

### DOUBTFUL MONEY.

Italy Teems With Worthless and Counterfeit Currency.

### CONFUSION IN ITS COINS.

They Almost Rank With Those of Korea. Where the Descending Scale is Good, Half Good, Bad and Counterfeits Good Only After Dark.

Of all the so called "great powers" Italy is the most unstable and most unsatisfactory subject to fluctuation in the exchange subject to less degree of the currency of every country, but there is a great mass of counterfeit and worthless money floating about the country for the undoing of the unwarlike Italian.

Like some of the paper money that not so long ago used to be quite common in our own country, the Italian is allowed to remain in circulation until it is so dirty and nearly obliterated as to become difficult of recognition as counterfeit or genuine.

In addition, none of the large number of one lira pieces coined before 1903 can be passed, although intrinsically of equal value with those of later date, since the period arbitrarily fixed for their redemption has passed and the government refuses to accept them.

The Italians possess a mania for mutilating and perforating the five and ten centesimo copper coins, but owing to their small denomination this usually acts as no bar to their acceptance.

The acquiring of sufficient power from making these hyphenated coins to propel a passenger train around the world is figured on the basis that it takes half an ounce of energy to make the stroke either with pen or pencil and more for a typewriter that represents the hyphen, and this would total 2,100,000 pounds of energy, or sufficient for the train.

It takes an ounce of energy to make the hyphen on a typewriting machine and three to make it on a typesetting machine, and the statistician has figured that typewriting and typesetting machines alone take up sufficient energy each day to propel a battleship from New York to the Panama canal.

All these figures were compiled as an argument against using the hyphen in these words. Many people do not, but the majority do. Those who are working toward greater efficiency in everything claim that the hyphen in these words is not at all necessary and should be discontinued by every one, saving a great deal of valuable time and energy.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### THE DEVIL'S ROOF.

Treacherous Snow That Conceals a Crevasse in the Antarctic.

### JOHN PAUL JONES.

Reckless and Gallant Was the Sailor Whom England Feared.

In M. MacDonnet Crawford's "The Sailor Whom England Feared" is told the life story of John Paul Jones. Born a Scot, this intrepid free lance of the sea, whose percentage remains a mystery, will ever live in naval history as the victor in the valorous naval duel between the Serapis and Richard Boscawen in 1779.

"I wish to have no connection with any ship that does not sail fast, for I intend to go in harm's way," wrote Jones characteristically when negotiating with the French admiralty for a ship. "You know, I believe, that this is not every one's intention."

Jones' relations with the gracious Duchesse de Chartres are delightfully stated. She nicknamed him "Chevalier sans titre de la mer." Charmed by his impromptu defense of the Comte de Toulouse's naval tactics at a dinner she gave in his honor, the duchesse presented him with an exquisite jeweled watch that had belonged to her grandfather. Then it was that Jones made this memorable promise: "May it please your royal highness, if fortune should favor me at sea I will some day lay an English frigate at your feet." He fulfilled this promise as far as he could when he surrendered "to the loveliest of women" the sword surrendered by "one of the bravest of men"—Penrose of the Serapis.

The enemy surrendered at thirty-five minutes past 10 p. m., wrote Jones to the duchesse, "by your watch, which I can suit only to fix the moment of victory." Napoleon's opinion of Paul Jones is tersely summed up in the remark he made to Berthier when the news of Trafalgar was brought to him:

"How odd was Paul Jones when he died?" he gloomily asked. When Berthier told him about forty-five Napoleon remarked: "Then he did not fulfill his destiny. Had he lived to this time France might have had an admiral."

Our admirals are always talking about peacemaking conditions and objects, as if there was any condition or any object in war except to get in contact with the enemy and destroy him. That was Paul Jones' view of the conditions and objects of naval warfare. It was also Napoleon's. It is a pity they could not have been matched somewhere with fairly equal force.

One Who Hardly Think the Little Mark Was So Important. There is enough energy wasted in placing the hyphen in "to-day," "to-night" and "to-morrow" every week day to haul a passenger train around the world. It is claimed there are 200,000,000 English writing people and that they average to hyphenate these words three times a day. Some may not average to do this more than three times a week and a few perhaps not three times a month; others write those words and place the hyphen in them scores of times each day, especially newspaper men, typewriters, authors, business men, school children and the like.

The following is taken from Farm and Fireside: "During the hatching season last spring I had placed a sitting of fine eggs: a few days before the chicks were due two eggs were accidentally cracked and began to bleed, showing that the chicks were fully developed and alive. I took the eggs from the nest very carefully, melted a little paraffin, and when it was slightly cool I poured it over the broken places of the eggshell, being careful not to cover any more surface than was necessary. Both the eggs produced fine, healthy chicks that were raised to maturity."

