A Lesson In Grammar.

In a certain mountainous region the teachers are appointed with little question concerning their grammatical orthodoxy. Occasionally, however, a wave of school reform sweeps through the valleys, and undesired examinations are thrust upon embarrassed pedagogues.

It was during one of these periods of intellectual discomfort that the following sentence was given: "The bird flew over the house." Accompanying it was the query, "Is 'flew' a regular or an irregular verb?"

One teacher after another shook his head hopelessly despite the slow, thought inspiring fashion in which the examiner repeated the perplexing fact that "The – bird – flew – over – the – house."

Finally a man rose in the rear, and, with the assurance of one who puts his trust in logic and a practical knowledge of natural history, he volunteered a solution. Said he:

"If that bird which flew over the house was a wild goose, it went in a straight, regular line, so the verb is regular. But if it was a peckwood that flew over the house, then it went in a crooked, zigzag line, and so the verb is irregular."

All but the grammar bound examiner were satisfied with this sensible and rational explanation. — Youth's Companion.

Artistic Slips.

It is a frequent matter of lamentation on the part of artists that one of their number may spend genius and time on a piece of work, only to fail conspicuously in small detail.

There is a story that one Royal academician gave a hand five fingers and a thumb and that another painted a live lobster bright red.

The clever Goodall had been engaged in painting a number of laborers dragging a huge stone across the desert when a man of science entering the studio said to him: "I say, Goodall, if you want those fellows to pull that stone you must double their number. It would require just twice as many for the task."

But it is not modern painters alone who slip up on points of accuracy. Even Albrecht Durer in a scene representing Peter denying Christ painted one of the Roman soldiers in the act of smoking. Turner put a rainbow beside the sun, and in another picture he got fearfully tangled in the ship's rigging.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fixing a Photografter.

Senator Stone of Missouri once made himself unpopular with a certain photographer. The latter individual appeared at the senator's room at the capitol and announced that he was there to take a picture. Stone expostulated, but in vain. A few days later the photographer again appeared and presented the pictures and also a bill for $10. Remembering how hopeless was his argument against having the picture taken, Senator Stone decided it would be still more useless for him to decline to pay for them. So he wrote a check. After the man's name was on the check he wrote the word "Photografter."

When the man presented the check at the senate disbursing office for payment, he was required to indorse the check and write after his name, just as it was written on the face of the check, the word "Photo-grafter."—St. Louis Republic.

A Limit to His Power.

A curious historical anecdote is handed down from the time of James I. James, being in want of £20,000, applied to the corporation for a loan. The corporation refused. The king insisted. "But, sire, you cannot compel us," said the lord mayor. "No," exclaimed James, "but I'll ruin you and the city forever. I'll remove my courts of law, my court itself and my parliament to Winchester or to Oxford and make a desert of Westminster, and then think what will become of you!" "May it please your majesty," replied the lord mayor, "you are at liberty to remove yourself and your courts to wherever you please; but, sire, there will always be one consolation to the merchants of London—your majesty cannot take the Thames along with you!"

Garrick's Wit.

David Garrick on one occasion passed Tyburn as a huge crowd was assembling to witness the execution of a criminal. "Who is he?" asked the great actor of a friend who accompanied him.

"I believe his name is Vowel," was the reply.

"Ah," said Garrick, "I wonder which of the vowels he is, for there are several. At all events it is certain that it is neither U nor I!"—London Saturday Review.

Quite Natural.

"Of course," said the tourist, "you know all about the antidotes for snake bite?"

"Certainly," replied the explorer.

"Well, when a snake bites you what's the thing you do?"

"Yell."—Philadelphia Press.

Two Roads.

First Mother (reading letter from son at college) — Henry's letters always send me to the dictionary. Second Mother (resignedly) — That's nothing Jack's always send me to the bank.—Puck.

Source of Supply.

Minister—My dear little boy, why don't you get an umbrella? Jakey—Since pa has quit going to church he never brings home any more umbrellas.—Jewish Ledger.

Every misfortune can be subdued with patience.—Socrates.

Nature's Vengeance.

