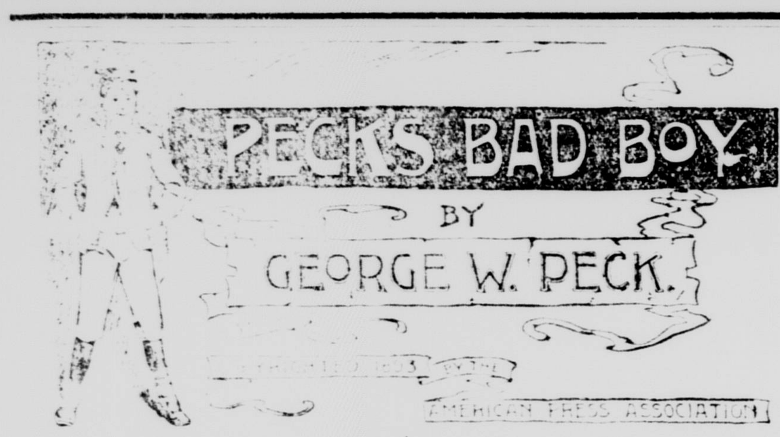


CHAPTER XVII.

HIS PA JOKES HIM.

"What on earth is that you have got on your upper lip?" said the grocery man to the bad boy as he came in and began to peel a rutabaga, and his upper lip hung down over his teeth and was covered with something that looked like shoemaker's wax. "You look as though you had been digging potatoes with your nose."

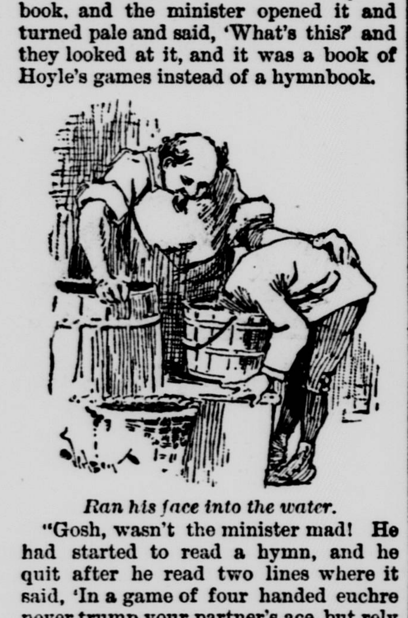
"Oh, that is some of Pa's darn smartness. I asked him if he knew anything that would make a boy's mustache grow, and he told me the best thing he ever tried was tar, and for me to rub it on thick when I went to bed and wash it off in the morning. I put it on last night, and by gosh I can't wash it off. Pa told me all I had to do was to use a scouring brick, and it would come off, and I used the scouring brick, and it took the skin off, and the tar is there yet. And, say, does my lip look very bad?"

The grocery man told him it was the worst looking lip he ever saw, but he could cure it by rubbing a little cayenne pepper in the tar. He said the tar would neutralize the pepper, and the pepper would loosen the tar and act as a cooling lotion to the lacerated lip. The boy went to a can of pepper behind the counter and stuck his finger in and rubbed a lot of it on his lip, and then his hair began to rise, and he began to cry and rushed to the water pail and ran his face into the water to wash off the pepper. The grocery man laughed, and when the boy had got the pepper washed off and had resumed his rutabaga he said:

"That seals your fate. No man ever trifles with the feelings of the bold buccaneer of the Spanish main without living to rue it. I will lay for you, old man, and don't you forget it. Pa thought he was smart when he got me to put tar on my lip to bring my mustache out, and today he lays on a bed of pain, and tomorrow your turn will come. You will regret that you did not get down on your knees and beg my pardon. You will be sorry that you did not prescribe cold cream for my bruised lip instead of kyan pepper. Beware, you base 12 ounces to the pound huckster, you gimlet eyed seller of dog sausage, you sanded sugar idiot, you small potato three card monte sleight of hand rotten egg fiend, you villain that sells smoked sturgeon and dogfish for smoked halibut! The avenger is on your track!"

