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THE  
**PENINSULA BANK**  
St. Johns, Oregon.

Statement at close of business December 4, 1906:

RESOURCES:		LIABILITIES:	
Loans	\$127,737.11	Capital Stock	\$ 25,000.00
Furniture and fixtures	2,976.86	Surplus and undivided profits	7,553.22
Cash on hand and due from banks	72,539.65	Dividends unpaid	1,250.00
	\$203,253.62	Deposits	174,295.49
			\$203,253.62

In the above square you will observe a tiny dot. Noticed it, didn't you? Now if YOU saw that little speck think of how all the rest of our readers noticed it. Then, if you, Mr. Businessman, had placed an attractive announcement of your wares, at correct prices, in that space, you'll have some idea that it would have brought you trade. Better try it next week.

## New Bargains This Week

50x100 North Jersey street	\$1,000
100x100 best corner South Jersey street	850
50x100, best income property Jersey street	12,000
50x100 on Jersey street with party wall and alley	4,500
Quarter block, 100 feet of postoffice	2,750
50x100, south St. Johns, easy payments	400
25x100 with alley and wall on Jersey street	2,750
100x100, 6 room house, fruit, fine river view	2,150
3 lots, close in, Willamette Boulevard	900
1 acre near car line and N. P. railroad	1,300
50x100 on Ivanhoe street	450
New 7 room house, 75x100, fruit	2,100
100x100, fine factory site, on railroad	4,000
House and lot, 150x150, on Jersey street	2,750
25x100, Jersey street	1,300

Business locations for rent.

## H. G. OGDEN

Review Office. ST. JOHNS, OREGON

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### SERPENT POISON.

The Venom of the Cobra is Deadly Almost Beyond Belief.

It was in the autumn of 1891 that Calmette, while acting as director of the Bacteriological Institute of Saigon, Cochinchina, first commenced his experiments on the neutralization of serpent venom in the animal system. He had exceptional opportunities in the matter of serpent venom wherewith to carry out his investigations, inasmuch as a band of cobras had recently attacked a village in the vicinity of Bacien, and by order of the governor of the district no fewer than ninety specimens of the terrible Naja tripidians, or cobra de capello, were forwarded in a barrel to the institute.

Forty of the reptiles arrived alive, and several were at once sacrificed to secure their venom glands. Each gland, resembling both in size and shape a shelled almond, contains about thirty drops of venom, and in this transparent limpid liquor is embodied a toxin of extraordinary strength. As is well known, this cobra is the most dreaded of all serpents, and it is widely distributed over India, Burma, Sumatra, Java, Malacca and Cochinchina. Until Calmette, however, set to work to systematically study the nature of this reptile's venom but little precise or reliable information had been obtained as to its character. It was, of course, necessary in the first instance to ascertain, within as narrow a limit as possible, the exact degree of toxic power inherent in the venom and to determine if possible the precise dose lethal in respect of each variety of animal experimented upon.

A correct calculation of the quantity of venom required in every case was, however, found to be quite impossible, for so virulent is the poison that a single drop of an emulsion produced by pounding up eight glands in 300 grams of distilled water is sufficient, when introduced into the vein of a rabbit's ear, to kill it in five minutes. All the mammals to which Calmette administered this cobra venom, such as monkeys, dogs, rabbits, guinea pigs and rats, succumbed more or less quickly, according to the size of the dose.—Westminster Gazette.

### High Priced Bumblebees.

Many years ago the farmers of Australia imported bumblebees from England and set them free in their clover fields. Before the arrival of the bees clover did not flourish in Australia, but after their coming the farmers had no more difficulty on that score. Mr. Darwin had shown that bumblebees were the only insects fond of clover nectar which possessed a proboscis sufficiently long to reach the bottom of the long, tubelike flowers and at the same time a body heavy enough to bend down the clover head so that the pollen would fall on the insect's back and thus be carried off to fertilize other flowers of the same species. The bumblebees sent to Australia cost the farmers there about half a dollar apiece, but they proved to be worth the price.

