The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

BRIEF NEWS OF OREGON

W. M. Plimpton, secretary of the state printing board, announces that the session laws will be ready for distribution May 1.

Horse and mule breeders of Umatilla county will form an organization at a meeting to be held in Pendleton Saturday, May 1.

Sons of the American Revolution from many parts of the United States will gather in Portland in mid-July for the national congress.

The seventh annual commonwealth conference of the state of Oregon will be held in the University of Oregon buildings May 28 and 29.

One hundred thousand sheep are being sheared at Brogan, Malheur county, and are producing an unusual amount of good-grade wool.

Members of Group One, Oregon Bankers' association, will hold their semi-annual convention at Newberg on May 12, it has been announced.

Twenty-two road supervisors of Benton county will engage in a competitive road contest for prizes offered by the Corvallis commercial club.

Dividends of five to seven per cent for the first year's business will be distributed by the Oregon Agricultural College Cooperation association.

Three hundred and fifty thousand salmon fry were liberated in the Willamette river at Oregon City by the state game and fish commission.

Mohair men of Polk county have sold nearly all their supply at prices ranging from 29 to 32 cents, although some of the larger dealers are holding back for pools.

M. S. Smithson of McMinnville college, was awarded first place and $50 prize in the annual oratorical contest of the Intercollegiate Prohibition association of Oregon, held in Salem.

That commercial organizations of Salem will consolidate at no distant date, so that efforts may be more effective and duplication of expenses be avoided, is considered practically certain.

John Cady, of Albany, has been employed by the state board of control at a salary of $250 a month to have general supervision of installing and conducting a flax retting plant at the state penitentiary.

Forty-seven accidents, none fatal, were reported during the week to Labor Commissioner Hoff. Eleven occurred on railroads, eight in logging operations and five in sawmill plants. The other accidents were divided among many activities.

The 5400-acre C. L. Hartshorn ranch near Enterprise, Wallowa county, has been transferred by H. F. Kelly and Frank and George Gildersleeve to their recently organized Washtucna Land and Livestock company which will operate the big tract for stock.

Attorney-General Brown, of Oregon, has been informed by the United States supreme court that he would not be permitted to intervene on behalf of the state in the Oregon & California land grant case. He was permitted, however, to file his brief.

The city of Pendleton has got behind the committee working to raise funds for the proposed $10,000 natatorium at Pendleton and has adopted resolutions guaranteeing the payment of the last $1000 necessary to insure the construction of the water resort.

A crew of surveyors, under the direction of F. M von Planta, chief engineer for Kendall Brothers, has begun making a preliminary survey of the railroad which it is proposed to construct from Roseburg to the line of the Cascade National Forest Reserve.

The office of the reclamation service at Portland, in charge of Supervising Engineer Hopson, is soon to be abolished, in accordance with the plan of reorganization and retrenchment being worked out by the reclamation commission. Some employes will be dropped and others transferred.

To turn the old Nelson placer mine into a lake one-half mile long and one-quarter mile wide is the plan of the Baker Rod and Gun club. The mine is six miles from Baker and a favorite place for picknickers, so that the lake would prove one of the most attractive places in that part of the state.

Fourteen pieces of furniture, all made from the horns of Douglas county deer, are being crated at Roseburg preparatory to being shipped to San Francisco, where they will be exhibited at the exposition. The unique furniture was manufactured by W. L. Dysinger, owner of a local planing mill.

The highest pen record at the Panama-Pacific Exposition egg-laying contest for the month ending April 15 was that of the Oregon Agricultural College Leghorn pen, which produced 237 eggs. The second highest was that of the Oregon Agricultural College Barred Rocks with a record of 225 eggs.

Special orders have been issued from the office of the adjutant general to the coast artillery corps for an officers' school of instruction at Fort Stevens beginning May 5 and ending May 10. The colonel, lieutenant colonel, two majors, eleven captains, eleven first lieutenants, eight second lieutenants, and 44 enlisted men, will attend the sessions.

