

COLONEL GREENE'S LONG CAREER.

A Man Who Knew Lincoln and Practiced Law at the Age of Ninety-one.

Colonel Isaac R. Greene, of Louisville, is ninety-one years old, in firm health of body and mind, and still active and successful in the practice of law. He enjoys life, too, and is a champion at checker playing. All this is good, but the chief point of interest in the old gentleman is the close personal acquaintance he enjoyed with all of Kentucky's great orators from 1855 to 1860, and when he is in a reminiscent mood his talk is more fascinating than poetry or romances.



COLONEL J. R. GREENE.

Henry Clay, Ben Hardin and Tom Marshall are his favorites, but he has pleasant recollections also of S. S. Prentiss, Jo Holt and Abraham Lincoln. He was a boy companion of Lincoln's, and met the future liberator again many years later when both were soldiers in the so-called Black Hawk war. In boyhood he was often put up to rags with Lincoln, and it was an even thing between them, but when they met in the "war" he was nowhere. Lincoln usually outran every man in the command, and in a wrestle there were but few who could match him. He could also throw the iron bar farther than any competitor. "But it was in story telling," says Colonel Greene, "that Lincoln won the admiration of all. Night after night his tent was crowded, and we all forgot his homeliness when he began to talk. We agreed he would grow to be considerable of a figure in the world, but none of us dreamed he would become as great as he did or in the way he did."

Colonel Greene was born on a farm near Albany and till the soil at various western places to the age of twenty-eight, when he went to Kentucky. When the Black Hawk war ended he engaged in collecting claims for his fellow soldiers and was so successful at it that his friends advised him to study law. The \$400 he had earned as a claim agent was expended in getting his law knowledge and his library, and in 1834 he began to practice in Louisville, where he has ever since resided. He takes long vacations, however, he and his aged wife spending the hot weather with their daughter in Chicago.

NEARLY FORTY YEARS IN OFFICE.

A Missouri Man Who Has Been Postmaster Since Pierce's Time.

Probably the oldest postmaster in the United States is Elijah Watson, of Rushville, Buchanan county, Mo. He was appointed postmaster by President Franklin Pierce in June, 1853, and has held the office continuously until the present time. Mr. Watson is a Democrat, but no objection



ELIJAH WATSON.

has ever been made to him on account of politics, although he has served under more Republicans than Democratic presidents.

Rushville is a village of less than 300 inhabitants, yet six railroads pass the place, and Postmaster Watson, who is now seventy-five years old, "mikes" twenty-four mail trains daily, carrying the sacks on his back nearly half a mile. In his thirty-eight years' service he has not lost a single letter. Once during the war bushwhackers broke into the office and robbed it of the supply of stamps, and at another time guerrillas attempted his life. Mr. Watson is of Kentucky birth, as is also his wife. They have had twelve children, six of whom are living. April 15 last, ten days before his birthday, Mr. Watson's twin brother, Eliza, died. They had lived in the same vicinity since 1842.

Irrigation in Utah.

A recent census bulletin says that in the territory of Utah there are 9,794 farms that are irrigated out of a total number of 10,737. The average size of the irrigated farms, or more strictly, of those portions of farms on which irrigation is practiced, is twenty-seven acres. The average first cost of water right is \$10.35 per acre, and the average cost of preparing the soil for cultivation, including the purchase price of the land, is \$16.10 per acre. The average present value of the irrigated land of the territory, including buildings, etc., is reported as \$94.25 per acre, showing an apparent profit, less cost of buildings, of \$37.60 per acre. The average annual cost of water is \$0.91 per acre, which deducted from the average annual value of products grown, leaves an average annual return of \$17.12 per acre.

Her Husband Struck Oil.

She is not always ashamed of the "oil" her wealth. Witness the case reported from Pennsylvania, of a woman who rose from poverty to the discovery of oil on a small tract of land owned by her husband, a member of the family named McDermott, of Pittsburgh. When the oil was discovered, she expended more money than she had and she became a millionaire.

AMMONIA IN BAKING POWDER.

Discussion Before the American Chemical Society.

(Chicago Tribune.)

To the Editor of The Tribune.—I have just seen the report in your issue of September 3, of the discussion at the Washington meeting of the American Chemical Society, August 18, relative to the use of carbonate of ammonia in baking powders.

This report is incomplete and incorrect in many particulars, and as the paper which precepted the discussion was read by me and was based upon my own experiments, I desire to make certain corrections in the interest of the truth and for the benefit of the large number of your readers to whom the question is one of great moment.

