

A WONDERFUL STREAM.

The Mississippi River, its Magnitude and the Area it Drains.

The Mississippi river, lying wholly within the temperate zone, is in this respect more fortunately situated than the more fertile valleyed Amazon, since the climate here, varied and sometimes inhospitable as it is, offers conditions of human development there denied.

The main stream is 2,500 miles in length—that is, about ten times that of the Seine. As Mark Twain has said, it is "the crookedest river" in the world, traveling 1,300 miles to cover the same ground that a crow would fly over in 675. For several hundred miles it is a mile in width. Back in 1882 it was seventy miles wide when the flood was highest.

The volume of water discharged by it into the sea is second only to the Amazon and is greater than that of all European rivers combined (omitting the Volga). The amount is estimated at 139 cubic miles annually—that is, it would fill annually a tank 139 miles long, 139 miles wide and 139 miles high. With its tributaries it provides somewhat more than 16,000 miles of navigable water, more than any other system on the globe except the Amazon and more than enough to reach from Lake Superior to Paris by way of Kamchatka and Alaska, about three-fourths of the way around the globe. The sediment deposited is 400,000,000 tons, enough to require daily for its removal 500 trains of fifty cars, each carrying fifty tons, and to make each year two square miles of new earth over a hundred feet deep.

The area which it drains is roughly 1,250,000 square miles, or two-fifths of the United States. That is, Germany, Austria-Hungary, France and Italy could be set down within this area and there would still be some room to spare.

It has the strength, for the most part put to no use whatever, of 60,000,000 horses. The difference between high water and low water is in some places fifty feet, which gives some impression of the range of its moodiness.—John Finley in Scribner's Magazine.

SHE WAS GOING TO DIE.

Then Something Happened That Made the Sick Girl Well.

An Atchison young lady had been ill for some time and finally became much depressed. She told a married sister, who was assisting in caring for her, that she knew she was going to die, and that she might as well distribute her possessions. "I'll give you my coral beads," she said to the married sister, "but Mary is to have my diamond ring because you have had several diamonds given to you by your husband."

The sick girl expected the married sister to fall on her neck and weep, not only at the sadness of her impending and untimely death, but because of her generosity in the matter of her corals. So it was no wonder that every nerve in the invalid's body was jarred by the married sister's answer: "Well, of all the nerve! Giving me your little string of cheap corals! Why, they cost only \$20, while your diamond ring is worth every bit of \$250. It makes me tired," the married sister continued in excited tones, "the way you indulge Mary. Why, she's at a party this very minute, and I'm slaving here with you. As for my diamonds, didn't I help my husband scrimp and save?"

But right here the sick young woman, buoyed up by righteous indignation, her blood pumping through her veins with anger, sat up, put her feet firmly on the floor, got up and dressed. "You can take the next train for home," she said to the astonished married sister. "I'll just wear my little diamond ring and corals myself a little while longer." This is a true story, and, although the incident occurred six months ago, the Atchison young lady hasn't been sick a minute since.—Atchison Globe.

Could You Do Better?

"I was one of a party of four taking an early dinner at an open air restaurant in Cologne on the Fourth of July several years ago," says a New York Tribune reader. "We sent a polite request to the orchestra leader to play 'The Star Spangled Banner' and were told that the composition was 'unknown.' We were surprised and vexed and talked a lot about the song, its origin, its beauty, and finally discovered that had the bandmaster played it we—all four of us—could have sung only 'la-la' to the second verse and all after it."

Maine's Needle Rock.

In Blue Hill bay, Me., there is a pinnacle rock only six feet in diameter at its top which projects to within seven feet of the surface of the water and rises nearly perpendicularly out of a depth of seventy-eight feet. The existence of this rock is an evidence of the difficulty, even in well known waters, of demonstrating that no isolated rocks are lying in wait for heedless victims.—Harper's.

The Good He Did.

"Do you really believe, doctor, that your old medicines really keep anybody alive?" asked the skeptic.

"Surely," returned the doctor. "My prescriptions have kept three druggists and their families alive in this town for twenty years."—Harper's Weekly.

Pretty Long Run.

