Eccentric Mr. Sangster

By GERALD PRIME

Rudolf Sangster was eccentric to the verge of something far more serious than mere uncomplicated queerness. centric so long that it had come to be an opportunity to witness it on Saturunderstood among men that he was to day evening." be left unmolested. Absolutely normal in matters of business and the ordinary affairs of life, he was known to be subject to the most extraordinary and even extravagant variations from the natural and expected. He was a here?" man with a positive genius for per verzeness.

was nothing so indicative of his perversion as his uncompromising refusal that," to permit his daughter, motherless and an only child, to marry John Williston.

Both young persons seemed fashioned for such a union. John Williston was the worthy repository of several generations of transmitted wealth | mote." and the woman he had loved from early girlhood was the helress of a man whose touch had been that of Midns freed from the sordid lust for

This was maddening. John Willis ton was a marvel of patient tact, but this illogical beating about the bush was almost more than he could en-

"About the only thing left for me to believe is that you don't consider your daughter good enough for me," he said, bitterly.

At this unfamiliar outburst Sangster smiled rather sardonically.



It Was the Vision Who Spoke First. may be something in that," he admit-

ted, as if he half believed it. Then the baffled lover rushed away, bearing the burden of a stifled longing

sign of yielding. Although he was a ing. veritable weathercock on most questions he never swerved a hair's Williston made up his mind to bring going out?" the matter to a crisis. Putting all his wit and energy into the business, he evolved a scheme which seemed to be so promising that he went to Miss Sangster immediately. To his infinite delight she not only listened appreci-

A few hours later Williston dined with the Sangsters and when he and his host were alone in the smoking room the crafty lover steered the congreatly absorbed.

used to be," the other admitted. "Has anything brought about a change of heart?" Sangater asked, with a sharp glance from beneath a pair of unusually bristling eyebrows. "Well, not precisely that," John con-

a certain person-and one or two fessed, rather diffidently. "Just lately things-have seemed rather mysterious-hard to accept, you know."

away." he said. "I'm listening."

'Oh, there really isn't much to be said. What it all amounts to is that a certain person of my acquaintance has developed suddenly the faculty of doing things that have seemed to be

"Let me help you unmask him." "That's precisely what I want you

"There's nothing on the planet that interests me more deeply. I must con- great service he has rendered me!" fess, though, that I have run up said Sangster, making off with unagainst nothing but impostors."

"The most extraordinary claim made by this person is the power to exchange personalities-to appear, for instance, under two or more distant forms within a very brief period-posstbly in less than an bour," he said.

"Rot-deadly rot!" declared Sang-

ster, contemptuously. "Mere buffoon-

ery. The petty device of the trick-"Possibly," the other admitted, with the air of a man unconvinced. "I've not yet seen this exchange of person-Fortunately for him, he had been ec. alities effected. I have been promised

> "Where is this precious piece of jugglery to be worked?"

> "No particular place has been designated-yet." "Then why can't it be pulled off

"I know of nothing to conflict-unless it should be the odor of tobacco. worker express a decided distaste for

"Then let it be done in parlors or in the library." "No," Williston said, decidedly.

it here. It's quieter and more re-"As you prefer. The hangings and furnishings can be removed if neces-

sary. Any apparatus required?" "None whatever." "Want the lights turned low? I can

flood the place with electricity at the first symptom of treachery." "In this manifestation there should be as much filumination as possible.

It's entirely visual, you know." hour?"

"About eight." "Isn't that rather early for the supernatural to show itself?" "This manifestation does not demand the hour of midnight as one of

its conditions." "What are its conditions?"

"As I understand the matter there is only one-that we are to seat ourselves comfortably in a well-lighted "com and see what we shall see." "Yes-we'll see what we see,"

choed Sangster. At eight o'clock on the following evening the two men were again in the smoking room. Enveloped in a constantly deepening cloud of his own creation. John Williston emitted smoke in puffs that suggested a miniature volcano. He had not spoken a

word for ten minutes "If your fakir doesn't like tobacco." he observed finally, "he won't be at his best in this atmosphere. Don't you think we'd do well to move into the library ?"

