The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.....February 6, 1913

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

A white blackbird has been seen at Cottage Grove, it is declared. The bird resembles its fellows in every way except in color.

The Eugene commercial club plans to raise $7000 for use in continuing activities of the club for the ensuing year.

Representative Lafferty has introduced Senator Chamberlain's bill appropriating $2,500,000 for a drydock on the Columbia river.

The First National bank of Tillamook and the Hillsboro National bank have applied for membership in the new federal banking system.

The onion crop in the Sherwood district this year will net the growers more than $75,000 and the return from hops will be $150,000.

An Oregon man sent the treasury department 25 cents "conscience money" to repay the government for use of a cancelled three-cent postage stamp 40 years ago.

Deputy State Treasurer Ryan estimates that $1,000,000 in unpaid warrants will be outstanding when the taxes for the year become available in April.

Preliminary arrangements have been made for a ranchers' junket early in March from Medford to North Yakima, Wenatchee, Hood River and other orchard centers in the northwest.

The report on the practicability of creating a great power site at The Dalles will be ready for the next session of the Oregon legislature, according to State Engineer Lewis. A project engineer will be selected.

Representative Hawley has introduced a bill authorizing the use of the revenues of Crater Lake National park in defraying the cost of the park management and for improving roads and trails within the park.

Corporation Commissioner Watson has cancelled the permits to do business in this state of the Investors Building & Trust company and the State Deposit & Mortgage company of Portland.

Oregon will get $116,000 less from the Indian appropriation bill than was recommended by Secretary of the Interior Lane in his report of December 1. The appropriation of $15,000 for the addition to the assembly hall, Chemawa school, was included in the cut.

The war department informs Senator Chamberlain that army transports are limited by law to carrying persons connected with the federal or insular service and cannot be rented for the transportation of agricultural college cadets to the Panama exposition.

The bill of Senator Lane amending existing law requiring vessels bound for Portland to stop at Astoria, was favorably reported by the commerce committee. The law providing for the stop at Astoria is obsolete and an obstruction to commerce, it is pointed out.

So weak that he could not raise his gun to shoot himself with the bullet he had saved for his self destruction rather than starve to death, Wesley Eastahl of Nehalem was found in the woods some miles from Vernonia by a party that had been searching for him.

The secretary of the navy does not believe in it, and he says so fearlessly, but he has just allowed an Oregon man to resign from the navy. This was a special case, however, and it seemed proper to let the young man have an opportunity to make a fair living for his family.

Secretary Lane has allotted $23,460,000 to carry on work under the reclamation law this year, and of this total, Oregon receives $1,220,135. This big allotment exhausts all moneys now available for government irrigation work, including the full $20,000,000 lent by congress several years ago, but heretofore untouched.

Portland has an unemployed problem. It does not amount to an emergency and it is not so acute as in most other cities throughout the country. Solution is, however, rendered more difficult by the closing of the city rockpile. No adequate plan has been made by any agency to handle the situation. There are, according to estimates, 4000 to 6000 men there who have no work.

Instructions to institute criminal prosecutions against all the commission merchants doing business in this state without complying with the law enacted by the last legislature regulating their business have been sent out by the state railroad commission to 10 district attorneys in the state in the counties of Multnomah, Marion, Umatilla, Josephine, Clatsop, Wasco, Linn, Baker, Jackson and Lane. Only one association or firm in the state has complied with the law.

A cow testing association has been organized in the Lewis and Clark district of Clatsop county, another is ready for organization at Scappoose and the work of organizing the dairy industry of Oregon is well under way.

Ralph F. Beard, instructor in agricultural chemistry, and John E. Larsen, agronomist, have been appointed to positions on the Oregon agricultural college faculty, and will take up their duties the beginning of the second semester.

A Giveaway

By WALTER C. RADCLIFFE

While making a tour in Spain I stopped one evening at a little hostelry in the province of Cordova. It was quite dark before I ate my supper, and the table was dimly lighted by a couple of candles. But behind me was an open door through which streamed a bright light from a kerosene lamp hanging in the hall. During the evening I sat at the supper table reading, being alone, with no one to talk to. I spent the time thus till 10 o'clock, when I closed my book and pushed back my chair preparatory to going to my room and to bed.

