

adopted by the board, by a unanimous vote

WHEREAS, There seems to be a misunderstanding among some of the County officials as to who is entitled to the use of the adding machine. Therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That it is the sense of this Board that, said adding machine is for the use of all county officials, and that the county officers are requested to so arrange their work, that each of the offices may have the use of said machine as the work of the office requires.

BEN P. MORRIS.

It was moved and carried to adjourn till June 4th, 1907.

SCHOOLS FOR THE DUELIST.

Paris, Berlin and Vienna Have Their Regular Academies.

Regular dueling schools have just been established in Paris—as well as in Rome and Berlin and Vienna—not merely for swordsmanship alone but also for regular practice with the long-barreled dueling pistol, says the Scientific American. The principals wear long padded overalls and curious masks like those of the deep-sea diver, with a thick glass plaque in front of the face.

The "bullets" used are pellets of clay, which, however, might do very serious damage to the pupils in these remarkable academies were it not for the glass protection over the face. Lessons are first of all given in the elaborate etiquette of dueling and next comes instruction in the necessary "department."

Last and most important of all comes the duel proper, with the measuring out of the ground, the loading of the powerful spring pistols with the soft clay balls and the aiming on the part of each combatant at a vital spot—usually the head. No doubt the knowledge that the shooting is innocuous tends to make the duelists' aim accurate, but there can also be no question that it familiarizes a man with the entire routine of a procedure which, without the initiation, would be extremely disconcerting to the bravest.

Needless to say, the majority of the pupils by no means have real duels upon their hands, but among a passionate people like the French, quick to anger and to avenge real or fancied insult, there is no lack of attendance at the various schools, of which three or four have already been opened in the French capital.

NO MORE FORENSIC ORATORY.

Inspiration is a lost art in the court room. Nowadays no true lawyer advises, prepares documents or tries a case without a careful preparation. Forensic oratory has passed away. No longer does the crowd gather in the country court house to listen to and be moved by the wit, pathos and eloquence of the advocate as for hours or days he addresses the jury. The court room may be filled, but it is largely with the ubiquitous reporters, many of whom are as destitute of tears as Sahara of water, and as callous to emotion as the mummied sleepers of Egypt. No longer is it true that weeping men and women with handkerchiefs to their eyes, are moved by the eloquence of counsel. Rather may it more truly be said that distant Texas and the far Pacific slope hang breathlessly on the reporter's imagination and manufactured eloquence. Time is a pressing factor. Facts rather than eloquence is the demand.—Atlantic Monthly.

THEN HE GOT FIRED.



Deacon Hayrick—No, parson, I don't think we ought to give you a vacation. You know the devil never takes one.

Rev. Gudely—He would, deacon, if you don't keep him so busy.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Where Everybody Does It.

"Did you ever see a man walk in his sleep?"
"Lots of them; and heard them talk at the same time. I stopped off in Philadelphia three or four days once."—Kansas City Drivers' Telegram.

HIGH PRAISE.



Edith—Is Lonelyville a good place to spend one's vacation?

Jack—Yes; if you go there you will wish less that you had gone somewhere else than any place I know of.—Chicago Daily News.

FATAL ALLUSION.



Sandy Pikes—So yer started drinking again on account of what de lady in de wayside cottage said. What did she say?

Running Robinson—Why, I told her I hadn't touched a drop in a month, an' she said: "Keep up the good work, my poor man." Of course when she called it work I had to cease.

THE MODERN STYLE.



Mr. Fickle—Is this then to be the end of our romance?

Miss Slick—No. My lawyer will call on you in the morning. I have a bushel and a half of your letters.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A DOUBTFUL VIEW.



"I shall have to ask aunt for a few days. Shall I call it a visit, or what?"
"Well, personally, I should call it a visitation."—Chicago Chronicle.

NOT IN TOUCHABLE MOOD.



"Do you know, I feel like asking you for a pound or two to go shopping with?"
"Do you? Well, just come round again in an hour or so when the feeling has worn off."

READY TO TAKE NOTES.

Cruel Husband Had Stenographer to Record Wife's Remarks.

Frederic Ireland, at the last convention of the National Association of Stenographers at Atlantic City, said of a somewhat harsh rebuke that one stenographer had administered to another:

"That rebuke was a little to cruel, was it not? It reminds me of the cruelty of a Washington man—a piece of cruelty wherein stenography played an unwitting part.