"Oh, no; let us stick to the original arrangement," John said, hastily, rousing himself and consulting his watch. "Eight o'clock," he added, as if he had been asked the hour.

"Your fakir may be all that a fakir should, but he isn't Johnny on the spot," grumbled Sangster. "Somebody's coming." Williston

The door was opened softly and there floated into the mist a figure in Washington, caused considerable so good to look upon that both men consternation among pedestrians and abandoned themselves straightway to loungers in that vicinity a few days the luxury of looking.

It was the vision who spoke first. "What a perfectly dreadful atmos-phere!" it exclaimed, with a little two buildings. Eleven and Twelfth streets, between the alley and saw-she policeman and Years passed. Sangster showed no choke which was not at all unbecom-

aponsible for it," said the vision's fa- who peered over the heads of the morbreadth on the subject of the mar- ther. I haven't been smoking. Where- bid crowd and saw a man stretched printing office, slamming the door beriage. The day came, however, when fore all this magnificence? Are you "Oh, no. My new gown came home

and I just got into it and came up here to exhibit myself. "In its present setting it certainly

is," the old man agreed gallantly. "Well," she hesitated and began to move slowly toward the door, "I want you to see me in it."

She stopped forward quickly, threw her arms about her father's neck kissed him on the forehead over and versation toward occultism, a subject over again, sobbed audibly half a dozin which Sangster professed to be en times and fled precipitately from

"What the-" began Sangster. "Pobacco. What a brute I was not to have opened the window!" John broke in, rather excitedly. "I'll see if can do anything for her."

When he had gone the old man lighted his cigar and fixed himself comfortably in his armchair. "Now for the next chapter in the exchange," he chuckled, grimly.

He had not long to walt. Before he had come to the end of his cigar the thing, the kind that father used to door was opened again and Molly, still wearing the wonderful gown, its fleecy whiteness made still more ethereal by that sort of thing. a velt of filmy lace and a crown of orange blossoms, entered the room.

"Same girl, same gown, same everything-except the headgear. No transformation, no exchange of personaltty-just the original Molly Sangster," the old man maintained stoutly.

"Not so," dented John Williston showing himself in the doorway. "The dean is still in the house."

"Then I'll ask you to excuse me while I go down and thank him for the wonted alacrity.

ALMOST BLEW HIM UP.

"You weasel-eyed shrimp!" he shouted. "What do you mean by selling me a loaded cigar? I lit it and blamed if a puff of flame didn't leap out and set my bair afire."

"A loaded cigar?" he echoed in as tonishment. "Why, my dear sir, we don't sell loaded cigars."

"Well, you sold me this one, cause here are the pieces." And then the clerk had to laugh. "You insisted upon paying 50 cents

for a good cigar, didn't you?"

"I did, young man." "Well, the 60-cent cigars always come in an air-proof celluloid tube and you must have lit the cigar without removing the tube. Here's another one without the tube. Smoke it on me, sir."

"How did you happen to get four times as many letters as I did?" said one washerwoman who had advertised for work by the day to another who had advertised for the same thing.

"Wound up my advertisement by saying I was on a diet," said the lucky A "That 'on a diet' notice goes ton has taken up the case of the toad, hate to figure on a washerwoman's meals and jump at the chance of get

Passing It Along.

bim again.' What are you going to do with the made cellar will one bring prosperity lamps are favorite hunting grounds. animal?" asked his wife. "Why-er-I expect a friend of mine

Fleeting Charms.

over this afternoon to look at him,"



Uncle Sam Probes Third Degree System



WASHINGTON,-One of the inves-Among all his eccentricities there I have heard the alleged miracle at the late session of congress that is expected to yield some interesting results is the subcommittee of five senators, members of the judiciary committee, who have been directed to investigate and report on the workings "After all it would be better to ave of the "third degree," as exemplified by federal officers in criminal prosecu-

> "Good! Saturday evening -- at what in their efforts to convict Haskell, were discreditable.

who, after being indicted, was finally eastern states. The committee is discharged for want of evidence.