"Look here, young man, don't you threaten me, or I will take you by the ear and walk you through green fields and beside still waters to the front door and kick your pistol pocket clear around so you can wear it for a watch pocket in your vest. No boy can frighten me, by crimus. But, tell me, how did you get even with your Pa?"

"Well, give me a glass of cider and we will be friends, and I will tell you. Thanks! Gosh, but that cider is made out of moldy dried apples and sewer water," and he took a handful of layer raisins off the top of a box to take the taste out of his mouth, and while the grocer charged a peck of rutabagas, a gallon of cider and two pounds of raisins to the boy's Pa the boy proceeded: "You see, Pa likes a joke the best of anybody you ever saw if it is on somebody else, but he kicks like a steer when it is on him. I asked him this morning if it wouldn't be a good joke to put some soft soap on the front step so the letter carrier would slip and spill himself, and Pa said it would be elegant. The letter carrier is as old a man as Pa, and I didn't want to humiliate him, but I just wanted Pa to give his consent so he couldn't kick if he got caught in his own trap. You see? Well, this morning the minister and two of the deacons called on Pa to have a talk with him about his actions in church on two or three occasions, when he pulled out the pack of cards with his handkerchief and played the music box, and they had a pretty hot time in the back parlor, and finally they settled it and were going to sing a hymn when Pa handed them a little hymnbook, and the minister opened it and turned pale and said, 'What's this?' and they looked at it, and it was a book of Hoyle's games instead of a hymnbook.



Ran his face into the water.

"Gosh, wasn't the minister mad! He had started to read a hymn, and he quit after he read two lines where it said, 'In a game of four handed euchre never trump your partner's ace, but rely on the ace to take the trick on suit.' Pa was trying to explain how the book came there, when the minister and the deacons started out, and then I poured the 2-quart tin pail full of soft soap on the front step. It was this white soap, just the color of the step, and when I got it spread I went down in the basement. The visitors came out, and Pa was trying to explain to them about Hoyle when one of the deacons stepped in the soap, and his feet flew up, and he struck on his pants and slid down the steps. The minister said: 'Great heavens, deacon, are you hurt? Let me assist you,' and he took two quick steps, and you have seen these fellows in a nigger show that kick each other head over heels and fall on their ears and stand on their heads and turn around like a top? The minister's feet slipped, and the next I saw he was standing on his head in his hat, and his legs were sort of wilted and fell limp by his side, and he fell over on his stummick. You talk about spreading the gospel in heathen lands! It is nothing to the way you can spread it with two quarts of soft soap. The minister didn't look pious a bit. When he was trying to catch the railing, he looked as though he wanted to murder every man on earth, but it may be he was tired.

"Well, Pa was paralyzed, and he and the other deacon rushed out to pick up the minister and the first old man, and when they struck the step they went kiting. Pa's feet somehow slipped backwards, and he turned a summersault and struck full length on his back, and one heel was across the minister's neck, and he slid down the steps, and the other deacon fell all over the other three, and Pa swore at them, and it was the worst looking lot of pious people I ever saw. I think if the minister had been in the woods somewhere where nobody could have heard him he would have used language. They all seemed mad at each other. The hired girl told Ma there was three tramps out on the sidewalk fighting Pa, and Ma she took the broom and started to help Pa, and I tried to stop Ma, 'cause her constitution is not very strong, and I didn't want her to do any flying trapeze bizness, but I couldn't stop her, and she went out with the broom and a towel tied around her head.

"Well, I don't know where ma did strike, but when she came in she said she had palpitation of the heart, but that was not the place where she put the arnica. Oh, but she did go through the air like a bullet through cheese, and when she went down the steps a-bumpity bump I felt sorry for Ma. The minister had got so he could set up on the sidewalk, with his back against the lower step, when Ma came sliding down, and one of the heels of her gaiters hit the minister in the hair, and the other foot went right through between his arm and his side, and the broom like to pushed his teeth down his throat. But he was not mad at Ma. As soon as he see it was Ma he said, 'Why, sister, the wicked stand in slippery places, don't they?' and Ma she was mad and said for him to let go her stocking, and then Pa was mad, and he said, 'Look a here, you sky pilot, this thing has gone far enough,' and then a policeman came along, and first he thought they were all drunk, but he found they were respectable, and he got a chip and scraped the soap off of them, and they went home.

