

LAUGHTER IN THE MORNING.

Dame Fortune hath a soul of wrath
For those who truckle to her;
She loves to flout and put to rout
Weak hearts that, trembling, seek her;
But mild as milk and soft as silk
To she, all others scorned;
To that bold wight who braves her spite
With laughter in the morning.

The breakfast face of cheerful grace,
Full well this vision knows it;
Against her will it wins her still,
'Tis hopeless to oppose it.
So yields the jade full sore dismayed
With her best gifts adorning
The daintiest face who tempts her blow
With laughter in the morning.
—Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

Finders and Losers.

Broadly speaking, girls are divided into two great classes—the ones who find and the ones who lose.

Meta is a girl who finds. Ownerless earrings and brooches and shirt studs are scattered along her pathway, entreat her to pick them up, which ever way she strolls, and little things like horsehoes and four leaved clovers seem to leap up in the most unlikely places at the first sound of her step.

"Guess what I found today?" is her regular form of greeting; so no one was surprised when the question came that day at Georgia's tea.

"Oh, I don't know," said Lillian differently. "Probably a cotton handkerchief or somebody's other glove." Lillian is one of the girls who couldn't find anything if they would. Possibly that's the reason she assumes the manner of one who wouldn't if she could.

Meta gave a withering glance at the scoffer. Then she removed her Lady-smith hat and extracted from its crown a roll of money, which she spread upon her lap. A \$50, a \$20 and a \$10 bill stared out.

"Counterfeit!" gasped Lillian.

"No, sir. Uncle Mac says they're as good as any ever made."

"You didn't find them, Meta; you're joking," protested Georgia.

"No joke about it. I was walking down Washburn avenue, and stacks of people were passing in both directions, too, but suddenly there was an open space about a yard square right in front of me, and straight in the middle of it lay this money, all rolled up. It just seemed as though the crowd parted and everybody looked the other way on purpose to let me have it."

"Well, I never!" sang the chorus.

"What are you going to use it for, Meta?" somebody asked, but Lillian, whose interest had revived wonderfully, didn't give her time to answer.

"Use it for?" she cried. "Do you s'pose Meta would spend that money? Think of the poor woman who lost it!"

"Woman, indeed!" retorted Meta.

"Uncle Mac doesn't think that. He says there's a little pocket just inside the waist band of his trousers where he keeps a wad of bills—whenever he has one—and that it's the easiest thing in the world to slip the money in back of the pocket instead of into it. And I asked him if that ever happened to him. You ought to have seen how guilty he looked when he said, 'Once, but don't tell Ellen!' That's my aunt, you know. Well, we think—Uncle Mac and I—that some rich fellow lost it and that he'd put it to some extravagant use even if he had it again."

"But I can't help thinking about some poor old washerwoman who hadn't another cent in the world," murmured the blue eyed innocent.

"Washerwomen without another cent are so likely to go stewing \$80 rolls around!" said Meta.

"More likely 'twas a schoolteacher with her month's salary. And teaching is such nervous work!" suggested Lillian.

"Or a fagged out woman clerk," added Georgia.

"Well, I wouldn't take it from a woman any sooner than you would," declared Meta. "Of course I wouldn't mind so much if it belonged to a man. But I intend to advertise it anyway."

"Certainly!" exclaimed Lillian, as if she'd been thinking of that all the time. "That's the proper thing to do." And blue eyed innocent added, "I should just use that money for advertising every day in every paper until there wasn't a cent left."

Meta pursed her lips. "Well, I'm taking Uncle Mac's advice about this," she said. "He says to study the papers a day or two and see if the loser advertises. Then, after that, he says to advertise: 'Found—Sum of money, at such a place, at such a time.' Not a word to give a false claimant any help in identifying the bills, you see. But he doesn't think I'll ever find the owner, and, say, girls, if he shouldn't turn up, what do you say to a lake trip together or some kind of a regular spree with this money?"

"I couldn't enjoy it," said the righteous Lillian.

"Not unless you gave half to a hospital," amended another.

"Oh, I don't know," dissented Georgia. "I think my conscience would take in a trip to Mackinac."