Just as I did so I saw on the white wall before me a shadow of a figure. The head and shoulders only were defined, and even from these I could not tell whether the person behind me was man or woman. I sat looking at it before turning to see who it was, for it was immovable, and I fancied that it was watching me. One thing about it arrested my attention. The shadow of the head was so shaped as to convince me that either the face or the back was turned directly toward me. That which I noticed especially was that while one ear cast a shadow the other did not. I was speculating how this could be when I saw the shadow of an arm slowly raised. In the hand was something, either club or knife.

I did not stop to consider whether I was about to make myself ridiculous; I instinctively ducked under the table. There I remained a few minutes and, hearing no sound, peeped from under the cloth. Seeing no one, I slowly crawled out, keeping an eye open for any one who might be laying for me. Gradually straightening up, I stood and looked about me. The shadow had disappeared; I was alone. Looking downward, I saw something red on my trousers. I put my hand on it. It was wet; there was a slit in the cloth. I pulled up my trousers and saw that the calf of my leg had been slit by some sharp instrument. The wound was still bleeding.

I had a problem to decide, and quickly. Some one had intended to murder me, doubtless with a view to appropriating my effects, but the attempt had been foiled by my quick duck. I was still in danger. What should I do? Go out into the darkness or remain where I was? I decided that my best chance was to pretend to be undisturbed till I could get at my revolver, which was in my room.

"Landlord!" I called. "A light. I am going to bed."

"Si, senor," and he brought me a candle.

"I fell asleep over my book and dreamed that some one was going to murder me. I ducked under the table. Wasn't it ridiculous?"

"Ridiculous! Yes, certainly."

"Well, good night."

My first act on reaching my room was to lock the door, the second to examine my wound. It was some two inches long and about a quarter of an inch deep.

After deliberation I concluded to remain where I was till morning. Quite possibly the would be murderer was unaware that he had cut me, and the landlord might have been deceived by my story of a dream. I kept awake all night, with my revolver cocked in my hand. In the morning I mussed the bedclothing, and after making such sounds as one would make in dressing I softly opened my door and looked carefully out into the hall. Seeing no enemy, I went downstairs. Reassured at the ordinary appearance of those getting breakfast, I determined to keep up my simulation, and, taking a seat at the breakfast table with my back to the wall, where I had seen the shadow, I deliberately partook of the meal, then went out, paid my bill and departed.

If the persons in that house had known what was in my mind—in other words, if I had not deceived them—I would never have been permitted to depart. I went to the city of Cordova and straight to a police station, where I told my experience to an officer. He was much interested in my story and when I had finished said:

"There are bandits in the mountains near where you were lodged, and we have for some time suspected that the landlord of the inn is in league with them. Persons have been missed, traced to that place, after which nothing has been learned concerning them. We will now set a trap for them."

I remained in Cordova several weeks awaiting the results of the trapping. One day the landlord and half a dozen ill favored men who had been caught red handed were marched into the town to the police station. I went there and looked them over. The chief police officer inspected them and, going to one villainous looking man whose hair fell over his ears, pulled it aside and exposed a place where an ear should be, but it was not there.

"Hah—Jose Madrillo! So you have turned up again, eh?'

"The man of the shadow!" I exclaimed.

Madrillo was an old offender who had lost an ear in a fight. Why he did not keep his hair in position when he attacked me I don't know. I suspect, being among friends, he was careless and did not realize that his shadow was giving him away.

The landlord and the bandits except Madrillo were imprisoned. He was executed.

Sarcastic Papa.

"I don't think your father feels very kindly toward me," said Mr. Staylate.

"You misjudge him. The morning after you called on me he seemed quite worried for fear I had not treated you with proper courtesy."

"Indeed! What did he say?"

"He asked me how I could be so rude as to let you go away without your breakfast."—New York Globe.

Banishes Rats.

Rats and mice will leave premises in which chloride of lime is used as a disinfectant.

When Servants Were Fined.

What would servants of modern times say to the following rules and regulations that were adopted over 300 years ago in the household of Sir J. Harrington, the translator of Ariosto? A servant absent from prayers to be fined twopence; uttering an oath, a penny; leaving a door open, a penny; a penny fine for any beds unmade, fire unlit or candle box uncleaned after 8; any one breaking any of the butler's glass, a shilling; twopence fine for any one who has not laid the table for dinner by half past 10 or supper by 6; any one being absent without leave, fourpence fine, a penny fine for any follower visiting the cook; a fine of a penny for any visitor's room left untidy for four hours after he or she has dressed; a penny fine if the hall be not cleaned by 8 in winter and 7 in summer; a fine of threepence if the stairs be uncleaned every Friday after dinner.

