

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

By explosion and fire in the Mulga mine, near Birmingham, Thursday night of last week, 41 men lost their lives.

Politicians in Yakima county, below Union Gap, are framing up a deal to divide the county at the gap. This would leave the city of North Yakima practically a county by itself.

Eighteen miners were entrapped and perished in an explosion and fire last Friday night in a mine near Amsterdam, Ohio.

Ten thousand machinists employed on the various western railroads have authorized their officials to call a strike unless granted a 10 per cent advance in wages.

Charles J. Wezler, under arrest at Tacoma for the murder of Mrs. Fredericka Schulz, at Gig Harbor, April 4, has confessed.

Republican members of the senate committee investigating high prices of necessities, have abandoned their efforts to have the senate vote \$65,000 to carry on the inquiry.

Property loss amounting to millions, devastation of the fruit belts of Northern Indiana, Western Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota and damper on general business, were the result of a blizzard which raged over the middle west last Friday and Saturday.

Five thousand persons homeless, a number missing, many injured, and a property loss of over \$4,000,000 resulted from a fire in the center of Lake Charles, La., Saturday.

Fire at Rosalia Saturday morning destroyed the building and plant of the Citizen-Journal. The town is now to be newspaperless, as the editor will not resume publication.

Fifty of the leading business men of Japan, who are touring the world, arrived in San Francisco the past week and will visit various cities in this country.

When the revenue cutter Tahoma sails from Seattle to Bering sea she will carry an expedition organized by New York and Portland newspapers to climb Mount McKinley. The party will be led by C. E. Rusk of Chelan.

Arrangements are being made for the state convention of auditors which is to be held at Walla Walla the middle of June. One of the features will be a strawberry spread for the auditors the first day of the convention. On the last day of the convention it is planned to present each auditor with a package of immense Royal Anne cherries.

Suffering from what is believed to be leprosy in an advanced stage, a woman with an 8-months-old baby at her breast was found last week in a densely populated east side tenement in New York city. In the same three-room lodging, besides the victim and her baby, were a young woman, two men and their wives and five children.

Taking the census appears to be a strenuous form of work. After five days of question-asking resignations of enumerators began to pour in, mostly in the east. Nearly all the accompanying physicians' certificates give "nervous prostration" as reason for resignation.

Charles Chiften, betrayed by a Spanish girl pal whom he had thrown over, is in jail at San Jose, California, charged with four of the numerous mysterious murders at Santa Clara, Berkeley and San Francisco. The prisoner is also believed to be implicated in many holdups and burglaries.

A gang of men and women of various ages have been arrested at Spokane who seem to be badly wanted by the police of many cities. A 19-year-old member of the gang has confessed to numerous burglaries in Seattle and said the gang had done so many jobs he had forgotten many of them.

At the request of the state department of public instruction, the Pullman state college has prepared an outline for the course of study in forestry during the seventh and eighth grades for recommendation to the state board of education. The course includes the study of trees, forest regeneration and management, propagation of trees, the forest nursery, forest protection, forest values, the use of woods, and forest trees.

If you want the news, read The Echo.

Big Cargo, Little Ship.
An old official of the navy tells the following story of a conversation he heard between two old sailors:
"It was a rat ship I was sailin' in that trip," said one of the shellbacks. "One of the dingiest rat ships I ever knew. They was rats in it from bow to stern, rats in the hold, in the galley, in the steerage, in the fo'castle, in the old man's room—everywhere rats. nothin' but."

"Blimey it got so bad we had to put in an' get them off. So we hooked up to a dock an' fumigated. I was on deck, an' I saw them rats leavin'. I counted 'em. They was 15,000,000 of 'em."

"Fifteen million?" asked the other. "Ain't that a lot o' rats? Are you sure?"

"Sure! Yes, I'm sure. They was 15,000,000 rats, and I counted 'em. More than that, every rat weighed half a pound. They was big, fat, sassy ones, I'm tellin'."

"Fifteen million rats, and every one weighed half a pound, and they all came off your ship. That's 7,500,000 pounds of rats. Say, Jim, what was the tonnage of that ship?"

"Oh, about a hundred and fifty tons."—Judge.