"Good for you!" replied Meta, as she rolled up her wealth and put on her hat. "We'll spend it all for gum if we want to, Georgia, and we won't treat them, either—see if we do!"

"They didn't see her again for three weeks, and then she came flying in to luncheon at Lillian's with a look in her eyes as if she'd just fallen heir to a million in gold."

"I've had the loveliest experience in the world," she announced. "You remember that money I found? Well, I waited a few days, as Uncle Mac said, and no one advertised the loss; so I put one in myself. Told them to know X, the newspaper office, you know—the way they do. Next morning I went down to get the returns. There were nine answers, and of all the pathetic things! Not one of the people who wrote had lost their money on the

day or at the place I found mine, but they were just as hopeful, for all that, and they actually made me feel responsible for their losses.

"First there was a man who had dropped a small, flat, black book, with a pawn ticket, a laundry bill and two \$2 bills in it. And distressed over it! You'd think he'd lost a gold mine. And he was so sure 'twas his money I'd found—poor fellow! Then a woman poured out a whole sheetful of her heart, and drew a picture of the purse she'd lost, and told me how the money in it belonged to her sister, who was in the hospital and who needed it dreadfully, and how I'd be blessed forever if I only restored it. Next there was an old man who had dropped two \$20 bills, and he went on in a shaky, feeble hand to explain that the reason he was carrying it was because he couldn't trust the banks; and then another girl, who told about an alligator or skin pocketbook containing a latch-key and a time pass over the Cincinnati, Jackson and Mackinac road. When I showed that to Uncle Mac afterward he said that road was a regular joke, because it didn't run to any of the places mentioned in its name, and he just shouted over the pass, because it had expired Sept. 30, 1897. But it wasn't funny to me. I thought the girl must be in a sad way to be hanging on to an expired pass over a road like that for three whole years. Besides, she mentioned in a postscript that there was a \$5 bill in her purse."

"I got awfully worked up over these letters. Then, suddenly, I had a brilliant idea. I just made up my mind to wait a week and then, if no one claimed that \$50, to send for all those forlorn people and pay them what they had lost out of what I had found. I didn't dare tell Uncle Mac the scheme until the week had passed and I had really written notifying them all to be at his office at 10 o'clock this morning. Then I just gave him the news all in one piece. I don't believe in breaking things, especially when you've set your heart on doing them."

"Oh, he thought I was crazy, of course, and wished he'd answered my 'ad.' himself and claimed the money. Said he could have done it through some one else so I would never have suspected, and then could have kept the money for me until this fit of sentimental foolishness had passed off—and all that sort of talk. But the end of it was that he took a chair over by the window in his office and let me have things all my own way with the people I had sent for. They all came, mind you, and of all the surprised looking beings! Each one was expecting to find the identical purse he had lost, and at first every one looked suspicious of every one else. They couldn't seem to grasp the situation."

"I had the money all changed into the right amounts and lying in tempting little heaps on Uncle Mac's desk. First I made a little speech and then I served gold and silver refreshments. It took every cent of the money, and I had to put in a dollar besides, so there goes our gum, Georgia. But you wouldn't grudge it if you'd been there. Such larks! I never felt so much like a beneficent fairy in my life. Oh, dear, fun! Vaudeville is nowhere. And say, the man who lost the pawn ticket will never get over his grudge against me because I couldn't give that back. He thinks I've lost him a fortune! But the rest were more than sweet. Girls, I've been blessed and hugged, and the old man with the two \$20 goldpieces actually kissed my hand. Think of that, will you? And the woman with the sister in the hospital was so happy! And I cried. Me crying—can you see it? And Uncle Mac needn't pretend he wasn't wiping his own eyes either. But when they were gone he squared around at me, stern as stern, and said in a disgusted way:

"Well, of all the girly girly performances!"

"I looked straight back at him and just said: 'How would you have a girl, Uncle Mac, if not girly? Do you want me manny?' And, honest fact, he didn't know a single thing what to say."—Chicago Record.

The Installation.

The day on which I was installed in my present charge I was requested to address the Sunday school. I attempted to make plain to the children the idea of installation. In doing so I related this anecdote: A congregation has called a new minister. His installation is announced for a certain Sunday. Coming home from church a boy who evidently has listened to the announcement very attentively, asks his father: "Father, what do they do when they install a minister? Do they put him in a stall?" "No," replies the father, "they hitch him to a congregation and let him pull."

