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Stock boarded by Day or Month.
REASONABLE RATES

Horses teeth extracted or dressed. First class work guaranteed.

Kendrick Livery and Feed Stable

HIS PAST DIDN'T BOTHER HIM.

When Swinburne Was Very Close Unto Death by Drowning.

In Mr. Edmund Gosse's reminiscence article, "Swinburne at Etretat," in the Cornhill Magazine he relates the poet's bathing adventure that nearly cost him his life in the late summer of 1908. The timely appearance of a fishing smack on the scene prevented the premature silencing of the voice that was presently to entrance the world (or some part of it) with the "Songs Before Sunrise."

"I asked him," writes Mr. Gosse, "what he thought about in that dreadful contingency, and he replied that he had no experience of what people often profess to witness—the concentrated panoramas of past life hurrying across the memory. He did not reflect on the past at all. He was filled with annoyance that he had not finished his 'Songs Before Sunrise' and then with satisfaction that so much of it was ready for the press and that Mazzini would be pleased with him. "And then he continued, 'I reflected with resignation that I was exactly the same age as Shelley was when he was drowned.' (This, however, was not the case. Swinburne had reached that age in March, 1867, but this was part of a curious delusion of Swinburne's that he was younger by two or three years than his real age.) Then when he began to be, I suppose, a little benumbed by the water his thoughts fixed on the clothes he had left on the beach, and he worried his clouded brain about some unfinished verses in the pocket of his coat."

So here again, comments the Dial, we have an instance of the failure of an actor in a real life drama to rise to the dramatic possibilities of his part. They do these things better in fiction.

SULPHUR SHOWERS.

Not Sulphur at All, Only the Pollen Grains of Pine Trees.

Many persons are aware that in spring, and especially in early spring, it happens that after a shower the edge of every pool of water in the streets and along the sidewalks will be bordered by a rim of pale yellow color. As the water evaporates this ring remains as a fine powdery mass, so much resembling sulphur as to have given rise to the name "sulphur showers." This so called sulphur is, of course, not sulphur at all. When examined under the microscope it is found to be made up of a mass of the yellowish pollen grains of pine trees.

Instead of consisting of a single cell, as do most pollen grains, that of the pine consists of three cells, the two larger end ones being filled with air and the other containing the ordinary fertilizing principle. The two air containing cells are larger than the other and act as balloons to buoy it up in the air.

In pines and allied trees fertilization of the cones, by which they are enabled to set and develop seeds, is accomplished by the wind—that is, the pollen is produced in immense quantities and is transported through the air to the cones, which are often on separate, widely distant trees. Thus it often happens that the pollen gets up in the higher currents of the air, is carried for long distances and is only brought down to the earth by the rain, producing the so called shower of sulphur.—Harper's Weekly.

How Wheat Perspires.

When you are perspiring furiously in the dog days it may or may not console you to think that an ordinary field of wheat is giving off moisture quite as furiously. Between the months of April and July, according to Sir James Dewar, a field of wheat perspires sufficient moisture to cover the surface of its ground to a depth of nine inches. Another interesting fact is that it requires three and a half pounds of water to produce sixteen grains of wheat. Speaking of the solar radiation in tropical places, Sir James says that in six hours about four-tenths of a square mile receives heat equivalent to the combustion of 1,000 tons of coal, while an area of 1,300 square miles receives in one year heat equivalent to 1,000,000,000 tons of coal—the whole estimated coal output of Europe and America.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Drummer's Tender Heart.

The commercial traveler had just finished a story of a disastrous fire, in which his firm suffered severely. "And what did you do when you heard of it on your journey?" inquired his friend.

"Oh, I sent the boss a long telegram of sympathy! He likes that kind of thing. Cost me half a crown."

"Half a crown?" exclaimed the other incredulously.

"Oh, I charged it to my expenses, of course," explained the traveler.

Kindly feeling and thoughtful economy could go no further.—Manchester Guardian.

Plausible Excuse.

Guest—Walter, are you sure this is oxtail soup? Walter—Yessuh. Guest—But I've found a tooth in it. How do you account for that? Walter—Well I don't know, sah; but I reckon dat our must have been biting his tail.—Sphinx.

