LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE FOR PUBL. [illegible]

United States Land Office, [illegible]

[illegible] with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land states by act of August 4, 1892, Frank C. Stahlman, of Detroit, county of Marion, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 5730, for the purchase of the W ½ of W ½, in section 32, in tp. 10S, R 2E, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 15th day of July 1902.

He names as witnesses: Lewis Jacobs, S. V. Hall, Elmer Hall, and Fred Stahlman, all of Detroit, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 15th day of July, 1902.

CHAS B. MOORES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, April 10, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land states by act of August 4, 1892, Emma M. Miller, of Portland, county of Multnomah, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 5717, for the purchase of [illegible] No. 10S, R. 2 E., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 15th day of July, 1902.

She names as witnesses: Julius C. Berke, of Molalla, Oregon, and Edward Berke, John J. Blew, and James Miller, of Portland, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 15th day of July, 1902.

CHAS B. MOORES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, June 9, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Ada L. Simpson, of Albany, county of Linn, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 5777, for the purchase of the N. W. ¼ of sec. No. 25, in Tp. No. 10 S, Range No. 4 E, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the county clerk of Linn county, at Albany, Oregon, on Monday, the 25th day of August, 1902.

She names as witnesses: John T. Simpson and L. M. Crowder of Albany, Oregon, L. T. Henness, of Gates Oregon, and J. E. Welch, of Minto Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 25th day of August, 1902.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

United States Land office, Oregon City, Oregon, June 10, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Ella T. Noble, of Portland, county of Multnomah, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 5779, for the purchase of the S. ½ S. W. ¼ & S. ½ S. E. ¼ of Sec. 8 in Tp. No. 11, S., Range No. 2 E., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for Agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 2nd day of September, 1902.

She names as witnesses: Clark Gaines, of Larwood, Oregon, M. N. Yeoman, of Lacomb, oregon, Ralph Hardenbrook, of Portland, oregon, and John Helvie, of Mulino, oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 2nd day of September 1902.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon. May 31, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be [illegible]

[illegible] witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

T. S. Hensley, of Gates, Oregon, and W. D. Mohney, Elmer white and William W. Hepburn, all of Salem, Oregon.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

NOTICE.

Scio, Oregon, May 16, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that the Bank of Scio, a corporation has sold its one-half interest in the Scio Roller Mills to Henry Miller and the partnership existing between the Bank of Scio and G. W. Phillips is now dissolved.

Also, that on the 20th day of January, 1902, its bank building and personal property was sold to T. J. Munkers, and and its other assets to J. F. Gaines, and that its business is now closed and the corporation dissolved.

BANK OF SCIO.

TheBest Prescription for Malaria.

Chills and fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

A WONDERFUL TOWN.

ITS NAME IS WAYNE, AND IT IS NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

Founded by Anthony J. Drexel and George W. Childs—A Place of Quiet Residents, Away From the Marts of Trade—Policemen Are Not Needed.

About a dozen miles from Philadelphia, on the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad, is the wonderful town of Wayne. The wonderful town of Wayne is a product of the philanthropy of George W. Childs, who, together with Anthony J. Drexel, planned to bring it into existence for the benefit of such Philadelphians as yearned for more suburban life than was afforded by the shady thoroughfares and placid highways of their native city, and as Mr. Childs and Mr. Drexel had unlimited capital with which to carry out the plan for an ideal suburban settlement Wayne was founded on the firmest of foundations and has flourished in a manner calculated to cause the proverbial bay tree to wither with envy.

The inhabitants of Wayne number several thousand and are all inordinately proud of being Wayneites. They are proud with the pride which flushes the obsequious head salesman of the suspender department when the firm recognizes his worth and promotes him to the dizzy altitude of second floorwalker in chief, and their pride is a thorn in the sides of all the surrounding settlements and less ostentatious suburban stations. Most of them—that is, most of the males—are worthy clerks under middle age and blessed with wives and rapidly accumulating olive branches, and if they are not worthy clerks they are worthy in some other line, for none but worthy persons have ever found a foothold in Wayne, and the breath of scandal has never smirched the polish of its purity. Their wives are as typical of the quiet middle class Philadelphia women and girls as they themselves are representative of the average spotlessly conventional Philadelphia masculine being.