"Pa and Ma they got in the house some way, and just then the letter carrier came along, but he didn't have any letters for us, and he didn't come onto the steps, and then I went up stairs and said, 'Pa, don't you think it is real mean after you and I fixed the soap on the steps for the letter carrier he didn't come on the step at all?' and Pa was scraping the soap off his pants with a piece of shingle, and the hired girl was putting liniment on Ma and heating it in for palpitation of the heart, and Pa said, 'You dam idjut, no more of this, or I'll maul the liver out of you,' and I asked him if he didn't think soft soap would help a mustache to grow, and he picked up Ma's work basket and threw it at my head as I went down stairs, and I came over him. Don't you think my Pa is unreasonable to get mad at a little joke that he planned himself?"

The grocery man said he didn't know, and the boy went out with a pair of skates over his shoulder, and the grocery man is wondering what joke the boy will play on him to get even for the cayenne pepper.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HIS PA GETS MAD.

"I was down to the drug store this morning and saw your Ma buying a lot of court plaster, enough to make a shirt, I should think. What's she doing with so much court plaster?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy as he came in and pulled off his boots by the stove and emptied out a lot of snow that had collected as he walked through a drift.

"Oh, I guess she is going to patch Pa up so he will hold water. Pa's temper got him into the worst muss you ever see last night. If that museum was here now, they would hire Pa and exhibit him as the tattooed man. I tell you I have got too old to be mauled as though I was a kid, and any man who attacks me from this out wants to have his peace made with the insurance companies and know that his calling and election is sure, 'cause I am a bad man and don't you forget it." And the boy pulled on his boots and looked so cross and desperate that the grocery man asked him if he wouldn't try a little new cider.

"Good heavens!" said the grocery man as the boy swallowed the cider, and his face resumed its natural look, and the piratical frown disappeared with the cider. "You have not stabbed your father, have you? I have feared that one thing would bring on another with you and that you would yet be hung."

"Naw, I haven't stabbed him. It was another cat that stabbed him? You see, Pa wants me to do all the work around the house. The other day he bought a load of kindling wood and told me to carry it into the basement. I have not been educated up to kindling wood, and I didn't do it. When supper time came and Pa found that I had not carried in the kindling wood, he had a hot box, and he told me if that wood was not in when he came back from the lodge that he would warm my jacket.

"Well, I tried to hire some one to carry it in and got a man to promise to come in the morning and carry it in and take his pay in groceries, and I was going to buy the groceries here and have them charged to Pa. But that wouldn't help me out that night. I knew when Pa came home he would search for me, so I slept in the back hall on a cot. But I didn't want Pa to have all his trouble for nothing, so I borried an old tom cat that my chum's old maid aunt owns and put the cat in my bed. I thought if Pa came in my room after me and found that by his unkindness I had changed to a tom cat he would be sorry. That is the biggest cat you ever see and the worst fighter in our ward. It isn't afraid of anything and can whip a Newfoundland dog quicker than you could put sand in a barrel of sugar. Well, about 11 o'clock I heard Pa tumble over the kindling wood, and I knew by the remark he made as the wood slid around under him that there was going to be a cat fight real quick. He come up to Ma's room and sounded Ma as to whether Hennery had retired to his virtuous couch. Pa is awful sarcastic when he tries to be. I could hear him take off his clothes and hear him say as he picked up a trunk strap: 'I guess I will go up to his room and watch the smile on his face as he dreams of angels. I yearn to press him to my aching bosom.'