In a Bad Way.

"My friends," declaimed an orator during a convention—"my friends, I say to you that this great republic of ours is standing on the brink of an abyss!"—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright.—Benjamin Franklin.

A RUINED ROMANCE

Genevieve Ward's Story of Her Wedding Tragedy.

PARTED AT THE CHURCH DOOR

After a Dramatic Ceremony Following a Complication That Became an International Affair and Was Ended by Our Government and the Czar.

In Mrs. Tweedie's "Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life" are some stories of Genevieve Ward, the famous actress.

One morning in March, 1908, came a knock on Mrs. Tweedie's door, and in walked Miss Ward.

"Out for my constitutional, my dear," she exclaimed. "So I thought I would just look you up. I have walked six miles this morning, and after a little rest and chat with you I shall walk another mile home and enjoy my luncheon all the better for it."

"You are a marvel!" exclaimed our author. "Seven miles and over seventy. I saw your 'Volumnia' was a great success the other day when you played it with Benson."

"Yes," she said, "and the next day I started for Rome. I got a telegram saying one of three old cousins, with whom I was staying in Rome a few weeks previously, had died suddenly, so four hours after receiving the message I set out."

"Were you very tired?" "No, not at all. I knitted nearly all the way and talked to my fellow passengers and when I arrived, instead of resting, went at once to see to some business, for these two old sisters, one of whom is blind, were absolutely prostrated with grief and had done nothing while awaiting my arrival. I stayed a fortnight with them, settled them up and arrived back a few days ago."

Here is the pathetic story of Miss Ward's marriage tragedy as she told it to Mrs. Tweedie:

"I was traveling with my mother and brother on the Riviera in 1855 when we met a Russian, Count de Guerbel. He was very tall, very handsome, very fascinating, very rich and twenty-eight. I was seventeen. He fell in love with me, and it was settled I should be married at the consulate at Nice, which I was. But the Russian law required that the marriage should be repeated in the Russian church to make the ceremony binding; otherwise I was his legal wife, but he was not my legal husband.

"It was arranged, therefore, that I should go to Paris with my mother, the count going on in advance to arrange everything, and we would be remarried there in the Greek church. When we arrived in Paris it was Lent, when no marriage can take place in the Greek church, and so time passed on.

"He must have been a thoroughly bad man, because he did his best at that time to persuade me to run away with him, always reminding me that I was his legal wife. The whole thing was merely a trick of this handsome, fascinating rascal. He promised me that if I would go to him he would take me to Russia at once, and there we should be remarried according to the rules of the Greek church. Being positively frightened by his persistence, I told my mother. At the same time rumors of De Guerbel's amours and debts reached her ears, and she wrote to a cousin of ours, then American minister in St. Petersburg, for confirmation of these reports.

"My cousin replied, 'Come at once.' We went, I, of course, under my name of Countess de Guerbel, which I had naturally assumed from the day of our wedding at Nice, and we stayed at the embassy in St. Petersburg. The count's brother was charming to me. He told us my husband was a villain and I had better leave him alone. That was impossible, however. I was married to him, but he was not married to me, and such a state of affairs could not remain.

"It became an international matter, and it was arranged by the American government and the czar that we should be officially married at Warsaw. The count refused to come. The czar therefore sent sealed orders for his appearance. Wearing a black dress and feeling apprehensive and miserably sad, I went to the church, and at the altar rails, supported by my father and mother and the count's brother, I met my husband.

"It was a horrible crisis, for I knew my father was armed with a loaded revolver, and if De Guerbel refused to give me the last legal right, which was morally already mine, its contents would put an end to the adventurer's life. There we stood, husband and wife, knowing the service was a mere form, but the marriage was lawfully effected. He had completed his part of the bargain, and we had learned his villainy. At the door of the church we parted, and I never saw him again."

His Instrument.

"That executor is very energetic in carrying out the various provisions of the testator."

"He does seem to be working with a will."—Baltimore American.

The Oyster.

Huxley said that an oyster is as complicated as a watch. All we know about it is that it's awful to swallow one that is out of order.—New Orleans Picayune.

One He must be thatched with another or it will soon rain through.—Owen.

