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## AN OPTICAL DELUSION.

The Story of a Martinet Colonel, a  
Captain and a Sword.

The colonel, a rigid martinet, is sitting at the window of his room when, looking out, he sees a captain crossing the barrack yard toward the gate. Looking at him closely, he is shocked to observe that, the rules and regulations to the contrary notwithstanding, the captain does not carry a sword.

"How can it be," he thought, "that from the window I see a captain without a sword, and yet when I step up to my room for a sword, I see a captain with a sword?"

The captain obeys promptly, borrows a sword of the officer of the guard, the guardroom being at the foot of the stairs, and presents himself to the colonel in irreproachable dress.

The colonel is somewhat surprised to see the sword in its place and, having to invent some pretext for calling his subordinate back, says, with some confusion: "Beg your pardon, captain, but really I've forgotten what it was I wanted to speak to you about. However, it can't have been very important. It'll keep. Good morning."

The captain salutes, departs, returns the sword to its owner and is making off across the barrack yard, where he again comes within range of the colonel's vision.

The colonel rubs his eyes, stares, says softly to himself: "How in thunder is this? He hasn't a sword to his waist!" then calls aloud: "Captain! Ho, captain! One moment, please!"

The captain returns, borrows the sword again, mounts the stairs and enters the colonel's presence. His commanding officer stares at him intently. He has a sword; he sees it; he hears it clink.

"Captain," he stammers, growing very hot, "it's ridiculous, you know, but—ha! ha!—I'd just remembered what I wanted to say to you, and now—ha! ha!—it's gone out of my head again! Funny, isn't it? Ha, ha, ha! Losing my memory. Never mind. I'll think of it and write you. Good morning."

The captain salutes, departs, returns the sword to its owner and makes for the gate. As he crosses the barrack yard the colonel calls his wife to his side and says, "See that officer out there?"

"Yes."  
"Has he got a sword on?"  
The colonel's wife adjusts her eyeglasses upon him, scans him keenly and says, "He hasn't a taste of a sword."  
The colonel: "That's just where you fool yourself. Yes, he has."—London Graphic.

## Earthquakes in the Desert.

Hans Doring writes of a singular experience in an earthquake while traveling in the desert of Gobi: "I had just dropped off to sleep when I woke up with a feeling of great anxiety, which I could not explain other than that I had a presentiment that some great danger was impending. It was explained soon enough. All of a sudden while I was still wondering whence my sudden fear came I heard a loud noise beneath the ground which sounded as if a subterranean express was approaching. Nearer and nearer it came, and before I could get off the train I had been sleeping through the earthquake. I thought my last hour had come and expected to see the walls collapse. The rafters of the roof rattled on the beams, and the whole house shook. If the house had been higher it would have collapsed, but the walls, not quite ten feet high, are built of mud with an elastic framework of wood to carry the roof. It appears that these houses are built to resist earthquakes, their simplicity and elasticity saving them from destruction."

## Rather Negative.

Father—Well, Tommy, what did you learn at school today? Tommy—I learned that two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative. Father—And what's an affirmative? Tommy—I don't know. We haven't got that far along yet.—Chicago News.

## Special Rate.

The Preacher—Have you special rates for clergymen? The Hotel Clerk—Yes, sir; we charge them a dollar extra. The Preacher—Dollar extra? Why? The Hotel Clerk—They don't patronize the bar.—Brooklyn Eagle.

# Humor

## MARY JANE'S REASON.

Why She Wanted a Divorce From  
Jim, Her Hubby.

One Monday morning some time ago two colored women happened to be sitting next each other in a U street car, when one of them turned in surprise and, looking her companion up and down, said:

"Law! Ma' Jane, is dat you? What in de name er gracious is you all dressed up so fine fur dis soon in de mornin'?"

"Ise gwine ter co't," she proudly replied.

"Gwine ter co't? Is you been en got later a fight?"

"No, indeed. I don' neber git in no 'sputes en quar'is."

"Den is you been cotch' takin' anything?"