Physically regarded, Wayne is as fair to look upon as it is from a moral standpoint. It is an exposition of the essence of Queen Anne in architecture, tempered with the colonial and the other popular forms of rural residence design which have in the last decade run riot throughout the length and breadth of the land. There are dark red houses and bright red ones, there are those which are red and green, and pink and green, and canary and green, and there are orange and white ones, and there are pearl colored types with dove tinted trimmings. And there are just as many unconventional designs in shape as there are in color, and altogether the wonderful town of Wayne is a most satisfying spectacle to any one who seeketh the beautiful, the odd or the abnormally hideous in inexpensive but conspicuous dwellings.

Naturally such a settlement is above reproach in its government. It has broad roads, perfectly laid, fine, broad sidewalks, a waterworks and splendid drainage, all of which were provided by Messrs. Childs and Drexel, and it has a president and council, a fire engine equipment, an athletic club and ground for both sexes, a debating society, a series of winter dances, a sewing circle, a whist club and a lot of other such attractions provided by the residents themselves, and all these things are managed without a hitch or a jar, and peace reigns supreme from Jan. 1 in any given year until the hour of midnight on the following 31st of December.

Wayne has no stores of any kind, and of course a saloon is as foreign to its confines as a snowstorm would be in an equatorial jungle. On the other side of the railroad there is also a Wayne—an old fashioned Revolutionary times Wayne—named after the American general who was known as Mad Anthony Wayne, and there may be found shops and stores and saloons and business offices, but in the new and beautiful Wayne such things are unknown and must ever be unknown unless the laws of its organization be ruthlessly shattered and the dictates of its title deeds ignored.

Nor has it any police, but then why should it have? No one is bad, no one is other than faultless, the very dogs don't bark at night, the cats remain indoors after sunset, and a policeman would be as much out of place in Wayne as a prizefighter at a little girls' paper doll party. But the sweet sense of security which pervades the place is not without its insurance clause, so to speak. Even Wayne might be invaded by a reckless tramp bent on securing a square meal or (horrible as the thought is to the Wayneites) by a nocturnal prowler seeking to enter and rob a happy home. And then, too, the business hours of the day find its adult male population away in the city, and the women have not their natural protectors at hand.

Therefore each family has a huge tin horn on which a mighty blast can be sounded as an alarm when aid is needed to repulse a tramp or to fight the fire fiend. At first the alarms were frequent, because the children could not resist testing the tin horns at unseemly hours, but a meeting of the council fixed a fine of $5 on false alarms, and now, through the agencies of repeated spankings and also of hanging the horns too high for the children to reach, no more false alarms come to startle the community.

Wayne came very near being called Mentone, which was to have been pronounced Mo-'n-tony as a pleasant recognition of the intimate friendship between Mr. Childs and Mr. Drexel, but the idea was abandoned. As it stands now it is an enduring monument to both these men, and it has not only fostered their fame, but increased their fortunes as well.—New York Mail and Express.

SAVING'S BANK FREE

SEND YOUR ADDRESS TO THE Pacific Newspaper Union, 927 market St., San Francisco, and secure free a beautiful Nickel Saving's Bank, also full particulars regarding the new three volumn 1902 International Encyclopædic Dictionary which is now being furnished to readers of this paper for only 5cents a day.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

A HARD WATER YARN.

Absalom Nailed His Boat to It to Keep from Floating Away—So He Said.

"I find it pretty hard work," I said, as I stepped out of the flat-bottomed boat, "to row this thing along, although it is not very heavy."

"It ain't the boat," replied the owner, from whom I had hired it; "it is the water what makes it. You see, some water's thicker'n others, an' the thicker it is the harder it is to pull through it. Now, I've seed water out onto a certing western lake what was so thick an' heavy sometimes that wild ducks what lit onto it broke their legs tryin' to swim. They couldn't get out of it to save their lives, an' whenever we seed them in this fix we'd go an' grab them by the heads an' pry them out with a oar."

"That must have been pretty thick, hard water," I ventured to remark while the old man was clearing his throat, relates a writer in Judge.

