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Why He Did Not Marry.

As a reason for not marrying Brahms once wrote to a friend: "At the time when I should have wished to marry, my compositions were either hissed at or at any rate very coolly received. I knew their worth, though, and that sooner or later the page would be turned, and in unmarried solitude I never really took my reverses to heart. But to be questioned by a wife at such moments, to have her inquiring eyes anxiously fixed upon me, to hear her ask, 'Again a fiasco?' no, that I could never have borne, for, however much she loved me and believed in me, I could not have expected her to have unwavering faith in my subsequent victory. And had she attempted to console me! Ugh! I can't even think of it. It would have been little less than hell!"—Monthly Review.

Convenient Arrangement.

"What are you buying now?"

"I am looking for some present to give my wife on her birthday. I tell you, making presents costs a heap of money."

"Why don't you do as I do? I have never failed to make my wife a present on her birthday every year for twenty-five years, and I am not out a penny thus far."

"How do you manage it?"

"It is very simple. After we were married, when her birthday came round, I gave her a £5 note. When my birthday came round, she gave me the note back, and we have kept that up ever since, and neither of us is out a penny."—London Tit-Bits.

Like Calling For a Drink.

A hard drinker was told by his doctor that he could be cured if every time he felt that he must have a drink he would immediately take something to eat instead. The man followed the advice and was cured, but the habit of asking for food had become so fixed with him that once he was nearly locked up as a lunatic. He was stopping at a hotel, and, hearing a great commotion in the room next to his, he peeped over the transom to see what the matter was. He saw and rushed madly down to the office and shouted to the clerk: "The man in 153 has shot himself! Ham and egg sandwich, please!"

Wrong Frame of Mind.

"Caroline, aren't you ever going to join the church?"

"Of course I am, Aunt Rachel, some day. But you ought to know better than ask me to do it when I'm right in the midst of this dratted house cleaning."—Chicago Tribune.

The Old Order Changes.

The old Scots parliament decreed that "golf and football shall be utterly cryit dune," and today the Scots parliament does not exist, while football and golf have inherited the earth.—Edinburgh Dispatch.

BOOKS AND BINDINGS.

A Critic's Comparison of the Modern With the Ancient.

"One of the strangest things about the early printing is the fact that the paper and binding were so much better than we have nowadays," said a St. Louis collector.

"I have books on my shelves printed and bound by presumably reputable firms, and yet after six or eight years of careful use the paper is coming to pieces and the bindings are gone, while side by side with them are books 300 years old with paper intact and the bindings as good as new. The difference is of course in honesty of material and work. In the old days a hide was allowed to lie in the tanner's vats for a year before it was thought fit for use. Paper was handmade of real linen rags. Now book leather is ready two or three weeks after the calf has been skinned. Paper is machine made of heaven knows what. Of course there may be honestly made paper and strong binding now, as there were then, but a couple of hundred years ago good binding and paper were the rule. Now they are the rare, also the costly, exceptions. It is true that the high temperatures of the houses, the gases and coal fumes may have something to do with impairing leather bindings, for, as everybody knows, a stout cloth or canvas binding is better than the leather now used. The same influences may also damage the paper, but still the fact remains that neither the temperature nor the gases affect the work of the old printers, so the difference, after all, is one of quality."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Circus and the Arab Steed.

Circuses are perhaps more to blame for the misrepresentation of the Arab horse than any other source. A friend of mine owns a circus, and I saw his posters a few years ago claiming to exhibit eighteen or twenty of the only Arabian horses brought to America. He said they were captured with great difficulty and brought to New York by a special permit of the sultan; that they were of the family known in history as the eagle feather horses, so much prized in the queen of Sheba's days; that they were snow white, with big markings in their spots of the tip of eagle feathers. We don't have to believe everything we read on the circus posters. In this case I am mighty certain these "spotted Arabians" were bought at Albany, Ore. The most peculiar part of this spotted horse business is this, and it is not a very strange reason when you know it, that spotted anything is created by a mixture of different races or different breeds, and that likely accounts for the fact that the Arabian desert in all its history has never produced a spotted, or piebald, horse, possible from the fact that there is never any mixture of blood.—Homer Davenport in Woman's Home Companion.

Popular Approval of Theft.