Pliny informs us that twelve cities in Asia Minor were swallowed up in one night. In the year 115 the city of Antioch and a great part of the adjacent country were buried by an earthquake. About 300 years after it was again destroyed, along with 40,000 inhabitants, and after an interval of sixty years was a third time overturned, with the loss of not less than 60,000 souls. In 1692 the city of Port Royal, in Jamaica, was destroyed by an earthquake, and the houses sank into a gulf forty fathoms deep. In 1693 an earthquake occurred in Sicily which either destroyed or greatly damaged fifty-four cities. The city of Catalonia was utterly overthrown, 19,000 inhabitants of the city perishing in the ruins. In 1755 Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake, and it buried under its ruins above 50,000 inhabitants. In August, 1822, two-thirds of the city of Aleppo, containing a population of 200,000, were destroyed by an earthquake. Thirty thousand of its inhabitants were buried in the ruins.

Held Down the Speaker.

The sanctity of the speaker is an inviolable law of parliamentary England, yet once the necessities of the nation were so great that an assault and battery had to be made upon his sacred person. It was in the third parliament of Charles I. that the angry commons framed their petition of rights. This cut at the very root of the king's prerogative, and among those in the house who opposed it was Mr. Speaker. Upon Sir John Elliott moving its acceptance the speaker essayed to leave the chair, which would, of course, have proved fatal to the bill. But they were ready for him, and Hollis and Valentine seized him, one on each side, and literally held him in the chair until the formality of the reading was over. So vital was the petition considered that Cromwell said in the lobby afterward, "Had we been defeated I should have left England tonight."—London Chronicle.

Undodgeable Taxes.

"In the past," said the tax assessor, "governments were wiser. They levied taxes that could not be sworn off. There was, for instance, the English birth tax of the seventeenth century. A laborer paid 2 shillings as birth tax; a duke paid £30. You couldn't get round it.

"Burials were taxed, according to the station of the dead, from a shilling to £25. That, too, could not be dodged.

"Marriages were taxed. A duke to marry paid £50; a common person, like yourself, paid half a crown.

"In those days you paid a tax on every servant, on every dog, on every horse, on your carriage, your hearth, your windows, watches, clocks, wigs, hair powder, plate, ribbons, bricks, coal, gauze and candles."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Madman's Strange Belief.

An unfortunate maniac was confined in one of the Scottish lunatic asylums, his particular infirmity being an unshakable belief that every day was Christmas day and that he was dining sumptuously on turkey or roast beef and a good slice of plum pudding. His real diet, however, was of the plainest, he being served twice daily with a dish of oatmeal porridge. After daily describing to his attendants the pleasures he had tasted in his cut of turkey or what not he as regularly added, "Yet, somehow or other, every thing that I eat tastes of porridge." This story it was which gave rise to the saying, "As palatable as the madman's porridge."

Some Famous Salt Lakes.

The Dead sea is forty miles long and nine miles wide. The Great Salt lake is seventy miles long and eighty miles wide, the largest body of brine in the world. There is evidence to show that once the Great Salt lake was at least 350 miles in length and 150 in width, nine times its present area. The Dead sea contains about 24 per cent of solids, one-third of which is pure salt, while of the 23 per cent of solid matter in the waters of Great Salt lake nearly all is salt.

Not a Question of Grammar.

The green reporter turned to Editor McKelway. "Which should I say," he asked hesitatingly, "'My boy Henry laid an egg on the table?'"

"Well," said Editor McKelway impatiently, "if you want something to crow over, and he's that kind of a hennery, let him lay it on the table if he can. Otherwise have him put it there."—Judge.

His Distinction.

A solemn funeral procession, slowly wending its way up the slope from the church to the grave, was intercepted by the old verger, who, pulling his forelock in the usual rustic style, addressed the clergyman, whispering in a confidential manner:

"Please, sir, corpse's brother wishes to speak to yer!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Nautical Secret.

Passenger—What makes this boat pitch so? Sailor—That's a nautical secret, ma'am, that we don't like to give away; but, seein' it's you, I don't mind tellin' you that it's the waves.—San Francisco Call.

He Wanted to Know.

The Employer (coldly)—Why are you so late? The Suburbanite (guiltily)—There were two wrecks on the track this morning, and— The Employer (testily)—Who was the other one?

Partly True.

Mr. Nix—I don't believe a word of your story! Weary—Well, that part about my bein' out of work for nine years is as true as gospel!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Pennyroyal and Fleas.

When it comes to talking about fleas the writer knows just where he is at. When he was a boy the country swarmed with them, and perhaps one of the things he will remember longest will be the sleepless nights and the torments that the fleas gave him when sitting in Quaker meetings, where he did not dare to scratch. For many years the people seemed to put up with them as an evil from which there was no escape, yet there was an efficient remedy growing on every farm in the shape of a modest little plant called pennyroyal, which is familiar to every country bred boy. The odor of this plant seems very offensive to many kinds of insects. A freshly bruised bunch of the plant put in a small bag and rubbed on the bed linen and then left in the bed will evict the last flea in a very few minutes. A few drops of the essential oil of the plant, which can be got at any drug store, rubbed on one's underclothing will drive them from the person immediately and if sprinkled about a room infested with fleas will clear them out.—Forest and Stream.