"I thought to myself mebbe you won't yearn so much directly. He come up stairs, and I could hear him breathing hard. I looked around the corner and could see he just had on his shirt and pants, and his suspenders were hanging down, and his bald head shone like a calcium light just before it explodes. Pa went in my room and up to the bed, and I could hear him say, 'Come out here and bring in that kindling wood or I will start a fire on your base burner with this strap.' And then there was a yowling such as I never heard before, and Pa said, 'Helen Blazes,' and the furniture in my room began to fall around and break. Oh, my! I think Pa took the tom cat right by the neck, the way he does me, and that left all the cat's feet free to get in their work. By the way the cat squawled, as though it was being choked, I know Pa had him by the neck. I suppose the cat thought Pa was a whole flock of Newfoundland dogs, and the cat had a record on dogs, and it kicked awful. Pa's shirt was no protection at all in a cat fight, and the cat just walked all around Pa's stomach, and Pa yelled, 'Police' and 'Fire' and 'Turn on the hose,' and he called Ma, and the cat yowled. If Pa had had the presence of mind enough to have dropped the cat or rolled it up in the mattress, it would have been all right, but a man always gets rattled in time of danger, and he held onto the cat and started down stairs yelling murder, and he met Ma coming up.

"I guess Ma's nightcap or something frightened the cat some more, 'cause he stabbed Ma on the nightshirt with one hind foot, and Ma said 'Mercy on us,' and she went back, and Pa stumbled on a hand sled that was on the stairs, and they all fell down, and the cat got away and went down in the coalbin and yowled all night. Pa and Ma went into their room, and I guess they anointed themselves with vaseline and Pond's extract, and I went and got into bed, 'cause it was cold out in the hall, and the cat had warmed my bed as well as it had warmed Pa. It was all I could do to go to sleep with Pa and Ma talking all night, and this morning I came down the back stairs and haven't been to breakfast, 'cause I don't want to see Pa when he is vexed. You let the man that carries in the kindling wood have 6 shillings' worth of groceries and charge them to Pa. I have passed the kindling wood period in a boy's life and have arrived at the coal period. I will carry in coal, but I draw the line at kindling wood."

"I knew Pa had him by the neck."

"Well, you are a cruel, bad boy," said the grocery man as he went to the book and charged the 6 shillings.

"Oh, I don't know. I think Pa is cruel. A man who will take a poor kitty by the neck that hasn't done any harm and tries to chastise the poor thing with a trunk strap ought to be looked after by the humane society. And if it is cruel to take a cat by the neck how much more cruel is it to take a boy by the neck that had diphtheria only a few years ago and whose throat is tender. Say, I guess I will accept your invitation to take breakfast with you," and the boy cut off a piece of bologna and helped himself to the crackers, and while the grocery man was out shoveling off the snow from the sidewalk the boy filled his pockets with raisins and loaf sugar, and then went out to watch the man carry in his kindling wood.

CHAPTER XIX.

HIS PA AN INVENTOR.

"Ha, ha! Now I have got you," said the grocery man to the bad boy the other morning as he came in and jumped upon the counter and tied the end of a ball of twine to the tail of a dog and sicked the dog on another dog that was following a passing sleigh, causing the twine to pay out until the whole ball was scattered along the block. "Condemn you, I've a notion to choke the liver out of you. Who tied that twine to the dog's tail?"

The boy choked up with emotion, and the tears came into his eyes, and he said he didn't know anything about the twine or the dog. He said he noticed the dog come in and wag his tail around the twine, but he supposed the dog was a friend of the family and did not disturb him. "Everybody lays everything that is done to me," said the boy as he put his handkerchief to his nose, "and they will be sorry for it when I die. I have a good notion to poison myself by eating some of your glucose sugar."

"Yes, and you do about everything that is mean. The other day a lady came in and told me to send up to her house some of my country sausage done up in muslin bags, and while she was examining it she noticed something hard inside the bags and asked me what it was, and I opened it, and I hope to die if there wasn't a little brass padlock and a piece of a red morocco dog collar imbedded in the sausage. Now, how do you suppose that got in there?" And the grocery man looked savage.