Old Grayson's Housekeeper

She Was a Paragon, but He Discharged Her

By GOTHAM KINGSLEY

"So you lost your job at Peterby's?" remarked Mrs. Sharp when Ruth Lowell paid her week's board.

"Yes—the manager told me that I was not aggressive—that I would never make a good saleswoman," smiled Ruth wearily.

"If that means that you haven't got any nerve—he's right," said the landlady emphatically. "There's some wimmen just naturally cut out for clerking in stores, and some for dressmaking, and others for housekeeping; seems to me you'd shine best in getting married and keeping house for a good husband."

"In the meantime I must have something to do," laughed Ruth, "so I'll just go out and buy a morning paper."

When she returned to the red plush sofa in Mrs. Sharp's parlor, Ruth tossed aside coat and furs and scanned the want columns.

She copied a list of addresses—shops where they needed experienced saleswomen, and then she clipped an advertisement different from the others and put it in her pocketbook.

"All the others failing—I'll try this one," she said firmly and set out to find employment.

That night she sat on the edge of her narrow bed in the third floor back hall room and studied the little clipping, for all of her applications for work had been in vain.

If Peterby's did not want her no one else did.

She reread the advertisement through a blur of tears:

WANTED.—A housekeeper; one who can cook properly and keep a house clean and neat, and mind her own business; good wages to right party; call afternoons all week. THEO. GRAYSON, Roselawn.

"I can keep house," decided Ruth, "I am glad that mother made a housewife of me—I am clean and neat and I can attend to my own affairs. I'll go tomorrow."

Roselawn was a small village twenty miles from New York and when Ruth left the train she discovered that there was no conveyance to take her down the long hill.

She sat down on a bench for a few moments and took occasion to view the surrounding country and at the same time to compose herself for the coming ordeal. She had never worked in the capacity of a housekeeper, although, being a country girl, she felt equal to the task. She felt a great relief to be away from the turmoil of the city and contrasted the quiet village with the hot and dusty scenes she had left behind. What if she be not accepted as a housekeeper by Mr. Grayson? Perhaps the place had already been filled. She winced at the thought and fervently hoped that her

"YOU WISHED TO SEE ME?" HE RUMBLED IN A DEEP VOICE.

quest would not be in vain. While thus musing she heard a step and turned in the direction of the sound.

The station master came out of his little building.

"The stage doesn't meet this train, miss. It's only half a mile to the village and it's a nice day for a walk, Grayson? Oh! The Grayson place is the first one you come to on the right hand side of the road—a big place with a stone wall around it."

"Thank you," said Ruth and went her way.

The Grayson place looked large to Ruth's eyes; it was a comfortable red brick house set in an ample lawn and surrounded by beautiful elms now drooping bare branches toward the snow covered ground.

Smoke was pouring from one of the chimneys.

As Ruth hesitated in the gateway a man passed along looking curiously at her.

"Does Mr. Grayson live here?" she asked.

"Yes? Maybe you're one of the housekeepers he's advertising for? Yes? Lord love you. You won't stay a day if he'll take you! He's the worst old crank in the county! Ask any one about old Grayson, and they'll tell you the same thing!"

"Thank you," said Ruth, and with a sinking heart she hurried up the path to the front door and rang the bell.

A heavy tread sounded in the hall and the door opened, disclosing a very giant of a man, who looked down at Ruth from sharp gray eyes. His thick kinky hair and bushy gray beard gave him an appearance of advanced middle age, but his eyes were clear and his skin was fresh and unlined. His clothes were baggy and unbrushed.

"You wished to see me?" he rumbled in a deep voice.

"Are you Mr. Grayson?" timidly asked Ruth.

"Yes—you're not another—you didn't come in answer to my advertisement for a housekeeper?" he asked incredulously.

"But I did!" protested Ruth.

"Please come in," he said gruffly, and Ruth felt very much as if she was walking into a lion's den. He led the way into a cosy sitting room and drew a chair close to the glowing stove. "Sit down," he ordered, and Ruth obeyed.

"What a horrid old ogre," she thought.

Mr. Grayson ranged himself opposite and folded his arms.

