

TALKS BY MRS. DOLBY

Hubby Listens to Another of Her Interesting Conversations.

THOUGHT SHE WAS DYING.

That Was How She Felt During a Fainting Spell, but It Didn't Faze the Deacon Any—Samuel's Experience With a Cow.

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Deacon Dolby was digging potatoes in the garden the other afternoon and stopping occasionally to throw a stone or a clod of earth at a hog that was hunting for a hole in the fence to get in when Mrs. Dolby called to him from the back steps.

"Samuel! I have got to run over to Mrs. Gay's for a few minutes to see why she hasn't brought my nutmeg grater back. I shall wait it in making a custard pie for supper. Mrs. Gay is one of the best women in the world, but she never thinks of returning anything she borrows."

Deacon Dolby looked up and nodded his head, and his wife departed on her errand and was absent half an hour. When she returned she came out to where he was still bringing the potatoes out of the ground, and without saying a word she keeled over in the dirt and rolled up her eyes and indulged in three or four convulsive kicks. The deacon didn't seem in the least surprised. He stooped and lifted her one side and dug three more hills of potatoes. Then, as she had not recovered consciousness, he picked her up in his arms and carried her into the house and laid her down on the lounge. He didn't bring out the camphor bottle nor throw water in her face.

On the contrary, he sat down at the end of the lounge and picked up the family album and began to look through it. A long minute elapsed, and then Mrs. Dolby struggled to a sitting position and asked:

"Samuel, am I in heaven?"

"She wasn't," the deacon knew she wasn't. He could have bet ten to one and felt perfectly safe. He made no reply, however. She would find that she was still on earth without any help from him. She did discover the fact, and after looking around she walked out:

"No, I haven't died and gone to heaven and left all my troubles behind, as I thought I had. I am still doomed to suffer here below. Maybe



"YOU JUMPED UP AND BEGAN KICKING THIS COW."

however, there will be a thunderstorm and kill me off before night, and so I want to talk to you a little. You wouldn't want me to die without saying anything, would you?"

Mr. Dolby didn't answer the question. He was looking at an old picture of his grandfather and counting the hair buttons on his coat.

"I told you that I was going over to Mrs. Gay's," continued Mrs. Dolby as she stretched out in a more comfortable position, and I went. I had asked her for the nutmeg grater, and she had talked about the high price of eggs, when I suddenly observed tears in her eyes. I thought maybe her sister in Ohio was dead, but when I asked her about it she put her arms around me and asked:

"Mrs. Dolby, can you bear to hear some awful, terrible news?"

"I told her that I could. I have been hearing awful, terrible news for the last thirty years and have got used to it. Then she went on to tell me. She hadn't meant to say a word, but her conscience wouldn't let her keep things to herself any longer. Are you listening to me, Samuel?"

Samuel was. He even had a bit of curiosity to know what was coming, but he turned to the photograph of his grandmother and uttered no word.

Samuel and the Cats.

"A month ago, Samuel, the rats fell down, and you had to take out one of the points and put in a new one. That was the day I was over to Mrs. Johnson's quilting tea. Mrs. Gay didn't go. She was preserving some peaches and couldn't leave 'em. She wanted more sugar and was going down to the store to get some, when, just as she was passing you, you stepped back ward into the post hole and went down clear to your hip. You got a jar and broke both suspenders. You didn't know that there was anybody within forty rods of you, and you let out. Poor Mrs. Gay couldn't remember the half you said, but the other half was enough. I came home with my blood like ice. When I looked at you and thought of you saying those words I just fainted dead away."

Mr. Dolby was still looking at that photograph. He started to smile grimly, but checked it. He remembered the incident, and he thought it a mean trick on the part of Mrs. Gay to give him away. He had thought himself all alone, and when he went into that hole backward and busted things and sprained his back he just naturally shouted out, the same as Judge Landis or Ethel Root would have done. Mrs. Gay should have realized the provocation and kept the affair to herself.

"Samuel, I know men folk don't like rats, but I have to," continued Mrs. Dolby as she proceeded to weep and let the tears fall where they would.

BOWSER THE SAVANT.

Files a Kite to Learn What Insects Inhabit Upper Air.

THE TEST ENDS IN DISASTER.

Experiment Attracts a Crowd of Small Boys, and Policeman Interferes—His Wife, an Upright, Shows Little Sympathy For Him.

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When Mr. Bowser came home to dinner the other evening he was fifteen minutes late and had that thoughtful look on his face that comes to a man who is given a lead nickel in change by a street car conductor. When Mrs. Bowser called attention to his lateness he made an ambiguous reply, and it was not until the meal was over that he woke up and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, this is a fine starlight night, with a breeze of about six miles an hour blowing. A more fitting night for the experiment could not have been made to order."

Mr. Bowser looked at him and frowned.

"There was to be an experiment. She had thought all the time that he might have a headache.