A father evidently not seen the point of the joke when he got home, and he said to his mother: "What do you think of that? The minister said we should come, and then I want to see it, too."

"What do you want to see?" "Don't you know, mamma?" "No. What do you mean?" "Why, they are going to hitch the minister to a cart and make him pull it around the church."

—Homiletic Review.

Smudges.

A curious bit of adaptation to circumstances may be seen in summer among the cattle of the swamp lands along the Mississippi. From July to mid September blood sucking insects—mosquitoes, flies, gnats and so on—are so bad there cattle are sometimes in danger of their lives. So are people, unless they make smudges—that is to say, dress so thickly smothered that they fill the air with clouds of smoke—and thus drive away the pests. The cattle soon learn the use and value of the smudges.

An Obstinate Maid.

Mr. Sappeligh—I wouldn't marry that Miss Gabby. She is terribly set in her ways.

Mr. Soffeligh—Is that so?

Mr. Sappeligh—Yes, indeed. Why, she has refused me nine times.—Baltimore American.

ENGLISH AS SHE'S WRITTEN

A Telegram That Nearly Prostrated a Washington Man.

A lamentable unfamiliarity with English as she is idiomatically "spoke" on her native heath is responsible for a bad quarter of an hour which a certain young lawyer of this town will not soon forget. His wife has most pronouncedly correct tastes in everything, including dress. Such of her gowns as do not come direct from London town are built in New York by the most correct of English man milliners. When she made ready to go to Long Branch last summer, the young wife laid in a supply of clothes that should dazzle the natives. Her English man milliner was, however, provokingly slow about delivering things, and she was forced to set off without several of the frocks she had intended taking with her. For the first week after she went away she wrote to her devoted husband at home every day. For the second week she wrote every other day. In the third week four days passed without a line from her. On the fifth day a telegram was delivered at the young lawyer's office.

"Wife's body forwarded this morning."

The signature was a scrawl, but the message was enough to chill the very marrow of that young husband's bones. It had been sent from New York. He saw, in his mind's eye, his dainty little wife running up to town for a day's shopping. He thought of the frightful heat. He knew just how it had all come about, and with a horror stricken face he dashed out into the street and fairly ran to the house of his wife's sister to acquaint her with the frightful news. He was past speech when he reached the house, but he held out the fatal telegram. The sister read it.

"Well," said she, "it's time he sent it. She's been expecting it for six weeks. It's the one that goes with the pink chiffon skirt, I suppose."—Washington Post.

COOLING DRINKS IN TURKEY.

Beverages and Ices Sold on All the Main Streets.

On all the main streets nearly every other shop has a counter of white marble and large bottles of iced water, lemonade, cherry sirup, pomegranate sirup or something of the sort. Green leaves surround the bottles, and a little machine keeps up a tinkling of glasses to attract the passersby. Certain shops are known for their specialties in certain sirups and others for their water, about which Turks are very particular and can tell at once from which of the many springs near the capital it comes. The streets swarm with itinerant sellers with elaborate arrangements for keeping the water cold. Some have a regular booth where they dispense anything from water to a gazelle, which is the name for effervescing lemonade.

The simplest method is that adopted by those who carry about a huge glass bottle holding about two gallons of lemonade on the mouth of which is balanced a large lump of ice, continually dripping into the bottle. These drinks are the cheapest, one farthing a tumbler. Unfortunately the coin representing a farthing is almost extinct, so that the drinker has to drink two glasses or come back next day for the balance. The ice cream vendors, too, must not be forgotten. Their picturesque get up is very distinctive, and they do a roaring trade. The ices they sell are very pure, and one never hears of cases of illness among those eating them. The time when the men do their best business with Europeans is at night after dinner. Every one is then sitting outside on the terraces or balconies overlooking the Bosphorus. The ice man comes along in a boat and seems at once to supply a long felt want.—Constantinople Cor. London Telegraph.

A Story of Anthony Hope.

Anthony Hope Hawkins, always a believer in men of letters standing by each other, worked tremendously hard to help on the fund which the Authors' society of London is trying to accumulate, from which pensions are to be paid to authors whose literary merit has not brought them a corresponding income and who view increasing years with fear.