"Can you keep house?" he asked sharply.

"Yes."

"Cook?"

"Yes," decidedly.

"How well can you cook?" with a sarchstic inflection.

"As well as my mother could, and she was a farmer's daughter and a farmer's wife," retorted Ruth.

"Any objection to my eating rolls and coffee for breakfast instead of

"MISS LOWELL," HE BEGAN ABRUPTLY. "I AM GOING TO DISCHARGE YOU."

sausages and pancakes?" he demanded.

"None."

"Do you mind serving dinner at night?"

"Of course not."

"Would you want to marry me?"

"Heavens—no!" Ruth crimsoned and started for the door, but Grayson reached it first.

"Please don't go. You must forgive my rudeness. But I've been pestered to death by housekeepers. Have had seven in as many months. Those who could cook wanted to suit their own appetites concerning the food that was served. The rest couldn't cook and were only looking for a home and a husband."

"I am looking for work," said Ruth indignantly. "I am sorry I came"—Her voice trembled.

"Give me another chance, please. Sit down and tell me where you came from and what you can do." He led her to the chair, and she resumed her seat.

In fifteen minutes he was possessed of Ruth's simple history, and Ruth Lowell learned that for seven months past Grayson's widowed cousin, who had kept house for him many years, had been confined to her chair with rheumatism. She was waited on by a small colored maiden, and Grayson had been obliged to hire a housekeeper to attend to domestic affairs.

"So there you are," he ended. "Cousin Ida helpless in the south room, with Judy to wait upon her. I'm busy most of the time over my work—I'm an architect, you know—and you'd have free swing here. Judy's mother comes and does the washing and ironing, so the work isn't heavy. What do you say, Miss Lowell?"

"You think that I will do?" asked Ruth.

"You can try. When will you come? Twenty-five a month and your board. We're all at sevens and nines here."

Ruth laughed. "I'll stay and get dinner for you," she volunteered.

"Done! There's a steak in the pantry and—er—all the other things. I'll send Judy in to show you around."

Ruth did not remain to eat the toothsome dinner she had prepared for Theodore Grayson and his family. She had made the acquaintance of Cousin Ida, a gentle, frail little woman, who tapped her round cheek and told her she was too young and pretty to stew over a cook stove.

"And don't mind Theo," she advised. "His bark's worse than his bite. Folks call him 'Old Grayson,' but he's only thirty-five."

So Ruth Lowell came to Roselawn and found a home in a charming old fashioned room that opened into Cousin Ida's apartment.

She remembered what Mr. Grayson had said about the former housekeepers, and she recollected with a smile the wording of his advertisement. She must "mind her own business."

She did to a degree that worried her employer.

Breakfast found a daintily set table, well rubbed silver and a well cooked meal—fruit, delicious coffee, bacon and rolls. Cousin Ida had her favorite cereal and tea and toast in her own room, and by some marvel the new housekeeper disdained sausages and pancakes and enjoyed the same sort of breakfast as her employer.

Beside his plate there would be the morning newspaper, and Ruth discouraged talking at meals. Luncheon was a solitary meal for Grayson, but he looked forward to dinner.

Ruth sat opposite him and poured the coffee. She was such a contrast to the snuffy old women who had filled that chair in the past that Theodore Grayson excused himself for admiring her demure gowns and her frilly white aprons and her curling waves of brown hair.

The night Grayson appeared in a new and well fitting suit of clothes, with his hair trimmed and his face smoothly shaven, was a never to be forgotten occasion for Ruth.

"Why, he is young!" she repeated to herself over and over again. "He is young and he is handsome!"

Theodore Grayson was handsome, and as the days and weeks passed he was conscious that he was falling in love with his new housekeeper. "She wouldn't look at me," he groaned, "not after what I said during that first interview! Theodore Grayson, you're a fool!"

And that night at table he was so gloomy that Ruth was sure that something had gone wrong with her housekeeping. She and Cousin Ida had grown to be close friends, and even Judy adored the sweet faced young woman who was at the head of Theodore Grayson's house.

