

MUGGERTON

[Original.]

I was sitting in my editorial den preparing matter for the Sunday edition when a big muscular fellow who looked like a prize fighter came in and asked for employment. I feared that his real intention was to rob me and dalled with him.

"Any experience?" I asked.
"Lots. I worked three weeks on the D—Bee. That's after I left college, a month ago."

At mention of college I started.
"Any creative faculty?"
"You bet! I can fling off a story any time."

"I'm thinking of running a short story every Sunday. Sit down there and let me see what you can do."

He took a seat at a vacant reporter's desk and wrote this story:

"The nineteenth century was just twenty-five years old. It was the winter season. By the wayside stood a hotel, with a barroom just off the office. The landlord was absent, and his daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen, sat sewing behind the counter. The door opened, and a young man, a regular stalwart, walked up to the counter and registered. He wrote in a fine round hand, 'Dick Tutt, Central City, Colo.'"

I paused and looked at the author. In 1825 the Rocky mountains where Central City is located had probably never seen a white man.

"I'm a cowboy, I am," said Mr. Tutt, sweeping the floor with his broad brim. "I won \$700 at faro off the boys punchin' cows around 'Central,' and I've come east to blow it in."

"As he spoke he drew a bead on the girl with his eagle eye and brought her down like an antelope. Taking a key off a rack, she handed it to him, and he was about to go upstairs when a party came in smoking 'long nines' and took possession of the big stove in the center of the room. Mr. Tutt paused and watched them. They soon got to kicking up a row, and the girl started for the telephone to call the police."

"You've made a slight mistake," I remarked to the author. "The telephone was invented half a century after the date of your story."

He glared and ground his teeth like a lion poked with a long stick, and I went on reading.

"Mr Tutt walked up to the lady and said:

"If you want these galoots tumbled out I reckon I can do the job."

"No, sir," replied the girl softly; "we never allow any shooting in this house."

"Shootin'!" exclaimed the gentleman. "What do I need of a gun with such muscle?" And, rolling up his sleeve, he showed a biceps that measured a good twenty inches.

"Without waiting for permission he sidled up to the man making the most noise and, straightening his crooked arm, sent the fellow sailing like an ice boat along the floor till he brought up against the baseboard. Mr. Tutt then turned and faced the rest of the gang. It happened that Kid Mahone was in the crowd, at that time training for a fight with Pat McCracken. He stepped to the front, and a ring was formed. The kid was a featherweight with fancy fist training, and the cowboy was strong as a bull buffalo. While the kid was dancing around the cowboy broke his guard, got a clutch on him and, raising him in the air, threw him into the next room.

"This ended the fight. The gang picked up the unconscious kid and ran him out, for they didn't know but the police might come in any minute.

"How can I ever thank you enough?" remarked the young lady, going back to her sewing machine behind the counter."

Again I paused to think. My recollection was that the sewing machine did not come into use before 1850.

"At that moment the old man walked in.
"Father," said the girl, "here's a guest from the wild and woolly west. A gang of rowdies came in a few minutes ago and made a disturbance. The gentleman cleaned them out."

"My friend," said the landlord, "what can I do for you? 'Anything in this house is none too good for Riley,'" quoting a popular song."

"Stranger," said the cowboy, "you've got only one thing I want, your daughter."

"I'd rather part with my new Colt's pistol or my typewriting machine, but if she's willing you have my consent."

"When they were married the cowboy wore a woolen shirt, corduroy trousers, boots and spurs. The bride wore white muslin."

Having finished the story, I looked up at the author.

"Did you take a full course in college?" I asked.

"Well, no. I was brought in for a special when the varsity team went into training for the annual football game. I left college just before the 'amination.'"

"I see. You are—
"Muggerton."
"The name that laid everybody out

opposed to your college last season?"

"The same."

"Why did you place the scene of your story so far back as to time?"

"Well, you see, I ain't up to what's going on, and by the looks of you I thought you might not be either, so I set it back where the mistakes would not be noticed."

"You've made a blunder on every line. How would you like to run a page of sports?"

"Bully!"

"Very well, I'll start you in at \$30 a week." BARTON WILLIAMSON.

A STORY OF THE CARNIVAL

[Original.]

There are people who love gloom and people who are only happy in sunshine. I am one of the latter kind. I love winter; summer is my delight. This is often the case with those who are ideal, imaginative, impressionable. To escape the cold season of 1880—I went to Nice and took rooms in a hotel looking out on the quay, decorated with tropical plants, and the Mediterranean beyond. Going to a window to take in the pleasant view, I noticed a name that had been scratched on the pane with a diamond.

I have said that I am of an impressionable nature, but this does not explain satisfactorily the effect this name, Marguerite, had upon me. Besides the curiosity natural to any one under the circumstances as to who Marguerite might be, I felt some mysterious flaking of her personality with mine.