"Thick!" he said; "thick! Well, I should say it was thick. Why, you could pick up a handful of it an' throw it up like a ball an' ketch it comin' down. Why, I've seed fishes a-layin' on top of it, tryin' to take a sun bath, an' just when they was a-sunnin' theirselves nice an' warm something would startle them, an' they'd have to burrer like rabbits to get down under it. I have often stood at the stern of the boat an' dug them up while they was a-tryin' to escape."

"What! dig up water like dirt?" I asked, in dismay.

"Yes, dig up water like dirt," he persisted. "You could dig post holes in that water, an' the holes would stay there long enough to give you a show to build a dock. I remember once when I was out in my flat-bottomed boat a hard wind came up, an' it was so hard that it began to make the boat move along, an' I wanted her to stand still. I hadn't no anchor with me, so what do you think I did?"

"I can't imagine," I replied.

"Of course you can't, so I'll tell you. I took a big nail out of my pocket an' drove it down through the bottom of the boat right about the middle. Yes, sir; I nailed that boat right down to the water, an' the first thing I knew the wind began a-blowin' her around, fer she was on a pivot. Round an' round I went, an' never moved a inch forward or backward, until I got so tired of it that I had to pull up the nail an' go ahead. While I was a-rattlin' around, a fish that I had pulled out of the water with a pair of tongs jumped out of the boat and landed on his tail, an' stood in that there position a-gaspin' fer wind. By a most awful effort he flopped his tail out an' turned a somersault, and landed right onto his tail again. Then, somehow or other, instead of gettin' out of breath, he got his second wind, which is mighty uncommon fer a fish, fer I never knowed one to get it before; an' he ran somersaultin' away until the wind sort of flopped a wave over onto him, so's he could swim. Then the wind got a-blowin' higher an' higher an' harder an' harder, an' all that blamed thick, tough water was blowed up into high waves. Just before it got a-blowin' so hard a flock of wild ducks lit on the water what was bein' blowed into waves of all sizes. The next mornin', when I went out, there wasn't no wind anywheres around; but what do you think? The waves was all there, just as solid as if the lake had been plowed up an' was all full of forrers; an' right along on top of the highest one them wild ducks was a-sittin' like a lot of clothespins, laughin' fit to kill theirselves, but stationary an' unable to get off, an' I just sent my water spaniel out after them—"

"How in the world could he swim when the water was so thick and solid?" I asked.

"Swim, swim?" repeated the old man, contemptuously. "He didn't swim at all—he ran along on the water, an' he had to stick his claws in to keep hisself from slippin', an' just then—"

"Absalom!" shrieked a feminine voice from within the shanty, "won't you never get through talkin' an' split them kindlin's?"

And Absalom excused himself, and I wandered back to the hotel to marvel at the wonders of the hard, thick water on which Absalom had also told me people used to spread the weekly wash to dry.

"Jack Harkaway" Dies.

"Jack Harkaway" (Mr. Bracebridge Hemyng), has just died in England. Twenty years ago "Jack Harkaway" was the hero of the boy world of the United States. "Jack Harkaway" first appeared in the world of fiction in 1867, the early youth of the wonderful boy being chronicled in a weekly paper called the "Boys of England." "Jack Harkaway's School Days" was the most widely circulated of the series, the sale reaching millions. Seventeen "Harkaway" books have been published, and Mr. Hemyng, who was a barrister, was the author of all but two or three of them. They carried Jack through Oxford and then round the world, recording his wonderful adventures in America, Cuba, China, Greece, Australia and the Transvaal. "Jack Harkaway" did not greatly enrich his creator. Mr. Hemyng usually sold his copyrights outright for a by no means extravagant sum.—Chicago Tribune.

Big Orders for Steel Rails.

According to the New York Tribune, orders for 1,300,000 tons of steel rails for delivery in 1902 have been placed with the various manufacturers, to which must be added 350,000 tons held over from this year's orders, making the total amount actually on the books 1,650,000 tons. The aggregate orders for next year, it is estimated, will be about 2,800,000 tons. The output of rails in 1900 was 2,383,650 tons. It is understood that the price is at present being maintained at $28 a ton.

Meaning of "Oklahoma."