And that very evening while Judy rattled the dishes in the kitchen Theodore Grayson knocked on the sitting room door and asked Ruth to come into his study.

Ruth's limbs trembled as she followed him. Surely he had discovered that she had lost her heart to him, and now he was going to send her away. This was the only home she knew, and she loved it.

"Sit down, Miss Lowell," said Theo gravely as he pulled out a chair for her and sat down on the other side of the table.

Ruth looked at his strong white hands, equally skillful at the drawing board or handling a gun or administering Cousin Ida's medicine. They were kindly hands, and his was a kindly face in spite of what people said concerning him.

"Miss Lowell," he began abruptly, "I am going to discharge you."

"Discharge me? I have not pleased you, then?" faltered Ruth.

"You have pleased me too well," he went on. "I want to marry you, and I've sworn I'd never marry my housekeeper. So I shall discharge you first, and then—after that I can ask you to marry me."

Ruth's face went white and then pink.

"Then I am discharged now?" she asked.

"Yes." He shoved an envelope across the table. "There, that settles your account with me. Now, Ruth, I love you. Will you marry me?"

Cousin Ida declared that Theodore was only quibbling with his outraged conscience and that, no matter how you looked at it, he actually did marry his housekeeper.

"How did I know that a housekeeper could be so perfectly dear?" demanded Theodore as, quite regardless of Cousin Ida and the wondering Judy, he hugged Ruth to his breast.

And no one looking at him then could have called Theodore "old Grayson."

Love and undying youth shone in his eyes.

No Chance in History.

Maxim said that he did not believe that chance existed in history. "A cause must necessarily underlie every event, although for the moment it may appear as the result of apparently accidental circumstances. An Alexander, a Caesar, a Napoleon, are not the results of accident, but the inevitable product of the time and nation from which they spring. It was not Caesar who destroyed the Roman republic. The republic was dead before Caesar came. Sulla, Marius, Catiline preceded and foreshadowed Caesar, but he, gifted with keener insight and greater genius, snatched the power from them and concentrated it in his own hands. For there was no doubt that he was fitter to rule than all the others put together. At the same time, supposing he had appeared 150 years earlier, he would not have succeeded in destroying the republic. When he came the life had already gone out of it, and even Caesar's death could not restore that."

Sew It Seems.

"When does a man become a seamstress?"

"When he hems and haws."

"No."

"When he threads his way?"

"No."

"When he rips and tears?"

"No."

"Give it up."

"Never, if he can help it."—Christian Register.

ALLIES OR ENEMIES.

There Were No Neutral Nations in Europe in Ancient Times.

In ancient times nations at war classed their neighbors as either allies or enemies, writes Herbert W. Bowen. Neutrality as an international relation was not recognized. There were no neutral rights and no neutral duties. International law itself existed only in a very rudimentary form.

It was not until after the fall of Rome and until the nations of Europe had become numerous and were asserting and exercising comparatively equal prevention and power that their interests became so conflicting that they perceived the necessity of establishing and supporting a system of law that must be applicable to them in their relations one with another. Grotius (1583-1645), the so called father of international law, published in 1625 his famous book, "De Jure Belli et Pacis," which defined and described the laws of war and peace. Of neutrals, whom he called middlemen in war, he had but little to say.

Bynkershoek, who was born twenty-five years after the peace of Westphalia was signed and who was one of the most distinguished successors of Grotius, was, if not the first, at least among the first of publicists to define and explain neutrality authoritatively and to give to it a permanent and prominent place in the law of nations. —Case and Comment.

Size of Asia.

Asia, which is the largest of the continents, has an estimated area of 17,057,008 square miles.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—Joubert.

Lucy Dove's Wedding Cake

A Fine Creation and Richer Than She Thought

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was a magnificent cake, a mountain of dark richness masked beneath thick white frosting. About the edge it was ornamented with sugar flowers and Cupids, while it was completed by a delicate, airy ornament in the middle. This was a miniature church in white sugar, before the open doors of which stood a bridal couple, wee manikins, appropriately attired.