The boy looked interested and put on an expression as of deep thought and finally said: "I suppose the farmer that put up the sausage did not strain the dog meat. Sausage meat ought to be strained."

The grocery man pulled in about half a block of twine after the dog had run against a fence and broke it and told the boy he knew perfectly well how the brass padlock came to be in the sausage, but thinking it was safer to have the good will of the boy than the ill will he offered him a handful of prunes.

"No," said the boy, "I have swore off on moldy prunes. I am no kindergarten any more. For years I have eaten rotten peaches around this store and everything you couldn't sell, but I have turned over a new leaf now, and after this nothing is too good for me. Since Pa has got to be an inventor we are going to live high."

"What's your Pa invented? I saw a hearse and three hacks go up on your street the other day, and I thought maybe you had killed your Pa."

"Not much. There will be more than three hacks when I kill Pa, and don't you forget it. Well, sir, Pa has struck a fortune if he can make the thing work. He has got an idea about coal stoves that will bring him several million dollars if he gets a royalty of $5 on every cook stove in the world. His idea is to have a coal stove on castors, with the pipe made to telescope out and in and rubber hose for one joint, so you can pull the stove all around the room and warm any particular place. Well, sir, to hear Pa tell about it you would think it would revolutionize the country, and maybe it will when he gets it perfected, but he came near burning the house up and scared us half to death this morning and burned his shirt off, and he is all covered with cotton with sweet oil on, and he smells like salad dressing.

"You see, Pa had a pipe made and some castors put on our coal stove, and he tied a rope to the hearth of the stove and had me put in some kindling wood and coal last night, so he could draw the stove up to the bed and light the fire without getting up. Ma told him he would put his foot in it, and he told her to dry up and let him run the stove bizness. He said it took a man with brain to run a patent right, and Ma she pulled the clothes over her head and let Pa do the fire act. She has been building the fires for 20 years and thought she would let Pa see how good it was. Well, Pa pulled the stove to the bed and touched off the kindling wood. I guess maybe I got a bundle of kindling wood that the hired girl had put kerosene on, 'cause it blazed up awful and smoked, and the blaze bursted out the doors and windows of the stove, and Pa yelled fire, and I jumped out of bed and rushed in, and he was the scartest man you ever see, and you'd a died to see how he kicked when I threw a pail of water on his legs and put his shirt out.

"Ma did not get burnt, but she was pretty wet, and she told Pa she would pay the $5 royalty on that stove and take the castors off and let it remain stationary. Pa says he will make it work if he burns the house down. I think it was real mean in Pa to get mad at me 'cause I threw cold water on him instead of warm water to put his shirt out. If I had waited till I could heat water to the right temperature, I would have been an orphan, and Pa would have been a burnt offering. But some men always kick at everything. Pa has given up bizness entirely and says he shall devote the remainder of his life curing himself of the different troubles that I get him into. He has retained a doctor by the year, and he buys liniment by the gallon."

"What was it about your folks getting up in the middle of the night to eat? The hired girl was over here after some soap the other morning, and she said she was going to leave your house."

"Well, that was a picnic. Pa said he wanted breakfast earlier than we was in the habit of having it, and he said I might see to it that the house was awake early enough. The other night I awoke with the awfulest pain you ever heard of. It was that night you gave me and my chum the bottle of pickled oysters that had begun to work. Well, I couldn't sleep, and I thought I would call the hired girls, and they got up and got breakfast to going, and then I rapped on Pa and Ma's door and told them the breakfast was getting cold, and they got up and came down. We eat breakfast by gaslight, and Pa yawned and said it made a man feel good to get up and get ready for work before daylight—the way he used to on the farm—and Ma she yawned and agreed with Pa, 'cause she has to or have a row. After breakfast we sat around for an hour, and Pa said it was a long time getting daylight, and bimeby Pa looked at his watch.