The Name He Got. In some cases abbreviating a name improves it. In others it doesn't. For instance, the Tubbses thought they were doing honor to the Father of His Country as well as to their firstborn son whom they named George Washington Tubbs. But when he grew up the handle proved too long, so everybody dropped the George, shortened up the middle name and called him simply Wash Tubbs.—Judge.

Perplexed. Mabel—Daddy, dear, what am I doing specially on the 14th? I've put red ink around it on the calendar, but I can't remember. Daddy—Won't the knots in your handkerchief help you? Mabel—Oh, I tied those to remember I'd marked the calendar. —London Mail.

An Example. "How could a dish run away with a spoon? Dishes are inanimate. A dish can't run or talk." "Can't, eh? How about the cup that cheers?" —Kansas City Journal.

And Some Go Broke. She—Do you believe that travel broadens one? He—Well, yes; people who go abroad generally spread themselves.—Boston Transcript.

Better be small and shine than be great and cast a shadow.

### BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE.

NO. 1.—10 Acres of bottom land with house and barn, and all slashed and some meadow within 1/2 mile of the city limits, including four cows, one horse. Price \$3,500 or will trade for house and lot in Tillamook City.

### ODDITIES IN RELICS.

A Bit of Shelley's Charred Skull Trea-sured in a Locket.

It is not every man, not every hero worshiper, who would esteem the tooth of his hero more valuable than diamonds. There is a ring belonging to an English nobleman in which the place of honor, formerly occupied by a diamond, is given to a tooth that once did duty in a human jaw.

This tooth cost no less than \$3,650. It was the tooth of Sir Isaac Newton. A relic collector sold it at auction in 1910, and the nobleman who bought it gave it the place of a diamond in his favorite ring.

Another tooth which so far excites the veneration of hero worshippers as to be able to hold a court of its own and to draw from long distances a small host of followers is one that was originally hidden behind the lips of Victor Hugo. It is kept at his former residence in a glass case bearing the inscription "Tooth drawn from the jaw of Victor Hugo by the dentist on Wednesday, August 11, 1871, in the gardens attached to the house of Madame Koch at 3 o'clock in the afternoon."

The wig of a literary man appears to have been even more sought after than his teeth. That which Sterne wore while writing "Tristram Shandy" was sold soon after the writer's death for \$10,000, and the favorite chair of Alexander Pope brought \$5,000.

The most extravagant instance of literary hero worship is that of a well known Englishman who constantly wears in a small locket attached to a chain round his neck a part of the charred skull of Shelley.—St. Louis Republic.

Bites of Insects. This remedy against the bites of insects appeared in a recent issue of the China Medical Journal: "Take one ounce of epsom salts and dissolve it in one pint of water. Wet a bath cloth wet enough that it will not drip and rub the body well all over and not wipe afterward, but dress. I am very certain that flies, gnats, fleas, bedbugs, mosquitoes or the famous African fly will never touch persons so treated. A somewhat stronger solution applied and allowed to dry will leave a fine powder that the most blood-thirsty insects will not attack."

A Way Pins Have. She was hurriedly adjusting her veil and had but a few moments in which to catch her car. "Oh, dear," she murmured, "I can't find a pin anywhere! I wonder where all the pins go to, anyway?" "That's a difficult question to answer," replied her practical husband, who was standing by, "because they are always pointed in one direction and headed in another."—Argonaut.

Very Useful. "A self made man is of no particular help to his fellow men." "Well?" "But a self made woman is a perfect mine of information about hair dyes and face bleaches and pads and things."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Making It Right. Mother—I gave each of you boys an orange. Charles, you said you wouldn't eat yours till after dinner. And you, Jack, said the same. Have you de-cayed me? Charles—No, mother; we didn't eat our oranges. I ate Jack's and he ate mine.—Life.

The Best Medicine in the World. "My little girl had dysentery very bad. I thought she would die. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured her and I can truthfully say that I think it is the best medicine in the world," writes Mrs. William Orvis, Clare, Mich. For sale by all dealers.

P. A. Ford, Conejo, Calif., gives a pointer for others to profit by. "I have sold Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for a number of years, but never used anything but Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for myself or family, as I find it produces the best results, always cures severe colds, and does not contain opiates." For sale by all druggists.

### THE MAJESTIC.

It's Different Now! There are close to a thousand different ranges on the market today—good, bad and indifferent. Wise people use a little foresight in selecting their range, and they make no mistake in selecting THE RANGE WITH A REPUTATION—the range that is recommended by every user; the range that has stood the test—

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"Rank, come and range go. But with you stays the one you know"—THE MAJESTIC.

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SIDNEY E. HENDERSON, President.

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