Little River never had seen such a cake, and they talked a great deal about it and about Lucy Dove's rich cousin in New York, who had sent it as a wedding gift.

While their neighbors admired the beautiful structure, the Doves, Mrs. Dove and Lucy, were disappointed.

First because Cousin Archibald had actually promised to make Lucy a valuable present on her wedding day—"to build a home," he had said, with twinkling eyes, and who could blame Lucy and David for counting on it?

Besides, Mrs. Dove had whispered the secret to one or two friends, and, lo! it was known all over Little River that Cousin Archibald would give Lucy a handsome present of money on her wedding day.

And all that came was the cake, brought from town by the caterer's special messenger, with a brief note from Archibald, who was sailing that very day for Europe.

"This, my dear Lucy," he wrote, "is my wedding gift to you and David. May you be happy and blessed is my heartiest wish."

"And that is all he sent?" quavered Mrs. Dove.

"Yes," said poor Lucy with quivering lips, for she and David had planned—why, they were going to build the home on a piece of land David's father had given. Now the home must wait awhile until they could save money.

"And we really don't need the cake," she said resentfully.

They really didn't need it, for inside the parlor cupboard was a high bandbox which contained a large wedding cake baked by Mrs. Dave herself after a recipe which had been in the family for many years.

So Cousin Archibald's wedding cake was displayed among the presents, and the guests marveled at it and whispered to one another while they nibbled at the cake made by Lucy's mother.

"I thought he was going to send them money," was the burden of their remarks.

So Lucy and David were married, and instead of building a cozy home they hired a shabby little cottage. But so happy were they that they forgot all about Cousin Archibald and the present which had disappointed them.

It is true that Lucy wrote to her cousin thanking him for the cake, but the letter pursued him around the

"GWAMMA SAYS COUSIN ARCHIBALD IS COMING TODAY!"

world, and he didn't receive it until three years afterward just as he sailed for home.

David Wyatt worked in the grocery store. He was head clerk and made good wages. Lucy was industrious and saving, and one fine day she and David rode over to Graytown and drew $800 from the bank. This was to build a house.

"I am so happy, dear," signed Lucy as they stopped the horse so that they could gaze at the plot of ground on which their home was to be built.

"It's our own money. We earned it ourselves," said David proudly. "It will be a small house, but it's plenty big enough for folks who love each other."

Lucy blushed, and little Lucy, tucked away on the stool at their feet, chuckled with glee, as she did whenever her father kissed the adorable being she called mother.

The Wyatts built their little house and moved into it and were happy. Little Lucy divided her time between her grandmother's home and the new house.

One day she came pattering in bubbling with news.

"Gwamma says Cousin Archibald is coming today!"

Lucy smiled sympathetically. She had quite forgiven her cousin his broken promise.

"We must put the wedding cake in a place of honor," she told David.

"We better save it for Lucykins' wedding," laughed David.

So when Cousin Archibald came to call at the cottage he saw the untouched wedding cake and smiled a little while he examined it. He was a gray, elderly man, lonely, and fond of travel. Now, he was about to start on another expedition—this time to Alaska.

Before he went he gave little Lucy a five dollar gold piece and that appeared to be the extent of his generosity.

A week later disaster fell upon the little family.

David, the wage earner, fell down the cellar stairs at the store and besides breaking a leg was otherwise seriously injured.

It was a dreadful winter.

The money in the bank dwindled; another man took David's place, for he grew no better. They borrowed money and placed a second mortgage on the house and in the spring they lost the place and had to move away.

Lucy's mother made room for them in her house.

