

Beckwith Quitting Business Sale!

Everything in my store, including STOCK and FIXTURES must be sold by the first of January 1917 as I have made other business arrangements and will move from Sandy by that date.

Here is a chance to buy your XMAS GIFTS as I am offering everything in stock at what it COST me. Buy NOW before everything is gone

Beckwith, the Jeweler.

CHERRYVILLE

Winter is here, or the winter rains. Snow is now creeping down the hills and is already about a mile above us. Several Arctic owls have been seen here lately. They are nearly snow white.

Quite a large crowd at the hotel last Saturday night at the social hop and a royal good time enjoyed by all present.

The question for debate at the school house Friday night of this week is, resolved: That an embargo should be placed on food stuffs at once.

Sam Miller has found his valuable dog "Scotty." It appears that the dog had sustained a broken leg and had been found by Mr. Heine, living near the McCormick ranch back from the main road. He was well cared for and his broken leg bound up in splints. Sam was well pleased to find his dog and brought him home.

The article in last week's News on the Co-operative Colony points the way to a better state of things. The producers must learn to buy and sell collectively in order to secure the best results and gain a better livelihood.

A silly and foolish old fanatic of foreign extraction lately made the remark before a bevy of school girls who could not restrain their youthful spirits in his presence, that "they were all going to a dark place where the fires of hell would burn forever." How could a place be dark where a fire was raging. As a matter of fact these old fellows who belong to the dark ages have no more control of a persons future destiny than a grasshopper.

The 76th birthday of J. F. Friel, Sr., was celebrated at his home a short distance east of the postoffice last Friday. His daughter, Mrs. Kerby, of Portland, was out as well as his daughter, Mrs. Sinclair and family, of Dover, and her daughter and family who are here. Mr. Friel is an old civil war veteran having served in the eastern army during the rebellion.

Don't be afraid of knocks. The harder you are bumped the higher you bounce.

Yes, Jennie, a poker chip is a chip off the block—no generally.

FIRWOOD.

Mr. and Mrs. George Anderson of Orient spent Saturday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stucki and family.

Mrs. J. E. Sinclair spent a few days of this week in Portland.

Mrs. Updegrave spent Monday evening at J. G. DeShazer's.

Mr. Withers was the dinner guest at J. C. Smith's, Thanksgiving.

Joe Wilcoxon and Walter Krebs were Portland visitors Friday.

Viola and Lula DeShazer spent last Thursday evening with Ruby Wilkins.

William Fisher was an Oregon City visitor Wednesday.

DOVER

Ten inches of snow fell on Tuesday and Tuesday night and is still snowing this (Wednesday) morning.

The Board of Directors for the F. D. T. Co., met last Monday night at J. G. DeShazer's. All present except secretary Don Bodley. Warren Wilkins was appointed secretary temporarily.

Lula and Rilda Roberts have been at home since Wednesday from Sandy High School spending Thanksgiving. They returned to Sandy on Sunday.

William Updegrave took four dressed hogs and one veal to Sandy last Tuesday for the Portland Market.

Mrs. Hugh Guthrie's illness became so serious that they concluded to take her to the hospital in Portland last week.

Mrs. Updegrave called on Mrs. J. G. DeShazer at Firwood last Monday evening.

Woodle & Evans, the Dover butchers, killed four hogs and a beef the first of the week and manufactured them into sausage. Some sausage.

A. J. Morrison went to Oregon City and Portland to spend Thanksgiving last Thursday and got back to the fern-clad hills of Dover on Sunday.

Bruce Scuminky spent Friday and Saturday in Oregon City attending Epworth League Convention. He returned home Sunday evening accompanied by the school teacher, Miss Ruth A. Brown.

Mrs. Joe DeShazer and Mr. Frace are on the sick list this week.

Mrs. Lex delivered some chickens in Sandy last Monday for market.

The Church, League and School are going to join together to celebrate Christmas at the Church this year.

Charles Updegrave takes the pupils to and from school in the buggy since the deep snow fell.