The idea of private property has never been fully accepted by the masses of the people and never had their cordial approval as an institution. The most popular songs and ballads of our nation in all ages, it may be noted, have been those which described sympathetically attacks on private property from the Robin Hood cycle to the broad sheets in which Turpin and Sheppard were made heroes. Even nowadays the literature that really touches the people, the literature that the educated classes seldom so much as see exposed for sale, the literature that is sold in the small "general" shop in the back street and costs fewer pennies than the novel we know costs shillings, still very largely deals with the romantic exploits of the robber. He is never a villain; he is noble and generous to a fault, but he is convinced of the impropriety of persons having too much money.—London News.

"Going to the Dogs."

The phrase "going to the dogs" has puzzled the explainers of metaphorical expressions rather needlessly. It has even been suggested that it is a profane perversion of "going to the gods," and an allusion has been detected to "canis," the dog throw, the worst throw with the dice among the ancient Romans. Shakespeare's "Throw physic to the dogs" and the Scriptural "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs" have been quoted in connection with the expression. But it seems a fairly obvious reference to the fate of the wornout horse, condemned to be slaughtered. The old Greek curse, "Go to the crows!" may be compared, referring as it did to the Greek's horror of having his body left unburied as food for carrion birds.—London Spectator.

When Woman Guides The Plot.

By HENRY LINSLEY DOOLITTLE.

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The unusual is ever the most attractive. From his assortment of morning mail Bower first of all selected the one unbusinesslike envelope and hastily tore it open. He read softly, with rising elation:

My Dear Jimmy—Monday evening next, April 1, I am planning a little heart surprise party in honor of little sister's birthday. It won't be complete without one of her best friends, so please cut everything and come. I should have let you know sooner had I not expected to see you at the club reception last night. Where were you—out with the other girl? Anyway, Monday evening without fail. Your sincere friend,

GRACE LOUISE ELSTON.

"It wouldn't do to miss Marjorie's birthday—in memory of three years ago, if for no other reason," he meditated.

"Too bad she had to kick up such a fuss over nothing. How was I to blame? She must have waked up, or I never should have been invited. I wonder"— But at that moment the pile of business letters caught his eye reprovingly.

Arriving early at the Elston home, he found the apartment ablaze with hearts. Large ones adorned the curtains and electroliers, while smaller tokens of the occasion were strewn about in picturesque profusion. Above the main doorway hung a flying Cupid, prince of romance.

The early arrivals had formed into interested groups. More than once Bower thought he heard the mention of some engagement, but upon drawing nearer he was met by a sudden change of subject and what seemed half startled glances. At last he cornered his hostess.

"What does a heart party usually mean?" she parried, with a laugh that jarred strangely on his nerves. "Oh, there's Mr. Stanwood. I must see that he meets some of the out-of-towners," and she was gone.

Just then Marjorie entered. "Little sister," as he had once called her, looked very much grown up tonight. Bower was among the first to press forward with congratulations. "How many is it this time?" he quizzed in well feigned ignorance. "Let's see, three years ago it was nineteen. This time you throw double twos—sign of good luck."

She smiled in some embarrassment.

"You have too good a memory, Jim. Can't you ever forget? After the teens a girl isn't so proud of her age."

He made way for the others with a tingling sensation of loss. After all, had it been so much her fault three years ago? At the other side of the room he caught sight of Miss Sherwood beckoning to him with parted lips. Mechanically he crossed to her side.

"I was never so stumped in my life," confided his companion. "You are an old friend of the family, Mr. Bower. Did Miss Elston tell you before tonight?"

"I was about as much in the dark as any one," he evaded.

"And did you see the ring?" she rattled on. "It's a perfect beauty!"

Jim smiled to hide his suspicion. Those best wishes—were they as innocently attached to her birthday as he had supposed? He tried to recall her new friends, but none seemed to fit the case.

"Well, if you can't tell me any more about the man than that, I guess I'll hunt up some one who can." Miss Sherwood disappeared with a parting shot, "I always supposed you were the right bower in that game."

Miss Elston was passing the tally cards. "The head table is up there," she indicated, "and the booby at the other end. As there are two people short, the poorest couple at the last table will have to drop out each time until the next change. You'll find a consolation cozy corner in the conservatory."

