

The Scrap Book

Toole's Stamp.

Seymour Hicks in his book of reminiscences tells this story about the great English comedian and practical joker, Toole:

"I remember being in London with him once when he went into the general postoffice and asked for a penny stamp. The clerk brought out a huge sheet and Toole said, 'I want that one.'"

"Which one?" said the clerk.

"That one," said Toole, pointing to the center one.

"A long argument ensued, Toole saying that in purchasing a stamp he had a perfect right in law to choose the one he fancied, and so emphatic was he on the point that he had his way, but not before he had created a disturbance and clerks from other counters had left their work to see what was going on."

Open the Door.

Open the door of your heart, my lad,
To the angel of love and truth
When the world is full of unnumbered joys

In the beautiful dawn of youth,
Casting aside all things that mar,
Saying to wrong, "Depart!"
To the voices of hope that are calling you
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,
To the things that shall abide,
To the holy thoughts that lift your soul
Like the stars at eventide
All the foolishness that bloom
In the recesses of song and art
Are yours if you'll only give them room.
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my friend,
Heedless of class and creed,
When you hear the cry of a brother's voice,
The sob of a soul in need,
To the singing heavens that ever you bend
You need no map nor chart,
But only the love of the Master.
Open the door of your heart.

A Heartbreaker.

At a dinner last winter one of New York's prominent bankers was dilating on the dangers of deceit. By way of illustration he told of a society woman who saw in a jeweler's window a beautiful collar of pearls, which she wanted very much. Upon inquiry she learned the price was \$5,000. Thereupon she gave her check for \$2,000, saying she would send her husband to see the pearls, and if he could be persuaded to buy them he was to be told the price was only \$3,000.

The jeweler, being familiar with that sort of game, readily agreed. The husband called during the day to see the pearls and that evening told his wife he had bought them, since they were evidently such a bargain. His wife was more than delighted and immediately asked if he had brought home the collar, to which he replied:

"Why, no, my dear; I had it sent to my mother. You know it is her birthday tomorrow."

A Joke With a Rebound.

John R. McLean stepped in front of a lurching Irishman one evening and obstructed the sidewalk so that the Irishman was obliged to stop and look at him. McLean said:

"Here's that half dollar I borrowed of you. Now you must quit telling the neighbors that I never pay my debts."

Half drunk and wholly dazed, the Irishman took the silver piece, looked at it intently and then said:

"Be dad, yez can't get off that aisy. It wor a whole dollar that yez borryd, so fork over."

And he forked over another half dollar and went his way, laughing heartily at the quick wit of the Irishman.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Real Love.

A young couple married. She loved him madly. He loved her devotedly. They were good and they were young. The good die young, and he died. She did not bury him; she had him cremated and his ashes placed in an urn. In the course of time young fellows came courting her and tried to persuade her that they ought to pay for her board, but she said her heart was with the ashes in the urn, and they withered away into thin air. But there was one desperate and persistent fellow who hung around after all the others had left, and finally she married him to get rid of him—a sort of defensive movement. She grew to love him without knowing anything about it, and he didn't know it either.

One day it rained in torrents, and at night the frost came so that in the morning the front steps were coated with ice. As he opened the door to go to the office she saw the condition of the steps, and a great wave of love swept over her, and she rushed and got the urn and sprinkled her first husband on the steps so that the second husband could walk down in safety. That is real love!

He Was Anxious.

Bret Harte at one time used to plunder the people from the rostrum in the way of fifty-cent lectures. During a trip over one circuit he found himself one evening in a small town the very atmosphere of which was depressing. Turning to the committeeman who waited on him at his room in the hotel, Harte said, "Is this a healthy climate?" "Passably," responded the committeeman. "What's the mortality of this city?" "About one a day." "About one, eh?" said Harte. "Come this way a minute." And he drew the committeeman into the recess of the bay window and then said to him solemnly: "Is the man dead for today? I am going to lecture here to-night, and it would be a great relief to me to know that I could get through alive."

THE MAGIC BOTTLE.

