

THE WHITE WASH.

Its Presence on the Hudson Bay Company's Boat Explained. It is or was a rule of the Hudson Bay company that no woman be allowed passage on its boats. One day some years ago as a steamer of the company neared one of the northern most ports a string of white garments was seen stretched across the deck. The watchers were amazed, for to them the wash line suggested only the presence of a woman aboard the boat. Comment was freely made of the scandal that would ensue and the makeup that would follow. When the boat docked the line of washing had disappeared—still another proof of the scandal. Later one of the landmen said to the captain: "Why, how did it happen that you carried a woman passenger this trip?" "There was never a woman along the whole voyage," was the indignant answer. "What do you mean?" "If there was no woman aboard where did all that white wash come from?" was the triumphant reply. The captain looked puzzled for a moment, and then he laughed. "Oh," he said, "and didn't we have Lord Strathcona, the governor himself along with us on this trip? And every day doesn't he insist on having his clean white shirt, no matter how far north we are? That's the white wash you saw strung along deck. And what's more, doesn't his lordship insist upon having his London paper laid beside his plate every morning, no matter if it is a year old?"—Pearson's.

MISS BARRYMORE SUES FOR DIVORCE



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE.

Actress who filed suit for separation against her millionaire husband and then kisses and made up. The Colt baby brought the parents together.

to digestion. Grapes should never be eaten except after the chief meal of the day. Taken when the stomach is comparatively empty, they are a specially harmful fruit.—Family Doctor.

Ruler of Russia's Title. The general allusion to the ruler of Russia as the czar is, strictly speaking, incorrect. His official title is "emperor and autocrat." Czar is the old Russian word for lord or prince and was abandoned by Peter the Great on his triumphant return from Poltava, his crowning victory over Charles XII, of Sweden. Since then the Russian monarch has been officially entitled emperor, and at the congress of Vienna in 1815 his right to the imperial term was admitted by the powers, with the proviso that, though he was emperor, he had no precedence over the kings of western Europe.—St. James' Gazette.

The Modern Idea. Roman Guide (Impressively)—The ruins of the Coliseum! Seattle Man (astonished)—Well, what do you think of that? Why, I saw photographs of that heap twenty years ago. Roman Guide (loftily)—Quite likely, sir. Seattle Man—But why in thunder aren't those ruins cleared away and a modern Coliseum erected?—New Orleans Picayune.

Unless. Townsend—Can a man live on \$1 a day? Beers—Certainly, unless he's so prodigal as to lay something aside for a rainy day, keep up his insurance, eat when he's hungry, buy clothes and pay his bills.—Chicago News.

Flight. "Would you take \$10,000 to fly from Albany to New York?" "Why not? Our cashier took only \$1,000 to fly to Europe."

Receiving. Mr. Closecayne (during his wife's reception)—She gives 'em lights, she gives 'em music, she gives 'em food, flowers, champagne, and that's what she calls receiving.—London Tit-Bits.

Prepared. Billy—Do you think widowers make good husbands? Billy—Sure. They know what's coming to them.—New York Times.

A Persistent Yankee. To illustrate Yankee persistency a Wall street magnate told the following story the other day: "A new England Yankee who was a prisoner on a pirate ship in the good old days when pirates roamed the seas became, because of his Yankee attributes, objectionable to his captors. It was finally decided to maroon him on a desert island with but little food and a coffin to remind him of his inevitable fate. The island was found, and the New Englander and the coffin were left alone on the beach, while the pirate ship sailed away. For several days she sailed and then became becalmed. For three days she lay there with not a breath of air. On the evening of the third day a black speck was noticed on the horizon. It steadily grew larger and soon was close enough for the men on the ship to make out what it was. The man of millions paused for an instant and then said, smiling, "It was the Yankee in his coffin, with half of the lid in either hand rowing for home."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

