

**FOR THE CHILDREN**  
ALSO FOR GROWN PERSONS  
**QUICK - SAFE - RELIABLE**  
NO OPIATES NO NARCOTICS  
**FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR**  
**COMPOUND**

A COMMON COLD neglected may go quickly into CROUP, BRONCHITIS, or PNEUMONIA which often means a sudden fatality. Keep FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND always in the house and give at first sign of a cold. Refuse substitutes.

John Parsons, Stewart, Ohio, writes "We use Foley's Honey & Tar compound as our best and only cough remedy. It never fails to cure any of my seven children of cough. My 2-months' old baby has had a most severe cough which our doctor said he could not cure and that baby would surely die. Several of our relations and neighbors had gathered to witness the ending of the child's life. Two bottles of Foley's Honey & Tar compound cured the child and he is alive and well today."

HILL'S DRUG STORE.

**Good Elderberry Wine**

By M. QUAD

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One summer's day in the long ago, when you could meet a lightning rod outfit at every five miles on the highway, one of the craft drove into the town of Plainfield. In showing off his fine horses he ran over a hog, and the hog limped squealing away. It was nothing to make a fuss over, and none would have been made if the hog hadn't belonged to Elder Carpenter.

The elder was a solemn, severe man. He happened to be passing at the time the animal was run over, and he caught a laugh and an oath from the lips of the man of lightning. What does he do but go before a justice and swear out a warrant for malicious injury to a hog. An arrest and trial followed. Of course the lightning rod man testified on his own behalf that no malice existed. He and the elder's hog had never met before. He was driving up to the hotel in a fancy way to show off before the loafers sitting on the veranda, and the hog was seen until too late.

At the conclusion of the trial the lightning rod man told the elder and about forty others what he thought of them, their town and their fathers and mothers before them, and there was a fight, in which he got badly banged up and driven out of town. Of course he wanted to get even. You must know that there is a fellow feeling between men who are skinning the public, and it was quite natural that the elder's victim should select a tin peddler as his instrument for carrying out his plan.

A shallow river runs through Plainfield. At that time its banks were lined for a mile up and down with elderberry bushes. Toward the last of August the clusters of berries were a sight to see. One could gather a wagonload in half a day. One day a tin peddler stopped to gather a couple of bushels. In answer to inquiries he stated that he was going to make elderberry wine after a recipe brought from China by a missionary. Your mother, if she lived in the country, used to make wine of these berries, but only in limited quantity. It isn't the beverage to make one enthuse. There was considerable talk about the tin peddler and his Chinese recipe, and an excitement followed. He returned to Plainfield with a twenty gallon keg of new wine, and wanted to form a syndicate for gathering the berries and making the wine. He had with him a letter purporting to come from a large wine house and offering him \$8 a gallon for all the elderberry wine he could ship.

Six hundred dollars was the cash capital wanted for a press and building and to pay for the gathering. The dividends for the season would be 100 per cent. There was no hayseed in the hair of the population of Plainfield. The peddler's talk sounded all right, but the people said he must show them before they invested. That was why that twenty gallon keg was placed on the tavern veranda, and the public asked to help themselves. Elder Carpenter was a temperance man right down to refusing ginger beer, but he saw no hurt in manufacturing a good

brand of elderberry wine and selling it for medicinal purposes.

It was three hours before the keg was empty, and by that time it was the universal verdict that the peddler was a "goo' fel!" and that the town stood ready to invest not \$400, but \$800,000,000, in his enterprise. They would buy 6,000 presses. They would gather 60,000 loads of berries. It was in the midst of the greatest good feeling and general hilarity that the town blacksmith said that Elder Carpenter was a hog himself for making the lightning rod man trouble over the other hog. The elder promptly replied that the smith was a born liar and started the row. The peddler made for the tavern barn and hid away, but his example was not followed. Every man got the idea that it was his duty to trade into some other man, and for an hour there was fighting up and down the streets. Fathers whanged away at sons, and brother punched brother. The three local ministers butted in as peacemakers and were early left stranded in the dust.

There were a few men in the town who did not get black eyes and bloody noses and lumpy heads, but they were the old men who had had their fun in other days and were now willing to let the younger generation go in and whoop 'er up. It was these old men who assisted the women when it came to poultices and bandages and to wheeling home those who could not walk.