Once an unfortunate writer who visited Mr. Hawkins in his rooms in Buckingham street, by the Embankment gardens, exclaimed on leaving with something in his pocket. "Oh, sir, I feel that Providence must have sent me to you!"

And the reply came with a twinkle in his benefactor's eye. "Let us hope, however, that Providence will not acquire the habit of doing so."—Argonaut.

Camels in Water.

Camels cannot swim. They are very buoyant, but ill balanced, and their heads go under water. They can, however, be taught to swim rivers with the aid of goatskins or jars fastened under their necks. During the Baluchistan expedition of 1898 the camels were lowered into the sea from the ships, and their drivers, plunging overboard, clambered on to the backs of their charges, causing the animals' heads to come up, and thus assisted they were successfully piloted ashore.

Objectionable Features.

Nagrus—I have read your speech, Boris, and, to tell the truth, I don't like its physiognomy.

Boris—Its physiognomy? What do you mean?

Nagrus—Its l's are too close together.—Chicago Tribune.

COUNTY OFFICERS

Judge T. F. Ryan
Clerk of Courts E. H. Cooper
Recorder J. J. Cooke
Treasurer T. P. Randall
Assessor A. J. Williams
School Superintendent J. C. Zinser
Surveyor Ernest Rands
Coroner M. C. Strickland

Commissioners J. R. Morton
T. B. Killin
John Lowellen
Deputy Clerk Elmer Dixon
Sheriff J. F. Jack
Recorder Ed. Dedman
Assessor J. J. G. Porter

County Court meets on first Wednesday after first Monday of every month.
Probate Court meets on first Monday of every month.
Circuit Court meets on third Monday in April and first Monday in November.

OREGON CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor Grant B. Dimick
Recorder Bruce C. Curry
Chief of Police C. E. Burns
Treasurer Linn Jones
City Attorney A. S. Dresser
Street Commissioner John Green
Supt. of Water Works W. H. Howell
City Engineer Ernest Rands

Councilmen—R. Koerner, J. W. Powell, W. B. Zumwalt of First Ward; Wm. Sheehan, C. G. Brundage, C. O. Albright, of Second Ward; E. W. Scott, S. D. Francis and Ed. F. Story, of Third Ward.
Council meets first Wednesday of each month.

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First Presbyterian, corner Seventh and Jefferson streets—Rev. A. J. Montgomery, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school 10 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. meets every Sunday evening at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8:00.

Evangelical Church, corner Eighth and Madison streets. Rev. S. Copley, pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30.

St. Paul's Episcopal, corner Ninth and River streets—Rev. A. Littlebrand, pastor. On Sunday, masses at 8 and 10:30 a. m. Every Sunday German sermon after 8 o'clock mass. Attall other masses English sermons. Sunday school 2:30 p. m. Vespers, Apologetic subjects and benediction at 7:30 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal, corner Main and Seventh streets—Rev. R. A. Atkins, pastor. Morning service at 10:45, Sunday school at 10:00. Evening service at 7:30. Epworth League Sunday evening at 6:30, prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Class meeting after morning service.

United Brethren, corner Eighth and Pierce streets—Rev. E. S. Olinger, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Young Peoples Meeting at 6:30 p. m. Sunday. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

First Baptist, corner Main and Ninth streets—Rev. J. H. Bevan, pastor. Morning services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Regular prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Y. P. S. C. E. Sunday evening at 6:30.

German Lutheran, Ohio Synod, corner of Eighth and J. Q. Adams streets—Rev. Ernest J. W. Mack, pastor.

M. E. South—Rev. T. P. Haynes, pastor. Third Sunday at United Brethren Church.

Free Methodist—Rev. J. W. Eldridge, pastor. Preaching first and third Tuesdays at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting Every Thursday evening. Services held in Congregational church at Elyville.

SOCIETIES.

List of All Societies in this County With Meeting Place and Date.

OREGON CITY.
Falls City Lodge No. 150 of A. O. U. W.—Every Sunday evening in A. O. U. W. hall on Seventh street.