How to Quit Smoking. Do not light the first cigar less than half an hour after breakfast. The more difficult this delay may be, the more need there is for a cure. The remainder of the day smoke the same as usual. It is only the first cigar with which we are dealing. Keep this up for a week, then lengthen the interval to an hour for another week, then make it one and a half hours, two, two and a half, and so on. If you have an "all gone" sensation, a longing for something and don't know what sort of feeling, eat an orange or apple or almost any kind of fruit, but don't smoke until the time is up. The nerves being deprived of their morning stimulant are crying for nourishment, which nature is hastening to supply through increased appetite to supply digestion. By the time the first cigar is entirely eliminated the cure is effected with no serious derangement of the heart or digestive apparatus. It now requires only a moderate will power to make the cure permanent.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Under the Orator's Spell. Justice Brewer was once speaking of the oratory of John B. Gough. "I would go home after hearing his eloquence thoroughly elated, but when my father or mother asked me what Gough had said I could not tell them for the life of me. I remember once at a Yale commencement along in the fifties, about the time that I was graduated there, an incident illustrating the force of personal magnetism. Gough was to deliver an oration. He spoke, of course, on temperance. There was a distinguished audience. On the stage were many of the venerable, notable men in New Haven of that day. A large space was clear about the table, for Gough liked to walk back and forth as he talked. He described how a drunkard had beaten his wife and came to his climax with, 'Any man who would kick a woman ought to be kicked out of the universe!' "He emphasized his words with a vigorous thrust of one foot, whereas every person on the stage, intensely wrought up by the orator, likewise kicked outward as did Gough."—Kansas City Journal.

When Tabby Raises Her Battle Cry. Despite the cat's softness, laziness, fluidness and purring amiability, her piercing war cry in the night startles and exasperates us beyond all bearing—not by its loudness, but by a certain vicious, weird, half terrifying, half infuriating note in it that makes us spring to arms with the bootjack or other substitute for the boomerang, as the warwhoop of our tribal enemies did a century or centuries ago, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Success Magazine.

One of Mark Twain's wise old frontiersmen had caught this note when he explained to the tenderfoot that animal speech had rules of composition and grammar, just like human speech, and that "the reason a cat riles ye so ain't on account of the noise she makes, but on account of the sickenin' bad grammar she uses." And he was right, for the grammar of scarp lifting and the whole alphabet of battle, murder and sudden death tangles and screams in the rasping cry.

Haskins for Health. Vienna once possessed the strictest dramatic censor ever known in the person of Franz Hoegelin, who held that post in the Austrian capital at the beginning of the last century. Hoegelin published a manual for the guidance of censors. "A pair of lovers should never be allowed to appear on the stage alone. They must always be accompanied by a third person of mature years." Marriages out of one's class were also strictly forbidden by Hoegelin on the stage, and he quotes an instance of a play which he refused to pass because the author made the hero, Count Valdemar, marry a gardener's daughter. "Such misalliances have unfortunately been known

to occur in real life, but that is no reason why they should be allowed on the stage," he said.

Not the Same. On one occasion when "The Mikado" was being rehearsed Gilbert called out from the middle of the stalls, "There is a gentleman in the left group not holding his fan correctly." The stage manager appeared and explained, "There is one gentleman," he said, "who is absent through illness." "Ah," came the reply from the author in grave, matter of fact tones, "that is not the gentleman I am referring to."—Dundee Advertiser.

A Silent Partner. Nibbitt—That woman who just went out is the partner of your joys and sorrows, I suppose? Rufon—She's partner to my joys all right, but when it comes to my sorrows she slips over to see her mother.

Very Devoted. "What have you tied that string around your finger for?" "My wife's away, and this is to remind me that I promised to think of her every day."—Toledo Blade.

Chip of the Old Block. Caller (viewing the baby)—Do you think he is going to resemble father? Mother—I shouldn't be surprised. He keeps me up nights even now.—Boston Transcript.

