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RARE COPPER CENTS.

Coin Collectors' Theory to Account For Their Scarcity.

That some of the rarest and most valuable of the United States cents, particularly those dated 1799 and 1804, owe their scarcity to the fact that Fulton built the steamboat Clermont is the theory held by some coin collectors. They believe that thousands of the old time large copper cents went toward making the copper boiler for the pioneer steamboat.

This theory would explain the mystery that has long puzzled coin collectors as to the reason for the almost total disappearance of the cents of the dates mentioned.

The first cents struck at the United States mints at Philadelphia were of large size. The copper blanks, or planchets, were imported from England, being sent over in kegs.

Copper at this period was a scarce article in this country. With the exception of the small quantity produced at the only copper mines then known in the United States, those at Granby, Conn., nearly all the metal used here came from England.

Builders of steam engines in those days were of the opinion that boilers constructed of iron were unsafe and impracticable, and as a consequence boilers were made of copper, all the boilers that came from England being, it is said, constructed of that metal.

Fulton was likewise of the belief that copper was the only fit metal to be used in boilers.

It is therefore possible that, finding a scarcity of metal with which to construct the boiler of the Clermont, he finally resorted to the most convenient source of supply, which happened to be the large United States copper cents. Of course the cost of such a boiler would represent a large sum, but it is on the records that the steam frigate Fulton, launched in 1815, had a boiler entirely constructed of copper, which alone cost the large sum of \$23,000.

That the supply of cents of this period was large enough to meet such a demand is also likely enough. From 1793 to and including 1796 1,060,033 cents were coined and in 1796 974,000 were struck.

Transformation.

She—I hear Jack Gale christened his new boat the Lobster. He—Yes, but it's no longer a Lobster. She—Why? He—Because it turned turtle.—London Scraps.

And the World Isn't Theirs! There are hundreds of men today who are richer than Monte Cristo ever dreamed of being.—New York Globe.

No man is a hero to his wife's relatives.—Life.

Lady Gwendolin's Quest.

(Original.)

Lady Gwendolin Piercey, the daughter of an earl whose estate was entailed to the eldest son, at her father's death looked out at the changed prospect before her with deep solicitude. There was little enough income to enable her brother to keep up the title, and she must necessarily from having been the presiding lady of her father's household—he was a widower—be relegated to what one in America would call a "back seat." As to a desirable marriage, Lady Gwendolin complained that the rich American girls had taken possession of the English field. But it occurred to her that if the titled men of England could get rich wives in America, why should not the titled women get rich husbands? She resolved to go to America.

Lady Gwendolin had a friend, Lucy Kennerly, also a member of a titled family, who was desirous of seeing the world. Lady Gwendolin, who was nearly thirty, brought it about that the two should visit America together. Lucy Kennerly preferred Egypt, but since her friend's mind was set on America she consented. Had she known the object of the visit she would not likely have been so complaisant.

The two ladies brought with them introductory letters. Lady Gwendolin, who managed her campaign with great foresight, secured a number of people of the commercial and manufacturing classes. Her object was to leave society men out of her calculations, rather directing her efforts to those directly interested in great money making concerns. In this she was wise. Society men are not usually matrimonially inclined, and the rich manufacturers who largely are without the prestige of family no sooner get rich than they begin to crave a family tree.

One of the visitors' letters gave them an invitation to visit the owner and president of the Mix Manufacturing company. There was no man present except old Mr. Mix, who was married, and Lady Gwendolin at once resolved to cut the visit short. But Mr. Mix insisted on showing them through the works of the company. They were obliged to comply—that is, Lady Gwendolin was. Her friend was quite anxious to see the plant. The president intended to conduct his titled guests himself, but arriving at his office found a matter awaiting him requiring his immediate attention, so he turned them over to the secretary. The secretary led them through various workshops till he came to the foundry. There he turned them over to a workman in overalls with grimy hands and a smudged face.

Now, Lady Gwendolin had no mind

to spend her time in America looking at mechanical contrivances explained by a greasy mechanic, and throughout the tour of inspection of the foundry she showed her impatience. Not so her friend. She listened politely to all the workman said, asking him many questions. Indeed so minutely did she look into everything that Lady Gwendolin snapped:

"Well, if you want to make a foundry woman of yourself, I'm going to sit here and wait till you get through."