It Told a Tale, Yet the Wife Didn't Hide Her Husband.

When the young couple married a friend who laid claims to being somewhat of a magician presented them with a tall bottle of transparent liquid, instructing them to place it upon their mantel and explaining that if either of them ever dared to flirt the contents of the bottle would assume a murky color.

After they had been married a year the wife went to the seashore for a vacation. In her absence her husband frequently entertained a group of bachelor friends with amusements thoroughly bachelor-like, but innocent enough. The guests inquired as to the significance of the tall bottle on the mantel, but the host persistently refused to divulge the secret. Finally on the night before the day set for his wife's return he explained the meaning of the mysterious bottle.

One of the guests, who was much given to practical joking, surreptitiously removed the cork of the bottle, into which he emptied the contents of his fountain pen. When the bottle had been thoroughly shaken it was replaced upon the mantel and carefully concealed behind a large photograph.

The next day after the wife had returned in dusting the mantel she removed the photograph, thus revealing the tall bottle with its sable contents. She very promptly took the bottle to the sink, emptied it, rinsed it out thoroughly, filled it with clear water and replaced it on the mantel.—Judge.

Why He Wept.

Many good stories are told about the great house of Rothschild. One of the most amusing is that of the poor Jew who when Baron Lionel died is said to have stood at the entrance to the Rothschild mansion weeping bitterly. His apparent distress touched the heart of one of the porters, who, trying to console him, said, "Don't carry so, old man; it isn't as if you're one of the family."

"Ach, dat's vy I cry!" exclaimed the man, with a fresh flood of tears.

Opportunity's Mistake.

This is the opportunity of a lifetime, madam," declared the smoothed-tongued canvasser as he stood at the door.

"Seems to me I've heard that before," thought the housewife.

"Opportunity knocks at every one's door, but only once," continued the caller.

"That's where you're mistaken, young fellow," snapped the woman as



"THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE MISTAKEN."

she reached behind her. "Opportunity has knocked at my door eight times this week so far. I'm out \$4.10 and nothing to show for it. Jest in case he should knock again I be'n savin' this kettle o' hot suds!"

But opportunity departed hurriedly.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Whistler Story.

In "Under Five Reigns" Lady Dorothy Nevill, the author, tells this characteristic story of Whistler:

On one occasion when Whistler was asked to dinner by a somewhat punctilious host the party after waiting for an unconscionably long time eventually sat down to dinner. Soup and fish were served and still no Whistler appeared, and when at last he arrived the host was in anything but the best of tempers, as his countenance showed. Whistler, however, was in nowise disconcerted, for, cheerily grasping a somewhat limp hand, he rattled out, "Don't apologize for having begun without me; I shan't be offended in the very least," after which, taking his seat, he became the life and soul of the party.

The Ideal in Venison.

Among Mrs. L. B. Walford's stories in her "Recollections of a Scottish Novelist" is one of a cook who came to her family from a dual lodge and positively declined any suggestions as to the stage at which venison ought to be eaten. "Me not know when venison is fit for the table," she said, "me that have sent it up when the ladies was fainting all round, and the duke said it was butiful!"

She Was After the "Joins."

Charley Sheldon, secretary of the Kansas state senate several years ago, was a rattling good humorist. The senate of which Sheldon was secretary was in session during the days when Carrie Nation was crusading in Kansas and making the welkin ring. She came into the senate one day and got to talking with Sheldon about liquor laws, amendments to the prohibitory statutes and that sort of thing, which were before that legislature. She wanted to know about them.

"Oh," said Sheldon very seriously, "I've hidden all the joint resolutions." And Carrie became rather excited before she "tumbled" and learned what a "legislative joint resolution" is.—Kansas City Journal.

MADE HIS POINT CLEAR.

And Got His Cross Examiner's Goat at the Same Time.