A special agent of the department of justice sent out to investigate the charge made a written report that Dr Perrin should never have been indicted; that improper methods were employed to bring about his indict. tee will be composed of Senators ment, and even after the government | Borah, Brown and Stone and the eastofficers were aware that they could ern subcommittee of Senator Brandenot make a case against Dr. Perrin, gee, Borah and Overman.

DEAD DEAD

ley."

CT HERE'S a dead man in that al-

ored man at Eleventh and E streets,

ago. He pointed to a narrow alleyway

on the north side of E street between

out full length, and apparently very

ill or dead, in the alleyway, telephoned

AMES WILSON, secretary of agri-

er a Chicago man who had the

TILL NEVER

HONOS"

thither in search of a policeman.

This exclamation by an excited col-

1BELIEVE

By STACY E. BAKER

Dalton was a diffident man. This diffidence, however, did not protect

him from the subtle machinations of one Greek god, Eros. Miss Holly, Dalton's substitute stenographer, was, in the eyes of the infatuated young insurance man, the prettiest girl in all the world. Her

dark, wavy hair, black eyes and her attention may be given to the charge slight graceful form were indeed all that was to be desired, and the fresh daintiness of the maid subjected her employer's heart to excited pit-a-pats each time she entered the office. Miss Moore, Dalton's regular typist,

and an antique that had been handed down to the successive owners of the business since its establishment, was a vinegar-faced person, and her mere presence in the Dalton sanctum had been a keener incentive for him to methods employed in the Sayler murplunge recklessly into the complexities der case at Atlantic City. That case of business. Miss Sophia Moore was was not one with which the federal conspicuously homely, government had to do, but, in as much as the methods complained of may

Miss Moore was not demonstrative She either answered yes or not to her employer's rare questions, and she knew his business better than he did himself. In all his five years at the head of the local branch of the bustness his stenographer had been faithfully at her deak each day. Nor had tee said the committee intended to she availed herself of proposed vacago about its work not with the idea of

Therefore, Dalton, arriving one morning, was most agreeably surprised to find the office ancient substituted by a most pleasing creation in

She raised her eyes in a compregeneral scope of the work was dishensive inventory of Dalton and then cussed and two subcommittees apdropped them demurely. pointed, one of which will investigate "I am Miss Holly," a well-bred little the cases in the far west and the oth-

voice explained. "Miss Moore's suber will confine its activities to the stitute stenographer." composed of the following senators: It was like Miss Moore, in her su-Brandegee of Connecticut, chairman; perior egotism to put some one in her Borah of Idaho and Brown of Nebrasplace without first consulting the

ka, Republicans, and Stone of Miswishes of her employer. souri and Overman of North Carolina, "Is-ts Miss Moore ill?" Dalton was Democrats. The western subcommitbashful in the presence of womenespecially when they were pretty wom-He would have liked to give a frigid touch to the question, but to his

What Business School Did You Graduate From?"

intense disgust his voice broke to a frightened squeak. The red blotted the bronze from his thin cheeks. "Oh, no!" Miss Holly glanced curlously at the young proprietor. "She

isn't ill. She has decided to take a vacation, that is all." "Funny," mused Dalton aloud, "that she didn't say anything about it. Not," he added ironically, "that it is me some other time. You are hysteriany of my business, only-well, office cal, dear." etiquette, you know-er-sort of pre-

serves the custom. It was the girl's turn to blush, Dalton ruffled the thick, black hair know that any one could be as nice as

over his broad brow with puzzled fin- you. "I-I believe so," he responded, his

moment of temerity gone. "I-I-why yes, I believe there are a few."

sheets, upon their emersion from the typewriter, were spotless no longer, ut smudged and bit into by an emerytoothed ink eraser. Dalton gingerly

fingered an effusion positively bristling with errors.

"By the way, Miss Holly," casually asked the real estate man. "What business school did you graduate from, St. Johns, - - - Oregon and where were you employed previous to your coming here?"

An eloquent silence caused him to turn and stare at the white faced girl There was a terrorized, hunted look in her eyes hard to define.

"Never mind," added the man, hastily. "Mere idle curiosity, you know," he ended weakly. "I-er-just wondered."