It has been stated that the name of Oklahoma means "beautiful land," but missionaries who have made special study of Indian languages dispute it. They say that it is a Choctaw word, and means "red people." Truth is more to be desired than sentimental appropriateness, of course, but "beautiful land" would so aptly describe Oklahoma that we regret that it is not the true significance of the word. — Youth's Companion.

A MURDEROUS BAND.

Australian Secret Society Pledged to Kill and Destroy.

Operate Under a King Whose Word is Law—Method of Organization and Procedure of Execution.

It is now something like 40 years since the British government was much disturbed by the depredations of what appeared to be an organized band of murderers operating throughout New South Wales. The organization was a secret one and at first seemed hardly worth while noticing. But before five years had passed it was so powerful that the government found itself forced to arm even the constabulary with revolvers and to instruct them not to be too slow about shooting in order to give them some means of protection against the criminals who had been enrolled under the society's rules. Since then, despite constant warfare made on it by the police, it has grown so vastly that now many cities are terrorized periodically by its members and it threatens Australia much as the Molly Maguires threatened the United States, says an eastern exchange.

This Australian secret murder society is known as Larrikin. The Larrikin is divided into branch societies known as pushes. Each push has a king, whose word is law.

The member of a push must do whatever the king directs, be it robbery, arson or murder. In turn the entire push stands by him and will stop at nothing, however desperate, to rescue him if he is taken. So well have many of the pushes proved their ability to do this that in the districts where they are most powerful it is common for them to commit all sorts of criminal acts in full daylight and practically publicly.

There is little really secret about the organization of these pushes. Nearly everything concerning them is known, so far as their methods of selecting new members, punishing traitors and so on are concerned. But all the efforts of the police have been unavailing to find out who the kings are.

Any male youth more than 17 years old who lives permanently in a push district is eligible for membership. Should he wish to join he sends the king a written application and a fee of ten shillings, which is one of the king's perquisites of office. On receiving the application the king calls together his five councilors, whom he instructs to make inquiries and report. A meeting of the push then is convened and the applicant is accepted or rejected on a show of hands. If accepted he serves as a provisional initiate for a period of six months. Then, after subscribing his name to the "push book," which is a book wherein are recorded the crimes committed by the push, he becomes a full-fledged member and is made acquainted with the push's code of laws. No oath is administered and there is no ceremony or form of introduction whatsoever.

The first and most stringent discipline of push law enforces obedience to constituted authority. "What the king says goes" is their own phrase, and the contravention of the maxim is punishable in the first instance with the "sock," in the second with death. The sock is popular with all Larrikins, who dearly love an opportunity of witnessing its infliction. The offender is stripped, gagged and strapped face downward along an ordinary wooden bench, whereupon the executioners beat him in turn with a stocking filled with wet sand until his flesh is completely raw. His wounds are then salted and he is kept in a prison until recovery. On such occasions proceedings are conducted with the gravest decorum; no one is permitted to speak and unnecessary violence is sternly prohibited. No sympathy is manifested for the victim, and such a circumstance as a protest against the barbarity of the punishment is absolutely unknown.

The death penalty is rarely exacted in the case of members of the fraternity, but outsiders who have incurred the push vengeance are killed regularly. The king chooses for executioners a score of his subjects, of whom at least seven are the latest recruits of the order. The victim is surrounded, stunned and thrown to the ground. No deadly weapon is employed. Each of the push silently kick the body of the prostrate victim until life is extinct. Thus all the 20 are equally guilty of murder, and probably no member of any push has been enrolled for a longer period than two years without being thus stamped with the hall-mark at pushdom.

If a member desires to sever his connection with his push or to depart from the push district in order to live elsewhere he is allowed to do so only after having signed a confession of having committed, single-handed, the last capital crime of which the push is guilty. This document is handed to the king, who files it in the push book, which is naturally kept in a place of security. This book is the one strong and yet weak spot in the push system. If it were conveyed to the hands of the authorities the whole push would have to stand self-arraigned and self-condemned as murderers and accessories. But so long as each member's name is in the book with his record of crimes, so long is he the helpless slave of the king. Therefore the pushes realize that their safety depends upon the careful preservation of these memorials. At important gatherings the book must be produced, that members may have an opportunity of reassuring themselves by perusing confessions which transfer and fasten their joint burdens on the shoulders of absent individuals.