Can You Blame Him? "Pa, what does 'skeptical' mean?" "That describes a man's feelings when a woman tells her age."—New York Press.

The long look within ourselves will cure us of a lot of impatience with other folks.—Henry F. Cope.

Not For Fashion's Sake. The criminal law of England was formerly marked by indiscriminating severity. Theft of an article valued above 10 shillings was punished with death. In writing about "Sweet Hampstead and its Associations" Mrs. White records a pleasant thing of Lord Mansfield, who, as a rule, leaned to the side of mercy. It was Lord Mansfield who directed a jury to find a stolen trinket less in value than 10 shillings in order that the thief might escape capital punishment. To this the jeweler who prosecuted demurred, asserting that the fashion of the thing had cost him twice that money. "Gentlemen," replied the judge, with grave solemnity, "we ourselves stand in need of mercy. Let us not hang a man for the fashion's sake!"

MacMahon's Epigram. When Marshal MacMahon in the Crimean campaign took the Malakoff by storm and wrote his celebrated dispatch, "J'y suis; j'y reste" ("Here I am; here I stay"), these words made him famous all over the world. Yet his friends said that the worthy soldier had written them in the most matter of fact manner, with no thought of phrase making. The most surprised person over the success of this epigram was MacMahon himself.

Helping Her Out. "Have you a young chicken? I am rather green at cooking." "Such being the case, madam, don't you think you'd better have an old, experienced fowl?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mirth. Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirit. Wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality or season.—Psalter.

Ignorance when it is voluntary is criminal.—Johnson.

Two Can Play. "Walter," called the irate diner, "there seems to be a dollar on this bill I can't account for."

"Oh, that's just a joke, sir," apologized the waiter, "just a bet the cashier and I have. I'll have it fixed right away, sir."

"What do you mean about a bet?" asked the diner, detaining him. "Well, sir, I bet the cashier 50 cents you would see the mistake, and he bet you wouldn't, so I win, sir."

"Suppose I hadn't noticed it?" "He'd have got the dollar, sir."

"Oh, I see. Give me your pencil." And he wrote a few lines on the back of the bill, folded it up and handed it to the waiter. "Take that to the cashier."

The waiter leaned over the cashier's shoulder as he unfolded the paper. It read: "I'll bet you \$5 that when you send this back you don't find me."

And they didn't.—Lippincott's.

Practical Help. "Mister," whined the mendicant with the wooden leg, "can't you help a poor old sailor wot has had his leg bitten off by a shark?"

"Deaf me!" exclaimed the kind hearted professor. "I believe I can, my poor man. Come around to the college."

After hobbling along for ten blocks the professor led the way through an iron gate and up to his study.

"Here you are, my poor man. Now, don't say I never gave you anything."

The beggar almost toppled over with astonishment.

"W-what's that, sir?" "Why, that's my latest book on 'Sharks and Their Ways.' If you have that book with you when you fall overboard next time you won't lose the other leg. You'll know just how to dodge them. Good day."—Chicago News.

Croquet's Revenge. There is a story of Crockett of "Stickett Minister" fame to the effect that when he offered his first volume to a Scotch firm it was returned with a polite note assuring him that there was no market for that sort of thing. The letter was marked "No. 396b." In later years when the same publishers asked him for one of his manuscripts he politely requested them to refer to their previous correspondence with him marked "396b."

One of Tom Hood's Last Jokes. Shortly before his death, being visited by a clergyman whose features as well as language were more lugubrious than consoling, Hood looked up at him compassionately and said, "My dear sir, I am afraid your religion doesn't agree with you."—Flanchette's Reminiscences.

Force of Habit. A street car conductor who recently embraced religion was called upon to take up the Sunday morning offering. He did very well until he came to a boy. "Young man," he said sternly, "you will have to pay half fare."

Stopping It. "Willie," said his mother, "are you making the baby cry?" "No'm," replied the boy, "I'm holdin' my hand over her mouth to make her

stop."

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