

DOMES. SERVICE IN JAPAN

Some of the Nobility Adopt a Novel Means of Learning the English Language.

"I remember a dinner party at which I was present in the house of an English official employed by the mikado's government in Tokio," says Sir Edwin Arnold, in the London Standard. "The banquet, prepared and eaten in the Japanese manner—for many of the guests were Japanese statesmen and officials—was chiefly remarkable for its perfect skill and attention with which we were waited upon by good-looking and well-dressed boys, seven or eight in number. I took occasion after dinner to inquire of our host how he had picked up and kept in his employ such well-taught, faultless attendants, whereupon he answered: 'Every one of them is a high-born, educated youth of some well-known native family in Tokio or the provinces. They are all of the old "koku" and "shizu" rank, and they discharge in my house duties which are called menial among us, but which no Japanese gentleman fears to perform. I give them lower wages than you are paying your "boys" and "girls," and they are not only willing to run, but glad and gratefully, carry out every domestic task for the sake of learning the English language quickly and of becoming familiar with western manners and habits.'"

"I was greatly struck by the explanation and secretly wished that I had heard it before the unfortunate moment when I had privately offered a Japan "kinsai" (a small ban note) to the bright youth changing my trays and charging my said cup. Whence came such exquisite delicacy of respect and deference mingled with so much evidently wounded pride? Too late I had learned that my special attendant was the son of a marquis, a nobleman of 50,000 koku of rice, whose sword would have been through my body for such an indignation if we had met in the same fashion 20 or 30 years before. Every waiter in fact, on that occasion, was a high-born Japanese gentleman and to contrast one of them with the contemptible creature who thought "servant" a disgraceful title is to perceive that western vulgarity has much to learn even to-day from the grace and true self-respect in these matters of the east.

"In point of fact, almost the only thing veritably noble, distinguished, desirable and of boundless honor is to serve. One of the chief necessities of a life worth living is to find a good master or a good cause and serve him or it to the last point of self-imposed fidelity. We are all of us servants, or ought to be, and the motto inscribed under the proudest crest of nobility known to the world is that of each succeeding prince of Wales, "Dieu et mon droit." That motto differs in degree and dignity cannot, of course, be denied. There are splendid services which would be ignoble if duty which turns everything into what is dignified and noble. The highest of all authorities lays it down: "Let him that is greater among you be servant of all," and it is very certain that the only safe way by which we can learn to command is to begin by learning to obey."

SOME POTATOES.

Millions Upon Millions of Acres Are Raised in Europe—The Product of Different Countries.

It will astonish most people to hear that 2,566,637 acres are annually under potato culture in Europe, and that the total yield therefrom is estimated at 2,300,000,000 hundredweight. "The Gardeners' Magazine states that in the matter of area Russia occupies the highest position, with 9,645,869 acres; Germany ranks next, with 8,094,225 acres; and France occupies the third place, with 3,818,378 acres. The potato areas in the other countries of Europe are as follows: Austria, 2,802,677 acres; Hungary, 1,477,164 acres; United Kingdom, 1,203,184 acres; Italy, 516,000 acres; Poland, 386,049 acres; Sweden, 381,377 acres; Belgium, 318,798 acres; Denmark, 133,387 acres; Norway, 90,661 acres; Roumania, 26,642 acres; Servia, 15,549 acres; and Bulgaria, 4,481 acres.

In the matter of yield, Germany is first, with 855,277,805 hundredweight; Russia second, with 549,045,922 hundredweight, and France third, with 336,469,441 hundredweight. The yields of other countries are: Austria, 211,000,082 hundredweight; United Kingdom, 118,398,380 hundredweight; Hungary, 95,442,205 hundredweight; Poland, 71,929,500 hundredweight; Sweden, 34,581,800 hundredweight; Belgium, 47,971,100 hundredweight; Norway, 21,996,442 hundredweight; Denmark, 21,177,351 hundredweight; Italy, 13,818,290 hundredweight; Roumania, 2,495,344 hundredweight; Servia, 835,983 hundredweight; and Bulgaria, 140,755 hundredweight. These figures illustrate the great difference in the yield per acre in the different countries. The United Kingdom, which is sixth in area, is fifth in yield, heading Hungary by nearly 23,000,000 hundredweight, although having an area of about 273,000 acres less.

Census Inquiries. While the American census is in the nature of a national "account of stock," embracing inquiries relating to population, mortality, agriculture and manufacture, that of other countries is generally confined to an enumeration of population by sex, age, nativity, conjugal condition, occupation, etc., and in some cases details relating to dwellings.

Changed His Mind. Woolzey—I used to think that it was possible for man to live on bread alone. Fuzzley—Then you have changed your mind, eh? Woolzey—That's what. You see I married a cooking school graduate.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MADE A BAD BREAK.

Whist Flead on a Train Goes Too Far In Trying to Get One More Player.