What sort of an experiment? Was he going to try a patent fuel and melt the top off the range or some such saving patent and blow up the house? She was wondering over it when he said:

"For the last year there has been a hot dispute between the savants as to the insects occupying the upper strata of the atmosphere. We know that the lower strata are teeming with house flies, horse flies, mosquitoes, moths, bugs and other things, and for the last 200 years savants have let it go at that. They have now turned their attention to the upper strata, however, and are anxious to ascertain the forms of life. What insects exist a mile high? Do they have legs? Do they have lungs? Do they have fangs or teeth? Do they exist for a day or a week or a month? Do they have eight or are they blind? All these are queries to be answered, and the man who answers them first is going to find himself famous."

"But what have you got to do with it?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Nothing except that I may be the man to solve the mysteries. I rather expect to be."

"Are you going up in a balloon?"

"No, ma'am. People have been going up in balloons for the last hundred

years, and they have not brought down the information sought for. Indeed, they have rather muddled things up."

"If you don't go up in a balloon, I don't see how."

"Of course you don't. A woman seldom says anything except another woman's hat. It is not expected of her. The solution is dead easy, however, to a man-to me. It is so easy that I am amazed that there should be any reason for dispute. I hope to settle the thing in an hour."

"I hope you will," she demurely replied. "Now that I come to think of it, I have often wondered what sort of creatures were roaming around up there. I have wondered whether they were longtailed or bobtailed, whether they were cross eyed or not, whether they were leoparded and cockeyed or as handsome as angels. You will catch me three or four, won't you?"

His Face Gets Purple.

"By the seventeen hells of Bull's Run, but are you talking such nonsense to me?" shouted Mr. Bowser as his face grew as purple as an old plum.

"I didn't mean it for nonsense." "Then you are a born idiot. I might have known better than to sit down and talk on any serious subject with you. How could I expect you to understand and appreciate? This ends it. No other word. I make my discoveries alone. When my name is heralded all over the country, as will be the case inside a week, I will even deny that there is a Mrs. Bowser. I will say that you died ten years ago of softening of the brain."

"But I thought from what you said that there might be insects in the upper strata with two bumps on them, like a dromedary, and that it would be so nice to keep one under a glass case and feed him on bones from the table. If you were very good, you might feed him once in awhile yourself. We could eat him while we ate."

For the next sixty seconds Mr. Bowser was threatened with a stroke of apoplexy.

His eyes hung out. His ears worked. His bald head turned the color of raspberry ice cream.

There is hardly a doubt that he would have been a goner if he hadn't made the greatest effort in the world to hang on to himself and if he hadn't determined on killing Mrs. Bowser in her bed after he had made his experiments a howling success. He glared at her and glared and glared, but he didn't say another word. Her doom was sealed.

Out in the vestibule as he came to he had left a large box kite and a small lantern and a ball of string tied to the door. He went out and got the kite and lit it. Mrs. Bowser wanted to ask more questions. She wanted to ask if he didn't think that the smell of fried bacon would bring some of the

inhabitants of that upper strata down to earth long enough to be hanged, but a look into his face kept her lips closed. He had become dangerous. One word more from her would have sent him off like a lit fuse powder magazine.

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ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

Care of the Sewing Machine—Directions For Oiling.

THE OIL HOLES SHOULD NEVER BE CLOGGED.

Half the secret of fine work on the sewing machine lies in the oiling.

The oil holes should never be clogged. In case of this accident, however, a crochet hook will be found invaluable as a means of cleaning them. When a machine has been put away for a time it is best to clear away all stagnant oil before attempting to work or to relubricate the machine.

This may be done by squirting kerosene liberally into the holes as if oiling them and then working the needle for a few minutes on a piece of calico until the bearings are quite clear. Machine oil may then be applied.

Do not oil too frequently and be careful not to overlook any of the holes, as this causes an undue strain on some part of the mechanism. Before sewing carefully wipe off the machine, with a small duster kept for the purpose, the platform and the wheel and see that the shuttle is free from cotton waste or dust. Never leave the machine unprotected when not in use.

Recovering an Umbrella.

Umbrellas can be recovered at home so that they will look as good as new if the work is done carefully and neatly. Begin by removing the old cover and the metal top which holds it at its top edge. Get a good, smooth sateen or a firm piece of taffeta or a softer silk if preferred for the new cover. Use one of the sections of the old cover for a pattern, laying it with the outer edge on the selvage. Sew the sections together, using a French seam—that is, first a small seam on the right side, then turn it in and sew it on the wrong side. Slip the cover over the rod and tack it securely at the points and at the middle of the ribs. Then tack the top and replace the cap.

To Clean Tortoise Shell.

Tortoise shell combs that have lost their luster can be repolished with a paste made of very finely powdered pumice stone and sweet oil, rubbed on with an old suede glove. When the polishing has been effected, rinse quickly in warm water to get rid of the paste. It may, however, be necessary to repeat the process, as in many cases it is not easy to obtain a very bright polish.

Soap the Boiler Well.