Before the Mirror.

He is one of those persons with a mad passion for figuring out "How much," "How long," etc., and was waiting for his wife, who was adjusting her hat before the mirror. They were going to the theater and had ten minutes to catch their train. Presently a sparkle came into his eye, and he fished a pencil and paper from his pocket. That kind of man always has a pencil and paper even in his evening clothes.

"Do you know," he said presently, looking up at his wife, who had finished adjusting her hat, "that I figure, basing my figures on observation, that a girl from six to ten spends an average of seven minutes a day before her mirror, from ten to fifteen a quarter of an hour, from fifteen to twenty twenty-two minutes. A woman of seventy will have spent 5,862 hours, or eight solid months, counting day and night. Now, a woman of your age has spent"—

"Never mind what I've spent," she said coldly, removing her hat. "You have spent fifteen minutes figuring it out, and we have missed that train."—St. Louis Republic.

A Little Retouching.

The wonders of photography are ever on the increase. Nevertheless there are still some limitations to the power and skill of even the most expert photographer. Mr. Hall is an amateur of no mean attainments, and when his old Aunt Hannah from Bushby came down to the city he secured a picture of her in her most characteristic pose—arms akimbo and mouth slightly open. When Aunt Hannah saw the first print she looked at it, held it off, drew it close again and then sat down to write her nephew:

Dear James—Yours with photograph taken during my late visit just received. In reply I would say I'm well enough pleased with it for myself and your folks. But in the one you send out to California to Emma I'd rather you'd straighten out my elbows and let my arms hang. Affectionately, AUNT HANNAH.

P. S.—Perhaps you'd better close my mouth a mite more, as Emma's husband is a stranger to me.

—Youth's Companion.

And "Everybody Laughed."

The following story was told by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler in the London P. T. O.: "At a dinner party one evening after my marriage the conversation, which was general, took a literary turn, and a gentleman sitting next to me, who did not know the identity of Mrs. Felkin with Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, began to descant on the way young authors spoil themselves with tricks. To emphasize his point he said, 'What can be more horrible than Miss Fowler's trick of saying "Everybody laughed?"' There was a dead pause. He evidently expected me to make a remark, for when I did not speak he turned and said: 'Oh, don't you know Miss Fowler's books? Haven't you read any of them?' 'I wrote them,' I replied, and then, indeed, 'everybody laughed.'"

A Mother's Sacrifice.

Legends in India run that if a woman stricken with leprosy suffers herself to be buried alive the disease will not descend to her children. There was in the northwest provinces of India the wife of a gardener on whom the loathsome malady had fallen. Children were born to her. The disease grew worse. She importuned her husband to bury her alive. He at last, yielding to her prayers, summoned his son. The two dug the grave, and four neighbors assisted at the sepulture. So the woman died. These facts were investigated in a magistrate's court and were proved.

In Lengthy Terms.

In the suburbs of one of our great cities recently a new resident stopped in front of his neighbor's gate and inquired of the boy swinging thereon:

"Is your pa home, sonny?"

"No, sir," replied the lad. "He went up the road apiece."

"Gone afoot?"

"No; about a mile."—Judge's Library.

To Keep From Breaking.

"My hero has a strong face," remarked the author.

"He needs it," replied the critic. "I notice his face falls every time he meets the heroine!"

Not New.

New Boarder—One thing I'll say for these eggs—there's nothing bold or impudent about them. Landlady—Bold or impudent! I don't understand. New Boarder—Why, not a bit too fresh, you know.

When a man has turned out to be a failure he tries to convince his friends that his conscience prevented him from making his pile.—Washington Post.

Some Knowledge Profound.

Nobody knows how noble it is to know. But if you do not know, and nobody knows that you do not know, and you know that nobody knows that you don't know, it is very pleasant to know that they don't know that you don't know that they don't know that you don't know. No man knows how much he really knows until he knows how much other people know that he doesn't know. To "know thyself" is really all there is worth knowing, and since no man really knows himself and there is no other knowledge worth knowing and we do not know the only thing worth knowing we really know nothing. But to know that we know nothing is knowledge greater than the knowledge that some people think they have when they really know nothing and think they know something. Therefore it is greater to know nothing and know it than to think we know something when we know nothing. So if you know nothing and you think you do, and I know nothing and don't think I do, I know more than you. It is therefore well that we know that we don't know.—Exchange.