Only two men knew what was in that keg, and they never told. It may have been Chinese elderberry wine according to missionary recipe, or it may have been a mixture of whisky, brandy, gin, wine and drugs. At any rate, the "feeling" lasted two whole days, and there were fights almost daily for the next fortnight. It was a month later that the lightning rod man came driving up to the tavern again. This time he ran over two hogs instead of one. Elder Carpenter was passing again, but he did not stop or turn. He simply uttered an "um" and held his way. There was the usual crowd on the veranda, but they crossed their legs, spat their tobacco juice over the railing and were mum. The town had been struck by lightning and didn't want any more of it. It didn't even want the empty keg the peddler had left behind him in his flight.

**TURNED THE BATTLE.**

**Impulse That Moved the British Lancers at Alwal.**

The Sixteenth lancers, than whom there is no more famous regiment in the British service, performed a fine feat at the battle of Alwal, in the Punjab, in January, 1849.

The gallant Sikhs had thrown themselves into squares and in this formation for a time resisted the desperate charges of the English cavalry just as stubbornly as the British infantry had resisted the French cuirassiers at Waterloo.

Again and again did the Sixteenth lancers strive to break through the masses of the Sikhs, and again and again scores of saddles were emptied, and the British were beaten back with slaughter. As the lancers got close enough to deliver their thrusts their weapons would splinter like matchwood upon the stout shields of their swartly foes. Suddenly an inspiration came to the troopers.

Without receiving any orders to that effect, but as if controlled by a unanimous impulse, they shifted their lances to the bridle hand and charged in once more. The Sikhs, entirely unprepared for this sudden and masterly maneuver, received in their bodies instead of on their targets the spear points of the horsemen.

Into and through the squares swept the Sixteenth, with lances as crimson as their tunics. Even so, it is recorded that the resistance was so desperate and sustained that the Sikh square had to be ridden through again and yet again before it was finally overcome.—Exchange.

**WON BY A SONG.**

**Incident That Hastened the Success of Telephones in England.**

Following the establishment on a solid basis of the American telephone system, work for European exploitation was early begun. The results were hardly encouraging.

Five-eighths of the British rights were purchased for \$500 by a Providence man, says the National Magazine. After working in London four months he could not find any one who would put a shilling in the telephone.

An English review said of it: "The telephone is little better than a toy. It amuses the English, but is inferior to the well established system of air tubes."

The victory was won at last by Kate Field, who sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" over the telephone to Queen Victoria. The queen was delighted, asked Bell if she might buy two telephones, and it was not long before all England was interested. An exchange with ten wires was opened in London, and in April, 1879, Theodore Vail sent an order to the factory in Boston in his terse, characteristic way. "Please make 100 hand telephones for

export trade as early as possible."

In the Italian Alps, on the peak of Monte Rosa, is the highest telephone in the world. Strung at the order of Queen Margherita, it took six years to complete the connection between the top of the mountain and the queen's apartments in Rome.

**Thackeray's Mistakes.**

Thackeray probably wrote the prettiest and most legible hand of any distinguished author. But the master of the easiest and most flexible style in English fiction occasionally made careless and irritating slips. He wrote "different to," which is a common and quite unaccountable mistake, and "compared to," which is as bad. No one would think of saying or writing "compare this to that," yet you find "compared to" in print every day in the week. And he also fell into the common error of making the surname plural instead of the prefix—the "Miss Potters," for instance, in "The Newcomes," instead of the "Misses Potter." Would anybody write the "Mr. Potters?" Why should the ladies be so mishandled?—London Chronicle.

**The Fruit Cuckoo.**

The Indian fruit cuckoo, which, like all members of the cuckoo family, lays its eggs in the nests of other birds and thus avoids the trouble of hatching them, is said to exhibit a great deal of strategy in dealing with crows, its natural enemies. Whereas the hen, an inconspicuous, speckled gray bird, conceals herself in the foliage, the cock, remarkable for his brilliant black plumage and crimson eyes, places himself on a perch near a crow's nest and sets up a great racket. The crows immediately rush out to attack him, and he takes to flight with them in pursuit. The hen meanwhile slips into the nest and deposits an egg. Sometimes the crows return before the egg is laid, and then the intruder gets a trouncing.