Miss Holly gave a relieved gasp. "One would have thought I had sentenced her to be shot," grumbled Daiton to himself. His thoughts revert ed to the absent Miss Moore and her sublime nerve in leaving this most incapable slip of a girl in her piece. And #till-

He was glad! Dalton, although uncomfortable in he presence of pretty girls, was a most appreciative admirer-at a distance. The other sex, in a whole some, honesty way, appealed to him. But a hard struggle with fate had given more frivolous youths with doting fathers and unlimited bank accounts the advantage. When Dave Dalton was financially able to rest from the labors of his early years and take his pleasure with the sugar-and-cream youth of the land he found the inex plicable fear in his heart that would have been weaned away had he had the time to mingle with the fair sex in early youth.

He watched them from a distance, Despite the work turned out by this girl substitute she was unusually fair to look upon. Dalton revelled in her presence, even though he writhed at her spelling, her punctuation, her

proneness to error. A month passed. Dalton, now blindly accustomed to an extremely bad stenographer, wondered at the pro longed absence of Miss Moore.

"By the way, Miss Holly." He approached the subject without a symp tom of the bashful preamble that would have weakened the phrase some months before. He and the slim maid at the typewriter were on a firm footing of friendship. "When is Miss Moore to return?"

Results were surprising. Miss Holly turned a painfully red face to her employer, and her eyes were deep with the old appeal.

"Am I-am I not doing the work all right?" The question quivered on the sensitive lips of the girl. Dalton Phone Jersey 1571 Hours: 2 to 6 p. m. strove his best to hide the telltale light in his eyes, as they rested upon the becoming stain covering her cheeks.

"Why, certainly," he hastened to assure her. "Gnly it seems to me that she is taking an unusually long vacation. Probably she is making up for lost time," he hastened to add. "Any- H. S. HEWITT how, I don't care. She has never been away before, and-er-I rather like it. She can stay as long as she likes." To Delton's amazement, the girl

flung her pretty arms recklessly down on the protesting keys, and burst into convulsive sobs. In an instant the youth was out of his chair, and bashfulness and the othics of a well regulated business of-

fice forgotten, was on his knees beside the girl, one firm arm about her. "You don't know what I have

"But I don't care," protested Dalton, the victim of conflicting emotions. "Only for heaven's sake stop crying. You don't need to worry. You-you can have Miss Moore's job. I'll discharge her when she returns. Listen. girl, I love you; I want you near me always." He floundered wildty. "Can't Meets each Monday evening in Odd Felyou see how it is? I-I want you to

marry me." Through tear-misted eyes, the substitute stenographer looked up at him, suddenly calm.

"I must confess," she began tragic ally, and resolutely thrust his arm "There—there is no Miss aside. Moore."

"Is no Miss Moore?" reiterated her employer, inanely. "No!" gasped the girl. "Nor-nor

no Miss Holly." "Never mind," soothed Dalton. "Tell

The girl flushed. "Miss Moore was my aunt," she said, "and-and she wanted to marry, and-and she did, "I am sure I know nothing about it," and so there is no Miss Moore. She she advanced coldly. Then, with a told me to deceive you until I learned touch of the hauteur of the real in- to do the work better. I am sorrycumbent of that particular chair of ah, I really am-I am awfully sorry stenography, she said: "Any letters?" Then, half reminiscently: "I didn't

> "I love you, girl." Dalton's votes was husky with emotion. "Isn't that eason enough for being good to you?" "Ya-us," faitered the voice of the maid. "But—but my name isn't Miss Holly. It is Holly Moore."

Runs in the Family. Mr. Agile (to Mr. Stoutman, run ning for a car)-Hallo, old boy! I thought you were too lazy to run like

Mr. Stoutman (languidly)-Easily in our family.-Lippincott's.

My Uncle Jim's a truthful man,
But now and then he acts
Like many folks and shows he can
Be supple with the facts.
Although he is a friend of mine,
I feel a vague dismay
Whenever he hance up the step.

Up to the room so far, When he sits in a titlied chair A-smokin' a cigar,
He saye: "It's time some one should be
A-steppin' 'round this way,
So hang it up where he may see;
"This is my busy day."

