

THE WORLD AT LARGE

Miscellaneous Bits of Information,
Gossip and Fancy.

A CYNICAL SUMMARY.

This world is but a fleeting show,
And little joy he gleams
Who curiously undertakes
To look behind the scenes.
It is not what the player does
That in the long run tells
In remodeling his hissing fan,
But what the umpire yells.
The fleetest racer sometimes falls
The victory to claim:
'Tis not the horse that gets in first,
But the one the judges name.
And so it is with all success
That human life may see:
'Tis not the man that counts, but what
The man is thought to be.
—Washington Star.

HIS \$100,000 BANK ACCOUNT.

What happened when a Capitalist suddenly met His Bank's Paying Teller.
A paying teller of a down town bank tells an interesting story of a Cuban experience of his. "I shall never forget," he said, "how I nearly sent a man into fits one day last winter, but because I met him unexpectedly.
"I had been planning a little jaunt down to Cuba for some time. As it was doubtful when I should be able to get away from the bank I said nothing about it to my friends or the bank's customers. I had been instrumental in getting a good sized account for the bank—one of those \$100,000 ones that are hard to pick up nowadays and worth quite a good deal of money to us. I knew the head of this concern, and, in fact, had got the account through him. He told us when he gave it to us that he was in a hurry to get it fixed satisfactorily because he was about to go to Cuba.
"As soon as I was able to get away I sailed for Havana. I staid in the island nearly a month, having a most delightful time and keeping one eye open for my friend of our new account. I was just about ready to start for home when I met him, quite by chance, in one of the Havana shops. When he saw me he jumped back about five feet, as if he had been shot from out of a gun.
"God bless my soul—you here?" he said. "Why, wha—?" He seemed struck all in a heap. "You here? Good heavens!" I had to laugh, and laugh hard at that, for I knew what was troubling him. He was thinking of that \$100,000 balance, and worrying about it—a little. You see, as I was the paying teller of the bank, the thought naturally flashed through his mind that I had skipped with the bank's funds and a large slice of his hundred thousand.
"Of course, as soon as he saw me laugh and his excitement had cooled down a little he began to see the fun of the thing and that he and the bank were safe, after all. We found out we were going home on the same steamer and ten minutes later we walked over to the American consul's office together and got our passports fixed. And we had a jolly time of it back on the boat."
—New York World.

Great Men and the Presidency.

There is nothing more pathetic in our history than the successive disappointments of great men in the matter of the presidency. They have dedicated their lives to the service of the country with the belief that their labors would surely bring them what they earned, but after all their endeavors, they have been disappointed and the prize has gone to men of inferior merits, as if in contempt of the rules of justice and propriety. There is no way to explain this curious irony of destiny. We only know that it is a part of the established order of things, and no man is great enough to be exempt from it.
In a sense, men of superior ability are always at a disadvantage, by reason of the envy that they provoke and the hostility that they excite, but this should not be sufficient to deprive them of what rightfully belongs to them, as the presidency certainly has rightfully belonged to a number of men who have not been able to obtain it.
The tendency of such a form of government as ours should be to give the public men according to their true deserts and to keep the highest office filled with the best examples of current greatness, but the truth is that it does not thus justify itself.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Puppy Fainted Away.

"Speaking of dogs," said Superintendent John Horne of the Mount Washington railway, "did you ever see a dog faint away?" No one had. "Well, I have," said the veteran railroad official, and then he proceeded to tell of a very young pup which was taken from its mother and remained at the signal station on Mount Washington all winter, several years ago. When taken down the mountain in the spring, he met another dog, who undertook to make his acquaintance. "You will observe," said Mr. Horne, "the young fellow didn't remember ever having seen a dog, and doubtless thought the one before him was the only other dog in the world. So he keeled over in a dead faint."
—Among the Clouds.

That Planet Signaling Scheme.

What has become of the planet signaling scheme suggested by the speculative astronomers two or three years ago? If we remember aright, it was proposed to signal the planet Mars by mapping out an immense right angled triangle on the desert of Sahara, cover the same with light combustibles and set fire to it on some moonless night. It was hoped that the Marsians would see such a blazing figure and answer with the Pythagorean figure of three squares built on the side of the triangle. The desert is still available, and so are the light combustibles.
—St. Louis Republic.

Solitude relieves us when we are sick of company, and conversation when we are weary of being alone, so that the one cures the other. There is no man so miserable as he that is at a loss to use his time.—Seneca.

No married subject in Austria can procure a passport to go beyond the frontier unless he can produce a written consent from his wife.

THE FASTNET LIGHT.