### The Very Earliest Coins.

No one knows exactly when or where the original coin was "struck" or what metal was used. Certain passages in Homer would lead to the inference that brass was coined as early as the year 1184 B. C. Tradition affirms that the Chinese had bronze coins as early as the year 1120 B. C., but Herodotus, the acknowledged "father of history," is of the opinion that the Lydians "invented" coins some time during the ninth century B. C. One of the oldest coins now known is a gold daric, coined by the Persians during the reign of Darius. On one side of this coin is a bust of Darius and on the other side a figure of a kneeling archer.

### Mugwump.

"Mugwump" was an old Algonquin word for a chief, which was used in a seventeenth century Indian Bible to translate "centurion," "captain" or "duke" in the English version. It was borrowed by the New Englanders as a nickname for most superior persons, very like the English "great panjandrum," and first applied in its special political sense to Republicans who deserted their party on grounds of principle at the presidential election of 1884.

### Gum Shoe Work.

"James!" she said severely. The butler looked up with a guilty flush. "James," she asked, "how is it that whenever I come into the pantry I find your work at sixes and sevens and you sprawled out reading the news?" "Well, ma'am," the butler answered, "I should say it was on account of them old rubber soled tennis shoes you're always wearing about the house."

### Why Suffer from Rheumatism?

Do you know that rheumatic pains can be relieved? If you doubt this just try one application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It will make rest and sleep possible, and that certainly means a great deal to any one afflicted with rheumatism. For sale by St. Johns Drug Store.

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### A NATIONAL TRAGEDY.

#### Dramatic Scene at the Degradation of Captain Dreyfus.

Nine o'clock: General Darras draws his sword; orders ring out; the infantrymen shoulder arms; the sabers of the cavalry gleam; at the far edge of the field a little group appears. It is made up of four artillerymen in sombre dolmans. In the center is Dreyfus, the light flashing on his sword, on the three gold galleons that mark his rank. Beside him strides the adjutant of the guard, the executioner of the military decree, a giant of a man, cloaked, plumed, glorious. The little group comes obliquely across the naked field. The "traitor's" step is firm, his head is high, his left hand grasps the hilt of his sword. Without the mob lifts its dull clamor, the sulky growl of 6,000 alcoholic throats. Where the general sits on his horse the little group halts. The cannoners fall back, and Dreyfus stands alone. Very small he seems; motionless, cut in steel. And the general speaks: "Dreyfus, you are unworthy to bear arms. In the name of the French republic I degrade you!" Then the desolate man raises suddenly his arms to heaven and cries with a loud voice, "I am innocent!"

As sudden is the roar that comes from the Latin mob, surging against the iron fence, "Death!" and "Judas!" and "Traitor!" A silence more terrible than the roar of the mob falls as the executioner steps forward, strips off the epaulet, the gold braid, the gold buttons—ensigns of a man's honor—and breaks across his knee the soldier's sword. And Dreyfus stands immobile, beaten upon by all the winds of fate. Only when the sword snaps in twain a great cry comes from him—a male cry, sonorous and stern: "On the heads of my wife and children I swear I am innocent! I swear it! Vive la France!"

And the mob, in the streets, at the gates, on the roof tops, howls: "Death! Death!" It is the answer of France. The parade begins. The little group is led now by two officers of the Republican guard. Slowly it passes the long files of the soldiery, just beyond sword reach—lest an impulsive sabre should reach the "traitor's" heart. The little man is dressed in black rags now. But he marches steadily, his head erect. There is not a quiver in him, so firm is his drilled courage of a soldier. When he passes the fence, behind which the mob seethes, he cries once more his innocence and "Vive la France!" What he says they cannot hear, but they answer him with crucifying clamor. To the journalists he says, "Tell France I am innocent!" And they call him "Judas" and "traitor." Not once does he lower his head in this grim parade of agony. Not once does he give way to fear or anger. As though he had made himself iron, he passes, proclaiming his guiltless honor and his love for France.—Vance Thompson in Success Magazine.

### His Weapon.

In some parts of Ireland it is a custom among bank clerks to speak of one another as "officers" to the bank, but little Jim Bender, the recently imported Cockney waiter in a County Mayo hotel, was not aware of this custom.