The paper as read before the society related that ammonia in baking powder is retained in the bread by reason of its affinity to the gluten. The consensus of opinion as expressed during the discussion was against the use of carbonate of ammonia in baking powder with the only exception of Dr. McMurtrie, who is now an employe of a baking powder company which uses carbonate of ammonia in its baking powder.

Of the other parties mentioned as having taken part in the discussion were Professor Dr. Barker, of the University of Pennsylvania, who is the President of the society and one of our highest authorities. In answer to a pleading by Professor McMurtrie that only small quantities of ammonia were used in baking powders, he stated: "No matter how small the quantity, I must decline to be dosed medically without my consent when taking my meals."

D. E. H. Bartley, formerly chemist of the Brooklyn Board of Health and Professor of Chemistry at the Long Island College, likewise named, did not, I believe, take active part in the discussion, but is already on record as strongly opposed to the use of ammonium carbonate in baking powders.

Dr. Richardson volunteered only the question whether the flour used in the experiments was of good quality, of which I assured him by stating that it was the best and the flour used in my family.

Professor Mallet was not present. Your article is misleading in so far as it gives the impression that ammonia disappears on baking. My actual tests agree with those made by others, showing that ammonia remains in the bread. My investigations simply assign a new cause for its retention.

H. ENDEMANN, Ph. D., New York Tribune, September 17, 1901.

NOTE.—Dr. Endemann, the writer of this communication, is well known in scientific circles, and was for twelve years chemist of the New York Board of Health.

The baking powder company above referred to is the Royal Baking Powder Company of New York, and the employe Dr. William McMurtrie, who defends that company's use of ammonia, is their much-advertised government authority. There is no such office known under our government as that of government or United States' government chemist.

Carlyle and Boreas.

Whether Carlyle was a dead failure or not is a moot point, but he certainly did not know how to put up with boreas. "The art of being savage to those people," or "such things"—as he would have designated them—which Scott so signally lacked, was possessed by him in its perfection. What he could "least endure," we are told, was being bored. "The anathemas which he heaped on unfortunate bores exceed Erzulphus' in exquisite variety."

A whole museum might be filled with Carlyle's bores alone. He obtained access to the immortals, and they bored him. To his acrid humor Charles Lamb was something less, almost, than a bore. Coleridge, whom he had not been disinclined to reverse, was a bore of the most oppressive kind. "He hobbled about with us," writes the irreverent Thomas, "talking with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest. Nothing came from him that was of use to me that day, or in fact any day."—Exchange.

Hotels and Housekeeping.

The other day I heard a prominent merchant say that the building of so many elegant hotels uptown would lead trade to follow them, and that the day was not far distant when Fifth avenue, below the Cathedral, must be given up wholly to stores and club houses. It was with this thought in mind that I went into the Plaza hotel and looked at its parlors and dining rooms, its cafe and restaurant. While wandering about I came to the conclusion that American women are fast becoming, indeed that they have already become, indolent.

The new hotels afford beautiful residences for people who can pay for the high cost of living in them—the management at the same time taking upon itself all the cares of housekeeping. Fashionable women, as a rule, detest housekeeping, for it interferes with their society duties, and I thought, while reflecting upon this subject, that the time may soon come when there will be hotel regimes composed of rich families that belong to the same set. Such family hotels will have no transient custom, but will be constructed solely with the view of meeting the needs of rich, indolent women, with a ballroom and private dining rooms at their disposal. In such a hotel a family could maintain a praiseworthy and pay only one of which individuals yet invent a codd.

Grisi's Children.

It is delightful to read of two persons in the same profession who are happily married. Identical tastes and pursuits bring about a certain harmony of relation which is both rare and beautiful. Grisi, the great singer, married the tenor Mario, and some incidents told of them and their children prove an unusually happy domestic life.

The prima donna identified her own success entirely with that of her husband, always preferring his advancement to her own. Perhaps the clever reply which she made to the Emperor Nicholas of Russia was half serious in embodying this spirit of self-surrender.

"So," said his majesty jocosely, pointing to her children, "these are your little Grisettes?"

"No, sire," she returned, "they are my little Marionettes." The children themselves tell an amusing story of their own sensations at one of their mother's public triumphs in Dublin. Grisi's admirers had dragged her carriage to the hotel, and she had sung to them again, "as if she were tearing the harpstrings asunder and singing from the depths of her heart." The enthusiasm of the listeners knew no bounds.

"They climbed up the lamp post," said one of the children, in after years. "We thought they would come into the room, and when one of the speakers called out, 'Leave us one of your children!' our fright was awful. In a chorus of pitiful little voices we begged mamma not to leave us behind; we would be such good children."—Youth's Companion.

Didn't Meet Them.

Mrs. Hayseed—Did we see any of them sharpers in the city.