She threw herself on a bench, raising her skirts so as not to come in contact with the cinder floor, and waited impatiently for the end of the inspection. When Lucy Kennerly could find nothing more of interest she thanked her conductor with her sweetest smile, and the two ladies left the foundry.

"Good gracious, Lucy," exclaimed Lady Gwendolin, "how could you be so familiar with a common workman?"

"I found him perfectly familiar with the manufacturing processes, and all such things interest me," replied the other.

Lady Gwendolin's American trip was a failure. She received a number of bites, but there were no fortunes among them, and nothing except a fortune would avail. She went back to England protesting that she would rather marry a government clerk than an American. The latter had no respect for birth and were too busy making money to become gentlemen. Lucy Kennerly, on the contrary, expressed herself as much pleased with the country and the people and fancied the way many rich men's sons devoted themselves to active business instead of becoming social puppets.

The fellow travelers failed to see much of each other for some months after their return. Then one day Miss Kennerly wrote Lady Gwendolin announcing her engagement and asking her friend to officiate at the wedding. It must come off at once, since she was to marry one of those busy Americans who couldn't spare enough time even to consummate their marriages properly.

Miss Kennerly wrote an illegible hand and the recipient of the note could not make out the groom's name. Lady Gwendolin had noticed while in America the attentions of a poor society man to her friend and had warned Lucy against him.

On the day of the wedding Lady Gwendolin drove up to Hawthth, the seat of Miss Kennerly's father, and was met at the porte cochere by her friend and her friend's fiancé. He was not Mr. Fox. But who was he? His face was familiar, though she could not place him. Miss Kennerly was evidently enjoying her confusion. "Don't you remember the workman who showed us through the Mix company's foundry?" she asked. "This is he—Mr. Mix, the son of the president. He was learning the business, with a view to fitting himself to manage it."

Lady Gwendolin stood petrified; not even the two smiling faces before her could bring a responsive expression to her own face. Then without a word she swept by them and into the house. BERTHA HURLEY.

DINING IN WALL STREET.

What Lunch Hour Means to New York's Financial District.

When one descends upon Wall street, either from the Broadway slope of Trinity church or from the Nassau street hill, at noontime any week day the air is fraught with many conflicting odors of the kitchen. From over the roars of the clamoring curb folk way down in the valley of Broad street there arises from a score of cookeries and "handouts" a decided smell of the stewpot blended with the ever glorious onion. From the eaves of the New York Stock Exchange come the more pretentious fragrance of spiced meats and strong coffee. From the basement and attic alike, from cloud tickler and antiquated frame house as well, come all sorts of fuming evidences that the men of affairs are eating. To realize what this luncheon hour means to Wall street one must stop to think of the thousands of persons who are in that small district of the city at this particular part of the day. Hundreds of restaurants meet the rush with their doors flung wide, and their keepers have grown rich upon nickels and dimes that fall into their tills like a mighty rataplan during those brief hours of midday. Men have grown rich and retired to palatial mansions in the suburbs selling cup custards and "slinkers" to millionaires, stenographers, clerks and bankers alike during the busy hour or two at noon. Thousands of pounds of meat, countless oysters and clams, barrels of gravy, unaccountable gallons of coffee and tea and tons of bread are consumed every day in a very brief period of time, and here, of all other places, the foreigner has found justification for his criticism of Americans for fast eating. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

Babies in the East.

In Cyprus, at the important date of the first tooth appearing, friends gather, singing songs, while the child is bathed in water and boiled wheat. Afterward thirty-two of the boiled grains are strung on a thread and stitched to the baby's cap, which, of course, promptly produces the safe cutting of the other teeth.

A pretty custom prevails on the Isle of Rhodes, for there, on the eighth day from birth, the infant, after a final bath of wine and myrtle, is tenderly laid in a cradle surrounded by lighted tapers while a child approaches, touches its lips with honey and says, "Be thou as sweet as this honey."—Los Angeles Times.