His time the whole day long.
Or, mebbe at a baseball game
He'll lift his voice so strong.
And when of sport he's had enough
He'll view the sign an' say:
"That notice isn't any bluff.
It was a busy day."

The Tourist's Method.

"He spent three weeks in Et and three years boasting about it afterward."—Detroit Free Press.

and woodland area of Alaska is approximately 100,000,000 acres, or about 27 per cent. of the land area of the territory. Of these about 20,000,000 acres may possibly bear timber of sufficient size and density to be used as saw timber, while the other 80,000, 000 acres is mostly woodland which bears some saw timber, but mostly

A Leaf From Her Past. "What a remarkably penetrating voice Mrs. De Plunker has." "Yes, that's an inheritance from her father." "Eh !"

"He used to call carriages at the theater."

Wouldn't Work. Yeast-"What story did you give your wife for not writing." Crimsonbeak-"That my "And wouldn't it work?"

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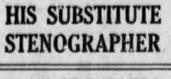
explained, my dear boy; laziness runs See us for the Choicest Cuts of the Best Meats Obtainable.

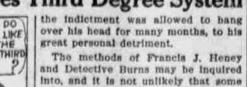
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made against the method of administering the criminal laws in Alaska, especially at Juneau, where the tigating committees set in motion United States attorney and United States marshal were recently removed from office on the complaint of Gov. Walter E. Clark. The resolution directing an investigation was offered by Senator Heyburn of Idaho, and was based upon reports in newspapers of the police

The investigation will take a wide range. One member of the committee will be sent to Oklahoma to learn what basis there is for the charge made by Gov. Haskell and his friends, that the prosecutions started against him under the Roosevelt administration were inspired by personal malice, and that the methods resorted to by the special agents of the government

Another branch of the investigation will relate to some of the western prosecutions, especially those conducted by Robert Kay Devlin, as United States attorney for the Northern district of California. Deviin's nomination was hung up in the judiclary committee of the senate for a long time, on a complaint that he had persecuted Dr. Perrin, one of the defendants in certain land-fraud cases.

"Corpse" Aroused by Noise, Runs Away "No," another man declared, "I reckon it is a case of heat prostra-

infringe the constitutional guarantees

of the individual citizen, the commit-

tee feels that it has jurisdiction, and

that case along with others com-

One of the members of the commit-

furnishing material for a sensation,

or of finding material upon which to

utter denunciations, but to determine

whether corrective legislation is de-

At the committee's first meeting the

plained of will be investigated.

sirable.

"I think he's just dreamin' about Jack Johnson's victory," said a third. In the meantime the Emergency hospital ambulance with clanging gong arrived on the scene, and a policeman with perspiration streaming down his face rushed up to the mouth of the alley and was forcing his way through the crowd to get at the supposed dead

The noise aroused the "corpse." The prostrate figure slowly arose, disclosing the stalwart form of a negro. He gazed in astonishment at the Pretty soon the mouth of the little white-coated Emergency surgeon elalley was blocked by curious people. bowing their way toward him. With "John is the Vesuvius who is re- A business man in the neighborhood a yawn and a stretch of his arms, the negro darted into the side door of a

hind him. Investigation disclosed the fact that to the Emergency hospital for an am- the negro has been employed at the

bulance. Other men can hither and printing establishment a number of years. He said he was tired and went "He may be drunk," suggested an out into the quiet, cool alleyway to old man as he gazed at the prostrate take a nap during the lunch hour. That was all. Sold MacVeagh Spoiled Vinegar; Fined

The man pleaded guilty and was fined \$25. He promised to be good. A Buffalo milling concern has been fined for mixing ground corncobs with flour middlings. The same concern was also found guilty of putting ground corneobs in a "gluten" preparation. A lot of "raisins," shipped from California to Texas, was discovered to be in part a decomposed vegetable subculture, has been hot-footing it aft- stance. A Chicago firm selling a "quick-rising" buckwheat flour has temerity to sell Franklin MacVeagh, been fined for fraud in having sold secretary of the treasury, a barrel of in reality a mixture of wheat flour