Mr. Hayseed—Not a one, Miranda, not a one. But I met some old friends I never expected to see again. Do you remember old Mr. Biggs? Well, I met a son of his. Thought both those boys was dead an' 'lyin' out there in the cemetery; but this one said he was snatched by grave robbers, and just as they was sellin' his body to a medical college he came to. Good enough for a book, Miranda, good enough for a book, and I told him he ought to write it, and he said he guessed he would, and he'd dedicate the book to me as his father's old friend. There's one queer thing Miranda. This man's hair is black, while the Biggs boys had red hair, but he said it turned black from fright. He's way up in society, Miranda, and introduced me to young men named Vanderbilt and Astor and Gould and Drexel and ever so many more. I tell you, Miranda, these young fellows spend money! Some bills for cigars and things came in while we was talking, hundreds o' dollars worth, an' they whipped out the cash like a breeze. One of 'em happened to run short, and so I lent him all I had, but he said he'd send it by express to-morrow. I tell you what, Miranda, a smart man like me is just as safe in the city as in the country.—Good News.

New Use for the Electric Light.

Some of the new conditions to which the use of the electric light gives rise have a grotesque phase. In a town in Connecticut a new industry has sprung up. It appears that the strong light of the arc lamps has the effect of attracting worms out of the earth. An ingenious boy conceived the idea of turning this peculiar phenomenon to account, and scooping up the worms into a basket nightly, he started a trade with the local fishermen for the bait which they are always glad to get. The youngster was in a fair way to fortune when the secret of his quiet little business was discovered, and now groups of boys with tin cans can be seen every night at work under the electric lights in the development of this new branch of commerce.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Penal of Acquaintance.

Office Boy—Stranger at the door; says he's a newspaper man, and knows you, and wants to borrow some money of you. Great Editor—Pretty story! Some fraud, of course. How much does he want to borrow? "Ten cents." "Oh! He does know me, I guess. Give him this dime."—Good News.

An Unfair Coup.

Mancville (very much excited)—He ruined me in business. He snatched my good name, he flouted from me the girl I loved, but at last, ha! ha! I am avenged! Jones—Good gracious! What did you do? Mancville—(chewing through his teeth)—Last week I taught him to smoke cigarettes.—New York Truth.

Bottom Facts.

"That court house of yours is a credit to the town," remarked the stranger in Boomopolis. "Humph!" returned the man-who-couldn't-get-away, "if you was payin' taxes here ye'd think it was a consarned sight more of a debit!"—Pack.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"Fifty years ago, dear John, just fifty years ago, seems like 'twas only yesterday I heard you tell me so. Do I remember sayin' 'yes'? Well, John, we're gettin' old. And trindy now, and I ain't sure my memory is so bold. And yet, I s'pose I must a t'ing or two in play. For you were rather easy, John, a goin' home that day."

Just think! 'tis fifty years, dear John, just fifty years ago. Hence you and me stood up afore old Parson Ganderblow. And said we'd have each other, shore, for better or for worse. Did ever I get sick of it? Now, John, don't make a fuss. 'Bout nothin', for I low that's times a bad trade turns to good. When men's wives miss their pattenos as Christian people should.

In all these ups and downs, dear John, since fifty years ago. We joined our hearts and hands, the Lord alone can fully know. What you have been to me, John, or I have been to you. For He sees, though oft we've stumbled, that our poor old hearts are true. And that I will be thinking of you, John, as you will be thinking of me. When our fifty years below have long been lost in eternity. —Brook's Parson in Yankee Blade.

Queer Superstitions About Stones.

The most wonderful properties were ascribed to the chimerical stones which many creatures were supposed to carry in their heads. Most readers have no doubt heard of the precious jewel which the toad carries in his brain box, and so called toad stones, which were in reality the teeth of fossil fish, were formerly worn in finger rings as a protection against poisons, at the presence of which they were supposed to change color. It was thought that the best stones were those voluntarily ejected by the living toads, but as the latter were not addicted to freely giving up their treasures in that way, it was necessary to procure the coveted articles by other means, and the recognized method was to decapitate the hapless batrachian at the instant he swallowed his breath.

The feat naturally demanded considerable celerity, such as could only have been acquired by constant practice; and it is not unreasonable, therefore, to assume that although the endeavors to gain possession of the jewels were perhaps numerous, they must invariably have been unsatisfactory, especially to toads. The eagle stone was considered an excellent thing to wear during pregnancy, and the swallow carried in its stomach stones of great medicinal value. —Chambers' Journal.

The Editor's Hope.