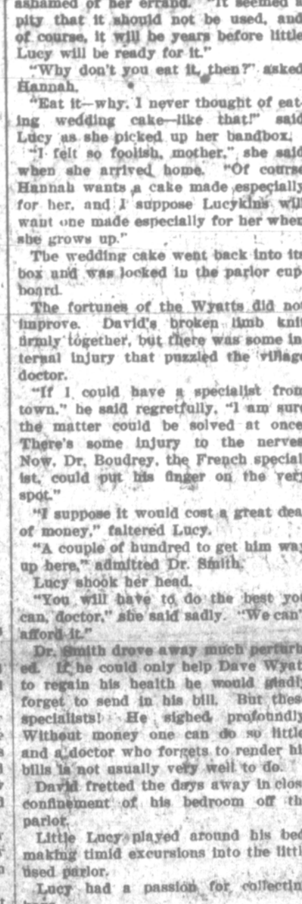
"It's all that dratted wedding cake," complained Mrs. Dove; "I've heard it was bad luck to keep a wedding cake a long"—

"If it will change the luck, mother, I will give it away," said Lucy.

"For land's sake!" cried Mrs. Dove. "Who would you give it to, child?"

Lucy meditated.

"There's Hannah Morey—she's going



"IT WAS A CHECK FOR $10,000, MADE OUT TO LUCY AND DAVID WYATT."

to be married next week—she'd be glad to have such a handsome cake."

"Do as you like, Lucy," said her mother, "only I'd hate to have it bring bad luck to Hannah and Joe."

"Nonsense!" laughed Lucy.

She lifted down the bandbox and trudged down the dusty road to the Morey house. The Moreys were poor and proud. Hannah received the cake with ruffled pride.

"I couldn't accept a secondhand wedding cake," she said stiffly. "Mine won't be anything like this one, but it will be made just for me!"

"Of course it will!" cried poor Lucy, ashamed of her errand. "It seemed a pity that it should not be used, and of course, it will be years before little Lucy will be ready for it."

"Why don't you eat it, then?" asked Hannah.

"Eat it—why, I never thought of eating wedding cake—like that!" said Lucy as she picked up her bandbox.

"I felt so foolish, mother," she said when she arrived home. "Of course Hannah wants a cake made especially for her, and I suppose Lucykins will want one made especially for her when she grows up."

The wedding cake went back into its box and was locked in the parlor cupboard.

The fortunes of the Wyatts did not improve. David's broken limb knit firmly together, but there was some internal injury that puzzled the village doctor.

"If I could have a specialist from town," he said regretfully, "I am sure the matter could be solved at once. There's some injury to the nerves. Now, Dr. Boudrey, the French specialist, could put his finger on the very spot."

"I suppose it would cost a great deal of money," faltered Lucy.

"A couple of hundred to get him way up here," admitted Dr. Smith.

Lucy shook her head.

"You will have to do the best you can, doctor," she said sadly. "We can't afford it."

Dr. Smith drove away much perturbed. If he could only help Dave Wyatt to regain his health he would gladly forget to send in his bill. But these specialists! He sighed profoundly. Without money one can do so little, and a doctor who forgets to render his bills is not usually very well to do.

David fretted the days away in close confinement of his bedroom off the parlor.

Little Lucy played around his bed, making timid excursions into the little used parlor.

Lucy had a passion for collecting keys.

Her mother said Lucy would be a good housewife. David laughed and predicted that his daughter's hobby meant she would be a burglar some day.

As for Lucy herself, she went on collecting keys from the various doors and enjoyed the baffling pursuit of fitting them to other doors whose locks refused to turn. Oh, the joy of suddenly finding the right key for the right door!

Lucy had tasted this bliss.

One afternoon when her mother and grandmother had gone off to the sewing society Lucy sat beside her father's bed.

His eyes were closed, and there was a grim look of suffering in his young face.

Presently slow tears coursed down his cheeks.

Lucy, awed and frightened, tiptoed into the parlor.

On the marble top table was a brass key, a different key.

Lucy picked it up in her fat fingers and looked around.

It might fit the cupboard door, she thought, and promptly climbed upon a hassock and tried it.

To her delight the lock shot back and the narrow door opened. She brought a chair and climbed upon it.

Now to take down that mysterious bandbox and discover its contents!

Lucy tugged at the strings, and the box tumbled into her arms, almost throwing her to the floor.

Breathlessly she clambered down and was making for the bedroom to share her treasure with her father when the time worn strings broke and the box crashed to the floor.