All these fines were deducted from the servants' quarterly payment of their wages.—London Standard.

Red Hair and Temper.

"All mankind," said Major Hurst, a well known English student of eugenics, "may be divided into those who are red haired and those who are not red haired. It is a fundamental difference." In almost every case of a red haired child the major has succeeded in discovering a red haired ancestor, and he thinks that practically the whole of the red haired population springs from a single red haired man far back in the past. Here are some of his conclusions:

In order for red to appear it must be in the ancestry on both sides.

A red father and a dark mother, or vice versa, hardly ever have a red child.

Two reds always have red offspring. But it is exceedingly rare to find two reds marry, as they seem to have a mutual antipathy.

It is a popular fallacy that red haired persons have any distinctive temperament. They are no more hot tempered than other people.

A Story of Talleyrand.

During the troublous days of the French revolution, when aristocratic heads were dropping in the basket in the name of liberty, fraternity and equality, Talleyrand lived and prospered by virtue of a marvelous ability to tell just the psychological moment to jump off one band wagon and aboard another.

The name of this French diplomat has been kept alive more than have those of most of his contemporaries by a vast number of anecdotes in which he figures. It was Talleyrand whom Mme. De Stael, homely but brilliant, tried to corner by asking him if she and the beautiful Mme. Recamier were to fall into the water, which one he would rescue. And Talleyrand smiled in his most languishing manner and replied:

"Ah, madame, but you swim so well, you know!"

Wangen's Fountain of Wine.

A fountain of wine is one of those historical extravagances which are generally associated with the name of Nero, yet on every July 13 the public fountain of Wangen, in the Alsace wine country, flows with wine. In the middle ages the commune of Wangen was sentenced to make an annual payment to the monastery of Strasburg of 400 measures of wine. In 1798 the payment was abolished by the Directory. Under Louis XVIII. two merchants secured the transfer of the payment to them, by means of forged documents, for £650, but the commune commenced proceedings against them, in which it was victorious on July 13, 1830. Since that date a communal festival has been held on that day, and from the public fountain erected to commemorate the victory wine flows for one hour in the day.—Westminster Gazette.

No Complaint to Make.

It was at the vaudeville. The girl with the excruciating voice had just finished her song.

"Just think!" groaned Brown to the stranger beside him. "We paid real money to hear that!"

"I didn't," was the placid response. "Came in on a 'comp.'"

"But you had to spend car fare to get here, did you not?" asked Brown.

"Nope," replied the uncomplaining one. "I live in walking distance."

"But," persisted Brown desperately, "at least you hoped to be entertained, not punished."

"No. I didn't care," grinned the stranger. "I came to get away from home. My wife is cleaning house."—Judge.

Her Rule.

She was giving orders at express rate, for they were married, and he, as a rule the most meek and submissive of men, was, like the proverbial worm, beginning to turn.

"Do you think," he inquired, "that you rule the whole of the universe?"

"No," she snapped; "but I rule the first letter of it."—London Answers.

Long and Heavy.

Deacon—How did you send your sermon?

Parson—By parcel post.

"But I thought there was a limit as to the length and weight of things you could send by parcel post?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Reminding Him.

Millyuns—When I married your mother I was earning $10 a week; two years later I bought out my employer.

Daughter—And put in a cash register.—Town Topics.

Beware of him who hates the laugh of a child.—Lavater.

His Humble Desire.

"Will you object to my weighing myself?" said a meek looking man to his wife as they stood near a weighing machine on the platform of a railway station.

"What do you want to weigh yourself for?" she asked sharply.

"Only to see, dear, if you would allow me to have my own 'weigh' for once!"—London Answers.

English Prison Libraries.

Every English prison has a library, but prisoners condemned to a month or less are not allowed books from it.

Temperature of the Body.

The heat of the body varies at different ages and different times of the day. Except when you are suffering from fever you are never so hot as when you are born. The temperature of a newborn baby is about 102 degrees, but during the first day it rapidly goes down to 97½ degrees, rising again to a little above the average temperature of a grownup person, which is about 98½ degrees. The heat of your body varies as much as two degrees in twenty-four hours. The minimum is reached about 4 o'clock in the morning, when your vitality is at its lowest, and the maximum about 4 in the afternoon. People who work by night and sleep during the day, however, are coldest in the afternoon and warmest in the early morning. It is a remarkable fact that we nearly always die if our blood varies more than a few degrees either way. A temperature below 95 degrees or above 106 degrees is generally fatal.—Pearson's.

