Mail Schedule

Mail arrives at St. Johns at 7:10 a. m. and 1:15 p. m.
Leaves at 10:20 a. m., and 4:45 p. m.
Office open week days from 6:45 a. m. to 6:10 p. m. Sundays from 9 to 10 a. m
No mails arrive or depart Sunday.

A TATTOOED EYE.

Good Results From a Delicate and Costly Operation.

An Irishwoman who owns a little stationery shop in the upper part of Manhattan frequently surprises customers with whom she falls into conversation over the counter by asking:

"Which of my eyes do you think is the blind one?"

The customer invariably exclaims that surely it is not possible that either eye is blind, for both are dark blue, sparkling and seem just the same. The shopkeeper, however, proceeds with the information that the left eye is quite without sight.

"That's my tattooed eye," she explains proudly. "It cost $1,000. I didn't pay for it, of course. A rich lady had it done for me.

"You never heard of a tattooed eye? Shure, I never did myself until I came to having one. It was after I was blown up by an explosion—oh, dear, yes, a terrible experience it was! I was living with the lady at the time as her maid. I had been with her five years, and she thought a heap of me, and it was at her house the accident occurred.

"When I lost the sight of the eye she felt bad enough, but when the bandages were removed and it was seen that a white film had spread over the eyeball she was terribly distressed.

"'It ruins your good looks entirely, Mary,' she said. 'You'll never get a husband looking like that. But I know of a physician who can make it look as good as the other, even if he can't make it see. It will cost $1,000,' she says, 'but I'd have it done for you if it was $5,000.'

"So I went to a fine private hospital, and the doctor tattooed another iris and pupil on the white film. And he matched the blue exactly, now, didn't he? I could scarcely tell, when I looked in the glass afterward, which one I was seeing out of at all.

"Did I get a husband? It's my third that I'm living with now."—New York Press.

Stupidity and Sangfroid.

Commander Gambier of the British navy tells in his book this story of a soldier servant named Andrews, a fellow of stupidity and sang froid: "We were practicing with a saloon pistol in my brother's quarters, and Andrews was in a small dressing room adjoining when a ball went through the door and took the tip off his ear. Most men would have made some remark. He did not, and we knew nothing about it until by chance, looking into the room, we saw him groping about under the table for something he had lost. 'What are you looking for, Andrews?' said my brother. He drew up, stood at attention and replied in an apologetic tone—as if deprecating his master's wrath, 'I was only a-looking for a bit of my ear as come off when you fired that shot through the door, sir.'"

Early Protest Against Tea.

The introduction of tea into European communities met with considerable protest. In Germany tea dealers were considered immoral, and many pamphlets were published condemning the use of tea in any form. Tea was first brought to England from Holland in 1666. Soon the drinking of it became fashionable in London, and a pound of the leaves sold for 60 shillings. Thomas Garway was the first dealer in tea in England. He recommended it as a cure for all disorders and sold great quantities of it at a large profit. Records show that tea has at times been sold in England for as much as £10 a pound.

Various How Are You's?

"How are you?" in German is "Wie befinden sie sich?" (How do you find yourself?) It is also "Wie geht's."

The Dutch say "Hoe vaart gij?" (How do you fare?) The Italians ask, "Come state?" (How do you stand?) The French, "Comment vous portez-vous?" (How do you carry yourself?)

The Greeks ask what you are doing, the Chinese want to know if you enjoy your rice, and the Russians inquire how you are living.

The Arabs, a devout people, say, "God grant his favors to you." The Turks, no less devout, say, "Be under God's care."

Forehanded.

The London Telegraph tells of a small girl who entered a grocer's shop in Whitechapel and said:

"Please, sir, I wants 'arf a pound of butter and a penn'orth of cheese, and muvver says she will send a shilling in when farver comes home."

"All right," replied the man.

"But," continued the child, "muvver wants the change, cos she 'as got to put a penny in the gas meter."

LUDICROUS LEGAL LORE.

A Legend of the Early Jurisprudence of Michigan.

The early history of the jurisprudence of Michigan, if faithfully chronicled, would furnish forth an entertainment abounding with the soul and point of humor. Many of these little legends yet float around the scenes which have given birth to them and serve sometimes to give zest to a bar dinner or to enliven a bar meeting. Among them is the following:

Judge B., a plain and worthy man, but no lawyer, was once county judge of Oakland under the old system. A case came on for trial before him on one occasion in which the action was founded in tort, and the plea of the defendant, which was special, was such as to give him the affirmative of the issue, upon the strength of which he claimed the right to open and close the case. This point was denied by the counsel for the plaintiff, "who never in the whole course of his practice had heard of such an enormity as the defendant's presuming to open the case." Authorities were brought and cited, however, and the judge, after mature consideration, determined that such was the defendant's right and so pronounced his decision. After a short pause, during which the plaintiff was grumbling his dissatisfaction, the court told the defendant's lawyer to go on.

"Your honor," said he, rising, "I am not quite ready to open the case. When I get ready I will let the other side know!" This opened, if not the case, at least the eyes and mouth of the other side, who sprang to his feet and bellowed forth denunciation upon the stupidity of the judge, whose absurd decision had placed him in such a dilemma. "You see, your honor, what you have done. You have actually placed the case in the hands of the defendant. He took possession of our oxen, and when we brought an action to recover them he took possession of that also." "I can't help it, sir," said the learned judge, with great sternness. "The decision is made, and it is too late to alter it. The law must take its course. You must withdraw your action and sue again."

"If he does, your honor," said the defendant's counsel, "I shall plead the pendency of this action in bar and beat him." "Then, Mr. ——," said the judge, "I see no other way for you but to sit down quietly and wait till the defendant gets ready to try this case." The plaintiff took the judge's advice, but the "time appointed" has never elapsed, and he is waiting yet. — Philadelphia North American.

