

THE ATLANTIC LINERS

Signs, Signals and Flags Used by the Various Companies.

COLORS OF THE BIG FUNNELS

In Some Cases They Are Very Much Alike, but the Night Lights Used by the Vessels of the Different Lines Are Quite Distinctive.

It is said that by comparatively few of the many thousands of persons that each year patronize the various lines of steamships crossing the Atlantic are familiar with the various distinguishing signs and signals employed by the vessels of the respective companies. Yet it is a very easy thing to tell at a glance to what line any given ship belongs—the American line, for instance.

About all that one must remember in the case of the vessels of our own line is that the funnels are black, each with its white band. When you see an Atlantic liner at night with a blue light forward, a red light amidships and a blue light aft you know at once that she is of the American line.

All Cunarders show a red funnel with black rings and a black top, while the night signals consist of a blue light and two red candles, each throwing out six blue balls.

There are but two of the leading transatlantic lines the ships of which carry cream colored funnels—the North German Lloyd and the Holland-America lines. The first employs a perfectly plain funnel without any other color than cream, and the latter shows a cream funnel with a white band and green borders. Signals displayed at night by these lines are, in the case of the North German Lloyd, two blue red lights, one forward and one aft, and, in the case of the Holland-America line, a green light forward and aft, with a white light under the bridge.

Two lines use buff funnels, the White Star and the Hamburg-American, the difference between the two being that, while the former shows a black top, the latter is plain buff throughout. White Star night signals are two green lights flashed simultaneously.

Quite a number of lines carry black funnels—the American with a white band, as mentioned above; the Anchor, which is entirely black; the Bristol, with a variegated and fancy touch, the black smokestack being relieved by a white band in the center and a blue star in the middle of the white band. In the regular service of the Hamburg-American line, as distinguished from the express service, we find that the color is plain black, while the Red Star is black with a white band and a black top.

The Scandinavian-American and the Wilson lines have red and black funnels, black in the first case with a red top and red funnel with a black top in the second.

The red funnel of the French line has a black top similar to the funnels of other lines, but with different proportions of color. On this line the night signals are a blue light forward, a white light amidships and a red light aft, forming the French tricolor. At night the Anchor line of vessels shows a white light, then a red. The Bristol displays a green light only. The Hamburg-American ships for both services, regular and express, show two red-white-blue lights in quick succession at the stern. The Red Star displays three red lights, one forward, one aft and one amidships, all flashed together. The Scandinavian line employs one white-red, followed by one red-white light, and the Wilson puts out two red lights about sixty feet apart.

It will be observed from the foregoing that the night signals of all the different lines vary, while the funnels in some cases are very similar. This, however, does not lead to confusion, for in determining the line to which a vessel belongs one must also take into consideration the flag or pennant she flies. Every line, of course, carries a different "house flag" as it is called.

The flag of the Cunard line is red with a golden lion in the center, while that of the White Star vessels is of the same color, but swallowtail in shape and containing a white star. The house flag of the Red Star line is exactly the same as that of the White Star company with the colors reversed—flag white, star red.

The flag of the Hamburg-American line is an elaborate affair—white and blue diagonally quartered with a black anchor and a yellow shield in the center. The North German Lloyd flag is a handsome one, showing a design of a key and an anchor crossed in the center of a laurel wreath in blue on a white field.

The Atlantic Transport line flies a pretty flag of red, white and blue horizontal bars, with stars.—Edwin Torrisse in Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Just One Sentence.

"They say that Stevenson frequently worked a whole afternoon on a single line."
"That's nothing. I know a man who has been working the last six years on one sentence."—Boston Transcript.

The Two Power Standard.

"England thinks her navy ought to be just twice as large as that of her principal rival."
"My wife likes to regulate her wardrobe along those identical lines."—Pittsburg Post.

The liar is sooner caught than the cripple.—Spanish Proverb.

ALEXANDER'S SNAKE.

A Story of Magic and Credulity in the Olden Days.