"As this man came to bed one night his wife said to him:
"Hah, the stranger gone; I didn't hear him."

"Oh, no, dear. He hasn't gone," the husband replied. "I have instructed the maid to let him out in three or four hours."

"The wife looked amazed and stupefied.

"What—why—who on earth is he, anyway?" she stammered.

"My dear," said the husband, quietly, "he is a shorthand reporter. You see, I nearly always forget what you say to me during your discourse from 11 till two and sometimes I go to sleep while you're talking. So I thought I'd have your lecture written out to-night and study it at my leisure. The young man is all ready, the door is open so that he can hear you, and you may begin as soon as you like."

TURNED ON THE REFEREE.

Turtles Objected to His Interruption of Their Fight.

Milton J. Vreeland, a farmer living near Pine Brook, N. J., was nearly drowned in the Passaic river yesterday as the result of his acting as referee between two snapping turtles, says the New York World. Vreeland, who was in a canoe, watched the bout for a minute or two and then decided that it was time for the combatants to break away.

He paddled up to them, reached over the side, caught them by the tails, one in each hand, and swung them into the canoe—one in the bow, the other in the stern of the frail craft. But the turtles did not accept this decision. They wanted to fight on, and being unable to get at each other they attacked the self-appointed referee.

The farmer had found it an easy matter to catch hold of the turtles' tails when they were in the water, but it was impossible now with the canoe to keep on an even keel. He caught up the paddle and with this managed to beat off his assailants for awhile, but at last the canoe capsized. As it did so one of the turtles dealt the farmer a blow in the back just below the belt. It clung to the place on the trousers where it had rapped and Vreeland found he could not swim.

He found himself he would have gone to the bottom but for Frank Jacobus, who turned a bend in the river in a canoe and towed man and turtles ashore.

Foolish Dietetic Fads.

"If men grimly eat to live, they will not live long," says Dr. Thomas Lathrop Stedman, in a protest against the desperate seriousness with which the present generation regards its food. Dr. Stedman suggests that people should eat what they like. "Appetite," he says, "is as necessary to digestion as mastication, and what is eaten without relish is with difficulty, if at all, assimilated, for the stomach despises unsavory stuff and refuses to secrete sufficient fluid for its digestion."

The dietetic crank, he adds, is saved from the otherwise inevitable results of his folly by the fact that his enthusiastic appreciation of the unsavory food which he is persuaded will assure him strength and long life gives him a taste for it, and so the motherly stomach provides an abundance of gastric juice of the proper composition.

Earth Becoming a Desert.

That the earth is becoming a desert and that it is only a matter of time when it will be a desolate waste, was the statement made by Prof. Lowell in a lecture before the Lowell Institute at the Massachusetts Institute of technology.

The water contained by the earth is passing gradually off into inter-stellar space, and the great deserts such as the Sahara and those in Arizona are increasing in size much more rapidly than most people think.

According to Prof. Lowell, what were once well populated valleys in the region of the Sahara, is now a dry, sandy waste. In Mars similar changes have been taking place, and the planet is now about three-eighths desert.—Boston Globe.

Question and Answer.

When Nathan M. Morse was trying the Tuckerman will case before Judge McKim, at Boston, Dr. Jelly, the well-known expert on insanity, was one of the witnesses. One of the hypothetical questions asked of the witness by Mr. Morse contained no less than 20,000 words. The lawyer started this pithy question at the opening of court and closed only a few minutes prior to the noon adjournment. The point that Mr. Morse was endeavoring to bring out related to the mental condition of the testator when he made his will.

This is said to have been the longest single interrogation ever made in a court of law, and the answer comprised just three words, "I do not."

The Cynic Again.

We always dislike a man who has grasped an opportunity we failed to see. When we say of a man that he won't listen to reason he is probably saying the same of us.—The Tatler.

PROVED HIM AN IMPOSTOR.

Judge's Clever Ruse Uncovered Trickery of Plaintiff.

Joseph Choate, the famous lawyer, related at a dinner party at Lenox some interesting reminiscences of the bar and bench.

"A striking case," said Mr. Choate, "transpired in the '60's. It was a case of a workman who claimed to have lost the sight of his left eye in an explosion.