It is the first glimpse of Great Britain that the American tourist gets on his European tour is that of the Fastnet lighthouse. It stands on a rugged and solitary rock, situated nine miles south of Crookhaven, at the extreme southwest corner of Ireland, and is perhaps more storm-beaten than any other around our coast. The rock is 80 feet in height, and the lighthouse towers another 70 feet above, yet, in winter gales, the Atlantic billows literally bombard the massive structure and have even smashed in a portion of the lantern at the summit of the erection, the seas frequently sweeping over the rock with tremendous force. Some two or three years ago the stormy weather then prevailing prevented all communication with the rock for many weeks, so that the store of food was consumed, with the exception of some flour. At last a schooner managed to approach sufficiently near to enable a small quantity of food to be dragged through the sea by the hungry men, and fortunately the next day the sea moderated, and the stores were once more fully replenished.
Except in very calm weather the Fastnet is surrounded by a fringe of foam, and the only means of landing is by the aid of a "jib" 58 feet in length, so placed on the rock that, in moderate weather, its end reaches outside the surf. When a visitor wishes to land (an unusual occurrence), he is rowed in a small boat as near as the waves permit, and the lightkeepers throw out a small buoy, attached to a rope, which is secured by the man in the boat. The jib is then swung out, and the visitor, placing one foot in the loop and catching tight hold of the rope, is hoisted about 40 feet vertically, and then the jib, being pivoted at its foot, swings him horizontally about 100 feet on to a safe landing.—London Sketch.

ENGINEERING BY A MOUSE.

The Skillful Plan by Which He Got Himself Out of a Deep Hole.
"While digging holes for telegraph poles at Byron, Me.," said a Western Union man, "I became interested in watching the ingenuity and perseverance of a mouse. He fell into one of the holes, which was 4 1/2 feet deep and 30 inches across. The first day he ran around the bottom of the hole, trying to find some means of escape, but could not climb out. The second day he settled down to business. He began steadily and systematically to dig a spiral groove round and round the inner surface of the hole with a uniformly ascending grade. He worked night and day, and as he got farther from the bottom he dug little pockets where he could either lie or sit or rest. Interested witnesses thronged in food.
At the end of two weeks the mouse struck a rock. This puzzled him. For nearly a day he tried to get under, around or over the obstruction, but without success. With unflinching patience he reversed his spiral and went on tunneling his way to the opposite direction. At the end of four weeks he reached the top and probably sped away to enjoy his well earned freedom. His escape was not seen. When his food was put in the morning, he was near the surface, but at night the work was seen to be complete, and the little engineer, whose pluck and skill had saved his life, had left."
—New York Sun.

The Only Venomous Bird.

Among all the thousands of feathered creatures classified by the trained ornithologists, but one, the rhipidochelone, or "bird of death," is known to be venomous. This queer and deadly species of the winged and feathered tribe is a native of the island of Papua, or New Guinea. The bird is described as being about the size of a common tame pigeon, of gray plumage, and a tail of extraordinary length, ending in a tip of brilliant scarlet red. It is a marsh bird and is found to inhabit only the immense stagnant pools adjoining the lakes of the interior of the island. The rhipidochelone has a hooked beak, as sharp as a cock's spur and hollow. The venom with which he inoculates is distilled in a set of organs which nature has provided for that purpose and which lie in the upper mandible, just below the openings of the nostrils. Under this poison secreting laboratory in the roof of the mouth is a small, fleshy knob. When the bird sets its beak in the flesh of a victim, this knob receives a pressure which liberates the venom and inoculates the wound. No man, native or otherwise, was ever known to recover from a bite inflicted by a rhipidochelone. The suffering in such cases is said to be much more agonizing than in cases of rattlesnake and Gila monster bites.—St. Louis Republic.

Lombroso.

Professor Lombroso, the famous criminologist, is thus described by one who knows him well: "In appearance Lombroso is not distinguished. He is short and rather stout; a few silvery threads shine in his dark hair; his mustache is gray, his imperial entirely white. His conversation is simple and pleasing and rendered exceedingly interesting by his powerful memory and vast learning. Owing to his long residence in Turin, he uses many Piedmontese words and phrases."
A Bargain.
She—I bought you a beautiful box of cigars today.
He—But I've got cigars to burn already.
"Yes, but they were so cheap! The man told me the box alone was worth the price I paid."
—Yonkers Statesman.

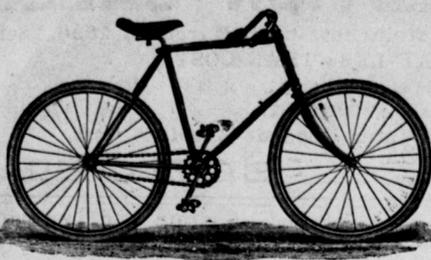
Gives Warning.

Venomous snakes are slow in doing mischief. The cobra di capello, the toy of Indian jugglers, retains its fangs, but never uses them except to resuscitate injuries, and then, opening its crest and hissing violently, it darts on its victim, who has notice to escape.
The Man He Wanted.
A gentleman recently recommended to the notice of a city merchant a young fellow who was looking for a clerkship. Some few days after they again met, and the gentleman asked if the selection had proved a wise one.
"Not at all!" replied the merchant.
"Dear me!" said the other. "I thought he would have suited you down to the ground; so full of go!"
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"So he is!" emphatically. "So he is!"
—London Tit-Bits.