Some birds and animals put on extra foot coverings for winter use in walking on snow and ice and boring into it for food. Among these are the ruffed grouse, the ptarmigan and western rabbit. The latter is sometimes known as the "snowshoe rabbit," because of the long and stiff hair which appears on its feet in cold weather. The ptarmigan has broad, stiff feathers on its feet, and the ruffed grouse a sharp-pointed fringe. These drop off in the spring of the year.

TUNKEY THE ENGINEER.

Brave Efforts of the Man Who Broke the Record for the West Shore Road.

In St. Nicholas Cleveland Moffett gives an account of the breaking of a record in running a train. The last stage of the journey found the officials behind the schedule time. But it was made up—by a quiet man named Tunkey. Still, in spite of these brave efforts, they pulled out of Erie 15 minutes late, and started on the last relay with gloomy faces. It was 86 miles to Buffalo, the end of the race, and they must be there by 11:31 to win, which called for an average speed of over 70 miles an hour, including slow-downs. No train in the world had ever approached such an average, and their own racing average since leaving Chicago was much below it. So what hope was there?

There was hope in a tall, sparely built man named Bill Tunkey, about whom nobody knew much except that he was a good engineer who ran a rather clumsy ten-wheel locomotive not considered very desirable in a race. All the other locomotives had been eight-wheelers. Still, the new engine had one advantage: She carried water enough in her tank for the whole run, and need not slow up to refill, as the others had done. She had another advantage: That she carried Tunkey, one of these men who rise up in sudden emergencies and do things, whether they are possible or not. It was not possible, everybody vowed, to reach Buffalo Creek by 11:31. "All right," said Tunkey, quietly, and then—

Within 40 rods of the start he had his engine going 30 miles an hour, and he pressed her harder and harder until 11 miles out of Erie she struck an 80-mile pace, and held it as far as Brockton, when she put forth all her strength, and did a burst of five miles in 3¼ minutes, one of these miles at the rate of 92¼ miles an hour, as the watches showed. "And I never want any more of that in mine," said the superintendent.

The next town was Dunkirk, where a local ordinance put a ten-mile limit on the speed of trains. Tunkey smiled as they roared past the station at more than 80. A crowd lined the tracks here, for the telegraph had carried ahead the news of a hair-raising run. That crowd was only a blur to staring, frightened eyes at the car windows. The officials were beginning to realize what kind of an engineer they had ahead this time. Whissssss! How they did run! Wahr! Wahr! barked the little bridges, and were left behind! H-o-o-o! bellowed a tunnel. And rip, whirrr! as they slammed around a double-reverse curve with a vicious swing that made the bolts rattle in the last car. Men put their mouths to other men's ears and tried to say that perhaps Mr. Tunkey was getting a little overzealous. Much good that did! Mr. Tunkey had the bit in his teeth now and was running the race alone.

At 11:06 they swept past Silver Creek with 29 miles to go and 25 minutes to make it in. Hurrah! They had made up time enough to save them!

At 11:20 they passed Lake View.

"Twelve miles more, and 11 minutes," yelled somebody, waving his hat.

"Toboggan-slide all the way," yelled somebody else. "We'll do it easy. Hooray!"

They passed Athol Springs at 11:24, all mad with excitement. They had seven minutes for eight miles, and were cheering already.

"We'll make it with half a minute to spare," said the only man in the private car who was reasonably cool. He was four seconds out of the way, for they crossed the line 26 seconds before 11:31, and won the race by less than half a minute, beating the New York Central's record per mile on the whole run by the fraction of a second, and beating the whole world's record in the last relay by several minutes, the figures standing—Tunkey's figures—86 miles from Erie to Buffalo in 70 minutes and 46 seconds, or an average speed of 72.91 miles an hour.

"Do?" said the official. "What did we do? Why, we—we—" He paused helplessly, and then added, with a smile: "Well, if you'll excuse the slang, we didn't do a thing to Tunkey!"

Deafness.