"There was no doubt about the explosion and there was no doubt that the workman's eye had been injured, but the physicians claimed that he could see out of it, while he stoutly declared that the sight was utterly destroyed.

"The judge heard all the evidence, pro and con. Then, sending the workman from the court room, he said:

"Get a blackboard and write a sentence on it with green chalk. Also get a pair of spectacles with ordinary clear glass for the left eye and red glass for the right."

"This, in the course of an hour or so, was done. Then the workman was brought back and he was ordered to put the queer glasses on.

"He put them on and the judge said to him:

"Turn the blackboard round and see if you can read what is written."

"The man read the sentence without hesitation, whereupon the judge said to him sternly:

"Your case is dismissed. You are an impostor. You must have read that sentence with your left eye, for the red glass over the right one turned the green writing black and made it quite invisible on the blackboard."

BEFORE AND AFTER ELECTION.

President Buchanan Had Had All the Visitors He Wanted.

President Buchanan's home still stands in the outskirts of Lancaster, Pa. Buchanan was a close friend of Abraham N. Cassel. He was president of the turnpike company which owned a road leading from Lancaster past the Buchanan residence.

During the campaign which gave Pennsylvania her only president this turnpike prospered on the tolls of the callers who daily thronged to the candidate's home.

"Abe," said Buchanan one day, "can't you abolish the tolls, or give a special rate, for all these people? I want to encourage them to come—want 'em all to come."

Mr. Cassel promised to consult his directors, and a concession was granted.

After election came the office seekers, and the home of the president-elect was compassed about like a beleaguered camp. Meeting him, Buchanan again entreated the road owner:

"Cassel," he said, "for heaven's sake keep 'em away! Can't you build toll gates clear up to the sky so they can't climb over?"—Saturday Evening Post.

Couldn't Afford It.

About a year ago Sewell Ford became a resident of Rye, N. Y. He had lived there only a short time before he discovered that one of his neighbors was Simeon Ford. The revelation was made over the telephone.

"Hello!" said a voice, "is this Sewell Ford?"

The author of "Shorty" admitted that it was.

"Well," went on the voice, "this is Simeon Ford. Some one's sent me your meat bill."

"Good! Why don't you pay it?"

"I will if you'll pay mine," said Simeon.

At last accounts the bargain had not been concluded. Simeon runs a hotel.—Exchange.

Carelessness About Firearms.

A few days ago at Brockton, Mass., a 6-year-old child blew a man's head off with a shotgun; at Bangor, Me., a small boy killed his infant sister with a load of shot, and similar occurrences have recently been reported from other places. Ninety-nine per cent of gun accidents might have been avoided by the exercise of a small symptom of common sense. The children referred to in the dispatches found the guns in their homes and the guns were loaded. To keep a loaded gun in the house is next to criminal carelessness. To keep a loaded gun in the house where there are children is idiotic.—Washington Star.

Passing of Wedding Rings.

"Perhaps because rings as simple ornaments are so completely out of fashion, few married women wear the symbolic gold band at present," said a fashionable manufacturer the other day. "Of the several dozen patrons who frequent our establishment in the busy season every day not one in six or seven of the married matrons is so distinguished. The fragile looking circle which of past years has gradually been losing something of its solidity is carefully preserved, no doubt, with other interesting souvenirs and keepsakes. It is seldom worn."

Too Careless.

"Did you bring the engagement ring, Henri?"

"Yes, I have it here. But fair and softly, Gwendolin. Before I place it upon your taper digit I must ask for sufficient security to cover its fair value."

"Security, Henri?"
"Aye, security. I have lost no less than three rings by being careless on this point. No security, Gwendy, no ring."

REAL TRANSFORMATION.



"Tell me, does the 'Tower of Starvation' still exist in your old castle?"
"Certainly, but I have transformed it into a restaurant."

CHESS SO.



Hubby—It becomes very trying, my dear, you're always saying cheque, cheque, cheque. I feel as if life were a long game of chess.

Wife—Well, Edward, if you don't give me some money, I shall have to pawn, pawn, pawn, and it would still seem like a game of chess, wouldn't it?

FLIPPANT.



Edith—Is that your earliest ancestor?

Chawley—Now! That's only the guy that left us the money to buy the others with!—Chicago Daily News.

NOT ALL ALIKE.