Oregon Lodge No. 3, I. O. C. F.—Every Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' hall.

Falls Encomment No. 4, I. O. O. F.—First and third Tuesdays at Odd Fellows' hall.

Willamette Rebeekah Degree Lodge No. 5—The second and fourth Fridays in I. O. O. F. hall.

Multnomah Lodge No. 1, A. F. & A. M.—Regular communications on first and third Saturdays.

Myrtle Lodge No. 24, D. of H.—Every Friday in A. O. U. W. hall.

Clackamas Chapter No. 2, R. A. M.—Regular convocations third Monday.

Court Robin Hood No. 839, F. of A.—Willamette hall on second and fourth Fridays.

Pioneer Chapter, No. 28, O. E. S.—Masonic Temple on Tuesdays.

Willamette Camp No. 148, W. of W.—First and third Fridays in Willamette hall.

Modern Woodmen of America, Camp No. 566, meets second and fourth Tuesdays at Willamette hall.

Falls Grove Circle No. 32, W. W.—Willamette hall, Tuesday evenings.

Wachemo Tribe, No. 151, O. R. M.—Tuesday evening at Redmen's hall, Jagger building.

Union Veterans Union—Second Saturday in each month at 1 p. m. and fourth Saturday, 7:30 p. m. in armory.

Meade Post, No. 6, A. R.—First Monday of each month at Willamette hall.

Crystal Council Order Pendo, No. 161—Every Monday at Redmen's hall.

Council No. 22, A. O. P.—Every Tuesday at Redmen's hall.

Cataract Lodge No. 76 K. of P.—Every Wednesday at Redmen's hall.

Meade Relief Corps, No. 18—Meets at Willamette hall on the first Monday at 2 p. m., and the third Monday at 7:30 p. m. The auxiliary meets at the armory on first and third Saturdays at 1 p. m.

McLoughlin Cabin No. 4, Native Sons of Oregon, meets at Willamette hall on second and fourth Monday evenings.

St. John's Branch No. 647, C. K. of A.—Every Tuesday evening at their hall.

United Artisans, No. 7—Willamette hall every Thursday.

Tualatin Tent, K. O. T. M.—A. O. U. W. hall upper Seventh street, on second and fourth Mondays.

Oregon City Board of Trade—At court house on Monday in each month.

Columbia Hook and Ladder Co.—First Friday of each month at Fountain engine house.

Fountain Hose Co. No. 1—Second Wednesday in each month at Fountain engine house.

Cataract Hose Co. No. 2—Second Tuesday of each month at Cataract engine house.

Oregon City Hose Co. No. 3—Hose house on the hill the third Tuesday of each month.

Mt. View Hose Co. 4—Hose house at Elyville.

COUNTY.

Fig from Lodge No. 135, A. O. U. W.—Every Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' hall, Oswego.

Malala Lodge No. 40, A. O. U. W.—First and third Saturdays at school house, Malala.

Gavel Lodge No. 55, A. O. U. W.—Second and third Saturday evenings at Knight's hall, Canby.

Clackamas Lodge, No. 57, A. O. U. W.—First and third Mondays at Strite's hall, Clackamas.

Sunrise Lodge No. 45, A. O. U. W.—Second and fourth Saturday at Wilsonville.

Mistake Lodge No. 20, D. of H.—Every Tuesday evening.

Rebekah Lodge No. 71, I. O. O. F. of Oswego—Thursday evenings.

Oswego Lodge No. 93, I. O. O. F.—Odd Fellows' hall, Oswego, every Monday evening.

Lone Pine Lodge No. 58, F. & A. M., of Logan.

General Pupe Post No. 52, G. A. R.—First Saturday of each month at Grange hall, Multnomah.

General Crook Post No. 22, G. A. R.—School house at Needy on first Saturday in each month.

Star Lodge No. 95, K. of P.—Every Wednesday evening in Castle hall.

Canby Lodge No. 54, I. O. G. T.—First and Third Saturday evenings at Knight's hall, Canby.

Oswego Lodge No. 448, I. O. G. T.—Every Friday evening in new hall in old town.

Canby Spiritualist Society—First and Third Sundays of each month.

New Era W. C. T. U.—First Saturday in each month at their hall in Wilsonville.