"When he began to pull out his watch, I lit out and hid in the storeroom, and pretty soon I heard Pa and Ma come up stairs and go to bed, and then the hired girls they went to bed, and when it was all still and the pain had stopped inside of my clothes I went to bed, and I looked to see what time it was, and it was 2 o'clock in the morning. We got dinner at 8 o'clock in the morning, and Pa said he guessed he would call up the house after this, so I have lost another job, and it was all on account of that bottle of pickled oysters you gave me. My chum says he had colic, too, but he didn't call up his folks. It was all he could do to get up hisself. Why don't you sometimes give away something that is not spiled?"

"Pa yelled fire."

The grocery man said he guessed he knew what to give away, and the boy went out and hung up a sign in front of the grocery that he had made on wrapping paper with red chalk, which read, "Rotten eggs, good enough for custard pies, for 18 cents a dozen."

[To be Continued.]

The Money of the World.

Scientific American.

Acting Director of the Mint Preston has prepared a table of the monetary system of the world. The table shows that the aggregate stock of gold is $3,582,005,000; silver, $4,042,700,000; uncovered paper, $2,635,873,000.

Stock of gold possessed by principal countries is as follows: United States, $604,000,000; Great Britain, $550,000,000; France, $800,000,000; Germany, $600,000,000; Russia, $250,000,000. The stock of silver is as follows: United States, $615,000,000; Great Britain, $100,000,000; France, $700,000,000; Germany, $211,000,000; Russia, $60,000,000.

The stock of silver is divided as follows: United States, $538,000,000 full tender, and $77,000,000 limited tender; Great Britain, no silver full tender, $100,000,000 limited tender; France, $650,000,000 full tender, $50,000,000 limited tender; Germany, $103,000,000 full tender and $108,000,000 limited tender; Russia, $22,000,000 full tender and $38,000,000 limited tender.

The ratio prevailing in nearly all principal countries between gold and legal tender silver is 1 to 15½. The ratio between gold and limited tender silver is, as a rule, 1 to 14-38. The respective ratio in the United States are 1 to 15-98 and 1 to 14-95.

The various monetary systems as divided among countries: Gold and silver—United States, France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Greece, Spain, Netherlands, Turkey, and Japan. Gold—United Kingdom, Germany, Portugal, Austria, Scandinavian Union, Australia, Egypt, Canada, and Cuba. Silver—Russia, Mexico, Central and South America, and India. Of the uncovered money, South America has $600,000,000; Russia, $500,000,000; United States, $412,000,000; Austria, $260,000,000; Italy, $163,000,000; Germany, $107,000,000; France, $81,000,000; and Great Britain, $60,000,000.

The per capita circulation of gold is: United States, $9.01; United Kingdom, $14.47; France, $20.52; Germany, $12.12; Russia, $2.21. Per capita of all classes of money is: France, $40.56; Cuba, $31.00; Netherlands, $28.88; Australia, $26.75; Belgium, $25.53; United States, $24.34; United Kingdom, $13 42; and Russia, $7.16.

Odd Freak of a Somnambulist.

Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

Thursday night about 11 o'clock, as Professor Lewelen of Henderson, Tenn., was passing along the main street in front of the courthouse, he was astonished to meet Rev. Mr. Rodgers, the pastor of the Christian church, attired in only a nightshirt and a wide brimmed straw hat. As the pastor went by Professor Lewelen noticed that his eyes were tightly closed, and surmising that he was a somnambulist determined to follow him. When Mr. Rodgers reached the gate of the courthouse yard, he entered, closely followed by Professor Lewelen, and walking to the south side of the courthouse he grasped the lightning rod and began to ascend.

Seizing him by the shirt, Professor Lewelen endeavored to pull him down, but the cloth gave way, and the minister climbed to the cornice and then climbed to the top of the incline of the roof. Seating himself on the roof, he slid to the bottom of the incline, catching by a slight projection at the very edge. He continued this performance until the professor became alarmed, and seizing the rope of the courthouse bell began to ring for help. The people of the town assembled in the yard to the number of nearly 300 and watched the minister's antics for nearly half an hour. At the end of this time he descended the rod, and passing through the crowd made his way to his boarding place. On being interviewed the next morning he declared that he knew nothing of what had happened the night before. He now sleeps with his leg chained to the bedpost.