We hope this is true. We should like it to be true; to put it on record among the wonderful doings of Northampton citizens. This is the story: W. H. Pratt was fishing in the old bed in about three feet of water when he noticed a fine pound and a half pickered chewing his hook. Slowly, carefully he began to haul him in, when around the captured fish the waters rolled in wild commotion and a huge fish about three feet long was seen making frantic efforts to swallow the pickered. Mr. Pratt waded out to catch a closer glimpse of the monster, who, with a wicked roll of the eye, turned tail and made off, leaving a track as large as the wake of a steamer. —Hampshire Gazette.



Mildest, purest and best smoking tobacco made. Does not bite the tongue. Mastiff gives more solid comfort in one package than you can get out of a dozen others. Packed in canvas pouches. J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

IN THE SELECTION OF A CHOICE GIFT or of an addition to one's library, elegance and usefulness will be found combined in WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY. SUCCESSOR OF THE UNABRIDGED. Ten years' revision. 100 editors employed. Original examination invited. Get the best. Sent by all booksellers. Pamphlet free. G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Springfield, Mass.

HAY FEVER CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of sufferer in the U. S. Address, 12, South St., N. Y. City.

SEEDS. Of all kinds and in any quantity—wholesale and retail—at low rock prices. E. J. BOWEN, 65 Front Street, Portland, Or. Send for catalogue.

If you have a COLD or COUGH, acute or leading to CONSUMPTION, SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA. IS SUCH CURE FOR IT. This preparation contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and the purest Cod Liver Oil. It is as palatable as milk. Three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others made. For all forms of Wasting Diseases, Bronchitis, CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, and as a Flesh Producer there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by profuse explanation or impudent ostentatious induce you to accept a substitute.

INDIAN DEPRECIATION PENSION PATENTS LAND HOMESTEAD POSTAL CLAIMS

THE "EXAMINER" BUREAU OF CLAIMS—UNDER THE DIRECTION OF—San Francisco Examiner. If you have a claim of any description whatsoever against the United States Government and wish it speedily adjudicated, address JOHN WEDDERBURN, Manager, 815 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

MORPHINE HABIT! SURE CURE. Pacific Medicine Co., 529 Clay St., San Francisco.

PIANOS and ORGANS. WINTER & HARPER, 71 - Morrison Street, Portland, Or. BOX 802.

J. McCRACKEN & CO., DEALERS IN—Boche Harber Lins, Portland Cement, Gasoline and Glass Plaster, Hair, Fire Brick and Fire Clay, LAND PLASTER, 66 North Front Street, Cor. D, PORTLAND, OR.

THE HOME MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF CALIFORNIA. Organized 1864. Assets, \$67,952.19. Lowest paid stock organization, \$3,775,750.21. One of the most successful fire insurance companies of the age. Write for prospectus upon its reputation for solidity, honorable dealing, equitable adjustments and prompt payment of fire losses. Agents at all principal points. Office—Corner building, Portland, Or. J. H. Bush, Manager. North-western Department: Arthur Wilson, Sec'y; Joe P. B. Webber, Cashier; J. S. Watson, Special Advt.

HOYT & CO. Want an agent in every town in Oregon, Washington and Idaho to sell PIANOS and ORGANS. On commission. No stock or capital needed. Music teachers preferred. Special rates on all goods. Write for particulars. PORTLAND, OR.

PORTLAND Business COLLEGE. Portland, Oregon. A. F. Armstrong, Prin. Branch School: CAPITAL Hill, COLLEGE, Salem, Oregon. Same courses of study, same rates of tuition. Business, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship, and English Departments. In session throughout the year. Students admitted at any time. Catalogue from either school, free.

JOHNSTON & LAWRENCE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—Plumbers and Engineers' Supplies, Hand and Steam Pumps, Iron Pipe, Rams, Pipe Covering, Lubricators, Water Motors, Fans and Ventilators, Cash Registers, Etc. Write for prices. 232 First St., PORTLAND, OR. Contractors on heating and ventilating buildings. Estimates furnished.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE. Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!

YOUNG MEN! The Specific A No. 1. Cures all kinds of Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, etc. without pain or danger. It is a powerful remedy. Cures when everything else has failed. Sold by all Druggists. Manufactured by The A. Serravallo Medicine Co., Palermo, Italy. Price, 50 Cents. On San Jose Cal.

WANTED! Agents to sell the "Life of Parnell" containing a biography of W. E. Gladstone. The most popular and best selling book ever offered. Profusely illustrated. Agents are making over \$100 per day. Agents wanted for territory can supply any book publisher. Mention this paper. WOODWARD PUBLISHING CO., San Francisco, California. P. O. No. 417—S. F. N. Y.