"I read somewhere, not long ago, a story of an impetuous young fellow who permitted his bad temper and his imagination to lead him into striking a blind man," said a treasury special agent who is on the road a good deal relates the Washington Star. "The story went that he was standing at a street car transfer station with a young woman, waiting for a car, when he noticed a man standing a short distance away staring, or appearing to stare, pretty hard at the girl. There was, besides, a sort of half-smile on the starrer's face. The impetuous young fellow took the starrer for a masher and he walked over and, without a word, smashed him in the face. Then he found out that the man he had hit was totally blind—his attendant had left him for a moment to get something in the corner drug store. I can imagine how that young chap must, if his instincts were right, have hated himself for that blow—how he must, indeed, have felt like thrusting the fist that struck the blow into the furnace, as a young college fellow that I once knew did after striking a wrongful blow.

"But on a Pennsylvania train, out of Philadelphia for the west, I saw, a few weeks ago, an incident of the same general sort that impressed me as painfully as it did everyone else who witnessed it. As for the man whose looseness of speech caused him to make the sad mistake, there was really nothing to do but to feel sorry for him.

"He was a clean, snappy clipper-built man verging on middle age and an hour or so after the train left Philadelphia—it was during the afternoon—he started through the smoking compartments of the chair cars and sleepers to get up a whist quartette.

"There were not many male passengers on the train, and of these few not many appeared to know how to play whist. Most of them met his invitation with a courteous nod, negating the proposition on the ground that they didn't understand the game.

"But when a whist fiend makes up his mind to assemble a party on board a train he never gives up trying until he has succeeded or rendered a good many travelers nervous, and that was the case with this solid-looking but snappy Philadelphian.

"After herculean exertions, involving many excited and beseeching tours through several cars, he finally got hold of two men who announced their willingness to take a hand. Then, of course, he became more strenuous than ever in his effort to get the final player.

"He appeared for the fourth successive time in the smoking compartment, in which I sat, and begged each of us once again to 'fill up the four.' Most of the men in the compartment, including myself, didn't know the game of whist, and we succeeded in convincing the snappy-looking man that we were telling the truth about it.

"The last man that he tackled for the fourth successive time was a fine-looking fellow of 30 or so, whose face had a look of trouble in it, although he replied courteously enough to the whist fiend's invitations. Each time he said, in a low tone, that he did not feel like taking a hand.

"On this last time around the whist fiend said to him: 'You'll make the fourth, I'm sure. Come ahead, Table's all ready and the game's waiting.'

"No," was the reply of the man with the troubled expression. 'I don't feel like joining in. I should like to oblige, but—' and his voice broke a trifle at that, and some of us in the compartment could see that the man was under a strain. But the whist fiend didn't see it.

"You play, don't you?" he persisted. "Yes, I play," was the reply, still a little hoarse—and then he turned and gazed out of the window.

"Huh—I can't understand a man knowing how to play whist and not wanting to play it—blamed if I can,' impatiently mumbled the whist fiend as he started to go out of the car, and he muttered something, too, as he reached the door, that sounded a good deal like 'lobster.'

"The man with the troubled look turned his head about quickly from the window, and he had gone a bit pale, as we could see. He didn't rise from his seat, but he stretched forth a long arm, grasped the whist fiend by the sleeve of his coat, and pulled him into a seat. 'My friend,' he said to the startled whist fiend—and there was a wan and gray look around his mouth as he spoke—'you should restrain your impatience and your tongue. I am not a lobster. There is no law compelling me to tell you why I do not elect to join your game of whist, but I shall tell you, not because you have any right to question or impugn the motives of a stranger, but because your deficiency in tact will stand correction. I am not joining your whist party because the casket containing the body of my wife is on the baggage car attached to this train.'

"Then the man with the troubled look gazed once more out of the window, nor did he turn his head again. The expression that appeared in the face of the whist fiend was so absolutely pitiful, in its eloquence of the man's mental self-denunciation, that we couldn't help but sympathize with him. 'A thousand pardons, old man,' he said, in a choked tone. 'I've been a cad,' and he went out with the alertness gone from his carriage and his shoulders hunched forward. There was no whist played on the train.'

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Market Report. The quotations given below are the prevailing prices Wednesday morning and are subject to change at any time.

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The Woman's Home Companion and the Western News one year, \$2.65. Call on or address The Western News

OTHER WORLDS. Our sole knowledge of the people on other worlds and how far the people there differ from our inhabitants, can only be guessed by comparison with animal nature on this small sphere of ours.

Visitor—So, Hans, your family are vegetarians, are they? Hans—Yes, when they can't get trusted at the butcher shop!—Megendorfer Blaetter.

Piling It On. The feller ne'er is satisfied. To take his ease and shirk, But takes it on him to deride The simple folk who work.—Washington Star.

Not Foraken. Prison Angel (to new arrival)—I hear you are in for running away with another man's wife, poor, forlorn creature?