Dutch Comedian—I played Hamlet once. Chorus—Did you have a long run? Dutch Comedian—About three miles.—Judge

Not the body, but the soul, strikes the blow in which lives victory.—Maga.

WANTED---EXPERIENCED SALESMEN, APPLY AT ONCE

BIG BEN
WILL CONDUCT A
PUBLIC SALE

ALL ABOUT
Big Ben

You've been wondering why we call this a Big Ben Sale. Surely, you know Big Ben, the alarm clock that wakes you every morning or that you see advertised in all the magazines. Well he's the fellow that's running this sale, and this is how he does it: Every day of this sale the Big Ben Alarm goes off at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and between these two alarms you or anyone else can buy some one line of goods at a price even below regular wholesale cost. See the big square below for full particulars.

OF THE
LANCEFIELD

SHOE STORE Stayton, Oregon

\$5,000 Stock of Men's and Boys

Shoes ^A ^N ^D ^D Furnishings

Commencing at 9 A. M.

Sat., February 22

Your Railroad Fare Paid

If you come within 30 miles and trade \$15.00 or more.

No one who lives near enough to make the trip in one day can afford to miss this money saving chance.

At Least \$2,000 Worth of Goods Must Be

Store Closed

All Day

Fri., Feb. 21

to enable a large force of clerks to mark the goods down to Big Ben bargain prices and rearrange the stock so that the

Crowds Can Be Promptly and Carefully Served.

Sold in 15 Days

The time is short, hence the prices extremely low

You have the word of Lancefield that this is something more than an ordinary sale. The reason is the necessity of reducing the stock a great deal quicker in order that we can carry out some contemplated changes in our business without delay. The time is short—quick action is what we want and must have—Hence prices will be extremely low—probably the lowest you have known in years. Don't doubt; investigate the truth of this statement—Don't hesitate—come quick and find out that this is the

Greatest Money-Saving Opportunity of the Times

The store will be closed all day Friday February 21 to enable us to get the goods all marked down to Big Ben Bargain prices and rearrange the stock. When the sale opens at 9 a. m. Saturday February 22 everything that could be done to make the prompt and satisfactory handling of the crowds possible will have been done. We will have plenty of good competent trustworthy clerks who will take pains to see that you are satisfactorily served. Everything will bear a ticket with the sale price marked in plain figures, and this will be the lowest price ever quoted on an article of equal worth. \$2000.00 worth of goods must be sold in fifteen days. We know there is only one way to do it—make the prices so ridiculously low that people will come far and near and supply not only their immediate needs, but future needs for many months to come as well.

At 9 a. m. Saturday, February 22 we will

GIVE CASH AWAY

\$1.00 cash will be paid to the first ten persons above the age of 18 who enter our store when the doors are opened at 9 a. m. All we ask is that you spend the \$1 here before you leave.

You actually receive \$1.00 worth of anything in the store for nothing.

THESE BIG BEN BARGAIN SPECIALS OFFER

AMAZING SAVINGS
OF VITAL INTEREST TO YOU

<p>Sat., Feb. 22</p> <p>19 pair Misses Patent Button Shoes. Sizes 8 to 1. Regular \$2.25</p> <p>1/2 hour price</p> <p>\$1.25</p> <p>10 to 10:30 a. m. only</p>	<p>Mon., Feb. 24</p> <p>Mens Overalls and Blouses.</p> <p>Regular 85c.</p> <p>1/2 hour price</p> <p>55c</p> <p>10 to 10:30 a. m. only</p>	<p>Tues., Feb. 25</p> <p>50c Work Shirts.</p> <p>1/2 hour price</p> <p>25c</p> <p>10 to 10:30 a. m. only</p>	<p>Wed., Feb. 26</p> <p>Rubber Boots Hip, Regular \$6.25</p> <p>1/2 hour price</p> <p>\$5.00</p> <p>Rubber Boots Short, regular \$4.50</p> <p>1/2 hour price</p> <p>\$3.75</p> <p>10 to 10:30 a. m. only</p>
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Read Other Side

EZRA'S HARD LUCK.

It Began With His Name and Ended on His Tombstone.