One often hears complaints that the washhouse boiler rusts and iron molds the clothes. To prevent this rub the boiler directly it is emptied and while still hot with any good household soap. Give it a good coating of soap, which will not only prevent rust, but will also help to make the necessary suds when the boiler is filled with water for the next washing.

Papering a Room.

When papering a room remember that large patterns and dark colors will make it appear smaller, while a plain or striped paper of a light hue will give an effect of increased size. White, cream, yellow and light blue increase the apparent brilliancy of the light. Red, dark green and blue and brown make the apartment seem darker than it really is.

Stretch Drying Blankets.

To prevent your blankets from shrinking when washed stretch them firmly by two pairs of hands before hanging up to dry. When half dry take them down and give them another thorough stretching. This is important. When quite dry a little stretching and pulling, especially at the ends, will finish them like new articles.

Apples Baked With Raisins.

Select one dozen large apples, even in size. Pare and core and place in a baking pan with two teaspoons of boiling water and two of sugar, filling the centers of the apples with part of the sugar. Place on top of each apple several seeded raisins and a small piece of butter. Bake in a moderate oven until clear.

Household Hints.

Use hot water and no soap for all fruit stains.

Use cold water and soap for tea, coffee and cocoa stains.

A tablecloth of oxalic acid dissolved in a pint of water will take grease or oil stains from the floor. After applying it wash well with soda and soap and water.

Liquid Face Powder.

To one-half ounce of tincture of benzoin add one ounce of glycerin, one ounce of alcohol and two ounces of prepared chalk. This liquid powder is perfectly harmless.

For Biliousness.

A good remedy for biliousness is phosphate of soda. Take one teaspoonful of the pure salt in a glassful of water, preferably hot, two or three times a day.

Truly Feminine.

"I'm awfully lonely without you," the woman wrote to the girl who had gone to the country, "but there's one good thing. When I put my things away now, they stay where I put them, and I know where to find them again."

And the girl wrote back:

"It's the same with me."—New York Press.

Stucco, cut flowers, and doors, like plants at Medford Green House, Phone 606.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the matter of the estate of Jacob Shadle deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the above entitled estate, will file his final account with the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, on Monday, March 21, 1921, at 2 o'clock P. M. All persons who have claims against the estate of the deceased are notified to present them to the undersigned administrator on or before said date and time.

Dated at Medford, Oregon, this 21st day of January, 1921.

W. T. YORK, Administrator of said estate.

FRENCH UNDERGRADS.

They Take a Very Serious View of Their College Career.

Whoever has had much to do with American students must agree, I think, that their abundant energy is apt to exert itself in other fields than those where they are brought into professional contact with their teachers.

French students seem of a different stripe. They are alertly intelligent, serious to a degree which shames you into consciousness of comparative frivolity, intellectually energetic beyond reproach. But somehow when you have been habituated to academic intercourse at home they seem a shade inhuman. One can soon see why. It is not that they lack humanity. In private life they are said to maintain the convivial tradition of ancestral France. But humanity and work are separate things, and to them university work is a really critical matter. They are not playing through three or four years which shall ripen them into something sweeter than they might grow to be without this happy interval between the drudgery of school and the strife of responsible existence. They are assiduously preparing themselves for a career of intense competition. Their spirit seems quite to lack the amateurish grace so engagingly characteristic of undergraduate life in America. In contrast, they seem intensely, startlingly professional.

In the best sense of this absurd term, no doubt. It is not that French students impress you as disposed to tricky or subterfuge. It is only that in their whole relation to university work they take for granted that they are occupied not in the acquisition of that vague thing which we call "culture," but in a very palatable phase of the struggle for existence. Their business as students is to inform themselves as widely and as accurately as possible, and, above all, to gather their information in some comprehensive and comprehensible system. That is why they are at the university. And they are enrolled under the faculty of letters because they aspire in due time to become members of such a faculty, if possible ultimately in Paris. So far as my observation went there is nothing at any French university which takes the place of undergraduate life in England or in America.—*Scrivener's Magazine.*

Biliousness and Constipation.

For years I was troubled with biliousness and constipation, which made life miserable for me. My appetite failed and I lost my usual force and vitality. Pepsin preparations and cathartics only made matters worse. I did not know where I should have been today had I not tried Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. The tablets relieve the stomach and bowels, soothe the digestive organs, help the system to do its work naturally.—Mrs. Rosa Potts, Birmingham, Ala. These tablets are for sale by Chas. H. Allen.

Sherriff's Sale.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, in the matter of the County of Multnomah, Mary J. Flanagan, Plaintiff vs. Charles N. Wald, Defendant.

By virtue of an Alias Execution issued out of the above entitled court, in the above entitled action on the 20th day of October, 1920, 1711, 1920, upon a judgment rendered and entered in said court on May 22nd, 1920, in favor of said plaintiff against said defendant, of \$250.00 together with \$25.00 costs and interest thereon since May 22nd, 1920, at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, the undersigned Sheriff of said county, in pursuance of said judgment, has caused to be sold at public auction, to-wit: the following described real estate, to-wit: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 4