MYSTERY OF THE PLANETS.

Science Cannot Penetrate the Hazy Veils That Mask Them.

It is not known definitely whether the planet Venus rotates. If it does it may possibly have a life and a vegetation like our own, though we suspect that it is clothed in eternal cloud. Of Saturn's rings we cannot say whether they consist of millions of tiny moons like brickbats or whether they may be even smaller still—a veil of shining dust.

Of Jupiter we can only say that it is covered with clouds, though of their substance we know nothing, and that according to Professor Lowell and Sir William Huggins some of the bands we see on it may be rifts in the clouds revealing the body of the planet. Little lines crisscross these bands. Photographs of Jupiter taken at Flagstaff observatory, Arizona, seem to indicate that these lines, too, are the upper clouds of Jupiter.

But whenever we see a planet we see it badly. Even Mars, the most clearly revealed of them all, is constantly obscured by a refracting haze, so that even the famous "canals," though nearly 500 in number, are only perceptible a few at a time, and an unskilled observer would probably not make them out at all.

Sandstorms, sometimes snowstorms, sweep the surface of the planet, and because the winds of Mars are very gentle and slow moving these occurrences take a long time to pass by. A snowstorm on Mars—if indeed it was a snowstorm and not merely a fog—once lasted three weeks.

Keeping Up the Supply.

First Man (with magazine)—What a tremendous number of stories Penley Penman writes! Second Man—Doesn't he? They say he uses an incubator to hatch his plots.—Stray Stories.

Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids; her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.—Young.

Farm and Garden

WOOD LOT NEEDED.

An Essential Part of a Well Organized Farm.

[W. J. Morrill, Colorado station.] A permanent wood lot is an essential part of a well organized farm. In the mountain valleys and along the streams in the plains nature has provided these



THE WOOD LOT.

wood lots. In many places, however, the farmer must plant and raise his wood.

The wood lot is convenient in providing fuel, posts and wood for repairs. It may also serve as a windbreak and for shelter for stock. On light soils or on steep slopes the trees will bind the soil to prevent erosion. A wood lot needs proper protection from stock and fire and intelligent thinning. After planting and cultivation during a few years, if the wood lot is of artificial origin, the work expended on it and the harvesting of the crops may be done in

the winter when other work is not pressing.

Besides the direct value of a wood lot in furnishing wood and shelter, its aesthetic value in improving the appearance of the farm and in furnishing recreation is of considerable importance in making life more worth living. Incidentally the well kept, properly located wood lot adds selling value to the farm out of all proportion to the cost of establishing or tending the grove.

When to Mulch Strawberries.

Don't be in a hurry to mulch the strawberries, as the vines continue to grow until late in the fall. The last of November or the first of December is the proper time for mulching in Kansas, but don't neglect to do it then.

Mulching is an essential to success in growing strawberries, points out Albert Dickens, professor of horticulture in the Kansas State Agricultural college. It not only insures clean fruit, but it aids in retaining moisture in the soil and assists in conserving fertility.

Mulching is a protection against the alternate freezing and thawing so common in this state. This process is a serious menace to strawberry growing as it breaks off the many small feeding roots of the plants, thus destroying their source of nutrition and resulting in diminished crops and berries of poor quality. In fact, the plants are sometimes killed.

A Legend of Lace.

According to Melchior de Vogue, the legend of lace is as follows: A Venetian sailor gave his ladylove a frond of spreading seaweed to keep him in memory while at sea. But the girl found that the seaweed was rapidly drying up and disappearing. So she caught the fine branches and leaves of the plant with thread against a piece of linen and, working on it with her thoughts following her lover, invented lace.

Different Now.

"Is this cellar perfectly dry?" inquired the prospective purchaser. "Well," responded the talented agent, with a knowing wink, "it always had been until the prohibition law went into effect."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Back Yards in Texas.

A Texas rancher's wife complained that she didn't have enough room in the back yard, so as an addition he has just purchased 40,000 acres.—Pittsburgh Post.