Starting at the third table, Jim slowly advanced to the head and then as suddenly dropped to the other end. Marjorie was already there.

"Unlucky in cards"— she laughed.

"You might have given a fellow a little warning," he grieved—"sort of chance to renew his option." But the sound of the bell cut short the conversation.

For the next ten minutes he played atrociously, now heaping hearts upon her score, now adding needlessly to his own. The other pair exchanged knowing glances. He couldn't have made a plainer bid for the cozy corner. Yet Marjorie seemed oblivious.

"Now tell me all about it," began Jim a few minutes later.

Marjorie hesitated.

"There isn't so much to tell," she began slowly at last. "Clinton is a distant cousin of mine. He cares for me, and I care for him. He's well off—and generous—and good looking." She weighed each winning quality with a deliberation that hurt. "And, above all, he knows his own mind. Why shouldn't I love him?" she demanded, turning suddenly to her companion.

"Oh, don't mind me tonight," he deprecated. "It's just this: I can't seem to realize what it all means to me. We did have such good times once, Marjie."

She started at the sound of her nickname, so dearly loved of old. "We were children then," reflectively.

"And you promised to give me first chance if any one else came along," he oursued, drawing closer.

"Did I, really? How foolish of me!" she laughed. "Yet we were children through it all. We even scrapped like children at the finish."

"Mostly my fault," he owned.

Her laughing gray eyes glanced up to his.

"No, all your fault," she corrected.

"Marjie, do you really love him?" demanded Jim.

She started violently.

"Why, the idea—what a question! Here I came out for a friendly little talk with you, and you're proving a regular inquisitor. Do you suppose I shall ever marry a man I don't love? Not much!"

His arm crept softly around her waist.

"Haven't you any regard for honor?" she entreated. "We mustn't—I mean, you mustn't forget"—

"Honor? repeated Jim slowly. "No. What do I care for honor if I lose you, Marjie? Can't you see that I've loved you all the time and that it was just my infernal jealousy and pride that kicked up the trouble? Yes, I suppose we were children then, for children never stop to appreciate their happy comradeship till too late. But couldn't we be children again, Marjie—you and I—while all the rest are growing up? Do you remember, it was four years ago tonight that I met you—at the Prestous' box party?"

He drew her closer to him. Everything favored the contrite lover. The fragrance of the hothouse plants blended into a heavy perfume. The Japanese lanterns glowed softly with warm color harmony.

He gently turned her face from the shadow to the softly glowing light.

"Do you really love me, Marjie?" he repeated.

With a gesture of impatience—or was it of fright?—she arose and threw open a window. As she stood gazing into the night a distant hurdy gurdy struck up the much worn "Good Old Summer Time." He joined her.

"Do you remember the first time we heard it together down on the Jersey shore, Marjie?"

"Do it? Oh, what was I saying? It isn't fair," she implored.

Jim turned unsteadily from the freshening breeze to the heavy fragrance within. "Well, I guess it's goodby, Marjie." He held out his hand.

"Oh, why couldn't I"— she breathed.

He snatched her to him. "Marjie, look at me."

Slowly she raised her eyes, then as suddenly buried her face in her hands.

"Oh, how could you?" she gasped, with a frightened cry.

Gently he stroked her hair. "I'll go away and wait if it will do any good," he began feverishly, "if you'll—ah, hang that engagement! Others have discovered their mistake and broken off before it was too late. Will it do any good if I wait? Tell me, Marjie. I must know."

Unresisting, yet shaking violently, she rested her head against his shoulder, but only for an instant. There was a sound of moving chairs and approaching voices.

"May I come around tomorrow night?" he urged as he turned to the room.

She nodded carelessly, for steps were close at hand.

"We were just looking for you, Marjorie," said her sister. "It's time to cut the birthday cake. What has kept you two has-beens so busy out here? You'll be talked about."

"I was just outlining my future plans," answered Jim, following the girls to the card room.

* * * * * * *

"You're perfect dears, both of you," Marjorie was saying to Grace and Clinton an hour later. "Jimmy's such a dog in the manger. I knew he cared for me, but that he'd never come to the point unless some one else butted in. It was such a joke to see how everybody thought Clinton was engaged to little me when big sister was it the whole time."

Grace sleepily consulted her watch.