No snake that ever lived won greater fame for the time than Alexander's. Lucian tells the story. Apollonius, a master of the magic arts, had many disciples, among whom was a practicing physician who lived in Abonotichus, a small town on the shore of the Black sea. There Alexander was born of humble parentage and imbibed from the old doctor all that he had learned from Apollonius of medicine and magic. He was a lad of striking appearance, tall, handsome, with a fine head of hair, lustrous brown eyes and a voice sweet and limpid. "God grant," wrote Lucian, who knew him, "that I may never meet with such another. His coming was wonderful, his dexterity matchless. His eagerness for knowledge, his capacity for learning and power of memory were equally extraordinary."

Such was the well favored young peasant who sallied forth from his native town in search of fame and fortune. Soon he fell in with one Coconius, a shrewd tipster for the races and somewhat of a juggler. The two rogues joined forces and meandered about telling fortunes. Arriving at Pella, they found a great number of huge, harmless snakes which lived in the houses, played and slept with the children and destroyed poisonous rats. Alexander promptly purchased one of the largest, a veritable monster, so tame that it would coil about his body and remain in any desired position. Then he made a human face for it out of linen, painted it ingeniously and shaped it so that the mouth would open and shut by an arrangement of horsehair, letting the forked tongue shoot in and out at the will of the master. Having no further use for Coconius, he either administered poison to him or let him die from some infection and returned with his snake to his native town. There he declared himself a prophet and announced that the god Aesculapius was about to appear. The people were credulous, excitable and eager for a new divinity.

When the great day arrived Alexander pretended to discover in a puddle of water a goose egg which he had placed there after removing the contents, substituting a small embryo snake just born and carefully sealing the shell with wax. When the multitude had gathered he broke the shell and produced the tiny creature, which in a few moments grew to be the monster from Pella by the simple process of substitution. Thereafter the big snake, believed to be Aesculapius, led a busy life. He gave sentences, told fortunes in writing and even spoke freely, with the aid of the prophet's ventriloquial powers. Alexander grew rich and powerful, kept a small army of retainers and spies, wielded no little influence over the government even at Rome and died at a ripe old age in the fullness of his renown. What became of the snake nobody knows. Probably at the last the prophet dispatched the faithful creature to prevent the discovery of his deception after his death.—George Harvey in North American Review.

The Kind Cat.

A neighbor of old Mrs. Harrington killed a fine pig one day. He cut it up and hung the pieces in his woodshed. Mrs. Harrington's cat climbed into the shed that night, stole a large pork chop and carried it home to her mistress. The minister happened to call on the old lady the next day. She was just frying the chop. She told the minister how miraculously it had been brought to her by the cat.

"And, oh, sir," she said proudly, "it was almost beautiful to see the way the sweet animal brought me the pork chop. It quite seemed to my mind what we read in Holy Writ about Elijah and the ravens."—Exchange.

The Courtship Gate.

We have been shown a design for an upholstered front gate which seems destined to become very popular. The footboard is cushioned, and there is a warm soapstone on each side, the inside step being adjustable, so that a short girl can bring her lips to the line of any given mustache without trouble. If the gate is occupied at 10:30 p. m., an iron hand extends from one gate post, takes the young man by the left ear, turns him around, and he is at once started toward home by a steel foot. The girl can, if she likes, set this part at a later hour than 10:30.—Jones County (Ga.) News.

Cibraltar's Searchlight Battery.

For ships to pass around Gibraltar, England's and the world's greatest fortress, without being observed even at night is a practical impossibility, owing to the great battery of searchlights arranged along the bottom of the rock. A ship running either in or out runs into one of the fixed beams of light and is revealed. A moving beam of light then follows her until the lookout officers are satisfied as to her intentions.—Popular Mechanics.

Clothes.

"Clothes don't make the man," quoted a sage.
"They made me!" said a retired tailor.
"And where should I be if it wasn't for suits?" chimed in a lawyer's clerk.

Something From Nothing.