Criminals and Crime.

Is the criminal so because he wants to be so? No more wicked fallacy was ever foisted upon a credulous world than this. Nobody at any period of the world ever wished to be criminal. Every one instinctively hates and fears crime. Every one is honest by nature. It is inherent in the soul. I have never met a criminal who did not hate his crime even more than his condemners hate it. The apparent exception is when the man does not consider his act a crime. He has killed because his victim exasperated him to it. He has robbed society because society made war on him. The offender hates his crime.

But he is not ashamed of it?

Now, that is true. He is not ashamed of it in the current sense. He hates it, he fears it, but it does not fill him with a sense of sin.—H. Fielding Hall in Atlantic Monthly.

Why Not Schools For Men?

No man ever feels the need of education so much as the man who sees opportunity for advancement open before him, but who does not dare to take it for fear that he can not rise to it. It is useless to say anything to such a man about neglected opportunities, and it is equally futile to say the same thing to the youth who is neglecting his studies. The first cannot go back and live his boyhood over; the latter cannot comprehend his danger, nor will he believe in his own possibilities, nor can he really study intelligently things for which he is not sufficiently mature. The few who mature early enough in life to go through technical schools or colleges are provided for. Can we not provide men's schools for those who mature normally?—American Magazine.

A City That Was a Failure.

Of all the seven cities of Asia perhaps Sardi has the most interesting and romantic history, and yet, with all its natural advantages, its wealth, its famous rulers, its wise counselors, its victorious armies, it was the greatest failure of them all, says the Christian Herald. The richest man in the world, Croesus, was king of Sardis; the wisest man, Solon, was her guest, and yet, through overconfidence and lack of watchfulness, time and again it was surprised, conquered and all but destroyed, until at last the disintegrating rock and soil from its own citadel, loosened by the winter rains and buried down by destructive earthquakes, buried the city thirty feet deep from the sight of man. It became a dead city, and it was buried by the forces of nature.

Regulating His Sleep.

John Wesley recognized the evils of oversleeping and gave a recipe whereby one may find out how much sleep he really wants. It was derived from experience. "I waked every night about 12 and lay awake for some time, and I readily concluded that this arose from my being longer in bed than nature required. I procured an alarm, which waked me next morning at 7 (an hour earlier than I rose the day before), yet I lay awake at night. The next morning I rose at 6; notwithstanding, I lay awake the second night. The third morning I rose at 5, nevertheless lay awake. The fourth morning I rose at 4, as I have done ever since, and I lay awake no more."—London Chronicle.

No Matter Who.

A party of women were being escorted through the state house the other day by a bowing and scraping guide. The women were of the enthusiastic type and raved over this and that and said, "Oh, simply too gorgeous." Finally they were shown the portrait of a former governor.

"Oh, superb, isn't it?" said one of them, "and an excellent likeness too. A portrait of whom did you say it was?"—Boston Traveler.

The Fishless Fisherman.

"So you took a day off from your work and went fishing?"

"Yes," replied the man who insists on being cheerful.

"Have any luck?"

"Certainly. A day off is luck enough."—Washington Star.

A Wafer.

"What," asked the teacher, "is the meaning of the word 'wafer?'"

"A wafer," replied Maurice, aged nine, "is a kid without any father or mother."—Chicago News.

But Which Is Which.

Willie—Paw, what is the difference between firmness and obstinacy? Paw—Merely a matter of sex, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Told Him the Tune.

A lieutenant in the United States army was crossing from England in one of the large steamers when one afternoon the band on deck played "Yankee Doodle." A gruff Englishman, who stood by, inquired whether that was the tune the old cow died of.

"Not at all," retorted the lieutenant. "That is the tune the old Bull died of!"—Harper's Weekly.

Prague Bank Clerks.

In Prague bank clerks are allowed two hours for dinner. The banks are open from 9 to 12 and from 2 to 5.

SHE WAS NOT AFRAID.

There Was No Reason Why She Should Dread the Indians.

Among the frontiersmen who closely followed the footsteps of Lewis and Clark across the Rockies was Colonel Joseph L. Meek. He settled in Oregon, and, like all the earliest pioneers, he was obliged to choose his helpmate, so the Portland Oregonian says, from among the dusky maidens of the forest.