A Surprized Preacher.

When a clergyman in the course of his sermon asks a question he doesn't expect any one to answer it. At a watch night service at St. Paul's church, Brixton, England, the vicar was preaching a sermon on the prodigal son, in the course of which he said: "Last year some people came to watch night service from a neighboring public house, and some of them were drunk. Is there any one here like that tonight?"

"Yes," said a respectable looking man seated in the aisle; "I'm here, and I'm drunk."

The effect on the congregation was electrical. The preacher was startled for a moment, but after saying, "Poor fellow, poor fellow!" proceeded with his discourse.

"I tell you I'm drunk," said the intruder.

"Hold your tongue," said the vicar. "I am speaking now and must not be interrupted."

A Fine Piece of Work.

"I tell you," exclaimed the young medical student, "our professor is an eminent surgeon."

"How's that?" asked his chum.

"Well, a fellow was brought in with a crushed leg. The professor said it must come off, but by some means or other he cut off the wrong leg."

"Do you call that a fine piece of surgery?"

"Wait a bit. The professor said it would be terrible for the poor fellow to go about with no legs at all, so he splinted up the crushed leg instead of cutting that off, too, and now it is as good as ever. An ordinary surgeon would have left the fellow legless. Wonderful skill, the professor's!"—Strand Magazine.

Not His Fault.

"James," asked the druggist sternly, "how did you come to lose that sale?"

"We didn't have what the lady wanted, sir."

"Why, you know we carry the most complete line of perfumery, knickknacks, stationery, toilet accessories and fancy articles in the city."

"Yes, sir, but it was medicine she wanted."—Great Falls Tribune.

Subscription Notice.

The subscription price of THE REVIEW outside of Multnomah county is $1.50 per year in advance. All papers will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

REAL ESTATE

$1,500—Lot 50x100, cor.; two-story brick is being erected in same block. This is a splendid investment, and you had better look into it at once.
$2000—Lot 25x100; a close in inside lot on Jersey street.
$500—Lot 50x100. A nearby residence lot; $25 cash if you build at once.
$400—Lot 50x100. Fine location; one-half cash.
$2,000—Lot 100x10 on Philadelphia St.

Subscribe for The Review.

AN OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

L. E. STORY, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Day and Night Office, Rooms 7 and 8, Holbrook Block,
ST. JOHNS, - - - OREGON

S. H. GREENE
Attorney-at-Law.
Office: Room 9, Breeden Building, corner Third and Washington streets, Portland, and St. Johns.
Phone: Pacific 2098. Residence: St. Johns

Joseph McChesney, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Day and Night Office in McChesney Block
Phone Woodlawn 475
ST. JOHNS, - - OREGON

DR. L. G. HOLLAND,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Residence: On Modoc Street. Phone Woodlawn 576. Office: Holbrook Brick Block, rooms 3 and 4 Phone East 3689.
St. Johns, - - - - Oregon

Dr W. E. HARTEL,
DENTIST
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty
Rooms 1 and 2, Holbrook Block, St. Johns

Dr. MARY MacLACHLAN
Physician and Surgeon.
Residence Phone Scott 4064.
Office: Holbrook's New Brick Block.
Residence, St. Johns Hotel.

A. W. VINCENT, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office 203 South Jersey street. All hours

OSCAR DeVAUL, M. D
Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m.
Office Phone, Scott 1104.
Residence Phone, Union 5901.
Office in University Park Drug Store.

Carpenter and Contractor.
By the day, or by the job.
Plans and specifications furnished on application.
AUGUST WILHELM.
424 Allegheny street, 2 blocks east of the French block, St. Johns, Oregon.

The G. HEITKEMPER CO.
Watchmakers, Jewelers, Silversmiths.
Importers and Wholesale Dealers
286 Morrison Street, Between 4th and 5th Sts. PORTLAND

R. WILCOX,
Dray and Baggage Line
Phone Scott 1308.
Piano Moving a Specialty.
Leave orders at Hallberg's Furniture store and they will receive prompt attention.

C. MARION SALISBURY
Graduate Optician
Will test the eyes free of charge.
Jersey Street. St. Johns, Oregon.

Goodrich & Goodrich,
ARCHITECTS
Full Professional Services Five Per Cent.
Saint Johns and Portland, Ore.

Zeller-Byrnes & Blackburn Co.
Undertakers and Embalmers
209 Jersey Street
Lady Assistant.

N. A. GEE
House Mover and Repairer
Houses moved, raised and repaired. Odd jobs of all kinds, Prompt service, reasonable charges. Ivanhoe and Catlin streets. Phone Woodlawn 586.
Saint Johns - - - Oregon

F. M. LASHBAUGH
Fuel furnished, either short or long. Draying and team-work of every kind. Prompt service. Terms reasonable.
Corner Jersey and Catlin, ST. JOHNS

LAUREL LODGE No. 186 I. O. O. F.
ST. JOHNS, OREGON
Meets each Monday evening in Odd Fellows hall, at 8:00. Visitors welcomed.
H. S. Hewitt, N. G.
F. E. Foote, Secretary.

G. W. OVERSTREET,
PLUMBER
Holbrook Block, 103 South Jersey street. Phone Union 285.
Saint Johns - - Oregon

MRS. N. McCANN
CLOTHING CLEANER
Clothing cleaned, pressed and mended with care and promptness. Ladies' clothes a specialty.
Old Postoffice Building
Saint Johns - - Oregon

BOLEN BROTHERS
CARPENTERS AND CONTRACTORS
We Guarantee to Please
E. T. Bolen, 816 Willamette Boulevard.
C. W. Bolen, 238 Tyler Street
ST. JOHNS, - - - - - OREGON