"Me cotch' takin' anything! No, indeed. I don' neber lay my han's on nothin' don' b'long ter me."

"Den what you gwine ter co't fer?"

"Ise gwine ter git a divo'ce fum Jim."

"Git a divo'ce fum Jim! Why, what is Jim done? Is he beat you?"

"Jim beat me! No, indeed! Dat he ain't. Jim ain't neber spuck a cross word ter me in his whole life."

"Den don't he s'p'o't you?"

"Jim s'p'o't me! I reckon Jim do. He come home de minute he gits his wagins en lays 'em all ret in my lap. S'p'o't me! Why, Liza, Jim would tek his skirt off'n his back ter gib ter me."

"Den in de name er goodness, Ma' Jane, what is you gwine git a divo'ce fum Jim fer?"

"Well, Liza, I tell you de trufe—I jes' natcherly los' my tas'er fer Jim."—Lippincott's.

## Mia Kick.

A traveler putting up at a small hotel out in California brought the porter up to his room with his angry storming.

"Want your room changed, sir? What is the matter?"

"The room's all right," fumed the guest scorchingly. "It's the bees I object to, that's all."

"Mrs. Hawkins," shouted the porter in an uninterested sort of a voice, "the gent in No. 7 is satisfied with his room, but he wants the bees changed!"

—Harper's Weekly.

## The Burglar.

A burglar was one night engaged in the pleasing occupation of stowing a good haul of swag in his bag when he was startled by a touch upon his shoulder, and, turning his head, he beheld a venerable, mild-eyed clergyman gazing sadly at him.

"Oh, my brother," groaned the reverend gentleman, "wouldst thou rob me? Turn, I beseech you—turn from thy evil ways. Return those stolen goods and depart in peace, for I am merciful and forgive. Begone!"

And the burglar, only too thankful at not being given into custody of the police, obeyed and slunk swiftly off.

Then the good old man carefully and quietly packed the swag into another bag and walked softly (so as not to disturb the slumber of the inmates) out of the house and away into the silent night. For he, too, was a burglar.

## "Cleverality."

There is a story that Charlotte Bronte when a girl of sixteen broke out angrily at some one who said she was always talking about clever people, such as Johnson and Sheridan. "Now, you don't know the meaning of clever," she said. "Sheridan might be clever—scamps often are—but Johnson hadn't a spark of 'cleverality' in him." That remark really gives the essence of Johnson and the key to the great qualities of his work, for in his case even more than in most the prose was the man. Whoever wants "cleverality" had best leave Johnson alone. The signal merit of Johnson's writings is that he always means what he says and always says what he means. He may often have talked for victory, but except perhaps in the political pamphlets he always wrote for truth.—London Times.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION  
(Serial No. 51291) (507 Coal Land)  
Department of the Interior,  
U S Land Office, The Dalles, Ore  
May, 20th 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Elmer H. Heppner, one of the heirs and for the heirs of Benjamin F. Veagan deceased, of Heppner, Oregon, who, on December 28th, 1902, made Homestead entry, 13130, for Lot 18E1/4NE1/4, NE1/4E1/4, Sec. 24 and SE1/4E1/4, Section 15 Twp 18 Range 24 East Willamette Meridian has filed notice of intention to make Final five-year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the County Clerk at his office in Heppner, Oregon, on the 6 day of July, 1909. Claimant names as witnesses: F. Burroughs, of Ione, Volney Bay, C. C. Hines and Ed. Ball, of Heppner, Oregon.  
G. W. Moore, Register.

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## Executors Notice.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Morrow.  
In the matter of the Estate of;  
Julia A. Baker, Deceased.  
Notice is hereby given that the under signed has been appointed Executor of the Will of Julia A. Baker, deceased, and that all persons having claims against said estate, are hereby required to present the same to me, duly verified, for payment, at the office of W. H. Dobyns, in Ione, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.  
Dated at Ione, Oregon, July 10, 1909.  
James M. Baker, Executor.  
W. H. Dobyns, Attorney.

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