His Sarcastic Apology.
A well known New Yorker figured in a quaint encounter with a "panhandler" not long ago. The fellow had asked him for a dime, when the following conversation took place:
"You're a positive nuisance! Tuesday you struck me for a dime, Thursday I gave you another, and now you have the nerve to ask for a third!"

"Excuse me, but are you the gent that gave me a dime on this corner the day before yesterday?"

"Yes."

"And now I've tackled you for the third time?"

"Yes."

"Waal," said the hobo contritely, "I sincerely beg your pardon, old man. That's too much gall even for me. The only excuse I have to offer is that you have improved so much in your personal appearance that I didn't recognize you."—Cleveland Leader.

Both Stung.
Some time ago an eminent London physician requested an equally eminent surgeon to accompany him to see a distinguished but slippery patient. The patient was exceedingly polite to both the medical gentlemen, shaking hands with them and bowing them out of the room in the most affable manner. Soon after this professional visit the same physician called again on the surgeon, requesting him to accompany him to see another patient. On their way thither the surgeon observed, "I hope this patient will behave more liberally than the last did."

"Why?" said the M. D. "Did he not give you a fee?"

"Not a shilling," was the reply.

"Indeed!" said the eminent physician, with a toss of the head. "Why, he borrowed 2 guineas from me to give to you!"—Tit-Bits.

Inertia of the Nerves.
The researches and experiments of a French scientist have led him to the conclusion that the cerebral nervous system is incapable of perceiving more than an average of ten separate impressions per second. After each excitation of the nerves a period of inertia follows, lasting about one-tenth of a second, and during this period a new impression cannot be made. According to the investigations of this scientist a person cannot make more than ten or at the most a dozen separate voluntary movements of any kind in a second, although the muscles, independently of the will, are capable of making as many as thirty or forty.

A Romantic Career.
The romantic career of a very remarkable man, John Gully, who succeeded Cribb in his battle with Mollinax, is thus summed up in the "Dictionary of National Biography": "Prizefighter, horse racer, legislator and colliery proprietor." Gully fought his first fight just before Trafalgar. He fought his last and retired from the prize ring in a blaze of triumph seven years before Waterloo. Gully rose to be a rich man and a member of parliament. He won the Derby three times and was the owner of a large and prosperous colliery. He died in 1863, the father of twenty-four children.

Compensation.
"I felt so sorry when I heard your house was burned down, Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Hawkins.
"It was too bad," said Mrs. Jones, "but it had its bright side. John and I were both afraid to discharge our cook, but now that the house is gone of course we don't have to."—Harper's Weekly.

Supplying a Want.
Shabby individual (to painter up ladder)—Hi, you're dropping your paint all over me.
Painter—Well, you're badly in need of a coat of some sort.—London Tit-Bits.

A Better Position.
"Why did Dollarby sell his hotel?"
"He wasn't making money fast enough."
"What is he doing now?"
"He's luxuriating in the position of head waiter."—Pearson's Weekly.

That Boy Again.
Mrs. Boardem—I ordered lamb and you sent me mutton.
Butcher—It was lamb when it left here, mum.—Judge's Library.

Good reasons must, of course, give place to better.—Shakespeare.

Prayer Meeting in the Commons.
For many years a prayer meeting has been held in the house of commons once a week during every parliamentary session. No one knows who originated the idea, but the records of the proceedings, which are faithfully noted each week, show that in the year 1833 the well known Quaker Mr. T. Fowell Buxton and the evangelicals Sir George Grey and Mr. Zachary Macaulay were in constant attendance. The prayer meeting is held in a room granted for the purpose by the sergeant-at-arms and is restricted to twenty minutes. The proceedings are very simple. At each weekly meeting a president for the following week is chosen. On the day of assembling—Tuesday, at 5 o'clock—the president for the day opens the meeting, reads a portion of the Scriptures and either offers an extempore prayer or calls on one of the members to pray. Two or three others offer short prayers, and the meeting closes with the benediction.—London News.

He Begs Pardon No More.
Jones had just trod on the toe of an old gentleman while getting into the train car.
"I beg your pardon," he said.
"Hey? Speak louder. I'm a trifle deaf."

"I beg your pardon," repeated Jones.
"H'm! Peggy starving? Well, I'm sorry. Who's Peggy?"
Jones was red in the face now.
"You misunderstand, sir!" he shouted.