During the early settlement of the territory the Cayuse Indians were quite menacing in their demonstrations of hostility to the little band of pioneers, so much so indeed that a meeting of the settlers assembled to take counsel about the safety of the community resolved to send two of their number across the mountains to implore aid from the government at Washington.

Colonel Meek and Squire Eberts were appointed, and they set out across the mountains and the deserts and in due time reached their destination. While there the colonel was invited to a levee given by some one of the political notables. He was introduced to a lady who naturally enough made inquiries about Oregon, the hostile Indians, and so forth.

"But your wife," began the lady in a lull between thrilling narratives, "or haven't you a wife?"

"Yes," replied the colonel. "I have a wife."

"Why," said the lady, "I should think she would be so afraid of the Indians."

"My wife afraid of Indians!" exclaimed the colonel. "Why, madam, she is herself a squaw!"

HEROIC MUSICIANS.

Conductors For Whom the Orchestra Is Merely a Pedestal.

Dr. Max Nordau has an amusing article in the Paris Revue on the evolution of the orchestra conductor. Formerly the conductor was a modest man who took infinite pains with the rehearsals and effaced himself on the great day of the public concert.

Nowadays he is a hero. You only see him. The orchestra is merely a pedestal for him. In the French army of former days there was a personage who could be compared with him—the drum major. He has the same prestige without the aid of the drum major's stature, lace and stick. He must be a finished actor. He must play the part of the lion which shoots the water into the fountain.

There was Gustav Mahler, the most astounding artist in dumb show. All the muscles of his clean shaved face were contracted into the furious mask of a samurai when he let loose the heroic sonorities and relaxed into ecstasy during the pianissimo.

Arthur Nikisch also "reflects" tragedies and idylls, but grace suits him best. In the pastoral symphony (Beethoven) he is the rococo shepherd tickling with the outstretched finger of his left hand the fair neck of a pretty shepherdess.

The President and War.

According to the constitution of the United States, article 1, section 8, clause 11, the power to declare war belongs to the congress. The president, as the chief executive, when war is declared becomes commander in chief of the army and navy, but he cannot take the initiative in bringing on the war. The president who should have the temerity to declare the country at war with another people would be instantaneously removed from his high office. The men who made the constitution upon which our government rests knew how fatal to human rights and happiness the monarchical principle had been, and therefore they saw to it that the nation's head should have nothing to do with declaring war with another nation.—New York American.

His Bluff.

Mr. Montgomery was calling on a young woman to whom he wished to appear extremely well.

"Are you familiar with Dante's 'Divine Comedy,' Mr. Montgomery?" asked the young woman.

"No. I've never seen it," replied the man. "The fact is, Miss Tinder, I think this comedy business is being overdone. The sooner the stage returns to the legitimate drama the better it will be."—Lippincott's.

Jimmie's Wisdom.

Myrtle, who is studying physical geography, likes to flaunt her superior knowledge.

"Jimmie," she said to her little brother, "I bet you don't know what germination produces."

"I don't know what it produces," replied Jimmie, "but I know the German nation consumes lots of sauerkraut and wienerwurst."—Youngstown Telegram.

Her Choice.

Ethel—Strange that Kitty should have married Tom. She told me positively that she liked Jack better.

Marie—Well, she felt more sure of being able to boss Tom.—Boston Transcript.

Not Appreciated.

"I've just been telling my daughter it is wrong to play the piano Sunday. Don't you agree with me?"

"But why Sunday especially?"—Lippincott's.

Explained.

"I heard her praising the conduct of a little boy just a few minutes ago. Whose boy is it?"

"Hers."—Detroit Free Press.

Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.—Benjamin Franklin.

A Valuable Book.

Claude Lorraine's "Book of Truth," said to be one of the rarest and most valuable volumes in Europe, is owned by the Duke of Devonshire. It is worth six times as much as the "Mazarin" Bible, the most costly book that the British museum can boast. The late duke refused an offer of £20,000 for it.

Craters of the Moon.

Professor R. W. Wood of Johns Hopkins university says the craters of the moon are full of sulphur.

A Flatboatman's Honor

By THOMAS R. DUNN

Early in the nineteenth century the means of communication between northern cities and New Orleans was by flatboat on the Mississippi river. The flatboat was a lumber yard loosely put together and derived its name from the fact that its bottom was flat instead of being the usual shape of a boat. These boats were supposed to drift with the current of the big river, though their momentum was occasionally added to by enormous sweeps worked by men on the roof or deck and were always steered by a sweep. On reaching New Orleans they were broken up and sold for the lumber there was in them.