"It is impossible to take something from nothing," quoted the wise guy.
"Well, you come pretty close to it when you take the conceit out of some people," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

A wise man thinks before he speaks, but a fool speaks and then thinks of what he has been saying.

THE TRUE BLUEBEARD

He Was a Cruelly and Malevolently Maligned Frenchman.

NOT A MURDEROUS MONSTER.

He Had Matrimonial Misfortunes, It Is True, but He Seems to Have Been the Only One Who Came to Grief on Account of Them—His Tragic End.

The supposedly detestable Bluebeard, the monster of murders polygamy, the very name of the ogre into whose mouth one used, if one could, in childhood's happy hour, to throw India rubber balls, was in truth a man who has been as cruelly and malevolently maligned by history as Nero, Richard III., Macbeth, traitor grand. So says M. Anatole France and pray who can speak with higher authority on the real facts of life?—In "Les Sept Femmes de la Barbe-Bleue et Autres Contes Merveilleux." One knew already that Charles Perrault first wrote, in about 1690, the historical biography of Bluebeard, but one did not know until now how deeply Perrault, probably through false information, wronged the memory of an excellent and ill treated personage. From M. France we learn that M. Bernard de Montroux, of old and noble descent, lived in 1650 or thereabouts at the ancestral Chateau Les Guilletes, on the estates between Compiègne and Pierrefonds. The castle, of frowning outward aspect, was inside a treasure house of taste and wealth. Its owner, contrary to long existing tradition, wore no beard, only a mustache and a little tuft below the lower lip. He was known through the countryside as Bluebeard because his hair was very black, and therefore his close shaven cheeks and chin were markedly blue. He was a fine figure of a man who, in spite of his manifest advantages as a good match, did not get on well with women of his own rank in life. This was due to an incurable shyness on his part. Pleasant and pretty girls who had been well brought up attracted him immensely, but also filled him with an indescribable terror.

The first notable result of this affliction was that the unfortunate orphan, for such he had been since his early youth, incapable of making proposals for the hand of any of the attractive and high born ladies in the neighborhood, married a certain Colette Passage, a fascinating girl in her way, against whose character nothing seems known, who was going round the country with a dancing bear. Things went well enough for a few months, and then Colette, who had at first revealed in being a lady of quality, began to long for her old freedom. The longing became irresistible, and at last she took her departure secretly with her justly beloved bear. It is noteworthy that they made their escape by way of a room that had a door leading to what had been water meadows, and so to open country. Perrault called this room "le petit cabinet," but it was also known as "the wretched princesses' room," because a Florentine painter had covered its walls with the most lifelike figures of Circe, Niobe and Procris. The tragic effect of these paintings was enhanced by the porphyry flooring of the room, which suggested bloodstains.

Montroux appeared inconsolable at the disappearance, which was complete, of Colette, his first wife, and doubtless his lot would have been far less unhappy if he had never tried to console himself. This, most unfortunately, he did by marrying one Jeanne-de-la-Croix, who turned out to be a violent dipsomaniac. Bluebeard was of a nature so kindly and noble that, although in a fit of mad passion she nearly killed him with a kitchen knife, he continually hoped to reclaim her by kindness. But one day she strayed into the generally shut up princesses' room, took the painted figures for real people and was so terrified that she rushed wildly into the open fields, tumbled into a deep pool, and so was drowned.

So things went on, a new affliction with each new wife, and in each case the final catastrophe was associated with the princesses' room. The climax to the unhappy career of the more than worthy and lovable Bernard de Montroux came with his seventh wife, Jeanne de Lespoise, cleverest and most fascinating of a family of utterly unscrupulous adventurers. No one knew anything about the supposed late husband of the mother. Of the two brothers, a dragoon and a musketeer, one was a low rascal and a mere sponger; the other lived on gaming and on the good nature of women to whom he made love. Anne, the sister, was the incarnation of malicious cunning. Associated with this precious family was a certain Chevalier de Merlus, who had a great deal to do with the final tragedy of M. de Montroux's career. The nature of this tragedy may be inferred, but it is curious that, while Perrault represented Bluebeard as taking a journey in order to lay a trap for his wife, the fact was exactly opposite. Both before and after his marriage he had heaped benefits on all these wretches. When he was obliged to go away in the matter of an inheritance he gave all his keys without reserve to his wife, warning her out of pure love against the unhappy associations of the princesses' room. As soon as he was out of the way a trap was laid for him, and it was in that very room that he was most treacherously assassinated. The worst and the best of it was that M. de Merlus, after marrying the wealthy widow, became an exemplary husband and subject of the king.