"It is getting very late," she commented. "Suppose you return my ring. From my first glimpse into the conservatory I should judge that yours will arrive in a day or two."

Memory of Sleepwalkers.

The memory of sleepwalkers is occasionally prodigious under the influence of the dominating impulse that moves them. There is an instance of a poor and illiterate basket maker, who was unable to read or write, yet in a state of sleep he would preach fluent sermons, which were afterward recognized as having formed portions of discourses he was accustomed to hear in the parish church as a child more than forty years before. Quite as strange a case of "unconscious memory" is referred to by Dr. Abercrombie. A girl given to sleepwalking was in the habit of imitating the violin with her lips, giving the preliminary tuning and scraping and flourishing with the utmost fidelity. It puzzled the physician a good deal, until he ascertained that when a child she lived in a room adjoining a fiddler who often performed on his violin in her hearing.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Foot of the Reindeer.

The foot of the reindeer is most peculiar in construction. It is cloven through the middle, and each half curves upward in front. It is slightly elongated and capable of a considerable amount of expansion. When placed on an irregular surface, which is difficult to traverse, the animal contracts the feet into a sort of claw, by which a firm hold is secured. When moving rapidly, the two portions of the foot as it is lifting strike together, the hoofs making a continuous clattering noise, which may be heard at a considerable distance. It is this peculiarity of the feet that makes the reindeer so sure footed and so valuable in rocky and uneven country, where almost any other animal would prove a failure as a beast of burden.

Sawing Out a Segment.

This rule is given by the Woodworker for sawing out a segment—a piece straight on one edge and curved on the other: Suppose the segment is to be 48 inches long and 4 inches wide at the central or widest place. Square one-half the length (24 inches), which gives 576; square the width (4 inches), which gives 16; add 576 and 16, obtaining 592; divide 592 by twice the width (2×4=8), which gives 74 inches, the radius. This rule will apply to any case.

When Stevenson Was Poor.

Robert Louis Stevenson was in poor circumstances in San Francisco before he made his hit with the world. During the time that he used to loaf, penniless, upon the lawn where afterward they put up a bronze and marble statue to him, he picked up a few quarters acting as super in the old California theater, in Bush street.

Hint Not Taken.

"From the grammatical standpoint," said the fair maid with the lofty forehead, "which do you consider correct, 'I had rather go home' or 'I would rather go home?'"

"Neither," promptly responded the young man. "I'd much rather stay here."

His Little Joke.

At the breakfast table Good Friday morning Wilfred was given a hot cross bun. It was very small, raisinless and burnt.

"Ma," said the little fellow, disappointedly, "this seems to be a hot cross bunko."—Woman's Home Companion.

The Retort.

Here is a retort which a "dull student" once made: Professor—You seem to be very dull. When Alexander the Great was your age, he had already conquered the world. Student—Well, you see, he had Aristotle for a teacher. —Chambers' Journal.

Transposed Wedding Costumes.

[Original.]

Captain Bullwinkle during his term of service in the civil war always considered himself at the foot of a mountain of superior officers.

Bullwinkle always thought that if he could get an independent command, even of his own company, he could distinguish himself. When Sherman marched to Atlanta the captain attained his desire. He was left in the rear to guard a bridge.

There was a house near the bridge he guarded in which lived a family of Confederate sympathizers. Bullwinkle was informed by a Union man that the place was to be used as a cover for Confederates to steal upon the bridge at night and burn it. He sent his second lieutenant, Walter Moore, to put a corporal and four men in the house. Moore marched his men to the place. They were fired on, and Moore ordered a retreat. When he returned and reported what he had done, or, rather, had not done, Bullwinkle was very angry. Moore excused himself on the ground that he was fired on by women, and he didn't like that kind of warfare. Bullwinkle sent a sergeant and a dozen men, who found no one in the house except the family.

Now comes the captain's unique distinction. Being independent, far from a superior, he could do pretty much as he pleased. He made an example of Moore, trying him for cowardice, and got the court to sentence the lieutenant to wear women's clothes for sixty days. Feminine clothing was obtained from among the citizens, and Moore was forced to array himself in it. For a few days the command was much amused; then Moore's punishment became an old story.

