

# The Scrap Book

**Just as Good.**  
The Connecticut delegation to a Republican national convention at Chicago took along a lot of badges, each ornamented with a wooden nutmeg, says the Saturday Evening Post. The badges were very popular. The delegates from other states thought it a great joke to wear a genuine Connecticut wooden nutmeg. Presently the man who had charge of the badges came to Senator Brandegee and said: "Senator, we're in a fix. All our wooden nutmeg badges are gone, and there is still a great demand for them. What can we do?" "Get some more." "But there are no wooden nutmegs in Chicago. We had to have these especially made for us back home." "All right," directed Napoleonic Brandegee; "go down to a grocery store and buy 400 or 500 real nutmegs and stick them on the badges. They'll never know the difference." And they didn't.

**Words of Strength.**  
There are three lessons I would write, Three words as with a burning pen, In tracing of eternal light Upon the hearts of men.  
Have hope! Though clouds environ now And gladness hides her face in scorn, Put thou the shadow from thy brow, No night but has its morn.  
Have faith! Where'er thy bark be driv'n— The calm'st disport, the tempest's mirth— Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven, The inhabitants of earth.  
Have love! Not love alone for me, But man as man thy brother call And scatter like the circling sun Thy charities on all.  
Thus grave these words upon thy soul— Hope, faith and love—and thou shalt find Strength when life's surges rudest roll, Light when thou else were blind.  
—Schiller.

**Too Hot to Put on Paper.**  
When Mr. Carnegie started in the steel business he was resolved to reduce the appalling accidents incidental to the work. And he was very successful in executing this resolve. A part of his success was due, no doubt, to the blank slips that every foreman had to fill up when one of his hands got hurt. A certain workman had one day the bad luck to suffer a slight accident. His foreman, an illiterate but honest chap, filled out promptly the slip which is now preserved at Skibo. The slip ran:  
"Date—March 5, 1890.  
"Name—James Miles.  
"Nature of accident—Toe crushed.  
"How caused—Ox-dentle blow from sledge.  
"Remarks—These was awful. I will repeat to clerk verbally."

**Mistaken in the Book.**  
A New York lawyer who employs colored help in his home tells this story on himself:  
On one occasion his wife was suffering intensely from a nervous headache, and, thinking perhaps his voice might soothe her to sleep, she asked him to read aloud to her, which he did as the colored maid went back and forth about the room setting things in order for the night.  
Presently the maid quietly withdrew to the kitchen below, where the old cook, Aunt Phyllis, was waiting her.  
"Mr. Alex sho' is a good man," said the maid. "He settin' up dar readin' de Bible to Miss Alice, an' she sick."  
"Go on, chile," answered Aunt Phyllis; "don't yo' know Mr. Alex ain' readin' no Bible? He's a lawyer!"

**Thirsty and Disgusted.**  
On the line of the Missouri Pacific railway, just over in Oklahoma from Coffeyville, Kan., is a small place called Nowatta. A state law in Kansas prohibits the carrying by the railroads of public drinking cups on trains. Not long ago a farmer from Iowa, on a Missouri Pacific train in Kansas near Coffeyville, wanted a drink of water. He did not know about the law. Going to the water cooler, he began looking for the cup. When he failed to find it he sought the chair car porter, a negro, and asked for it.  
"Law doan' low no public cups on dese heah trains," said the porter.  
The Iowan was deeply disgruntled. He returned to his seat and grumbled until the train crossed the Oklahoma-Kansas line. Shortly after that the negro porter stuck his head in the door.  
"Nowatta!" he called.  
That increased the Iowan's disgust. "In Kansas they don't have no drinkin' cups," he said to the man in the next seat. "an' in Oklahoma no water on trains. Danged if I don't stay in Iowa for the rest of my life. If I ever git back there without dryin' up of thirst."—Denver Times.

**A Persistent Office Seeker.**  
Governor Stanley of Kansas was once so pestered by office seekers that he found it necessary publicly to make the statement that in view of the exceedingly numerous applications for office he had received through the mails he should be unable to give any attention to them, much less afford any hope of success to the various applicants.  
In the course of a few days after making the statement in question the governor received the following note:  
"My Dear Governor—I understand that you have said that you were going to take a week off to destroy the pile of letters asking for jobs. If everything else is gone, then, my dear governor, I should like the job of tearing up the letters."