The following anecdote of the late well known English actor and musician, Tom Cooke, is included by Mr. F. L. Wellman in his "Day in Court" and affords a good illustration of the important part played by emphasis and accent:

At a trial between certain music publishing houses as to an alleged piracy of a popular song Cooke was subpoenaed as an expert witness by one of the parties. On his cross examination by Sir James Scarlett that learned gentleman rather sippantly questioned him thus:

"Sir, you say that the two melodies are the same, but different. Now, what do you mean by that?"

To this Cooke promptly answered, "I said that the notes in the two copies are alike, but with a different accent, the one being in common time and the other in six-eight time, and consequently the position of the accent of the notes was different."

Sir James—What is a musical accent?

Cooke—My terms are 9 guineas a quarter, sir.

Sir James—Never mind your terms here. I ask you what is a musical accent? Can you see it?

Cooke—No, Sir James.

Sir James—Can you feel it?

Cooke—A musician can.

Sir James (very angry)—Now, pray, sir, don't beat about the bush, but explain to his lordship and the jury, who are expected to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent.

Cooke—Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note in the same manner as you would lay a stress upon a given word for the purpose of being better understood. Thus if I were to say "You are an ass" the accent rests on ass, but if I were to say "You are an ass" it rests on you, Sir James.

Reiterated shouts of laughter by the whole court, in which the bench itself joined, followed this repartee.

Cutting It Short.

Old Farmer Donald Macdonald was induced to attend a concert. After several solo performances a duet was commenced, when Donald turned to his friend and remarked:

"D'ye ken, Tammas, now it's got to 10 o'clock they're singing twa at a time so as to get done sooner?"

Wifey Fixed It.

A young storekeeper who had failed the previous day was so diffident about meeting his creditors that he gave his wife the following instructions:

"Now, Marie, if any one rings, you answer the door and tell them that I'm not in. I'll hide."

Nor had he long to wait until a loud jangling of the bell assured him that an irate creditor stood at the door. It was only a reporter, however.

"I wish to speak to your husband."

"But he isn't in," protested the woman.

"Well, I understand," said the reporter, getting out his notebook and pencil, "that he is insolvent."

"Oh, yes," cried the wife, a happy inspiration seizing her. "He went over there on the 2:40 train yesterday, and I don't expect him back until tomorrow."—Lippincott's.

The Charms She Lacked.

An English diplomat at a dinner in London told this story on Mrs. Langtry, the once famous "Jersey Lily":

"When Mrs. Langtry was at the summit of her beauty and her fame—when crowds followed her in Bond street and the Bow—she met at a semi-royal dinner an African king.

"Mrs. Langtry, dazzling in her beauty, sat beside this king. She was in good



HE HEAVED A DEEP SIGH.

spirits, and she did her very best to amuse and please him. And she must have succeeded, for at the dinner's close he heaved a deep sigh and said to her:

"Ah, madam, if heaven had only made you black and fat you would be irresistible!"

A Historic Occasion.

There is something in this story that savors of the dry wit of the late Charles Hoyt, the farce writer, says Irvin Cobb in the New York Tribune. Hoyt was leaning against the bar at a well known chophouse one night when an actor who was notoriously stingy came in accompanied by two friends. The close fist one and Hoyt were not on the best of terms, but the former was feeling a bit mellow himself and, moved by a sudden and almost unprecedented burst of generosity, he turned to Hoyt and said patronizingly:

"Charley, will you join us? I'm buying this drink."

"I certainly will," said Hoyt. "I am always glad to assist in the celebration of any truly historic occasion."



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AT THE OLD BRICK STORE.

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon,
July 15th, 1911.
Notice is hereby given that Robert W. Bind of Grizzly, Oregon, who, on November 14th, 1904, made Homestead No. 10978, Serial No. 03778, for NW 1/4 NW 1/4 Section 22, Township 12 South, Range 15 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Warren Brown, county clerk at his office, at Prineville, Oregon on the 30th day of August, 1911.
Claimant names as witnesses: Charles McKenzie, Antone Jogle, Henry Montgomery; Joseph P. Montgomery, all of Grizzly, Oregon; 7-27-p
C. W. MOORE, Register.

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