Enthusiastic Golfer—When you know that a man is a devotee of golf, you can be absolutely certain of his mental caliber and be assured—

Plain Man—Oh, come; I wouldn't say that. I don't doubt that some men play golf who are really quite sensible.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

RIGHT PLACE.



"Where can I get good quarters about here?"

"Well, you might try St. Frizbee's general store. St. ain't never been stuck with a counterfeit since he's been in business."

GOT THINGS EVENED UP.

Convict Suffered Inconvenience to Have Laugh on Law.

The late Capt. "Joe" Nicholson used to tell of a long-time prisoner who had been in the house of correction while the captain ran that institution.

Just before his term expired the convict cabled the captain that justice was now done and that an honest man would start afresh in the world.

"But you have told me several times that you were innocent of the charge on which you were sent here."

"So I was, Capt. 'Joe,' and I can prove it. Here are the names of three witnesses. Get their statements and see whether I am lying."

Just as a matter of curiosity the captain complied and found convincing evidence of the man's innocence.

The convict was called in and indignantly asked why he had not used his evidence in getting a new trial.

"I'll tell you, captain. In my time I was acquitted three or four times when I was guilty, so when I was convicted of something I never did, I just thought I'd even things up by taking my medicine without kicking. Besides that, it sort of tickled me to find that justice had missed me at every shot."—Detroit News.

GOOD AND BAD READING.

Best Kind Must Arouse Reflection and Build Up Ideals.

Schopenhauer said: "The surest way of having no thoughts of our own is to take up a book every time we have nothing to do." That is not the popular idea, for reading is generally regarded as the generator of thought and character. But it is not so of itself. One must do something besides read. He must digest what he reads. He must increase the range of his perceptive powers, start up a new set of relations and draw some fresh conclusions. There are people who read a great deal more than other people, but know a great deal less. They read just to read—to put in time; for a pleasurable sensation that one gets lying in a hammock or drinking a glass of soda. There is no digestive force in it that builds up brain fiber. It is the sort of reading that sustains insipid talk and makes one in a little social circle turn away in disgust when a serious subject is referred to. The fact is the only kind of reading that is worth the time employed is that which arouses reflection and builds up ideals.

Deserved Rebuke.

Lady Walrond, the wife of General Sir William Walrond, M. P., described at a dinner party in Boston the life of a maid of honor.

"One of my friends," she said, "was a maid of honor to Queen Victoria. She spent a part of each winter at San Remo, where I have a villa, and one January afternoon at the Sports' club, where we were taking tea under an orange tree, a gentleman said to her:

"How interesting your life at court must be! And what a delightful diary you must be able to keep!"

"No," said the maid of honor, "that is impossible. The queen makes it a condition that we keep no diaries while at court."

"Ah," said the gentleman, laughing, "I think I should keep a very secret one, all the same."

"Then," said my friend, with a grave smile, "I am afraid you would not be a maid of honor."

Not So Much Needed.

A family that had struggled many years in poverty suddenly came into possession of an income. They moved into a little place in the country and tried to impress their neighbors with their importance. They talked constantly of what "people in our position" should and should not do.

Some of their city acquaintances came to visit them one summer and the little daughter of seven or eight was showing them about the place.

"What nice chickens!" exclaimed one of the guests when they reached the poultry yard. "They lay every day, too, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the youthful hostess, "that is, they could, of course; but in our position they don't have to."

Fish That Climbs Trees.

"There are fish that shoot, fish that fish, fish that can't swim," said the nature student, "but I didn't know till I visited Tongatabu that there was a fish that climbed trees."

"They have in Tongatabu a small octopus, or foke, to give it its native name, and this creature frequently comes out of the sea and ascends a tree overhanging the water. On being disturbed it drops from the branches back into its proper element again.

"In the far Pacific Isle of Tongatabu the natives are fond of octopus flesh and it is no uncommon thing to see a brown-skinned lad go shinning up a tree in the hope of finding a fish among the branches."

"Cult" of the Concertina.

An attempt is being made in certain musical circles to promote the cult of the concertina. It is quite likely that in the hands of skilled professional players the concertina is capable of giving an excellent account of itself. But in the hands of incompetent amateurs—and most amateurs who handle it are incompetent to the point of criminality—it becomes an intolerable instrument of torture, and any extension of its popularity in this nerve-ridden age would be nothing short of a calamity.—London World.