HE WAS NOT A FLIRT.

Therefore He Resented the Woman's Attempts at Familiarity.

He was riding homeward, comfortably seated and reading his paper. Being a trifle nearsighted, he was applying himself even more closely to his paper than other homeward passengers. Thus intent in the day's news, he was startled when a woman came up beside him and touched him lightly on the shoulder, at the same time casting a longing eye on his seat.

He is a polite man, and he got up "A woman with that much nerve is entitled to a seat," he muttered to himself. "The idea of a woman deliberately nudging a man out of his seat!" Other women standing near by laughed unreservedly. He hid his embarrassment behind his paper, for he felt that his good nature had been imposed upon and that the laugh was on him.

By and by there was a vacant seat next to the one he had given up to the woman, and he sat down once more. The woman turned and looked at him amusedly. He could feel her gaze, even though he made a bluff at being intensely interested in his paper. Pretty raw, it seemed to him, for a woman deliberately to take the seat of a total stranger and then sit there and laugh at him because he was such a mark.

Then the woman spoke to him, "Aren't you going to talk to me?" she asked.

He could stand her familiarity no longer. "Well, of all the"—He stopped right there when he looked around and recognized her. It was his wife—Cleveland Leader.

COOKS' SHOPS.

They Were the Beginnings of the Modern Restaurant.

In primitive times the only places in London where the public could be entertained with food had been the cooks' shops. The famous East Cheap was a great thoroughfare, down which the stalls of the butchers alternated with those of the cooks. You chose a joint at the fresh market, and you carried it next door to be cooked for you by a certain hour. If you wished for wine, you must bring that with you, for the cooks sold no liquor, although they seem to have provided, as the natural accompaniments of meat, such as bread, vegetables and poultry.

This habit continued until well into the reign of Elizabeth, and so long as such an inconvenient custom prevailed there could have been no real comfort for any citizen who chose to dine abroad. He must have had as much trouble with portage and baskets as a country party has today at a picnic. But about the time that Shakespeare came up to London a remarkable change took place in the customs of the town, and the practice of public hospitality and entertainment was singularly facilitated.

The nature of this change lay in the sudden development of the tavern and the consequent withdrawal of the cookshop. The worshipful company of pasticcieri, as the cooks were called, ceased to enjoy the monopoly of providing hot meals.—Edmund Gosse in Harper's Magazine.

Railroads Are Never Finished.

In one respect a railroad is unlike any other project undertaken by man—it is never finished. Like a cucumber vine, says a writer in Popular Mechanics, the instant it ceases to grow it begins to wither. There must be continuous expansion and enlargement. Larger cars require more powerful locomotives, and both in turn call for heavier rails, bigger roundhouses, stronger bridges, longer platforms and sidings, increased safety devices, while the straightening of curves and the leveling of grades come in for their share of attention on even the oldest roads. Little wonder, then, with our railroads consuming nearly one-half of all our manufactured steel and iron and fully one-half of all the lumber made each year, that they are the unfailing barometer of the business activity of the nation.

The Wonders of Science.

It was left for the exhibitor of a phonograph in the streets of Utrecht, according to an American traveler, to put the finishing touch to the wonderful invention. There was the sound of a military band in full blast, and then suddenly the tune stopped and "Halt!" rang hoarsely out upon the air.
"Who's that interrupting the concert?" flippantly inquired the American, edging close to the operator.
"That," said the man, surveying him blandly, "was the voice of Napoleon Bonaparte giving the order at the battle of Waterloo."