"Have you seen any of our officers here this morning?" asked a lordly knight of the quill of Jim a few days ago.

Jim glanced keenly at his interrogator.

"Yussir," he answered promptly; "it isn't three minutes ago since one of 'em went out with his sword behind 'is ear."—London Answers.

### Made It Even.

Curran, when master of the rolls in Ireland, was going one day to a levee at the castle. There was a great press of carriages, when all at once he was startled by the pole of the carriage which followed him crashing through the bars of his window, crying to his coachman: "Stop, stop! The pole of the carriage behind is driven into us." "Arrah, then, it's all right again, your honor," said Pat, "for I've just drew my pole into the carriage before."

### Dividing a Journey.

An Englishman was sent out on a journey to take a parcel to a place about twelve miles from Maldon, Essex, a little town near the coast. As he started rather late in the day his master was surprised to see him back soon after dark. "You surely haven't been there and back," his employer said to him. "No, no, master," the man replied; "I got halfway there, and it began to get dark, so I could'nt' get agin. My goo fother half terriormer."

### Feeling Overcrowded.

"It was doubtless Mrs. Howe's sympathetic nature," to which she constantly referred, that made her carry so many burdens which did not belong to her. Her sufferings were many, but the statement of them often roused her family to mirth.

"How's your head this morning, my dear?" inquired Mr. Howe one morning in a properly solicitous tone.

"It's no better," came in a hollow voice from behind the teapots. "It won't be any better while I can't get Cousin John's lungs and Mary's china and mother's eyes and Harriet's wisdom teeth out of it for one minute."

## Central Market!

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### IMPROVING THE ATTIC.

Suggestions That Will Help in Making It Habitable.

In addition to those familiar uses of attic which are so vivid when it rains or when one is cynical or moody or inclined to be witty at the expense of bedposts and warming pans, there are improved uses an attic can be put to and still remain an attic. The feeling of attics—that sense they give of a friendly alienation from the world below stairs—must not, of course, be lost. If one desires no more than a place in which to tell fairy tales at twilight the lighting of a candle might be change enough in the usual unadorned and left over space. But that is too simple. Besides, the taste for fairy tales is not universal, and it is, moreover, a taste more natural in the nursery than in the attic. But a habitable attic must be anything but dingy. A glass trapdoor, such as one too often sees, is not enough. There should be a great dormer window, built low enough for window seats, and ample seats at that, large enough to lounge in. There should be wide sills, too, for flowers, for an attic without flowers would be unimaginable. As for the body of the room the chief thing to do where there are gables would be to insert a wainscot all around of, say, five or six feet in height. Along this could be put shelves for books or odds and ends of whatever kind. A carpet would be improper, for it is traditional that an attic is bare. In expensive rugs and skins suggest themselves mechanically, like easy chairs, a work table and a lounge. The fancy includes a piano, pictures, glorious andirons, sconces, while the imagination leaps to armor and cabinets. Yet in a proper attic the furniture should be a little commonplace with a discarded look, if you will, to be in keeping. Things half broken down are fit for a quaint utility there, and as clothes once decent on Sunday come to be so only on Saturday and then on Friday, and so on, so odds and ends as they grow familiar and worn in other parts of the house have a last use—as old companions in an attic.—Wallace Stevens in Indoors and Out.

### Diplomatic.

"Mr. Gidsmore," began the young man, "when you proposed to your wife, or to the estimable lady who is now Mrs. Gidsmore, did she tell you to ask her father?"

"She did, my boy," affably replied Mr. Gidsmore.

"And did you try to shirk the job?"

"Well, come to think of it, I did. I believe I tried to get her to do the asking, 'pon my soul. Ha, ha!"

"And when you did ask him—of course you had to speak to him finally?"

"Of course I did. Of course."

"And when you did ask him did your knees shake, and was your tongue dry, and did you have stage fright generally?"

"I was scared to death."

"Well, that's the way I feel. I told Gladys I knew I could find some mutual bond of sympathy between us when I came to tell you that she has promised to marry me."—Life.

### Teak Him Down a Peg.

The young doctor to whom the Aesculapian oath was Greek looked contemptuously at the old woman who had come to the uptown hospital where he was an interne to inquire about her son.