Losing Its Population.

Iceland has for many years been losing its population, but this year is witnessing a largely increased exodus from that far away northern island. Fully 1,500 people will immigrate to British Columbia, assisted by the Canadian government. Iceland's population twenty years ago was 70,000. It is expected that the exodus will continue until only a few thousand are left. The climate has been undergoing a change in recent years, being much more rigorous than formerly. The Icelanders are a hardy, thrifty people, and the dominion pays their passage and otherwise assists them to make homes in the Canadian Northwest.

MONTESANO has put out her electric lights to save expense.

THERE IS MONEY IN IT!

WATER FRONT PROPERTY.

1500 FEET OR LESS FROM THE CAPITAL CITY PROPERTY.

BILLINGS' ADDITION | $1,000,000 Capitol to be Erected Within 1540 FEET FROM THIS ADDITION.

This well known Addition overlooks the beautiful Olympia business center, and when the Capitol building is finished $800 would not be a high price for a lot in this addition, if our city should grow as we think it ought to.

Get in on the Ground Floor

BY PURCHASING NOW.

Seventy-five of these lots will be placed on the market for 30 days at $75 each — $5 cash, and $5 per month. THE BEST SAVINGS BANK IS REAL ESTATE, JUDICIOUSLY PURCHASED. The best way for those who have no property is to BUY it first and then PAY for it.

New York, Chicago and Philadelphia have faith in Olympia. Boston, Atlanta and New Orleans are buying property in Olympia.

Outsiders Have Confidence in Olympia.

WRITE OR CALL ON

LACEY INVESTMENT COMPANY,

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON.

Beggars.

A rare race we of the beggar band;
Hurrah for our goodly number!
We roam on the roads of the open land,
We ply our plaint as we onward plod:
"An alms, sweet sir, for the love of God."
Our grip, the trick of an upturned hand;
Our shibboleth,
But a pleading breath;
A trembling lip and a dear demand,
Hurrah for the world we cumber.

A lean lot we of the beggar clan;
Hurrah for the thirsts that thin us!
We've been afoot since the world began.
One yearns for gold, and one craves for name,
One starves for art, and one longs for fame;
And not the least of the caravan
Faint at the start
From a hungry heart,
But struggle on as beseems a man.
Hurrah for the wants within us!

A proud crowd we of the beggar tribe;
Hurrah for each tear and tatter!
We scorn the squalor our rags describe,
But fain would fashion by fairer men
To hide our needs from our neighbor's ken;
We fear his flout and we loath his gibe.
We'll bear our pain,
But we'll not deign
To win a wealth with our tears as bribe.
Hurrah! What do heart-breaks matter?

A queer crew we of the beggar kin;
Hurrah for us all together!
We love and hate, and we strive and sin;
We stumble oft on the stony ways
Like children chid for their skyward gaze,
But up again and our tramp begin,
Through sun and rain
And through joy and pain.
With the hope of heaven we all may win.
Hurrah for the storms we weather!

—Julie M. Lippmann.

Do You Rizzle.

Do you rizzle every day? Do you know how to rizzle? One of the swell doctors in town says that it is the most wonderful aid to perfect health. "I masticate my food very thoroughly at dinner," he says, "and make sure to have my family or friends entertain me with bright talk and plenty of fun. After dinner it is going to rizzle. How do I do it? I retire to my study and, having darkened the room, I light a cigar, sit down, and perform the operation. How to describe it I don't know, but it is a condition as nearly like sleep as sleep is like death. It consists in doing absolutely nothing. I close my eyes and try to stop all action of the brain. I think of nothing. It only takes a little practice to be able to absolutely stifle the brain. In that delightful condition I remain at least ten minutes, sometimes twenty. That 's the condition most healthful to digestion, and it is that which accounts for the habit animals have of sleeping after eating. I would rather miss a fat fee than ten minutes' rizzle every day."—*Chatter.*

Wood That Sinks in Water.