I remained in Nice for the carnival. When the streets were full of merry-makers I sallied forth to mingle with the fun. I walked back and forth, jostled by the crowd, for an hour and was about to return to my hotel when I met two girls sandwiched between two men. My attention was called to them by receiving a handful of confetti—bits of paper the size of snowflakes and somewhat resembling them—thrown in my face by one of the girls. Her eyes scintillated with mischief. A few seconds was the period we looked at each other; then I was again confronted with the crowd in which I had no interest. I walked the street till the last merry-maker had left it, hoping to see her again, but was doomed to disappointment.

I went to sleep thinking of the pretty face of the girl who had covered me with confetti and the next morning awoke to see the laughing eyes looking into mine, and, to my surprise, they did not fade away with time.

I spent the coming summer at Paris. Whoever has been there in the month of June will not be likely to forget the gay throngs, the sparkle of sunshine, the young leaves in the Champs d'Elysees, the universal brightness. While reading my paper one morning at breakfast I came upon an article at variance with all this liveliness. It was an account of the case of Mme. Thurier, who had married an old man for family reasons, who had been brutally treated by him and a few weeks after her marriage had been accused by him of infidelity. It suited his purpose to get rid of her, and he hired people to swear to facts that were untrue. By her adroitness she exposed the plot and got a counter divorce. I was much interested in the case, especially in the ingenious methods by which the lady proved her innocence and exposed her husband's villainy. The article stated that she was much broken down by her trying experience.

A year later I was in Paris again. One night at the opera my friend Jean Chapporal between the acts told me that he wished to present me to his cousin. I was about to leave to keep an engagement and suggested taking another opportunity. "I have no right to say so," he said, "but she will be disappointed." This was enough, and I went with him to his cousin's box.

"Mlle. Martel, I have the—"

I heard no more. There before me, a vision of loveliness in silk and lace, was the girl who had covered me with confetti. She had noticed me sitting in the parquet and had seen her cousin speak to me; hence the introduction. The only change I noticed in her was that her face lacked the roundness I had noticed when I had first seen it, and there was something in it to remind me of a fair landscape on which the sun is shining, but over which a storm has recently crossed.

"I will leave you for a few minutes," said Chapporal, "with Mme. Thurier. I mean"—He retired in confusion.

An expression of pain came over the lady's face.

"Do not think," she said, "that I am sailing under false colors. Everybody knows that I am Mme. Thurier, though I pass under my maiden name."

She was about to explain further when I spared her the pain of doing so by telling her that I knew her story.

What she said to me and I to her during those few minutes that I was left alone with her I have no remembrance. I was wholly taken up with a great joy that I had found the girl of whom I had been dreaming since the carnival. Just before the curtain rose Chapporal returned, and I arose to leave.

"My cousin," said the lady, "will show you the way to our house. Won't you, Jean?"

"Certainly, Marguerite."

I started.

"What's the matter now?" exclaimed Chapporal. "Have I blundered again?"

"Mademoiselle," I said, "were you ever at Nice before the season during which I saw you there?"

"Yes; several times."

"Did you stay at any time at the Hotel—?"

"I did."

"Did you write your name with a diamond ring on the window pane?"

"Oh, I was only fifteen when I did that."

The orchestra began to play, and I left the box.

That all happened years ago. Since then I have been following Marguerite wherever she goes. She will not marry me so long as her husband lives, but he is a very old man and feeble, and I have just heard a rumor that he has fallen over a precipice in the Alps and broken his neck.

The report is true.

JOHN V. TUCKER.

Treating Wrong Disease.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality, they are all one symptom caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages this practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse, by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. As a powerful invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

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Smothered Pig.

There is a fish in Hawaiian waters which is known by the native name of humuhumunukunukuapuaa, which means literally "sewing up the nose." The Hawaiian method of killing a pig to be roasted is to smother it, not cut its throat, and it is smothered by sewing up the pig's mouth and nose. This fish with the long name has spines which in ancient times were used as needles to sew up the pig's mouth; hence the name more fully means "the fish that provides the needles for sewing up the nose of the pig."

The Physical.

The morality of clean blood ought to be one of the first lessons taught us by our pastors and teachers. The physical is the substratum of the spiritual, and this fact ought to give to the food we eat and the air we breathe a transcendent significance.—Tyndale.

A Story of Voltaire.

One day when D'Alembert and Condorcet were dining with Voltaire they proposed to converse on atheism, but Voltaire stopped them at once. "Wait," said he, "till my servants have withdrawn. I do not wish to have my throat cut tonight."

Sore Nipples.

A cure may be effected by applying Chamberlain's Salve as soon as the child is done nursing. Wipe it off with a soft cloth before allowing the child to nurse. Many trained nurses use this salve with the best results. Price 25 cents per box. Stayton Pharmacy.