A LITTLE BIT OF PARADISE.

Tahiti, in the South Seas, a Place of Charm and Leisure.

Rarotonga gives you a kind of foretaste of the whole charm and beauty of the south seas. It is the appetizer, the hors d'oeuvre, not the whole meal. Tahiti is the whole thing, the real thing, the thing one has dreamed about all one's life, the thing which made Stevenson leave Europe forever. All tellers of fairy tales and all poets from Homer downward have always imagined the existence of certain islands which were so full of magic and charm that they turned man from his duty and from all tasks, labor or occupation in which he was engaged and held him a willing captive who would not sell his captivity for all the prizes of the busy world.

Stevenson in one of his books, "The Wrecker," I think, says that if a man who is toiling in some English town were to be suddenly transported to one of the south sea islands, in the neighborhood of Tahiti, and had a vision of the beauty that is there and then were to be transported back again to his prosaic and ugly surroundings he would say, "At any rate I have had my dream." That is how one feels when one has seen Tahiti. One feels one has had one's dream.

The bay of Papeete curves inward. As you sail into it you are sure to see several white schooners at anchor. At one side is a range of light blue volcanic hills stretching out into the crystalline sea, reminding one of Naples, Capri and Sorrento, and in the middle of the bay there is a tiny little island, consisting of a few cocoa palms. The sea is a transparent azure. Little white houses are dotted all along the line of the beach, nestling in greenery. We walked along the beach into the little town and into the suburbs. It was spring in Tahiti, and every kind of imaginable blossom was flaunting its reckless and extravagant beauty. Everything grows wild in Tahiti.

The people seemed extraordinarily contented and invincibly indolent. I was walking along the main street, and I wanted to get to the postoffice, which I knew was somewhere along that street. I stopped at a store and asked whether I was going the right way. The storekeeper, who was a Frenchman, said, "Yes, you are going right." I then asked if it was far. "The storekeeper said it was very far indeed. It would take me a good quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to walk there. I asked him if I could hire a conveyance, as I was in a hurry. He shook his head and thought it unlikely. I then went on my way. I thought I would just time myself and see how long it did take to reach the postoffice. I walked fast, but I found, to my amazement, that it took me exactly three minutes to get there. Doubtless it would have taken a native of Tahiti twenty minutes. There is no such thing as hurry and no such thing as energy in these islands.—Maurice Baring in Metropolitan.

The Rhine May Get the Danube.

Of late the evolutions of the course of the Danube above Vienna have been the subject of much research. According to most authorities, the source of the Danube is in the two streamlets called Bregach and Breg, which descend from the flanks of the Black forest, in the grand duchy of Baden, and unite at Donauschingen with a spring, regarded by some as the true source. The stream from this point flows southeastward toward the bases of the Rhine and the Lake of Constance through the calcareous beds of the Swabian Jura and at certain points into sinks and rifts. Coloring matter has shown that there is a leakage of this subterranean water to the Rhine basin. The prediction of a German scientist is that the whole of the Danube above Tuttlingen will some day be captured by the Rhine.—New York Sun.

First Sunday Papers.

How Sunday newspapers were circulated in London before the abolition of the "taxes on knowledge" was described by the late R. M. Morrell, the founder of the National Sunday league. Barbers used to take in copies and let them out a penny an hour, and Mr. Morrell recalled the details of the system. It was necessary to call at the barber's on Saturday evening and state the hour for which you wanted the paper. On Sunday the customer fetched it, left sixpence on deposit and came back with the paper at the end of his hour, receiving fivepence change upon its return.—London Chronicle.

Too Much For the Englishman.

A professor from Iowa went to England last summer and was introduced to a professor from one of the English universities. He welcomed the American and said: "I met one of your colleagues last summer. We had another professor from Ohio here to visit us."

"But I am from Iowa."

"Iowa, indeed! How very interesting! I am sure the other gentleman called it Ohio."—Lippincott's.

Higher Up.

Whittier (to his daughter)—Did you tell that young man he couldn't stay after midnight?

"Yes, papa."

"Then why didn't he go?"

"He wanted to know if the order had been confirmed by mamma."—Life.

Sunny Days.

