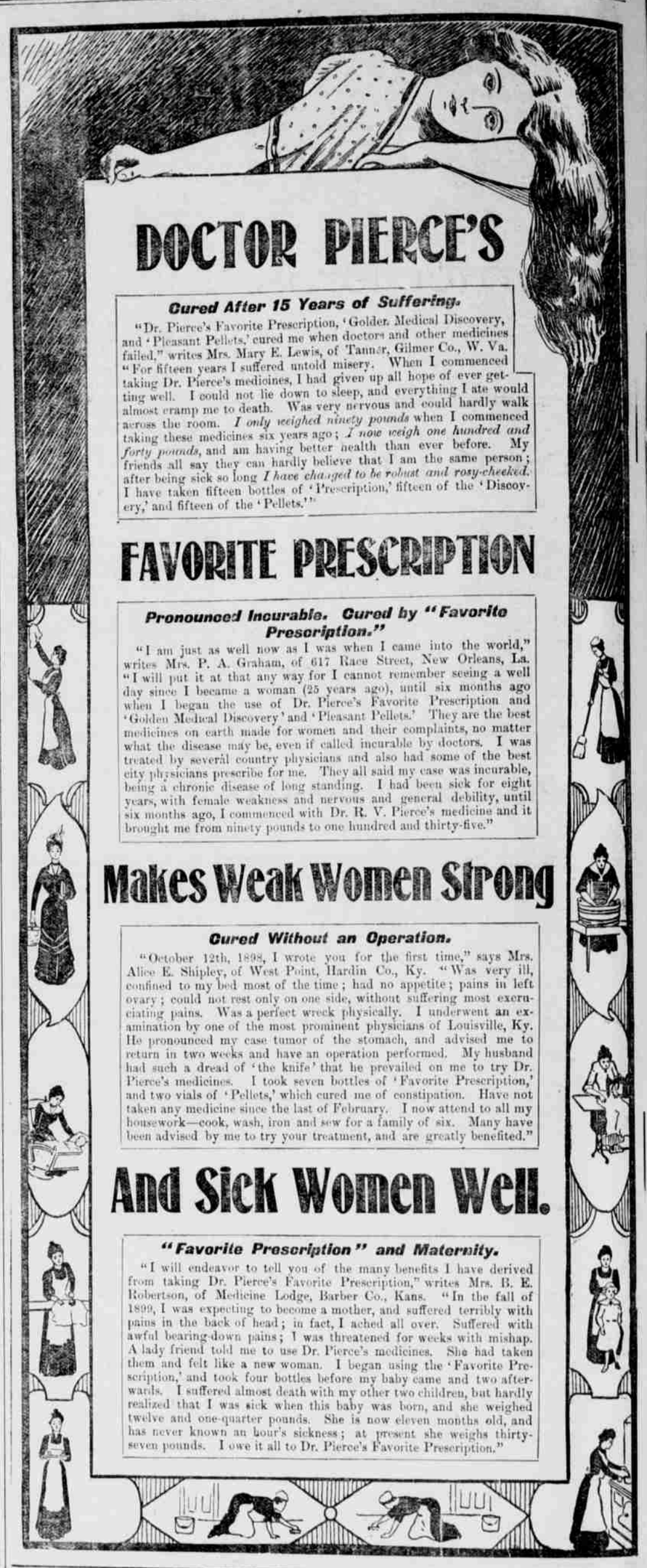




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