bogus vinegar. MacVeagh bought the and buckwheat without any quickvinegar believing it was the real rising properties. Another Buffalo dealer was caught make on the farm, fit to put on let- selling to Michigan folk a wonderful tuce and pickle pigs' feet with and all "hair tonic" which was advertised to cure headache and loss of hair and The looks and smell of the stuff all sorts of thins. Analysis showed made him suspicious, and so he hal- it contained 98.5 per cent. of alcohol loced for the pure food inspectors and nothing to cure anything. The to come and examine. They reported dealer was let off with a fine. the alleged vinegar was in reality Michigan man was detected selling in adulterated and artificially colored large quantities a "hay fever cure" and misbranded. A criminal informa- composed of 99.95.per cent. cocaine tion was filed against the luckless hydocloride. He was fined \$100. Sevstorekeeper and he was taken into eral lemon extracts and vanilla ex-

the United States court, accused of tract fakers have been recently italiy, Dalton received this message: deceiving and misleading MacVeagh. caught and punished. Government's O. K. on the Lowly Toad



right to the heart of stingy souls who dispelling the "host of vague and luare trying to cut down expenses. They dicrous fancies as to its venomous of priceless value." Touching toads, says the bulletin, does not produce warts on the hands.

RECENT bulletin of the depart-

to the household. The Mussachusetts experiment sta-

age of at least ten or fifteen years. They also believe it possible for the toad to live for a limited time with out food, but doubt stories about toads being found in rocks and trees.

during the day only when tempted by and moving insects, centipeds, etc. At ment of agriculture in Washing- is full of moisture. It eats only living night, soon after sundown, or even be fore on cool evenings. It emerges from its shelter and slowly hops about in qualities. Its medicinal virtues, or search of feed. Almost a regular beat most commonly, the hidden toadstone is covered. In the country this includes forays along roadsides, into gardens and cultivated fields and wherever insect food is abundant and grass or other thick herbage does not prevent locomotion. In cities and suburban villages the lawns, walks and parunfailing water supply, nor in a new ticularly the spots beneath electric

an abundance of food or when the air

"As a rule the toad feeds continuously throughout the night, consumtion has been investigating the hab- ing in 24 hours an amount of food its, food and economic value of the equal in bulk about four times the toad, and the result establishes its stomach capacity. A careful examinaclaim to consideration and apprecia- tion of the contents of the atomachs of tion. First of all, as to the longevity a large number of toads shows that 98 of the toad, the investigators express per cent. of its food was animal matthe opinion that many toads reach an ter-worms, insects, etc.

The girt was no adept either with the machine or pencil. Several times she cast appealing eyes toward the young man, causing him to flounder woefully in his dictation. Telepath-"Not so fast, please." Once spotless

Whenever he hangs up the sign, "This is my busy day." When no one climbs the shaky stair

An' then a fishin' trip will claim

Alaska's Forest Area. It is estimated that the total forest only firewood.

pen wouldn't work."

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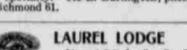
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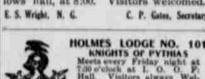
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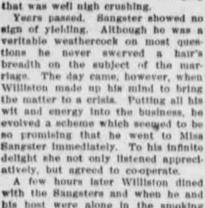
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"I've always set you down for a skeptic," said Sangster.

Sangster lighted a fresh cigar and assumed an expectant attitude. "Fire

impossible," "Is he an adept or only a faktr?" "That is still to be demonstrated."

Everything was quiet in the little cigar store when the old farmer rushed in and brought his umbrella down on the showcase with a whack that almost broke the glass.

The clerk arose and rubbed his ting one who doesn't eat."

> replied Markeigh. All eyes delight to feast upon
> A maid who's "cast in beauty's moid,"
> But if a shrew when beauty's gone,
> The man who wed her murmurs "Sold!"

Knew How to Advertise.

"I've lost all confidence in Blinkers The toad's breath does not cause consince he worked that old horse off on vulsions in children, nor does a toad me," said Markieigh. Til never trust in a newly dug well insure a good and

"The toad," says the pamphlet, "is a nocturnal animal, and ventures out

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"Brown is like the rest of the tour

"The story? No!"-Yonkers State