SAWED OFF ITS HEAD

Storm a Wooden Statue of Andrew Jackson Raised.

ON A FAMOUS OLD FRIGATE.

A Bold Boston Sea Captain Mutilated the Constitution's Figurehead and Then Went to Washington and Defied the Authorities.

The figurehead which was placed on the frigate Constitution is now at the Naval academy in Annapolis. It is a figure of Andrew Jackson, and connected with it is a curious incident.

The original figurehead of the Constitution was a figure of Hercules. This was destroyed by a cannon ball at Tripoli, and then a figure of Neptune was erected. This also came to grief, and at the time the vessel was rebuilt there was no figurehead except a billet.

At the time the new ship was finished Captain Jesse Duncan Elliott of Hagerstown, Md., who had distinguished himself in the battle of Lake Erie, was in command at the Boston navy yard. Captain Elliott was an enthusiastic Democrat and an ardent admirer of President Andrew Jackson.

The president had lately been in Boston and had been most hospitably received, and Captain Elliott conceived the idea of placing a figure of the president at the prow of the Constitution, believing that it would give the people of Boston much pleasure. The navy department gave him permission, and so a wooden figure of "Old Hickory" was put in position on the ship.

This act raised a storm of dissent in the Hub, and Captain Elliott was threatened with a coat of tar and feathers. The excitement was intense, and the language was virulent. Handbills denouncing the act, denouncing the president and Elliott were circulated in the streets, and the newspapers took up the cry, and in this day and generation the partisan violence and vituperation which raged in New England are inconceivable.

On a dark night in July the deck of the ship was invaded, and, although a sentry was close at hand, the head of Jackson was sawed off and taken away. New England was delirious, and for a time the perpetrator of the act was unknown to the public.

Six months later one Samuel W. Dewey, a Boston sea captain, took the dis severed head in a bag to the secretary of the navy at Washington and avowed himself as the criminal. That official was amazed at the man's audacity and asked him if he did not know that he would be severely punished. Dewey calmly replied that he had considered the matter and had ascertained that the legal penalty was slight and could not be applied until he was convicted by a jury in Essex county, Mass.

"And if you think a jury in that county," he added, "will punish a man for cutting off the head of Andrew Jackson you are welcome to try it."

The secretary went to the White House for instruction, while Dewey was detained. General Jackson laughed heartily at the whole incident and forbade the man's arrest. Before this Captain Elliott had provided a new head for the figure, and the wooden statue of Jackson that is now at Annapolis was at the prow of the vessel for forty years.

Captain Elliott's last voyage on the Constitution was from the Mediterranean to Hampton Roads in 1838. Here he was removed from command because of charges of severity to the men and of having incumbered the berth deck of the ship on the homeward voyage with jackasses for the improvement of the breed in the United States. The Constitution finally went out of commission for active service at Portsmouth, N. H., after a career of nearly fifty-eight years in the service. In 1860 she was transferred to Annapolis for the use of the midshipmen.

When the civil war began her position there was deemed unsafe, and she was sent to the New York navy yard. In 1865 she was returned to Annapolis, where she remained until 1871, when she was taken to Philadelphia, where she was again rebuilt. In 1878 she was used to transport exhibits to France for the Paris exposition of 1878, and her career at sea finally ended in 1881. The centennial of her launching was celebrated at Boston in 1897, where she was built.—Baltimore Sun.

A Libel.

"I see by the county paper," said the visitor, "that Jonas Jones, the prosperous druggist of your town, is sojourning."

"I saw that, too, and it's a libel," exclaimed the native, with some heat.

"Why, isn't he your druggist?"

"Yes, but this town's too healthy for him to be prosperous."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Sure Way.

Country Doctor—That's the worst case of wryneck I ever see, Peleg. How'd you get it? Peleg—Drivin' that new mare o' mine an' everlastin'ly lookin' behind t' see if an auto was comin'.—Puck.

No Giving Up.

"I am determined to collect this bill eventually," said the dun. "I assure you I'll never give up."

"Neither will I," replied the man who disputed the debt.—Exchange.

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