It is an odd fact about many persons slightly deaf that, amid noisy surroundings, they hear much better than those whose hearing is acute. They will grasp the slightest whisper, for instance, in the rumble of a moving train, whereas in a quiet drawing-room a shout is scarcely audible to them. It is well to keep this fact in mind. A man ignorant of it was going to New York one day recently with his wife and his deaf mother-in-law. He sat beside the latter, and, as the train rolled along he leaned forward and said to his better half: "There's one thing admirable at least about your mother when she travels. Then, and only then, she loosens up. I guess she's going to spend a good-sized bunch of money on this trip, for I just had a look into her pocketbook, and she's got a roll there as big as a horse collar." "Hush up," said the wife, laughing; "she might hear you." "Oh, no fear of that," the man rejoined. But the mother-in-law, contrary to her usual habit, did not spend a cent on the New York trip, and the entire expense fell on the young husband.—Detroit Free Press.

Empty Handed.

Royal Servant—Your majesty, there is another creditor without.

Sultan of Turkey—Tell him to go without.—Ohio State Journal.

Beauty is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. [illegible] pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, [illegible]

To Cure Constipation Forever. [illegible]

NEW ART JEWELRY.

Curious and Very Costly Pieces Made by Master Workmen.

Revival of Wonderful Metal Work of Renaissance Times Popularized by the Paris Exposition—Features of Work.

A new fad in jewelry has slowly been making its way to favor in recent years, and the Paris exposition brought it into something like popularity. Fortunately, the expense of the work and the fact that it appeals to the artistic taste more than to the canons of elegance generally current promises to keep the fashion from becoming fatally common, says the New York Sun.

The Salique jewelry is perhaps the finest example of this new work, which is, after all, old, for it works back to the wonderful metal work of renaissance times and makes the precious metals merely incidental. The exhibition of Rene Salique's work at the exposition was a revelation to the host who had known nothing about him.

This work has been eagerly sought for in Europe for years past, but his prices are fabulous and he does not sell to dealers, but works only on special orders, which it may be his whim to accept; so, up to the present time, his jewels have been obtained only by royal personages or other illustrious patrons, and their number is not very great.

Castellani, in Rome, has had a reputation for work of the same general order as Salique's, although he has achieved nothing to equal the Salique jewels, and a crowd of lesser lights have been following the same path with more or less success.

Of course, the central idea of this jewelry is beauty and exclusiveness of design. The masters of the craft, like Salique, often make the jewel, whatever it may be, with direct reference to the appearance and personality of the woman who is to wear it, and this opens up an endless vista of suggestive and symbolic possibility.

Then again the jewel may be made merely to carry out a conception in the mind of the artist, without reference to the future owner. Rare stones are introduced wherever the design requires their color, but very often the semi-precious stones answer the artistic requirements better than the more costly jewels and are used by preference, without thought of the comparative cost.

If a patron is willing to put a crown's ransom of rubies into an order and Salique thinks pink topaz or lapis lazuli accords better with his design, the buyer doesn't get the rubies. Moonstones are particular favorites with Salique and with many of his followers, because they lend themselves to symbolism and suggestion without detracting from the effect of the metal work and design. One of the most remarkable pieces of this art jewelry ever turned out was a comb in a design of bats flying through the filtered light of moonstones.

American designers are taking up the art jewel idea, and a new era of extravagance in jewelry is evidently at hand. Gorgeous tiaras and stomachers of diamonds will not do now. My lady must have specially designed and eccentric jewelry of which there is no duplicate, which bears the signature of a master craftsman.

Several of the New York jewelers brought home quantities of signed jewels in unusual designs, and have sold them rapidly. One ring for a man, labeled "The Heart of the Oak" and signed by a famous French workman, was a particularly good specimen, although it hadn't a hint of a precious stone about it. The ring was wrought in semblance of bark, and bore a strange, satyrlike head, that at first glance looked merely like the gnarled knot on a limb of a tree.

One Chicago woman has taken up this art jewel craft with immense success, and has orders so far in advance that she says it will be impossible for her to promise anything before 1903.

The skunk first appears in history in the year 1636, when he was described in Theodat's History of Canada. He had been a long time on the earth before that time, however, for there are species of fossil skunks. The skunks of the genus Chinca range over the greater part of North America and as far south as Mexico. Other skunks are found in Central and South America.

Fifty Cents a Year—*Less Than a Penny a Number.*

THE SOUTH'S LITERARY WEEKLY

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