Napoleon and Washington.

Sobered for the moment by contemplating a past danger which had threatened annihilation, and by the crowding responsibilities of the future, the better side of the first consul's nature was for that time dominant. So far as consistent with his aspirations for personal power and glory, he put into practical operation many of the most important revolutionary ideals, falling only in that which sought to substitute a national for a Roman church. But in this process he took full advantage of the state of French society to make himself indispensable to the continuance of French life on its new path. Incapable of the

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The Sin of Fretting.

Watch any ordinary coming together of people and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes a more or less complaining statement of something or other, which most probably every one in the room, or in the railway carriage, or in the street, it may be, knew before, and which probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, or ill cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort—there are plenty of things to fret about, if we are weak enough to heed trifles. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp lookout on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are prone to trouble as sparks to fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road, the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.
—Helen Hunt.

Quiet Shops.

Every shop in Mexico bears a title. This custom has its humorous side. "The Store of the Two Hemispheres" may be no more than three yards square, while "The Magazine of the Globe" carries a stock worth about \$5.

But in the larger cities there are numbers of finely stocked emporiums of various classes of goods. In all the mercantile establishments there is the singular custom of pelon, which apparently counterbalances any attempt at overcharging on the part of the proprietors.
When you become a regular customer, a tiny tin cylinder is provided and hung up in the shop in full view of everybody, marked with your name and your number.

Every time that you make a purchase a bean is dropped down into the cylinder, and at stated times these are all counted, and if every 16 or 17, depending upon the generosity of the firm, you are allowed threepence in money or goods. This custom must be one of great antiquity.—London Correspondent.

A Novel Cosmetic.

To a Berlin factory girl belongs the credit of having found a new cosmetic. It had been noticed for a long time that every Saturday she would complain about toothache, which always entirely disappeared by Sunday morning. As sure as Saturday came around she would be seen with her face swathed in bandages, but otherwise attending to her duties as usual. Finally the people became curious as to what caused this regular recurrence of the evil, and one day the foreman in the factory loosened her bandage, and lo! there were two strips of mustard plaster on her cheeks. After close questioning she confessed that she had done the same thing every Saturday in order to have nice red cheeks when going to church on Sunday morning. The plasters hurt her somewhat, but she preferred a little pain in order to appear more winsome at church in the morning and at the dance in the afternoon.

Metecox For Embroidering on Linen.

For embroidering on traveling cases, "I'll put a girldie round about the earth," or the phrase, "Travelers must be content," will form a welcome variation upon the perennial "Bon Voyage." A button bag may announce "I had a soul above but no Embroiderers; my pillow slips may allude to "The shadow of a dream," or "jacturate "sweet sleep be with us." A veil case may be marked, "Mysterious veil of brightness made, That's both her hater and her shade, or "The veil spun from the cobweb." The pretty cloths which are used to keep the ears of corn hot when serving may be marked, "Corny which is the staff of life," "When corn is ripe 'tis time to reap," or Whittier's "Heaphigh the golden corn." Bread cloths are marked, "Broad which strengthens men's hearts."—Ladies' Home Journal.

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THOMAS LUND
PROPRIETOR NORTH YAKIMA

Notice for Publication.
LAND OFFICE AT NORTH YAKIMA, WASH., Dec. 14, 1905.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at North Yakima, Wash., on January 25, 1906, viz: Abraham Greenwald, H. E. No. 1650 for the egs, 1/2, 1/4, 1/8, 1/16, 1/32, 1/64, 1/128, 1/256, 1/512, 1/1024, 1/2048, 1/4096, 1/8192, 1/16384, 1/32768, 1/65536, 1/131072, 1/262144, 1/524288, 1/1048576, 1/2097152, 1/4194304, 1/8388608, 1/16777216, 1/33554432, 1/67108864, 1/134217728, 1/268435456, 1/536870912, 1/1073741824, 1/2147483648, 1/4294967296, 1/8589934592, 1/17179869184, 1/34359738368, 1/68719476736, 1/137438953472, 1/274877906944, 1/549755813888, 1/1099511627776, 1/2199023255552, 1/4398046511104, 1/8796093022208, 1/17592186044416, 1/35184372088832, 1/70368744177664, 1/140737488355328, 1/281474976710656, 1/562949953421312, 1/1125899906842624, 1/2251799813685248, 1/4503599627370496, 1/9007199254740992, 1/18014398509481984, 1/36028797018963968, 1/72057594037927936, 1/144115188075855872, 1/288230376151711744, 1/576460752303423488, 1/1152921504606846976, 1/2305843009213693952, 1/4611686018427387904, 1/9223372036854775808, 1/18446744073709551616, 1/36893488147419103232, 1/73786976294838206464, 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