**RUDE AMERICANS.**  
They Laughed in the Face of a Well Informed Englishman.  
"Americans are rude, extremely so," said the Englishman just four days over. "They don't want to be told anything; think they know it all. Yesterday three men who sat in double seats with me in an elevated train were arguing over a matter that none of them seemed to have definite information on. It happened to be something that I had read a long article about the night before, so I spoke up and told them what I knew. Now, in my country we would thank a man who did that, but these Americans didn't thank me. They laughed in my face; that is what they did."  
"That is strange," said his American friend. "Americans are usually very grateful for every bit of information offered them. What did you tell them, anyhow?"  
"Well, they were fussing about which city had the finest diamond in the country. One said Philadelphia had, another Chicago; the other stuck out for Pittsburg. I said: 'Pardon me, gentlemen, you are all mistaken. Urica has the finest diamond in the United States. I read about it last night. It weighs I forget how many carats and was brought from London by a Mrs. Patterson about a year ago.'"  
"And then they laughed. Why, they actually roared. Very rude Americans are, I think."—New York Times.

**A Fatal Breather.**  
"Mark Twain hated a gloomy man," said a New York editor. "Once, at a banquet, a gloomy man sat opposite him. This man would not smile at the most amusing jokes.  
"What's the matter with you?" cried Mark Twain. "The stories are all good. Why don't you laugh?"  
"Ah, sir," said the gloomy man, "how can I laugh when I remember that every time I breathe a soul passes into the great beyond?"  
"Good gracious," said the humorist, "did you ever try cloves?"

**He Told Her.**  
A young woman stenographer who does a big business with the patrons of a busy hotel was talking about the peculiarities of her clients.  
"What I call a man in a hurry," she said, "is a man who will hand me a card with an address on it and a few notes of what he wants said and tell



me to write the letter and mail it and hurry away. I have quite a number of those.  
"The most interesting man I ever had was one who stopped and gave me a visiting card. His address was engraved in the lower corner. He handed me a dollar with the card and said, 'Please write a letter for me.'  
"I said: 'Certainly. To whom?'  
"To my wife," he answered. "That is my name you have on the card."  
"I understand that," I told him, "but what shall I write about?"  
"Oh, write about a page," he replied as he smiled and strode away."—Chicago Tribune.

**Rough on Irving.**  
In the excitement of the moment public speakers often say the opposite of what they mean to convey, and when Henry Irving gave a reading in the Ulster hall in 1878, says Bram Stoker in "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving," one speaker made as pretty an Irish bull as could be found, though the bull is generally supposed to belong to other provinces than the hard headed Ulster. In descending on the many virtues of the guest of the evening he mentioned the excellence of his moral nature and rectitude of his private life in these terms: "Mr. Irving, sir, is a gentleman what leads a life of unbroken blemish."

**Wanted Good Odds.**  
In the first days of James J. Hill's wonderful career as railroad builder and manager he and "Diamond Joe" Halliday met on the levee in St. Paul one day when Jim was helping to start a freight train over the little up grade, the engine's horsepower requiring more or less human aid. Hill and his friends had just made the purchase of the St. Paul and Pacific, and "Diamond Joe's" fleet of Mississippi river stern wheelers was then the dominant factor in transportation problems of the new northwest.  
"Jim, I'll race one of my boats against your train," "Diamond Joe" said.  
"Don't know about that," Jim answered. "Some of your boats are pretty fast."  
"Race you up stream; water high, current swift," insisted Halliday.  
"What?" exclaimed Hill in surprise. "You mean that you would race your boat in the water? Huh! Not much. I'm willing to give you odds, but not that big. Turn her paddles on dry ground and I'll go you."—Success Magazine.