"He has cerebral neurosis, I told you once," he said.

"Oh, dear," said the woman, for she was not as ornately educated as the young physician, "is it as bad as that? New—what do you call it?"

"Neurosis," said the surgeon.

"Don't I talk plain enough for you?"

"Is it anything like nervous prostration?" inquired the woman.

"You will pardon me, sir. My education was along literary rather than scientific lines."

"That's what some call it," said the young physician as he got ready to make a run for the ambulance at the door.—New York Telegram.

### Some Johnson Definitions.

An exhibition of the relics of Dr. Samuel Johnson in London recalled some of the remarkable definitions that remarkable man inserted in his dictionary. Among them not the least curious was the one given for "network," which was defined as "anything reticulated or deccusated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." Other amusing definitions are: "Cough—a convulsion of the lungs elicited by some sharp serosity." "Man—not a woman, not a boy, not a beast." "Pension—an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay to a state hireling for treason to his country."

### More Sightseers.

"The chief trouble of the miners," says an official of Alaska, "is the lack of variety in their food. One day a young fellow fresh from his lot turned into Seattle and entered a hotel.

"Bring me some pork and beans," was his request. The food was brought. "Now bring me three frozen oysters." The waiter complied. With the two dishes before him the miner proceeded to say: "Well, pork and beans, you have been very friendly to me all my days in Alaska. You have stood by me like good fellows. Now stand by me and see me eat oysters."—Kansas City Star.

## The Wellington

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### JOKES OF ACTORS.

#### Pranks on Comrades That Are Played Before the Audience.

Practical jokes right in front of the audience are not unknown among experienced actors. Care has to be taken that the business of the scene is not interfered with, or the stage manager would speedily be camping on the trail of the too enterprising humorist.

"A rather cruel but at the same time very amusing joke was played upon an unpopular member of a Shakespearean repertoire company with which I once toured," said a veteran actor to the writer.

"The unpopular one was playing the ghost in 'Hamlet' on this particular night, and the scene was managed in the old fashioned way—the 'majesty of buried Denmark' rising through a trap instead of coming on from the wings, as modern ghosts do. Two of the company stationed themselves beneath the stage, and as soon as the victim's head went up through the trap they began to belabor his legs well with a couple of stout canes.

"The wince raising the platform on which the victim stood was turned very slowly in order to impart proper solemnity to the ghost's appearance. Picture the efforts of the poor mummer to prevent the anguish he suffered showing on his face, which, of course, was in full view of the audience!"

Worse, far worse, was the fate of some unfortunate actors who in a popular melodrama had to drink a toast in (stage) champagne. In the ordinary way ginger ale does duty on the boards for that exhilarating wine, but on this occasion some fiend in human form had filled the bottle with paraffin oil. "We dared not leave the stage till the fall of the drop," said one of those who took part in this unusual festivity to the writer afterward, but how we finished that act not one of us knows."

In a once popular drama the leading actress, who was also the proprietress of the "show," dropped dead (as usual) at the end of the third act one night and lay there in full view of the audience waiting for the fall of the curtain. But the man who controlled the curtain refused to lower it.

"You'll have to stay dead," said he in a low voice, "unless you promise to pay me last month's salary from tonight's receipts. Move your right hand if you agree. I've witnessed here."

The lady could not argue, but she waited a full minute. The mutineer remained obdurate. Then the actress' right hand moved ever so slightly and—the curtain fell.—London Answers.

### Natural Varnishes.

Fluid resins or oil from several different trees are extensively used in the Philippines as varnishes. One of them, called oil of sap, is a pale yellow liquid when fresh, but it becomes dark and viscous after contact with the air. Spread in a thin layer it dries slowly and forms a hard varnish. It is also capable of being burned in a lamp. Another natural varnish is bala, also called oil of apitong. It is white when fresh, but darkens after exposure and makes a very tough varnish. Oil of panau is a third variety, inferior to the others in its drying properties. Chemical analysis has shown that all these wood oils consist entirely of hydrocarbons known as sesquiterpenes.

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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.

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