The cover flew off, and Cousin Archibald's splendid wedding cake, shattered in a hundred crumbly fragments, lay in ruins on the floor.

Fear smitten, Lucy snatched at her one remaining hope.

The cunning little church with the two "dollies" was intact. Carefully she picked it up from the ruins and carried it in to her father.

He had heard the sound and was startled.

"What happened, Lucykins?" he asked, and Lucy answered swiftly:

"This didn't bweak, daddy." She placed the little ornament in his hands. Then she broke into wild sobbing, and to soothe her David made up a pretty story about the bridal couple.

"And she holds pretty flowers," smiled Lucykins, "and what is he holding, daddy, a cane?"

David laughed and looked closer.

Securely tucked under the bridegroom's arm was a tiny roll of white paper.

"It's the marriage license, I guess," he laughed, unrolling it. Then his face grew pale as he stared at the long slip of white paper which Cousin Archibald had concealed in the wedding cake.

It was a check for $10,000, made out to Lucy and David Wyatt, and it was dated nearly five years ago!

This was Cousin Archibald's gift. And when he came and found them so happy and independent of his help he had said nothing and gone away again.

"We need it now more than we ever will!" sobbed Lucy Wyatt when she came home.

And little Lucy did not understand until she was quite grown up why it was that she was never punished for ruining the beautiful cake nor why her mother and her grandmother and even daddy cried while they kissed and hugged her for joy.

Romance of a Tree.

In the beautiful gardens of Gray's inn, upon the finest stretch of grass in the heart of London, is what the Americans would call "some" tree—a catalpa—for it was planted in 1598 and is still alive and flourishing and, indeed, puts forth its blossoms every year. The catalpa has a very fine blossom, indeed, in a great bunch, something like a horse chestnut.

The catalpa tree was brought to England by Sir Walter Raleigh and was planted by Sir Francis Bacon, then a resident in Gray's inn, with which his name is so intimately associated. In course of time a shoot was taken from that parent plant, which has produced an even finer tree.

Then a curious thing followed: From the shoot another shoot was cut and taken back to America, and in Philadelphia the grandson of the original tree brought home by Raleigh grows today.—London Spectator.

A Summer of Haze.

Europe and Asia were covered by fog during the summer of 1783. Says Gilbert White (letter 109): "The summer of the year 1783 was an amazing and a portentous one. * * * for, besides the alarming meteors and tremendous thunderstorms, * * * the peculiar haze or smoky fog that prevailed for many weeks in this island (England) and in every part of Europe and even beyond its limits was a most extraordinary appearance. The heat was intense. Calabria and part of the isle of Sicily were torn and convulsed with earthquakes." Cowper also refers to this phenomenon in speaking of "nature, with a dim and sickly eye."

Theatrical Caste.

"Muster Richardson," christened John, was a successful but illiterate traveling showman of the early nineteenth century in England. His "special train" consisted in a cart and other primitive means of locomotion, including a sturdy pair of legs. It was in the early part of his career that he boasted Edmund Kean as of his company. The old showman was not a little proud of the association and used to give himself credit for having had a part in the great tragedian's professional education. When Macready's name was becoming known in the theatrical world Richardson was asked if he had seen him.

"No, master," he replied. "I know nothing about him. In fact, he's some vagabone as no one knows—one o' them chaps as ain't had any edication for the thing. He never was with me, as Edmund Kean and them rigiars was."—Detroit Free Press.

Old Fashioned.

"I never see you pay the slightest attention to your children," declared grandma, who had come on a visit. "Don't you love your children?"

"Now, don't be old fashioned, ma," urged the fashionable wife. "Their governess is employed to do that."—Judge.

Would Be Great.

"They say that Mars is not now habitable, but will be soon."

"Gosh, I'd like to help settle it. Think of being among the first families of an entire planet."—Kansas City Journal.

Unfortunately Put.

Nellie—How do you like the new way I do my hair, Jack? Jack (meaning to be complimentary)—Why, it makes you look at least ten years younger.

Caesar considered nothing done so long as anything remained to be done. —Lucan.