Evolution.

"There is an old proverb that a man becomes what he eats."
"Then I suppose all the cannibals will be missionaries in time."—Cleveland Leader.

Stomach Troubles.

Mrs. Sue Martin, an old and highly respected resident of Fannonia, Miss., was sick with stomach trouble for more than six months. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured her. She says: "I can now eat anything I want and am the proudest woman in the world to find such a good medicine." Stayton Pharmacy.

A good complexion is impossible with the stomach out of order. If passy—low people would pay more attention to their stomachs and less to the skin on their faces they would have better complexions. Kodol For Dyspepsia will digest what you eat and put your stomach back in right shape to do its own work. Kodol relieves palpitation of the heart, flatulence, sour stomach, heart burn etc. Sold by Brewer Drug Co.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.—Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office, Portland, Oregon, January 27, 1906. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Mary S. Craig, of Seattle county of King, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 6767 for the purchase of the E 1/2 of SE 1/4 and NW quarter of E 1/2 quarter of Section No. 4 in Township No. 11 South, Range No. 2 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at Portland, Oregon, on Monday, the 16th day of July, 1906. She names as witnesses: Robert London, R. F. Louden, W. H. Petrie and C. E. Shepherd, all of Portland, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 16th day of July, 1906. ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.—Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office, Portland, Oregon, March 29, 1906. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, John H. Schneider, of Morro county of San Luis Obispo, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 6849 for the purchase of the E 1/2 one-half NW one-fourth, lots 1 and 2 of Section No. 30 in Township No. 10 S., Range No. 3 E., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at Portland, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 26th day of June, 1906. He names as witnesses: William T. Clark of Gates, Oregon; William H. Schneider, of San Luis Obispo, California; Robert B. Morehouse and Lewis Simmons, of Gates, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 26th day of June, 1906. ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.—Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office, Portland, Oregon, March 14, 1906. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Lewis H. Simmons, of Gates county of Marion, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 6819 for the purchase of the SW one-fourth of Sec. No. 32 in township No. 8 S., range No. 3 E., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at Portland, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 29th day of May, 1906. He names as witnesses: William T. Clark, Robert R. Morehouse, Alfred E. Morehouse and Arthur Rode, all of Gates, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 29th day of May, 1906. ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.—Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office, Portland, Oregon, April 14, 1906. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Anna E. Pearson, of Portland, county of Multnomah, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 6881 for the purchase of the W 1/2 NW 1/4 and N 1/2 SW 1/4 of Township No. 10 South, Range No. 2 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at Portland, Oregon, on Monday, the 16th day of July, 1906. He names as witnesses: Stafford G. Barber, of Lewis, Oregon; R. F. Louden, Robert London and Alfred C. Pearson, of Portland, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 16th day of July, 1906. ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

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TIME TABLE NO. 31

Trains from and to Yaquina

| | | |
|--------|------------------------|------------|
| No. 1— | Leaves Yaquina..... | 7:00 A.M. |
| | Arrives Corvallis..... | 11:18 A.M. |
| | Arrives Albany..... | 12:10 P.M. |
| No. 2— | Leaves Albany..... | 12:45 P.M. |
| | Leaves Corvallis..... | 1:45 P.M. |
| | Arrives Yaquina..... | 6:00 P.M. |

Trains to and from Detroit

| | | |
|--------|--------------------------------|------------|
| No. 3— | Leaves Albany for Detroit..... | 7:30 A.M. |
| | Arrives Detroit..... | 12:30 P.M. |
| No. 4— | Leaves Detroit..... | 1:00 P.M. |
| | Arrives Albany..... | 5:40 P.M. |

Trains for Corvallis

| | | |
|---------|------------------------|-----------|
| No. 8— | Leaves Albany..... | 7:55 A.M. |
| | Arrives Corvallis..... | 8:35 A.M. |
| No. 10— | Leaves Albany..... | 2:30 P.M. |
| | Arrives Corvallis..... | 3:10 P.M. |

Trains for Albany

| | | |
|--------|------------------------|-----------|
| No. 6— | Leaves Albany..... | 7:35 P.M. |
| | Arrives Corvallis..... | 8:15 P.M. |
| No. 5— | Leaves Corvallis..... | 6:30 A.M. |
| | Arrives Albany..... | 7:10 A.M. |

Regular Sunday Trains

| | | |
|--------|-----------------------|------------|
| No. 9— | Leaves Corvallis..... | 12:40 P.M. |
| | Arrives Albany..... | 1:25 P.M. |
| No. 7— | Leaves Corvallis..... | 6:30 P.M. |
| | Arrives Albany..... | 6:40 P.M. |

All of the above connect with Southern Pacific company trains, both at Albany and Corvallis, as well as trains for Detroit, giving direct service to New York and adjacent beaches, as well as Breitenbush Hot Springs.

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