Frank's Answer. Miss Fossiek—Blanche told Frank that he must be either a man or a mouse.

Miss Gazzam—What did he say? Miss Fossiek—He asked if she were afraid of him. She replied that she wasn't. Then he said that if such was the case he must be a man.—Leslie's Weekly.

Outgeneralized. Kind old Gentleman (to little boy with battered face and torn clothes)—I'm sorry to see you in such a state, my boy; but hasn't your father ever given you advice about fighting?

Mutual Pleasure. "How pretty and clever you are, mamma!" exclaimed little Edith. "Do you really think so, dear?" rejoined her mother.

Not Stuck on Himself. Muggins is not handsome, and he knows it. When his first baby was born he asked: "Does it look like me?"

His Style of Culture. Nell—Maude married a man of culture. Bess—Why, I was under the impression she married a farmer.

Couldn't Stay That Long. Miss Skreemer—Oh, I am going to sing you my new song, "Throughout Eternity."

United in Misfortune. "Those two fellows are engaged to the same girl." "What are they going to do about it?" "They are praying for a dark horse."—Smart Set.

Superfluous. Clerk—Now, sir, wouldn't you like to order some white shirts? Customer—Not necessary. When these colored ones I've ordered come back from the laundry they'll be white enough.—Judge.

Makes All the Difference. Angry Diner—Confound you, waiter! There's a fly in my glass. Waiter (examining glass)—Lor' bless your 'art, sir, that ain't a fly; it's a bit of dirt.—London Fun.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Unrequited for Constipation. Mr. A. R. Kane, a prominent druggist of Baxter Springs, Kansas, says: Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are, in my judgment, the most superior preparation of anything in use today for constipation.

Knew He Was Called. It is to be feared that some other men's "call" to preach is not more imperative than that of the negro referred to by Mr. Booker Washington in his recent book: "Up from Slavery."

The Unwise Hen. When the grocer sells a dozen fresh-laid eggs for a dime the old hen gets a hustle on and worketh overtime.

VEGETARIANS UNDER COMPULSION. Visitor—So, Hans, your family are vegetarians, are they? Hans—Yes, when they can't get trusted at the butcher shop!—Megendorfer Blaetter.

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Eugene Field's Views on Ambition and Dyspepsia. "Dyspepsia," wrote Eugene Field, "often incapacitates a man for endeavor and sometimes extinguishes the fire of ambition."

Victor Lodge No. 43 A. F. & A. M. meets first and third Saturdays at Appollo, Watters & Company's hall, Victor. A cordial invitation is extended to visiting members.

Victor Lodge No. 71 I. O. O. F. meets every Friday at Appollo, Watters & Co.'s hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.

Victor Lodge No. 35 K. O. T. M. meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at Appollo, Watters & Co.'s hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.

Victor Lodge No. 20 A. O. U. W. meets second and fourth Saturdays at A. W. & Co.'s hall, S. H. Ault, V. C. M. M. Williams, Clerk.

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CITY OFFICIALS. Mayor—Miles Romney. Treasurer—W. O. Flisk. Attorney—R. Lee McCulloch.

SOCIETIES. RAVALLI LODGE, No. 38, K. O. P. MEETS every Tuesday evening at Fonger's Hall, 307, Main and Third streets.

HAMILTON LODGE, No. 48, I. O. O. F. meets every Monday night at Odd Fellows hall, Second street.

IONIC LODGE NO. 38, A. F. & A. M. MEETS first and third Saturdays of each month at Odd Fellows hall, Second street.

CHARITY LODGE, No. 11, I. O. O. F. meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at Odd Fellows hall.

BITTER ROOT TENT, K. O. T. M. MEETS 2nd and 4th Friday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall, visiting Knights are cordially invited to attend.

HAMILTON CAMP NO. 5604, MODERN Woodmen of America. Meets at Odd Fellows Hall every Tuesday evening.

PINE CONE CAMP NO. 754, WOODMEN OF THE WORLD meets every Thursday evening in Fonger's hall, corner Main and Third streets.

HAMILTON FEDERAL UNION NO. 109, A. L. U. meets every Saturday except the last week of each month when it meets on Wednesday, at 8:00 p. m. in Fonger's hall, corner Third and Main streets.

EVENING STAR, No. 58, I. O. O. F. MEETS every Wednesday evening in Miles' Hall, Darby. All brothers in good standing invited to attend.

CORVALLIS LODGE No. 28, A. F. & A. M. meets every second and fourth Saturday evenings in Masonic hall, Corvallis. Visiting brethren in good standing cordially invited.

HAMILTON TENT, No. 113, MODERN Maccabees—meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. Visitors are made welcome.

Victor Lodge No. 43 A. F. & A. M. meets first and third Saturdays at Appollo, Watters & Company's hall, Victor. A cordial invitation is extended to visiting members.

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