The flatboatman was a crude being not unlike the plainsman of some forty or fifty years later. A crude code of honor existed in both. There were a great many things that they would not scruple to do that we in a more civilized community would consider very wrong, but when their sense of honor was at stake they would fight hard to do what they felt was right.

Roger Dixon was a flatboatman in the early thirties. The boat he was on having tied up in a creek on the Louisiana shore, he went up on to the bank, where he found a gambling den, and there he proceeded to lose all the money he had, but, being convinced that he had been cheated, used a long knife he carried hung between his shoulder blades on the manipulator of the gambling outfit, leaving a considerable wound. Dixon was arrested and put in jail. The flatboat went on south with the current, leaving him devoid of funds and without even his liberty.

The arrest and imprisonment of the culprit occurred just as the court was adjourning for the season and would not be held again for several months. Dixon, having no money, was unable to get bail, which was allowed in his case since the wound he had inflicted was not mortal. He therefore had the prospect of languishing in jail during a hot summer, with the further prospect of being sent to state prison for felonious assault for two or three years longer when the court came together.

The prisoner, being remanded to jail in default of bail, stood before the judge a melancholy sight. He was about to be led away when a planter dressed in the costume of the time—tight trousers strapped over his boots, a coat with a flaring skirt, a ruffled shirt and a bell crowned beaver hat—said to the court:

"Yo' honnah, what's the amount of the bail in this case?"

"Five thousand dollars, colonel."

"I'll go it fo' this man, suh."

"Yo' bettah not, suh. You'll lose yo' money."

The colonel asked the prisoner if he would come back certain sho' if he furnished the bail, and, though the reply was simply "Reckon," Colonel Armstrong was convinced, the bond was executed, and Dixon went free. The trial was fixed for the 4th of November, four months later.

Dixon was a Tennesseean, whose domicile, where lived his wife and children, was on the banks of the Tennessee river, near the site of the present city of Chattanooga. There was no means of getting there by the way he had come, for boats in those days never went upstream, so Dixon cut across country on foot. As he left the place of his misfortune one of a knot of men who stood looking after him said, "There goes your $5,000, colonel."

When the 1st of November came round Colonel Armstrong had not heard a word from the man he had befriended. The kind hearted colonel was an object of sympathy on the part of the inhabitants of the locality, for no one expected that a man was coming away from Tennessee for the purpose of being sent to state prison when he could get off by staying at home. The second and third days of the month passed, and on the morning of the fourth the court came together for the purpose of trying Dixon, but there was no Dixon present. Out of sympathy for Colonel Armstrong the judge delayed matters as long as possible.

Suddenly there was a sound of heavy boots on the courthouse steps, and the culprit rushed wildly into court and said:

"Reckon I ain't too late, judge, am I?"

The bail furnisher embraced the newcomer, while those present cheered.

Then Dixon was asked to tell how he had come. He had made his way down the Tennessee river in a dugout to its mouth, where he expected to be picked up by a flatboat on which he might work his way down the Mississippi river. Having waited several days in vain for one, he continued on in his dugout, over the rest of the way from Cairo, a distance of many hundred miles, to his destination. When the story had been told the prosecuting attorney, considering that the gambler who had been stabbed had recovered and had since been killed by another person he had fleeced, requested the case be dropped, and the prisoner was discharged. Again he set out on his homeward journed through a wild country. He was offered money by the kind hearted planter who had before befriended him, but he declined it, saying:

"I might not hev it to send, and if I hev it I mought not get 't yere with out brinzin' it myself."

An angry man is again angry with himself when he returns to reason.—Publius Syrus.

Biliousness and Constipation Cured.

If you are ever troubled with biliousness or constipation you will be interested in the statement of R. F. Erwin, Peru, Ind. "A year ago last winter I had an attack of indigestion followed by biliousness and constipation. Seeing Chamberlain's Tablets so highly recommended, I bought a bottle of them and they helped me right away." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

The Claw of the Devil.

