PICKING HUSBANDS.

A Woman's Cynical View of the German Marriage Market.

The men in Germany do not marry. They are married. They are more or less passive articles of sale, which stand in rows in the matrimonial shop window with their price labeled in large letters in their buttonhole, waiting patiently for a purchaser. They are perfectly willing, even eager, victims. They want to be bought, but their position does not allow them to grasp the initiative, and they are thankful when at last some one comes along and declares herself capable and willing to pay the price.

The girl and her mother, with their purse in hand, pass the articles in review and choose out the one which best suits their means and fancy.

"I shall marry an officer," one girl told me some time ago with the easy confidence of a person about to order a new dress, and, lo and behold, before the year was out she was walking proudly on the arm of a dragoon lieutenant! I even knew of three women who swore to each other that they would marry only geniuses, and here also they had their will. One married a great painter, one a poet and another a famous diplomatist. That they were all three peculiarly unhappy is not a witness against the system, but a proof that geniuses may occasionally be very uncomfortable partners. In this case the purchasers were rich and popular and could therefore make their choice. Others of lesser means would have had to content themselves with an officer, cavalry or infantry, according to the "dot," or a lawyer, or a doctor, or a merchant, and so on down the scale.—Miss Wylie's "My German Year."

ODDLY EXPRESSED.

Queer Ways In Which Ideas Are Sometimes Put Into Words.

Curious ways of expressing ideas in English may be expected from foreigners, as, for instance, when the Frenchman, who made a call in the country and was about to be introduced to the family, said: "Ah, ze ladies! Zen I vould before, if you please, vish to purify mine 'ands and to sweep mine hair."

A Scotch publican was complaining of his servant maid. He said that she could never be found when wanted. "She'll gang oot o' the house," he said, "twenty times for once she'll come in."

A countryman went to a menagerie to examine the wild beasts. Several gentlemen expressed the opinion that the orang outang was a lower order of the human species. Hodge did not like this idea and, striding up to the gentleman, expressed his contempt for it in these words: "Pooh! He's no more of the human species than I be."

"Mamma, is that a spoiled child?" asked a little boy on seeing a negro baby for the first time.

A shop exhibits a card warning everybody against unscrupulous persons "who infringe our title to deceive the public." The shopman does not quite say what he means any more than the proprietor of an eating house near the dock, on the door of which may be read the following announcement conveying fearful intelligence to the gallant tars who frequent this port: "Sailors' vitals cooked here."—Philadelphia North American.

Definition of True Humor.

The sense of humor is the "saving sense" principally because it saves us from ourselves. The person who cannot laugh at himself now and then is to be pitied. Moreover, the person who cannot take good naturedly the occasional banterings of others is in the same class of disagreeables. A well directed shaft of raillery will often find a chink in our armor, the vulnerable points in our use of self complacency and show where our self satisfaction is all wrong. True humor, however, must spring as much from the heart as from the head. Its essence must be truth and friendliness, not contempt. There never was a good joke yet that told a lie or besmirched a reputation. Humor which carries with it a sting to wound the sensitiveness or delicacy of one who does not deserve to suffer is not true humor.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Professional Instinct.

"Romeo and Juliet," with the original company, had reached its crucial moment.

Juliet was staggering about the stage, regarding her afflicted lover.

"Oh, cruel poison!" she wailed.

She raised her lover for a moment in her arms.

A wildly excited medical student in the gallery sprang to his feet.

"Keep him up, Juliet—keep him up!" he bellowed. "I'll run out and fetch the stomach pump!"

A Run of Luck.

Violet—I never had such a streak of luck. He fell in love in Paris, proposed in Rome and bought the ring in Naples. Pierrot—Did your luck end there? Violet—Oh, no! While we were at Monte Carlo he won enough from papa for us to get married on.—London Illustrated Bits.

The Silver Lining.

In life troubles will come which look as if they would never pass away. The night and the storm look as if they would last forever, but the coming of the calm and the morning cannot be stayed.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.

THE MIDDLE AGED MAN.

Finding Happiness In a Life That to Youth Is Irksome.

"Younger people," said the middle aged man, "want variety. They want to be always on the go. Routine galls them. They hate to have to do the same thing over and over and again day after day.

"They want to go somewhere or do something different all the time. Older people are happiest in a life of routine, most disturbed when variety is thrust upon them.

"For myself I welcome my daily task, endlessly repeated and always the same. I should be lost without it; disturbed if it were changed. A life of habit suits me best. I like the old scenes—familiar friendly surroundings. I don't want to change.

"Nor do I want much outside pleasure. In fact, I think I should be best suited with none. I like my groove. It fits me, and I fit it. I don't want change. I just want to be left alone to work in my accustomed ways. It is in my groove that I am most comfortable. I like a life of labor and routine.

"And could there come to one a greater blessing? Nature and the customs of men enforce routine upon us whether we like it or not. In youth this irks us, but in our maturer years in a life of routine, in the undisturbed enjoyment of familiar labor, we may find our greatest happiness."—New York Sun.

The One to Pay.

When she was Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West consented to electioneer for Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett in his first parliamentary campaign. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was married to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, a very rich woman, who was nearly forty years his senior. Lady Randolph, with her beauty and charms, did splendid work for the candidate.

To a group of farmers she said one day:

"Won't you promise me to vote for Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett?"

"My lady," said a red faced farmer, with a chuckle, "we'll all vote for him if every vote 'll be paid for with a kiss."

"Thank you very much," said Lady Randolph. "Your offer is accepted. I'll send for the Baroness Burdett-Coutts at once."

Deserted Their Towns.

So late as the end of the seventeenth century the inhabitants of Ceylon were in the habit of deserting their towns. Their customs are described in the narrative of Captain Robert Knox, who for nineteen years, from 1660 to 1679, was a captive among them. He speaks of several towns as lying desolate owing to the fact that their inhabitants had forsaken them. This they did if many of them fell sick, and two or three died soon after one another, thinking that it was a visitation of the evil one. Some of them came back when they thought the evil spirits had departed.

Artificial Flowers.

It was in Italy that a demand for artificial flowers first arose. This was due primarily to a caprice of fashion which demanded that during festivals blossoms in and out of their seasons should be worn and also to the fact that their color and freshness were stable. Later on, in the middle ages, the artificial so far superseded the natural that both men and women decked their heads with imitation flowers of cambric, paper, glass and metal.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE COMPTROLLER
OF THE CURRENCY.

Washington, December 12, 1910.

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the First National Bank of Athena in the city of Athena in the county of Umatilla and state of Oregon, has complied with all the provisions of the Act of Congress "to enable National Banking Associations to extend their corporate existence, and for other purposes," approved July 12, 1882;

Now, therefore, I, Lawrence O. Murray, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the First National Bank of Athena in the city of Athena in the county of Umatilla and state of Oregon is authorized to have succession for the period specified in its amended articles of association: namely, until close of business on December 12, 1930.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and Seal of office this Twelfth day of December, 1910.

(SEAL) Lawrence O. Murray,
Comptroller of the Currency.
Charter No. 4516. Extension No. 2992.

Notice.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Athena, Oregon, for the election of directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may lawfully come before it, will be held in its office in Athena, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 10th day of January, 1911, at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m.

F. S. LeGrow, President.
Athena, Oregon, December 7, 1910.

BYRON N. HAWKS.