One day a young countryman with yellow hair, blue eyes and without the sign of a beard appeared at headquarters and asked to be enlisted. He was accepted, and Moore's uniform was given him temporarily. He was an effeminate little chap, and as the men were disposed to make a butt of him he made friends with Moore. Then there was sport sure enough. The recruit and Moore were a great deal together and never appeared in company without exciting derisive laughter.

The bridge was protected by a blockhouse. One afternoon several hundred Confederate troopers came down to drive off the Yanks. Bullwinkle gathered his command, some eighty men, in the blockhouse. Moore, who of course was not acting as lieutenant, took a musket and fought in the ranks. The recruit showed himself from the first an arrant coward, and both officers and men looked upon him with contempt. Moore, however, excused the boy on the ground that it was his first fight and he would redeem himself later on.

Finally the Confederates divided into two sections, both of which attacked the blockhouse simultaneously, one in front and one in rear. The captain divided his own force to meet the advancing sections, taking command of one section himself and placing the other under his first lieutenant. Moore was in the lieutenant's section. The lieutenant was killed, and Moore, unmindful of his degraded condition and feminine dress, sprang at once into the gap and directed the defense with great coolness and bravery, finally driving his enemies to cover. Then he took his men to the captain's assistance, and the other Confederate section was also driven off. Soon after the Confederates raised the siege and galloped away.

"You two," said Bullwinkle to Moore and the recruit when the fight was over, "change uniforms."

Moore looked much embarrassed, and the recruit turned pale.

"Off with that uniform!" roared the captain to the recruit.

"Please, captain, mayn't I go off by myself to undress?"

"Go off by yourself! No, you coward; strip."

"Hold on, captain," said Lieutenant Moore. "We'll have to make an explanation. We're cornered."

"An explanation! What explanation?"

"Well, to begin at the beginning, when you ordered me to take a corporal and four men to the house up yonder I was at a disadvantage. I'd been to that house often after taps and had been treated very kindly by the family living there. One of them, a girl, was mighty good to me."

"A love affair, I suppose," growled Bullwinkle. "That's no excuse in a matter of duty."

"When we were fired on, I couldn't stand to shoot people who had been good to me, especially the girl, so I drew off my men."

"Well, what's that got to do with this fellow's cowardice?"

"It's kind of hard to explain it," the lieutenant labored on, "but the fact is the girl heard of my disgrace, incurred on her and her family's account, and, wanting to be with me—to keep me up, you know—she put on a suit of her brother's clothes, came here and enlisted. That," pointing to the recruit, "is the girl."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" cried the captain.

Both Moore and the recruit were red as a rooster's comb, looking as if they had been caught stealing, and the men standing about burst into a roar of laughter.

"Chaplain," cried Bullwinkle, "come here and tie these two together. It shan't be charged that the first independent command I got resulted in a scandal."

There was some confusion in the chaplain's mind as to the responses, the groom being in bridal garments and the bride in uniform.

CHAUNCEY WARDWELL.

His Ignorance.

Minister—Now, my beloved hearers, next Sabbath evening I shall begin my special series of sermons on "Pharaoh of Ancient Egypt." Gambler In the Congregation (whispering to friend)—Well, wouldn't it fade ye to know the game dated back that far?—Chicago News.

Hug Their Delusions.

"It is the nature of women to be a delusion to men," growled the old cynic.

"Yes," merrily replied the young enthusiast, "and it is the nature of men to hug their delusions."—Baltimore American.

Remembered It.

First Autoist—Were you never in Bavaria? Second Ditto—Bavaria? It seems to me we stopped there once to get a tire repaired.—Scribner's Magazine.

The sea yields about three gallons of salt from each 100 gallons of its water.

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TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Sacramento, Calif., June 27, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An Act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the public land states by act of August 4, 1892, George Lucot, of Jackson, county of Amador, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1956, for the purchase of the southeast quarter of Section No. 18, in Township No. 7 N Range No. 13 E., M. D. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at U. S. Land Office in Sacramento, Calif. on Tuesday, the 10th day of September, 1907.

He names as witnesses: A. B. McLaughlin, E. D. Boydston, Edward Santerfo and William Lagomarsino, all of Volcano, Calif.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of September, 1907.

JOHN F. ARMSTRONG,
Register.

First publication July 2, 1907

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Ledger and Weekly Chronicle, one year	3 00
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