Somewhat Mixed.

Margaret Durham was the latest arrival at Miss Simmons' select boarding school, and, being pretty and well dressed, she was popular.

Would she be an usher at the monthly musicale? Margaret was horribly shy. She never could do it—oh, never! But the chosen five elected her for the sixth, so the evening found her a perfect flutter of white frills and pink bows (this was the pink musicale) awaiting to receive the early comers. Each of the hardened five bore forward an imposing auditor, and Margaret found herself inquiring of a very ancient and elegant old gentleman in a voice scarcely audible, "Sir, shall I show you to a seat?"

"What, what, what?" demanded the elderly party irascibly, holding his hand to his ear.

"Sir," screamed the flustered novice, "shall I sew you to a sheet?"

Then five lace handkerchiefs were crammed into five tittering mouths, while Miss Margaret bolted from the scene of her discomfiture, and the five were left to do the honors.—Harper's Weekly.

A Breakfast In Siberia.

"I spent two weeks in the hut of a Siberian savage a prisoner to the black frost," said an explorer. "Shall I ever forget those two weeks? No, no! A Siberian breakfast comes to my mind. We took it lying on our stomachs round a kind of pie board, which was our table. The first dish was frozen weeds dipped in seal oil and served with large chunks of fresh blubber. The second dish was raw walrus. The third dish was walrus hide, an inch thick and hairy. You swallowed it whole, for it was too tough to chew. Dinner was breakfast over again plus a hot meat, seal or reindeer, after the hide course. Supper consisted of cold blubber and cold hide served with seal oil. Don't wrinkle your nose and shudder. In that intense cold, the thermometer never above 40 degrees below zero, I liked that greasy food. You should have seen me munching away at great soft yellow balls of fat similar to duck fat."

Charmless Music.

The man had just reached home after a heavy day's work at the office and was resting himself in his easy chair for a few minutes before partaking of tea. Little Jim, his youngest son, had climbed upon the paternal knee and was relating to his father the events of the day. "And, oh, father," said the boy, "won't you show me your fiddle some day?"

"I have no fiddle, my boy," answered the fond parent.

"Oh, yes, you have, papa," returned the boy, "for I heard mamma telling Mrs. Strongwill this afternoon that ever since she married you you had played second fiddle!"

He Was Not a Dumpling.

Some years ago the lord chancellor of England was cross examining a shrewd bucolic witness.

"They sometimes call you a Devonshire dumpling, don't they?" asked the genial advocate.

"I believe they do," replied the witness.

"But you are not a Devonshire dumpling?"

The witness waited till the laughter occasioned by this inquiry subsided, then he slowly drawled out:

"Hey, but if I hod been a doompling you lawyers 'ud 'a' gobbled I up afore now!"

She Knew What She Was About.

The Husband—You suggested that we should begin and save money. I consented and gave up my cigars and beer, and now with the money saved you have gone and bought a new hat. The Wife (pleasantly)—That's all right. It was to get the hat that I suggested retrenchment and economy.—New York Press.

Sociology and Speculation.

A sociologist of genius who happened to care about money could probably make a fortune on the Stock Exchange, where knowledge of humanity is the essential thing. Henrik Ibsen was one of the most successful speculators in Europe.—London Outlook.

Always Young.

He—Young girls always want to marry for love, but when they grow older they want to marry a man with money. She—You're wrong. They don't grow older. They merely grow wiser.—St. Joseph Press-News.

Everything moves on hinges, and tact is a good lubricator.—Manchester Union.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior.
Land Office at Portland, Ore.,
April 4th, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that EMANUEL T. SUARES, of Blaine, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final seven year proof in support of his claim, viz.: Homestead Entry No. 1297, made December 19th, 1900, for the Ne ¼ Ne ¼, sec. 15; Nw ¼ Nw ¼, sec. 14; Se ¼ Se ¼, sec. 10 and Sw ¼ Sw ¼ of section 11, tp 3 south, range 9 west, and that said proof will be made before the U. S. Commissioner, at Tillamook, Oregon, on May 20th, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

John Borba, of Beaver, Oregon; Gus Chopard, of Beaver, Oregon; Ralph Bundy, of Beaver, Oregon; Thomas Coulson, of Hemlock, Oregon.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

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