"Hey?"
"You misunderstood!"
"Miss Underwood, is she? Peggy, who is starving, is Miss Underwood? Well?"

"I didn't say anything about Miss Underwood!" screamed Jones. "I begged your pardon, and you misunderstood."
"Oh, now I see!" said the old man sympathetically. "It is your Aunt Peggy who is starving Miss Underwood. Well, why don't you report the case to the police?"—Pearson's.

Not in Her Class.
While delivering an address at a woman's club an actress told the story of a young woman prominent in New York society who desired to achieve histrionic honors.
The manager to whom she confided her desire pointed out the inadvisability of the step she contemplated and added that even were she disposed to give her the chance she coveted he would still be in doubt whether her talents were such as to justify such action on his part.

"What is particularly desired by us at the present time," he said, "is the service of people who know the mechanics of the stage."

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed the young woman, throwing up her hands. "You don't mean to tell me that it is necessary I should be on terms of intimacy with those dreadful stage hands?"—Lippincott's.

Proud of His Prospects.
Louis Pierre was one of a number of Canadian immigrants who settled at Fitzgerald, Ga. As he spoke both French and English he rapidly became a man of importance and was successively elected to the offices of city marshal, coroner and justice of the peace. A dispute arose between the French and English settlers as to the superiority of the United States over the Canadian provinces. They finally agreed to leave the decision to Judge Pierre, who handed down this decision:
"Yoost tage a loog at me. Ferst dey mage me constabul, den coroner, und now joostis de pees. Soon I be ze governor, den senator, den president. I would be ze long time in Canadadre fore dey mage me queen."—Circle Magazine.

A Diet of Wild Honey.
Wild honey as a change is an agreeable sweetmeat, but after a few days constantly partaking of it the European palate rejects it as nauseous and almost disgusting. Our experience extended over a fortnight, during which period our food consisted solely of it and maize. It has escaped the Biblical commentators that one of the principal hardships that John the Baptist must have undergone was his diet of wild honey.—Geographic Magazine.

Ancient Oath Taking.
A method of taking the oath far more hygienic than kissing the book was that observed at the Forest of Dean Mine court for about 500 years, beginning in the thirteenth century. It was not for any hygienic reasons, but to prevent soiling the book that the miners before giving evidence touched the four gospels with a stick of holly. The witnesses wore their hats to show that they were free miners.—London Chronicle.

Only Part of the Truth.
Ives—I saw Captain Deepcees today. Beers—Well, what if you did? Ives—What if I did? Didn't you tell me that he was with his vessel when she went down last week with all on board? Beers—Yes, but I didn't tell you his vessel was a submarine.—Chicago News.

An Exception.
Binks—Here is somebody who says that no woman is a suffragist unless she has a gronch on some man. Sinks—That's queer. My wife isn't a suffragist.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pa Was Wise.
"Papa, what is quiet hostility?"
"Quiet hostility, little Jim, is the way in which when I decline to give you a penny you sneak round behind my chair and make faces."—Scraps.

Feathers on Hats Must Go
No longer will the beautiful aigrette find lodging place in the eye of the wearied man in the subway car. No longer will the hat with its towering feathers be an obstruction to the enthusiastic fan at the ball game. No longer will the cross husband have an excuse for remaining at the club every night for a week on account of an extremely high millinery bill caused by the purchase of rare feathers, says a dispatch from Albany, N. Y.

The New York legislature has decreed that after July 1, 1911, the wearing of the feathers of a bird, except those of a crow or similar species, made unpopular by its own misconduct shall be unlawful.

The official death knell will not be sounded until Gov. Hughes signs the bill, but there seems to be a quivering feeling among the milliners that he will follow the lead of the legislators. So certain are the members of the Audubon Society of America that the governor will sign the bill that they intend to ask him for the pen he uses.

"Why so gloomy, old chap?"
"The doctor has ordered my wife to spend two months in the country."
"I understand, my poor fellow."
"But you don't understand. She won't go!"

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Hubby—Gracious, Helen! that hobo has been singing out in the back yard for the last hour.
Wife—Yes, William. It is all my fault.
Hubby—Your fault?
Wife—Indeed it is. I thought I was giving him a dish of boiled oatmeal and instead of that I boiled up the birdseed by mistake.

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