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Looking For a Bargain.

A young man who works in a Chestnut street store was invited to his employer's home for supper last night. The purpose of the invitation was to introduce the young man to the employer's daughters.

After supper the old man said: "Yes, I am proud of my daughters and would like to see them comfortably married, and as I have made a little money they will not go penniless to their husbands. There is Mary, twenty-five years old and a really good girl. I shall give her \$1,000 when she marries. Then comes Rose, who won't see thirty-five again, and I shall give her \$3,000. And the man who takes Eliza, who is forty, will have \$5,000 with her."

The visitor reflected a moment and then inquired: "You haven't one about fifty, have you?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Landlord's Name.

Sir Edward Malet's memoirs give the following as Bismarck's favorite story: "A traveler in the shires rested at noon at a wayside hostelry and took luncheon. When it was finished he asked for his bill. The landlord brought it to him. After casting a glance at it he looked at the boniface and said, 'What is your name?' 'My name,' replied the landlord, 'is Partridge.' 'Ah,' said the traveler, 'by the length of your bill I should have thought it would have been Woodcock!'"

Happy Parents.

Distraught Mother—And what with these education bills an' all, miss, I sometimes says to myself: "Appy are the parents what never 'ad any children." I says.—London Bystander.

A Money Maker.

Sanso—He is not rich and yet he makes a great deal more money than he spends.
Madd—How can that be?
Sanso—He works in the mint.

Business.

"What would you consider evidence of a clever modern woman?"
"A clever modern woman?"
"The same."
"Well, I should think if she were wealthy she would keep her divorce lawyer on a salary."

Righteous Indignation.

"I have discovered a lot of graft in the city hall. Got a dead open and shut case, with all the proof."
"What are you going to do—report it to the grand jury?"
"Yes, if they refuse to let me in on it."

New Lamps For Old.

"When all of the jokes are written And all of the stories are told What shall we do?" sighed Pessimist As tears from his eyelids rolled.

"What shall we do?" griped Optimist. "Just what we've done before— We'll change them around a little bit And grind them out once more."
—Chicago Daily Socialist.

The Brute.

Wife—That vicious dog next door bit mother again this morning, and I'd like to know what you're going to do about it.

Husband—I'll ask him how much he wants for the dog!—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Also.

"Stars of the summer night," Thou art divinely fair,
But as sure as we walk for a quiet talk There's something that's sure our pleasure to take—
The mosquitoes are also there.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

On the Move.

"The housefly must go!" said one scientist.

"There is no comfort in that assertion," answered the other. "The housefly's roving disposition is precisely what causes the damage."—Illustrated Bits.

Satisfactory.

"This is a jolly old world," said Short As abroad he started to go. "I've actually borrowed money enough To pay every cent that I owe."
—Detroit Free Press.

Almost a Walkover.

"Tell me, is there anything on earth that new yacht of yours can't overtake and pass?"
"I should say there is."
"What's that?"
"Its running expenses."—Puck.

The Diamond Remains a Mystery.

As a substance the diamond is one of the mysteries of nature, one of the despairs of science. Nobody knows whence it came or how, whether it is a spark from a comet's tail or a crystallized drop squeezed in some horrible intensity of fiery convulsion from the white hot insurgent heart of the earth. Nobody knows much about it at all, except that it doesn't belong to this world. Some known black diamonds literally were from the skies. They came imbedded in meteorites cast upon Arizona and Chile by an unidentified star. One does not prospect for chips of stars. As well search for the end of the rainbow. Neither is it practical to hammer all sorts of eruptive rock and conglomerate wherever come upon. Earthquake or volcanic upheaval districts are not necessarily the most promising, for often diamonds that seem to have had volcanic origin occur thousands of miles from the probable place of extrusion, carried thence. It is assumed, by glacial drift in some far back geological time.—Franklin Clark in Everybody's Magazine.

In Prospect.

Summer is alluring
When it's far away.
In the haze
Distance looks so bright
And gay.
But
When it is closer
And we feel the sting
Then we think
It rather
Overdoes the thing.
When
The frosts
Of winter
Nip our classic nose
And we sh
And wonder
Why
So hard it snows,
And the weather
Chilly
Seems to be
A crime.
Then
We sort of hanker
For
The summer time.
But when it is doing
Business
At our door
And is very
Friendly
Then we raise
A roar.
Summer
Is delightful
When it isn't here.
That
Applies to any
Season
In the year.

Poor Guesser.

"He is going to marry the Widow Jones."
"But she is older than he."
"Yes."
"And so beauty."
"Not exactly."
"Is she rich?"
"Why do you ask superfluous questions?"

Explaining It.

"I see, as the blind man said," remarked father when he was trying to be emphatic and facetious at the same time.

"He couldn't, though, could he?" inquired Willie.
"No, son. That was just the blind man's bluff."

Wrongly Placed.

It is astonishing sometimes how unconsciously careless we are of the feelings of the person to whom we are talking. A young guardsman told me the other day that a friend of his went with him to consult his lawyer. The solicitor, a shrewd looking and kindly old gentleman, was listening to an intricate explanation of how his clerk had failed to do something that had been expected of him. "Yes, you are quite right. It was his fault," said the solicitor.

"But why are these confounded lawyers' clerks so stupid?" asked the angry soldier.

"I do not know, my dear sir," replied the solicitor kindly, "but would you mind alluding to them as 'lawyers' confounded clerks?"—London M. A. P.

Spencer's "First Principles."

In Spencer's "First Principles" he endeavors to define the fields of the unknowable and the knowable and the postulates with which the studies of the knowable must be pursued. When Spencer writes that "the man of science truly knows that in its ultimate essence nothing can be known," he is not referring to man's brain yesterday or today. He means that the fundamental principles of the universe, like space, time, matter, force and motion, are by their very nature unknowable. Since all man's knowledge of the cosmos can be traced back ultimately to sense experience, and since sense experience is not always reliable and much of what he calls the ultimate essence is entirely inaccessible to sense experience, it may be philosophically said that man cannot be sure he really knows anything. Both the strength and the weakness of his theory are due to the equivocal import of the term "knowledge."—New York American.

The Way of the World.

"When we were poor," remarked the prosperous man reflectively, "we looked forward to the time when we could have a summer home."

"Well?"

"Well, when we got rich enough to have one we didn't like going to the same place every summer because it was monotonous, and we looked forward to the time when we could have another for variety."

"Well?"

"Well, we got another, and then we began to long for a winter place, so that we wouldn't have to be so much in the big house in the city."

"Well?"

"Well, we've got them all now."

"And are you happy?"

"I suppose so—at least, I suppose my wife is. She keeps them all shut up and spends most of her time in Europe, but she knows she has them."—Chicago Post.

Cure For Disconsolate Lovers.

Sombody has dug out of an old book of the time of Queen Elizabeth the following advice to a slighted and dependent lover:

Take one end of a rope rights over a beam
And make a slippe noose at the other extreame.
Just under the beame lett a bucket be sett.
On it lett the lovier most manfully gett.
Right over his heade be left the snicket be gott
And under his eare well fastened the knot.
The buckett kicked cleare, lett him take a full swinge
And leave alle the reate of the worke to the stringe!

Pretty Strong.

"Is the baby strong?"
"Well, rather. You know what a tremendous voice he has?"
"Yes."
"Well, he lifts that five or six times an hour."

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