**FURNACE MANAGEMENT.**  
How to Secure Heat With a Minimum Consumption of Coal.  
The old practice of shaking a fire down, removing the ashes, filling up with coal and turning on all the dampers is one of the most wasteful imaginable, writes G. E. Walsh in the Scientific American. Slight shaking several times through the day, a few shovels of coal applied every few hours and with drafts half open, means a uniform, steady fire that will give the greatest amount of heat at a minimum consumption of coal.  
It is possible with skillful stoking or firing of this nature to burn soft coal in many of our stoves and furnaces without smudging the landscape with soot and smoke. Get a good bed of hot coals and then feed gradually and shake lightly. The result in combustion is uniform and the heat units utilized greater than by any other method. If the chimney draft is good and the furnace well designed there should be few occasions when all of the drafts will be needed if skillful stoking is adopted. There will also be a complete reduction of the coal to soft ashes, leaving no half burnt pieces. Poking will be unnecessary unless clinkers accumulate in places to retard shinking down.  
This method of treating the furnace has been tried time and again, with the result of a saving of from two to five tons of coal in the same house in a single winter. The interior temperature of the house was kept more uniform also because of the more uniform heat maintained in the furnace. Try the method once and see the difference. The chief thing is always to keep a uniform bed of hot coals in the furnace and never wait until the fuel is all burnt out before adding new. Shake the furnace down lightly every time fresh coal is put on, and keep the dampers or draft only half or three-quarters open. In very cold weather they may have to be opened full, but not very often or for very long.

**Warning Apparatus Designed For Use on Electric Railroads.**  
"Automatic flagmen" are being installed on the lines of the Pacific Electric Railway company of Los Angeles after a series of tests. The feature of the apparatus is a disk pendulum which swings back and forth when a car approaches. The other warning instruments provided are a trolley car bell and two electric lights. About 1,500 feet from the highway crossing thus protected a number of



**Origin of Ozone.**  
Ozone, which is an allotropic form of oxygen, has long been recognized as an active purifying agent in the atmosphere owing to its powerful oxidizing qualities, but the question of its origin has been much disputed. The investigations of Henriot, in France, have led him to the conclusion that ozone forms in the upper regions of the air, probably under the influence of the ultra-violet radiations from the sun, and that it is brought downward toward the surface of the earth both by descending air currents and by drops of rain. After a shower of rain the quantity of ozone in the air is always found to have been increased.

**An Ancient Ironmaster.**  
Hogge's House at Buxted, Sussex, England, in the center of the old iron district, was formerly the residence of Ralph Hogge, an ironmaster. He is celebrated as having been the first to cast a cannon in one piece. This occurred in 1543. Originally big guns were hooped and dangerous to manage. The worthy merchant's discovery revolutionized the trade and brought him wealth and fame. His ancient home, embowered in trees, is still in good condition, well worth seeing and quite close to the church. On its facade is a hog in bas-relief.

**Work of the Waves.**  
In twenty-five years the sea has washed away 419 acres of land from the British Isles, but at the same time it has added 30,000 acres. The land taken, however, was much more valuable than that added.

IF YOU INTEND TO BUY A Spring Wagon OR A HACK

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Finest Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.  
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Prices on all kinds of Millinery greatly reduced after July 1st.  
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Imported Wines and Liquors.

Administrator's Notice.  
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Crook, in the matter of the estate of C. W. Clark, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator de bonis non of the estate of C. W. Clark, deceased, and any and all persons having claims against said estate must present them to C. C. O'Neil at the office of the Pioneer Abstract Co., Prineville, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.  
Dated August 18, 1911.  
C. C. O'NEIL, Administrator de bonis non of the estate of C. W. Clark, deceased.



The hunting season will soon be here and now is the time to have your guns put in order. We do work of that kind.  
CROOK COUNTY JEWELRY & SPORTING GOODS HOUSE  
L. KAMSTRA, Prop.

A Gross Fraud  
Is alleged in the suit filed in Crook County Circuit Court Aug. 14. A widow sells her farm as unincumbered—Cur Abstract reveals facts which develop the recording of an alleged fraudulent Mortgage—Suit to cancel follows—Result: Sale delayed and possibly lost. Better have your title looked after, before you are ready to sell, by the Company that protects your interests.  
PIONEER ABSTRACT COMPANY  
(Member Oregon Association of Title Men)

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OLD "I. W. HARPER"  
Among lovers of fine whiskey was not achieved in a day nor in a year. It is the result of nearly half a century's persistent effort and honest service. During all these years there has never been a time when HARPER was not what it claimed to be.  
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Choice Beef, Veal, Butter and Eggs  
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All kinds of vegetable and flower plants ready to transplant to the open ground at the proper season. All plants transplanted and well rooted. Pot-grown tomato and cucumber plants. Vegetables out of season. We now have help in the work and some one will always be on hand to wait upon you. A good article at a reasonable price is our aim. No extra charge for packing and delivery at the stage office. Write us your needs in the plant line.  
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