In the middle ages people recognized witches and possessed persons by seeking on their bodies for what was called the claw of the devil. It was a more or less extensive part of the skin in which the subject was insensible to any touch or prick. The expert intrusted with this work would close the eyes of the subject and, armed with a sharp needle, prick here and there the different parts of the body. The sufferer was to answer with a cry to each prick, and the claw of the devil on a certain spot was recognized from the fact that he did not cry when this spot was examined. — From "The Major Symptoms of Hysteria," by Pierre Janet.

A Queer Servian Belief.

To hatch a chicken by holding an egg for the allotted time in the left armpit is believed in Servia to be a certain charm against violent death, more especially if the bird be swallowed whole forty days after it comes to life. A robber who had devastated the district of Kolubara for many years was, writes a Belgrade correspondent, known to have accomplished both these feats, which accounted for the apathy of the peasants in pursuing him, persuaded as they were of his invulnerability. He was finally, however, killed by the mounted police, thus discrediting a time honored Servian superstition.

An Exception.

"Two heads are better than one."

"Not the morning after."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cough Medicine for Children.

Never give a child a cough medicine that contains opium in any form. When opium is given other and more serious diseases may follow. Long experience has demonstrated that there is no better or safer medicine for coughs, colds and croup in children than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is equally valuable for adults. Try it. It contains no opium or other harmful drug. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

How Sunday Reached the Frontier.

High principle and humor have ever made an irresistible combination. Early merchants on the American frontier conspicuously failed in the observance of Sunday; therefore, when a young New Jersey trader, who had settled at Louisville, Ky., closed his store on the first Sunday after it was opened there was much ado in the town. Other establishments kept open—had he not noticed it? he was asked. Yes, he knew it. Why did he close? He was the first to do so; he must know that also.

"Why," said a facetious merchant, "Sunday hasn't yet crossed the mountains."

"Yes, it has," declared the newcomer, pleasantly. "I brought it with me!"

That simple and ready reply proved more effective than any amount of argument, and although he was the first to observe the day in town, he soon had many followers in Sunday closing. —Youth's Companion.

Marthas Vineyard In 1602.

Here is what Bartholomew Gosnold wrote of his voyage to Marthas Vineyard in 1602:

"We stood awhile like men ravished at the beautie and delicacie of this sweet soile, for beside divers clear lakes of fresh water (whereof we saw no end), meadows very large and full of green grass and such an incredible number of vines that we could not do for tredding in them. This is the goodliest land ever we saw, for it is replenished with faire fields and in them fragrant flowers; also meadows and hedged with stately groves."

Marthas Vineyard is still covered with the wild grape vines which gave it its name, and the farms have often a high standing for productiveness. Indeed, one of these farms once boasted the largest corn crop ever produced on an acre. The yield was 125 bushels of shelled corn. — Christian Science Monitor.

Dangers of a Cold.

Do you know that of all the minor ailments colds are by far the most dangerous? It is not the colds themselves that you need to fear, but the serious diseases that they so often lead to. For that reason every cold should be gotten rid of with the least possible delay. To accomplish this you will find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy of great help to you. It loosens a cold, relieves the lungs, aids expectoration and enables the system to throw off the cold. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Better Quality Wanted.

Little Elsie, given her first glass of mineral water, made a very wry face over it.

"It tastes that way, dear, because it's charged," said her mother.

"I guess, mamma," said Elsie, pushing it aside, "I'll just have some of the kind you've paid for."—Boston Transcript.

A Comparison.

When is a serial story like a bank deposit? When the interest grows.—London Telegraph.

Excellent for Stomach Trouble.

"Chamberlain's Tablets are just fine for stomach trouble," writes Mrs. G. C. Dunn, Arnold, Pa. "I was bothered with this complaint for some time and frequently had bilious attacks. Chamberlain's Tablets afforded me great relief from the first, and since taking one bottle of them I feel like a different person." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

"Try One of My Betels."

In Siam they don't offer you a cigar or a cigarette, but a betel nut. There every one carries a supply of nuts in a neat little ivory box, not unlike the snuffboxes of our ancestors. The betel nut is a narcotic, in its effects not unlike tobacco, but it is much more harmful. Those who chew it suffer from inflamed gums, and they generally lose their teeth. The betel is a species of climbing plant, with a leaf not unlike ivy. It yields a crop of nuts, which are ground to a powder. This is mixed with a similar powder derived from the areca nut and made into a paste, which is wrapped in pieces of betel leaf.

Unnecessary Word.

"Father, I want some spending money." "Huh! Why not just say 'money?'"—Lippincott's.