If you count up the sunny and cloudy days in a complete year, you will find that the fine day has come more often.—Ovid.

No man is wise at all times.—Pliny the Elder.

CAISSON WORKERS

Perils and Difficulties That Encompass Their Labors.

THE FEARFUL AIR PRESSURE.

It Causes Exhilaration After the First Painful Sensations Pass Away—The Great Danger Lies in Coming Out of the Lock Into the Open Air.

Laboring on the firm earth, with "all out of doors" to breathe, perspiring and mayhap grumbling at one's hard luck, a person seldom if ever stops to think that men work day after day deep down in the water or the mud, with none but artificial light to guide their movements and only the air that is pumped to them to breathe.

People who work in the open air would have only to labor for a very short time in a diver's suit, a caisson or an air lock, getting a taste of what it is like and how it feels, to be cured whatever of grumbling at their lot and thank their lucky stars that it has been ordained that they work on top of the earth.

The work of a diver, his sensations while under water and his experiences have often been written about, but those of the air lock and the caisson worker have not. While he does not face the danger of fouling pipes and lines, as does the diver, he stays down longer, gets warmer, and his great danger lies in the stagnation of blood and paralysis resulting from the change of atmosphere.

While the man working on the surface of the earth bears up an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the inch, men in the locks bear a pressure of from fifteen to fifty pounds of compressed air, according to the depth. The heaviest pressure ever worked under was borne by five divers on the Swedish coast—sixty-five pounds. Four of these died a few minutes after coming out.

While, as a general thing, the diver stands not nearly the amount of pressure and seldom stays down more than two hours, the men in the Hudson river tunnel stood a pressure of forty-six pounds and worked in four hour shifts. Some men stayed down twenty hours at a stretch, but did not work all the time, and Superintendent Haskins stayed down once twenty-four hours.

The sensations experienced are peculiar. When a man first steps in there are a tingling in the ears and a pain in the head, and when he talks it is apparently through the nose. This is caused by the pressure, and the remedy is to hold the nose, close the mouth and blow against the ears. This relieves the pain and stops the sensation. When the pressure is all on the worker feels all right and experiences no discomfort. Then there is a sort of exhilaration, and a man does more work in the lock than he could do outside.

The danger lies in coming out of the pressure into the open air. It is then that a man is apt to suffer from stagnation of the blood and paralysis caused by the change in the atmosphere. Besides this, a man may be attacked in the head or stomach with severe pains. Three out of five cases where the head and stomach are attacked result fatally.

Another severe malady resulting from the change is what is called the "bends." This is the air getting in between the flesh and the bone. It is extremely painful and so severe that a quart of whisky administered in half an hour would not intoxicate the patient. The stagnation and paralysis are the worst dangers and do the work quickly. Many men have been keeled over by these causes, and not a few die. Old timers at the business sometimes get caught. The remedy for this paralysis is a quick return to the air lock.

The men as a general thing do not remain a great many years at the business, and a man should never work at it after he is forty years of age.

Cutting a hole and building a tunnel through water is an extremely difficult thing and by many was thought to be impossible. Still it was done in the case of the Hudson river tunnel, and the method is very interesting.

The work on the tunnel had progressed until a body of water was struck. How to tunnel through this hole of water was a puzzling question. It was done in this way: A so called balloon was constructed by making a netting of wire rope and covering this netting with canvas. The interior of the balloon was then filled with blue clay and salt hay. When filled the balloon, thirty feet in diameter, weighed 140 tons. The hole of water was then located, and with the aid of a huge steam derrick the balloon was dropped into the hole. Then several scow loads of dirt were dumped down on to the balloon and the whole thing left to settle.

At the end of ten days the work of cutting through the balloon was begun. This was a very difficult job. An idea of what hard cutting it was may be gained from the fact that it took two months to dig through the thirty feet.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Spinster's Jest.

Confidential Friend to elderly spinster—No, my dear, you're given up advocating women's rights? Elderly Spinster—Yes; I'm now going in for one of women's lefts. Friend—Women's lefts! What's that? Spinster—Widower, my dear.—Judge.

A niggardly rich man does not own his estate; his estate owns him.—Bacon.