

# REAL HARD LUCK

## El Nunan Prescribes Rutabaga and Barley to No Purpose

The gatekeeper at the Union depot at Chicago had a shock which nearly gave him heart failure yesterday, says W. L. C. in the Denver Post.

He had just gone on watch in the soft gray dawn when something fall and bright yellow started from the ground behind the little booth of the ticket puncher and waved a pair of long, bony hands at him.

"In," moaned a voice from somewhere at the top of the yellow monument, "Let me-e-e-n-a."

The gatekeeper gasped, took his heart between his teeth and stammered, "He isn't here yet—the ticket chopper; you can go in when he comes." Down to the ground fell the yellow monument, the long bony hands grasping the gatekeeper around the knees.

"E-e-n," he moaned; "they will have-a my blood, they will eat my heart; let-a me e-e-n."

And the gatekeeper stepped aside and let the yellow streak in. The yellow streak was one El Nunan, prophet, seer and teacher, from Persia.

He had a ticket to Terre Haute, Ind., and to Terre Haute he has gone, leaving his class to mourn his departure.

El Nunan came to Chicago a little over a year and a half ago. He was a tall man, so slender that the timid always looked away from him hastily for fear they might see clear through him which, in the case of a man of El Nunan's exalted pretensions, would have been unseemly.

He had a pair of black eyes that burned like coals, a long, thin face, a set of teeth that flashed like fire works on a clear Fourth of July night, and a voice that called to the souls of the superstitious like the voice of one crying from the tombs of his ancestors.

**A Wonderful Prophet.**

He was a good man, was El Nunan. He lived in a little cottage on Pleasant street, where was attended in state by an eastern servant, all white turban and sheet drapery.

It was whispered in the neighborhood that El Nunan never ate and that he slept one hour in the 24, and that hour was from midnight until the mystic time of 1 o'clock.

Also El Nunan worked charms, wondrous charms, and he taught for a mere nothing the secrets of the far away east.

One of the secrets he taught was connected with the ever elusive mystery of human life. "Have you too many daughters?" said El Nunan, speaking one morning to Mrs. John Phelps. "It is easy. Henceforth all the children of your household will be sons. Eat but what I shall prescribe you and the family at your table, and you shall supply the north side with fighters and banner-bearers that will cause the west and south sides to hang their diminished heads in shame."

To El Nunan came then Mr. and Mrs. John Birmingham Booth and a Mr. and Mr. Marshall, all of Pleasant street.

"Eat but what I shall prescribe," said El Nunan, "and all shall be as you wish." And so it came to pass that the grocers of the neighborhood backed their carts up to the Booth and the Marshall and the Phelps and the Flinkow and to many other homes in the street, bearing loads of rutabaga roots and sacks of barley.

Five times a day did the women of the household sit down to a meal of boiled barley and four times a day did the men dine on rutabaga.

No meat, no vegetable, no fruit, always and always rutabaga and barley.

The men of the family, at first enthusiastic, grew restive.

"I want something to eat," they cried in rebellion, but El Nunan came and argued with them in his weird voice, like one crying from the tombs, and at the burning of his amazing eyes the every-day American quailed and the rutabaga diet went on.

Last Wednesday was a great day in Pleasant street.

Pleasant street is just one block long and in the last four months 27 children have been born in that one block.

**The Stock Arrives.**

At 2 o'clock in the morning there was a slamming of doors and a patter of feet in the Booth household, and at 3 o'clock the street heard the pleasant whimper of a new voice in the neighborhood.

Mr. Marshall, Mr. Phelps and Mr.

Flinkow hovered excitedly in the shadows.

No voice called them from the upper window, and from the front porch came no word of cheer.

Finally Mr. Flinkow stole around the corner of the house and threw a handful of pebbles up to the window of the room where he thought his dear friend and fellow sufferer from the rutabaga diet might be sleeping.

Three times did he throw a handful of pebbles and three times did he hear the soft clashing impact of the pebbles with the glass, until finally a window was raised and the head of Mr. Booth, wild-haired and sleepy-eyed, looked out.

"Well!" said the trio of waiting friends in a hoarse whisper.

"Well?" grunted Mr. Booth, sulkily.

"Is it a boy?" whispered Mr. Flinkow.

"Naw!" growled Mr. Booth; "same old kind again," and the window slammed down.

**Offers an Excuse.**

"'Twas the corn beef and cabbage he sneaked out and got along at the first week of the dieting," said one of the faithful three. "He don't count."

On Friday the Flinkow family was busy and the women of the neighborhood hurried in and out whispering and smiling, and at noon Mr. Flinkow appeared on his porch, shoeless, hatless, coatless and with a countenance of deepest gloom.

"Girls," he said, "two of 'em." He looked toward the cottage where lived El Nunan, the follower of the rutabaga and barley diet and shook his fist.

At night came triplets to the Marshall home and every one of the three was a girl.

That night El Nunan fled down Pleasant street followed by four resolute men with a hose, pickaxe, a shovel and a pitchfork.

Half drowned, beaten, frightened and gasping, he fled to the railroad station and started for Terre Haute.

And up and down Pleasant street today comes a pleasant smell of frying onions, boiling meat and biscuit.