Tom McNeal of Topeka was talking to Abe Peters about luck, so Tom reports. Tom thought there was no such thing as luck, but Abe protested.

"Take the case of Ezra Boll," said Abe. "To begin with, think of his name. A name like that is hard enough luck to prove my contention, but Ezra lived up to it. When he was a baby he fell into the horse trough and was almost drowned. Then he got hold of a can of concentrated lye and it took them four weeks to bring him round. He fell out of an apple tree when he was six and broke both arms and a leg, and just as he was hobbling round again he went on a watermelon stealing expedition with six other boys. The others got away, but the dog caught Ezra and chewed him up until the farmer came along and he put on finishing touches with a harness trace. He fell in love when he was seventeen, spent all he had for buggy rides and candy for the red cheeked object of his adoration—and she shook him and married another. A mule kicked him and broke six ribs. He had a lot of hogs and they died of cholera on the identical day when hogs reached 9 cents a pound, live weight. He had a big crop of wheat and a hail-storm came along and ruined it one hour after his hail insurance policy had lapsed. He got \$500 to make a payment on his land, put in the bank and the bank busted.

"A cyclone wrecked his house and barn and crippled all his family except his mother-in-law, who escaped unhurt. He bought four gold bricks and took some counterfeit money in pay for two good horses.

"Then he died. When they were taking him to the cemetery the team pulling the hearse ran away going down hill and scattered the remains of Ezra along the side of the road.

"In the course of time his family marked his grave by an appropriate stone on which the stonecutter got the date of his birth wrong and misspelled his name in two places.

"And still you say there is no such thing as luck!"—Saturday Evening Post.

A LIVING TOWER.

Captain Meeker's Unique Idea in the Building Line.

What is known as the "living tower," says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, stands on the very summit of a hill more than 200 feet high at Camp Meeker, a summer resort in Sonoma county, Cal. It was Captain Meeker, an old pioneer, who first conceived the idea of building a tower on the very summit of a high hill near his hotel, and while looking around one day for a suitable site he found four young redwood trees standing about twelve feet apart, representing a perfect square. The trees were each about 150 feet high. Fifty feet of each top was lopped off, and the work of building six stories was then commenced. From top to bottom the living tower was a hundred feet high.

Each floor is about 12 by 12 feet and rests on strong timbers, the ends of which are securely attached to the four trees by means of steel cables and bolts. So strongly was every part braced that the whole structure does not move as much as one would naturally suppose, even when rocked by heavy winds. In the building great care was taken by the workmen to cut only the branches growing on the inside of the square, and the trees were not chopped, mutilated or weakened any more than could be avoided.

Leading up from each story are broad stairways, so that one may ascend and descend with ease and perfect safety, while around the edge of each floor are strong railings to prevent accidents. Since this tower was completed the trees have grown and flourished just as well as before. This living tower is claimed to be the only one of its kind in the world.

Paint of Our Forefathers.

A white lead and oil paint, the finish of our forefathers, is easily and economically mixed from the raw materials as it is needed for use. With each 100 pounds of white lead mix five gallons linseed oil, one pint turpentine and one pint drier. An allowance of 50 cents for the labor of mixing gives eight gallons of white paint for about \$13.15, or \$1.64 a gallon. Two coats of this, or better three, after coating knots and pitchy, sappy places with orange shellac, provide a good finish either outdoors or in.—Country Life In America.

Conkling's Invective.

Roscoe Conkling, like John J. Ingalls, was a master of invective. Conkling, it is said, once upon a time in summing up to a jury thus attempted to belittle the testimony of a rummy faced, knob-nosed witness for the opposition: "Methinks, gentlemen, I can see that witness now, his mouth stretching across the wide desolation of his face, a sepulcher of rum and a fountain of falsehood!"

Contradictory.

Randall—I've written an article on "Why Men Do Not Marry" and illustrated it with photographs of dreadful looking, strong minded women. Rogers—Where did you get the pictures? Randall—They're wives of the men I know.—Life.

She Knew Best.

Visitor—Tell me now, professor, are you suffering much from your headache? Professor (to his wife)—Say, Amelia, do I suffer much from my headache?—Filegende Blatter.