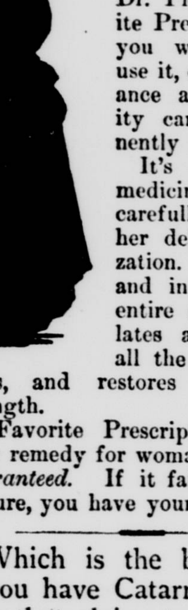
There are 413 species of trees found within the limits of the United States and territories, sixteen of which, when perfectly seasoned, will sink in water. The heaviest of these is the black ironwood (Condalia ferrea), found only in southern Florida, which is more than 30 per cent heavier than water. Of the other fifteen the best known is the lignum vitæ (Guaiacum sanctum). and the mangrove (rhizophora mangle). Texas and New Mexico, lands full of queer, creeping, crawling, walking, and inanimate things, are the homes of a species of oak (quercus grisea) which is about one and a fourth times heavier than water, and which, when green, will sink almost as quick as a bar of iron. It grows only in mountain regions, and has been found westward as far as the Colorado desert, where it grows at an elevation of 10,000 feet. All the species heavier than water belong to tropical Florida or in the arid west and southwest.

Ancient Coins.

A rich treasure of more than 1,000 silver coins of the eleventh century has been found while digging the foundation for a new house in the Giergrasse in Bonn. The coins were all in a large pot, and strange to say, the workmen allowed children and strollers to take away a considerable quantity, and their attempt to sell the pieces caused the discovery to become known, whereupon the mayor ordered the remainder to be taken to the Rathhaus and preserved.

THE city council of Port Angeles passed a resolution employing Mayor Norman R. Smith to go to Washington City to urge congress to return for the construction of public buildings Port Townsend all money derived from townsite over and the sale of the above expenses of survey, advertising and sale. The unsold portion of the unsold townsite is appraised at $189,000, but it is believed that a large portion will sell much above appraised value, and that the total sum realized from the townsite reserve by the government will approach nearly $300,000. The city council think that this should be reinvested in Port Angeles in public buildings or public works.

AT Tekoa a boy of 13 years purchased two large bottles of extract of lemon with money given him by an Indian. The Indian, Louie Toto, represented to the lad that he did not know where to find the article wanted. These extracts are composed largely of alcohol, and have even a worse effect than whiskey. They are readily devoured by the red man in default of more ordinary intoxicants.



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IN USE OVER 50 YEARS — For CHILDREN CUTTING TEETH.

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OLYMPIA, - - WASHINGTON

Summons.

IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington for Thurston County.

STATE OF WASHINGTON, County of Thurston, } ss.

John M. Patton, Plaintiff. vs. Joseph L. Brown, Pocia Brown, Mary A. Henry, I. Lang, E. Lang, M. Lang, L. Lang, and estate of James Giles, Defendants. } Summons.

The State of Washington to the said Mary A. Henry, I. Laug, E. Laug, M. Laug and L. Lang, Defendants:

You are hereby summoned and required to appear within twenty days after the service of this summons, to-wit: within twenty days after September 30, 1893, answer the complaint of the Plaintiff, now on file with the Clerk of said Court and defend the above entitled action in the Court aforesaid, and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of said complaint.

Dated this 9th day of August, 1893.

H. R. FRANKLIN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

First publication August 11, 1893.

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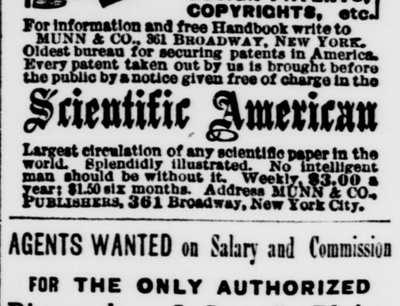

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