That Was the Trouble.

A Wichita man was fusing because of his aching teeth. "Why don't you go to a dentist?" asked one of his friends.

"Oh, I haven't got the nerve," was the reply.
"Never mind that," replied the friend. "The dentist will find the nerve all right."—Kansas City Journal.

Literary Analysis.

"Shakespeare's works are marvelous revelations of poetry."
"Poetry," echoed the Baconian scornfully. "They are merely a collection of epigrams, with some figures of speech thrown in to make them harder."—Washington Star.

His Wise Plan.

"I never have any luck."
"Neither do I," responded the other citizen. "Therefore I keep out of enterprises requiring gobs of luck to be a success."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

QUEER FREAKS OF LIGHTNING

London Lancet Gives Account of the Mysterious Element

Perhaps the most surprising result of a lightning stroke is to be seen in those cases where no real harm is produced, though the injury to the clothing may make it certain that the lightning did hit the person and even a watch chain has been fused without injury to its owner. It is, however, more common for temporary unconsciousness to be present, even if perfect health is regained. A very curious effect is sometimes produced. The person struck is killed and yet he remains in the very attitude in which he was at the moment of death.

Eight farm laborers were resting at dinner time under an oak tree when they were all struck and killed by the same flash of lightning. When found they appeared to be still eating. One held a glass, another was carrying a piece of bread to his mouth and a third had his hand on a plate. In another case a woman was struck while picking a poppy. The body was found standing with the bowler still in her hand. The most probably explanation of these occurrences is the instantaneous onset of rigor mortis, and it has been shown experimentally that in animals killed by electricity the onset of rigor mortis can be hastened by increasing the strength of the current.

Perhaps the most curious accompaniment of a lightning shock is the stripping off of the clothes. This appears to be very common. Dr. G. Wilks of Ashford, Kent, describes a case in which a man was struck by lightning while standing by a willow tree. Immediately afterward his boots were found at the foot of the tree and the man was lying on his back two yards off, absolutely naked except for part of the left arm of his

annel vest. He was conscious, but much burned, and his left leg was broken. The field around was strewn with fragments of the clothes, which were torn from top to bottom. The boots were partly torn. Flammarion mentions a case in 1898 in which three women were standing round a reaping machine when one of them was struck by lightning and killed; the others were uninjured, but they were stripped absolutely naked, even their boots being removed.

MOLBY HOPS

Report From the Capitol City Indicates Larger Percentage Than Expected.

In regard to the Oregon hop crop the Salem Statesman quotes a local hop dealer as follows:

"Before the baling of the present crop is finished it will probably be discovered that there are more molby hops this year than was thought possible a month ago. The majority of the reports now coming in show that the crop is coming down much lighter than was expected before picking began, and at the same time mold has developed in many of the yards where it was believed that spraying had effectually eliminated the possibility of damage to the crop by vermin. In the yards where the vines had the best attention the damage has, of course, been lightest, but I have seen many yards the past few days, and I have not seen many where there were no traces of mold. In the yards where the lice were permitted to work their havoc unmolested the crop is decidedly in bad shape.

A. D. Harpold and Lon Burk were in town from Bonanza Saturday.

Tom Wilson of Poe valley was in the city Saturday on business.


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Salt, one-half ground, per ton	20.00
Snap Soap, 100 bars for	3.50
Coffee, per pound	18c to .40
Tea, per pound	40c to .50
Star Tobacco, per plug	.45
Horseshoe Tobacco, per plug	.45
Spear Head Tobacco, per plug	.45
Rice, per pound	8c, 10c and .11
Beans per pound	6c and .07
Columbia Oat Flakes, piece to china-wafer in, each package	.35
Violet Oats, package	.15
Violet Pancake Flour	.15
Roll'd Oats, in bulk, 10 pounds for	1.00
Dried Prunes, 20 pounds for	1.00
Sugar, per sack	6.75

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