The East Indian servant took off his turban and went down to South Clark street and dined luxuriantly on fat pork and greens.

As for El Nunan, long he his journey in Terre Haute. It will bode him ill should he ever set foot on Pleasant street, Chicago, again.

**HOW'S THIS?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Retribution.**

Wife—That terrible bull chased me on account of my gown.

Husband—Another case of Jersey justice.—New York Sun.

**Agonizing Burns.**

Are instantly relieved and perfectly healed by Bucklen's Arnica Salve. C. Rivenbark, Jr., of Norfolk, Va., writes: "I burnt my knee dreadfully; that it blistered all over. Bucklen's Arnica Salve stopped the pain, and healed it without a scar." Also heals all wounds and sores. 25c at J. C. Perry's, Druggist, Salem Oregon.

**Teachers' Examinations.**

Notice is hereby given that the county superintendent of Marion county, Oregon, will hold the regular examination of applicants for state and county papers at the Methodist church beginning Wednesday, August 9, 1905, at 9 o'clock a. m. and continuing until Saturday, August 12th at 4 o'clock p. m.

E. T. MOORES, County School Supt.

**A Pleasant Way to Travel.**

The above is the usual verdict of the traveler using the Missouri Pacific railway between the Pacific coast and the east, and we believe that the service and accommodations given merit this statement. From Denver, Colorado Springs and Denver there are two through trains daily to Kansas City and St. Louis, carrying Pullman's latest standard electric-lighted sleeping cars, chair cars and up-to-date dining cars. The same excellent service is operated from Kansas City and St. Louis to Memphis, Little Rock and Hot Springs. If you are going east or south, write for particulars and full information.

W. C. M'BRIDE, Gen. Agt., 124 Third St., Portland, Ore.

**A Judicial Blackmailer.**

Joseph M. Deuel is a judge. He is paid \$9000 a year by the people, and is clothed with an honor that should be worth more to him than \$9000. What is his return? He is part owner and one of the editors of a paper of which the occupation is printing scandal about people who are not cowardly enough to pay for silence. The law forbids him to engage in practice or business, and requires him to give his entire time to his official duties. What kind of public opinion would allow him to remain upon the bench until 1913? Every day he sits upon it is a disgrace to the state that endures him. American opinion is now awakening. It has plenty of work to do before it goes to sleep, among politicians, judges, lawyers, business men, journalists and the public generally. Indeed, it should not go to sleep at all. Eternal wakefulness is the price of liberty. "Crimes," wrote Elihu Root to the mayor of Philadelphia, "committed by men who have political power are often sheltered behind official indifference and inactivity, and then some one has to do

more than his duty to secure justice, and you will not be the first public officer who has done a great public service against the resistance of those from whom the service ought to come. There is more at stake here than the mere punishment of isolated offences." All of which admirable truths apply not only to Philadelphia and her hoodlums, but to corrupt judges, lobbyist senators and get-rich-quick corporation directors with equal aptness. "My feeling is," said Mr. Root also, "that the things one has the opportunity to do are substance," which he was contrasting with the shadow of struggling for the remote. We all just now have the opportunity of joining in the task of lifting American standards of integrity and keeping them on a plane in which money is not the loftiest aim of man.—Collier's, August 5, 1905.

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Beware the Signature  
Chas. H. Fletcher

**Russian Proverbs.**

When the thunder ceases the peasant forgets to cross himself.

A man needs only to be a cripple or a hunchback to be accounted a handsome fellow by the women.

Even an old man can win a woman's love and keep it, if he isn't jealous.

When a woman goes to heaven she wants to take her cow with her.

Over the woman from afar the devil pours honey.

When the devil cannot arrive in time he sends a woman on before him.

Praise your wife, not three days.

**A NIGHT CAP**

Take two Beecham's Pills on retiring and avoid any ill effects from a late meal. Then you will sleep soundly, awaken with a clear head and a high opinion of the great stomach remedy,

**Beecham's Pills**

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

after the wedding, but after it—if you can.

All Christendom fasts in except the dogs and the nobles.

Poverty is not a sin, but the cause of many.

At home a man is judged dress; abroad, by his wit.

Fellow travelers and fellow-lers soon know each other well.

A lie told cleverly may be more than the truth told foolishly.

Misfortune comes by the weight and goes by the count.

Him whom God chastens He slanders mark. At him who slanders all dogs bark.

**Poisons in Food.**

Perhaps you don't realize many pain poisons originate in food, but some day you may twinge of dyspepsia that will vince you. Dr. King's New Life are guaranteed to cure all due to poisons of undigested or manny back. 25c at J. C. Druggist, Salem, Oregon.



# Let Us Show You

Our new line of Gas Ranges at our warehouses on Commercial St. We can give you rules and pointers on using fuel gas which you can't afford to turn down if you would enjoy comfort in cooking.

"I don't believe I could have stood this hot weather if I had not been using a Gas Range. I haven't had a fire in the kitchen for days." This statement of one woman voices the sentiments of thousands who use gas for cooking. They simply couldn't live without it. The Gas Range—a Godsend to Housekeepers.

# CITIZENS' LIGHT & TRACTION CO.

A. WELCH, Manager.