**FERRYING THE TRAIN.**

**One of the River and Harbor Sights of New York City.**

One of the sights of the harbor familiar enough to those acquainted with the water front, but of never failing interest to the waterside strolling stranger, is the big railroad ferryboat that carries the Boston-Washington through trains around Manhattan between Mott Haven and Jersey City, and apparently this ride is as interesting to the people on the boat as the boat is to the people on the shore.

They just run the whole train on this boat, and then in fair weather the passengers get out to stretch their legs and take in the view. As the big boat comes along with the cars of the train aboard seen projecting out forward and aft on deck from under the hoods you see the passengers standing forward for their eight or ten miles water ride down the East river and up the north, or vice versa, through all the varied river traffic close at hand, while shoreward they have that marvelous view of the lower city. The boat is one of the city's notable river sights, and the trip on the boat itself and the view from its deck are still as wonderful as ever to the unaccustomed traveler.—New York Sun.

**LIFE OF THE SUN.**

**Old Sol's Heat Will Warm the Earth For Millions of Years.**

The reason why the sun retains its heat in spite of the quantity that it gives out is explained by the fact that heat is generated by the fall of particles toward its center. The diameter of the sun diminishes annually by 150 meters, a little more than the ten-millionth part of its total.

According to estimates made, 30,000 years will pass before the solar radius diminishes enough to produce an effect appreciable by the most delicate instruments, always supposing that the astronomical instruments of the future will be similar to the instruments of the present. By like calculations it is estimated that the sun will send heat to the earth between six millions and eight millions of years longer.

Radium, which emits heat spontaneously and without cessation, is present in the sun. One gram of radium frees enough heat in one hour to raise a grain of water from the temperature of ice to the temperature of boiling water. Hence the presence of this element assists in the preservation of the sun's heat. The spectroscope reveals great quantities of helium in the sun, quantities great in proportion to the sun's other elements. The presence of helium is due to the disaggregation of radium. Two grams of radium per ton of the sun's elements would be enough for the entire regeneration of all the heat lost by the sun.—Harper's Weekly.

**Worse Luck.**

Fatigued Philip—Did the lady 'trow bollin' water on youse? Wandering Walter—Worse'n dat, Phil, worse'n dat. It was soapuds.—Toledo Blade.

**Rules.**

Weary—It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways. Willie—G'wan! It's a poor rule to work at all.—Toledo Blade.

**Not Idle Talk**



As the old saying goes,

"THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING THEREOF," AND THUS WE REFER TO OUR SHOWING OF

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FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR. THE ASSORTMENT OF STYLES PATTERNS AND COLORINGS IS ABSOLUTELY UNLIMITED. WE GUARANTEE EVERY ONE OF THESE GARMENTS TO FIT PERFECTLY, AND GIVE THE PURCHASER WEARING, LASTING QUALITIES. LET US SHOW YOU WHAT WONDERFUL VALUES WE OFFER IN THIS FAMOUS MAKE OF CLOTHES.

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COMPLETE MACHINE SHOPS AND FOUNDRY

**What "Pa" Says**

"Sure we use electric lights. When I go home of an evenin', dead tired, I like to flop down in an easy chair, light up my old 'Jimmy pipe,' an' read. An' I want a LIGHT—a REAL light—not a smoky, flickery apology for one.

"An' I'm a fresh air bug too. Say! d'ever try to keep a coal oil lamp goin' with a breeze comin' through the window? Some job, ain't it? An' say! with kids like them of mine, I'd be scared to death that somethin' would happen if I left 'em alone for a minute with a oil lamp. No, they ain't no worse than other kids, I guess, but the way they roughhouse around would sure drive me wild if they was a lamp to explode or git over-turned.

"Ma, she didn't like the idea of puttin' in lights at first. Said they would be too darn expensive. Ma's savin', but she found they don't cost much more than her old lamps, an' she don't have to fuss an' bother 'bout fillin' an' cleanin' 'em. Then I got her a electric iron, an' she figures she can do her week's ironin' in jest about half he time, an' actually SAVE money. No, you can't git ma to go back to the old oil lamps.

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