

ONE DOSE WAS ENOUGH.

Too Much Prosperity, He Feared, Might Prove His Undoing.

A lawyer picked his way to the edge of the subway excavation and called down for Michael Finnerty.

"Who's wantin' me?" inquired a large, rawboned voice.

"I am," said the lawyer. "Mr. Finnerty, did you come from Castlebar, County Mayo?"

"I did."

"And was your mother named Mary and your father Owen?"

"They was."

"Then, Mr. Finnerty," said the lawyer, "it is my duty to inform you that your Aunt Kate has died in the old country, leaving you an estate of \$20,000 in cash."

There was a pause and a commotion down below.

"Mr. Finnerty," called the lawyer, craning his neck over the trench, "are you coming?"

"In wan minute," said Mr. Finnerty. "I just stopped to lick the foreman."

For six months Mr. Finnerty, in a high hat and with hard shoes on his feet, lived a life of elegant ease, trying to cure himself of a great thirst. Then he went back to his old job at one seventy-five a day. It was there in the excavation that the lawyer found him the second time.

"Mr. Finnerty," he said, "I've more news for you. It is your Uncle Terence who's dead now in the old country, and he has left you another twenty thousand."

"I don't think I can take it," said Mr. Finnerty, leaning wearily on his back. "I'm not as strong as I gance was, and I'm doubtin' if I could go through all that again and live!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Tearing Cards.

To tear a pack of cards in two is regarded by some as a marvellous feat of strength, and yet the trick is possible to any one with fairly strong fingers. The secret of the trick lies in the fact that the entire pack is not torn at once, but in pretending to get a grip on the pack the strong man so manipulates the cards that they overlap in this way but a single card is torn at a time, and once the surface is torn the rest is easy. To any one who can hold a pack of cards firmly the trick is fairly easy, and, while in olden times a single pack of cards was considered to be the limit of strength, many of our strong men tear three and four packs at a time. The cards are restored to their original form before being given out for examination, and so the trick escapes detection.

What Beat Sandy.

A native of a town on the coast of Scotland, when the contract for lighting the first three steamers fitted with electric light at the local wharves was completed, formed one of a social party gathered to entertain the electricians. In a burst of candor and comradeship he was overheard saying to one of the wiremen:

"Mon, Peter, after workin' w' you on they boats I believe I could put in the electric light mesel', but there's only one thing that—that—bates me."

"Aye, and what is that, Sandy?" said his interested companion, willing to help him if it lay in his power.

"Weel, mon," said Sandy, "it's just this—I dinna ken how ye get the lie tas rin along the wires."—London Ideas.

Economy in Epitaphs.

In a certain town lives a man who had been so unfortunate as to lose three wives, who were buried side by side. For a long time the bereaved one deliberated as to whether he should erect a separate headstone for each, commemorating her virtues, but the expense deterred him. Finally a happy solution of the difficulty presented itself.

He had the Christian name of each engraved on a small stone—"Mary," "Elizabeth," "Matilda"—a hand cut on each stone pointing to a large stone in the center of the lot and under each hand the words:

"For epitaph see large stone."—Lippincott's.

How She Knew.

Appropos of the servant maid difficulty I heard a good story the other day. The wife of a very well known Irish official was in want of

another nurse, and among those who applied for the position was a good natured looking girl of about seventeen. "You tell me," said the official's wife, "that you are very fond of children. That is all very well in its way, but do you understand anything about the duties of a nursery? Have you any experience of children?" "Yes, mum," was the reply. "Sure, I used to be a child wanst meself."—London Tatler.

HUMAN ALARM CLOCKS.

Rattle and Roar That Waken North of England Mill Hands.

The alarm clock, apparently so indispensable to the early rising population of America, is seldom used by the workers in the textile mills, iron foundries and other industries of the north of England (men and women have to arise in time to start work at 6 o'clock each morning). Instead, being only human and liable to a fine of an hour's pay if only a few minutes late, they are aroused by men many of whom make their livelihood by that means. These men, of whom there are several in each city or town, the number depending on the size of the community, are known as "knockers up." And the "knocker up" is more of an institution in the north of England than is the alarm clock among the early risers of America.

To arouse his sleeping "client" the "knocker up" uses a long pole, to one end of which are attached a number of strong wires. Armed with this, the "knocker up" makes his "round" in the early morning hours, rattling on the windows of his clientele with the wires, which make a tremendous din in the sleeper's room, and, what is more effective than the alarm clock, he keeps rattling until the occupant climbs out of bed and signifies his wakefulness by rapping on the window.

The "knocker up" would have a much harder job in America than he has in England, for there he is favored by purely local conditions. In the first place, the houses in the industrial sections are closely packed together in long rows, like the buildings in the business sections of American cities, and are very seldom more than two stories high. Thus the "knocker up" is able to quickly arouse an entire street of workers, the rattle and roar of his stick bringing the men and women promptly from their beds. And his work is expedited by the fact that many of the sleepers hear him while he is a dozen houses away and are out of bed and rapping on their windows in reply by the time he reaches them.—New York Press.

Origin of Texts.

The custom of taking a text as the basis of a sermon originated with Ezra, who, accompanied by several Levites in a public congregation of men and women, ascended a pulpit, opened the book of the law and, after a prayer, "read in the book in the law of God distinctly and gave the sense and caused them to understand the reading." Previous to the time of Ezra the patriarchs delivered in public assemblies either prophecies or moral instructions, and it was not until the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, during which they had almost lost the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain as well as to read the Scriptures to them.

Hats in Mexico.

In Mexico and other Spanish speaking countries the hat has for centuries been the object of man's vanity. The custom found its origin in the days when the Hapsburg power was supreme. One of the most cherished privileges that the old grandees enjoyed was that of wearing their hats in the presence of royalty. The absolute power of the monarch left them little else to do but enter into rivalry with one another in regard to the splendor of their head coverings. The gay conceit spread rapidly throughout the Spanish dominions, and even today characteristic sugarloaf hats may be found in Mexico for sale at the astounding price of from \$500 to \$1,000 for a single hat.

The Mantle of Charity.

"Did he marry her for her money?" asked the girl in white.

"We'll let's be charitable and say he did," answered the girl in gray. "There's no use castin' aspersions on his taste and judgment."—Chicago Post.

TYPEWRITERS GIVEN AWAY

The Emerson Typewriter Company of Woodstock, Ill., have recently given away over 400 of the highest grade, wholly visible Emerson Typewriters made in the world. They have gone into every state and territory in the United States. There may be some in your town. They are giving them away everywhere to men, women, boys and girls, over 18 years of age, on surprisingly liberal conditions.

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Send—The Pacific Monthly and the Santiam News for \$1.75.

Notice For Publication

Department of the Interior

U. S. Land Office at Portland, Ore.
May 31, 1912

Notice is hereby given that Sarah A. Swagger, by Charles H. Maginnis, her attorney in fact, whose postoffice address is Portland, Oregon, did on the 5th day of January 1912, file in this office her application, Serial No. 0322, to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress, approved July 1, 1898 (30 Stat. 597, 620) sec. of sec. 9 tp. 8 s. 34 e. lot 8 sec 1 tp 12 s. r 2 w. and lot 10 sec 34 tp 12 s. r 1 w. Willamette Meridian.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands above described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal to the applicant should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 30th day of July 1912.

H. F. HIGBY
Register

A Newspaper Event.

The Nuremberg Gazette, founded in 1457, was the first newspaper printed from metal type with printing ink.

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