

**A Languid Japanese Lady.**  
In a recent address in Tokyo a prominent Japanese educator said: "The indolence of Japanese ladies is something amazing. I know a daughter of a certain peer, but a brand new one, and this young lady's indolence is really beyond the idea of ordinary mortals. She will not even open her mouth of herself. As soon as the time to retire to her bed arrives she issues her order, 'Now I will retire,' and at once three or four maids spread the undergarments, help her, or, rather, make her, for she simply stands like a doll, to change her clothes, and at last the girl, swaddled in her night garment, is put to bed just like a person suffering from a serious illness, and so the poor thing goes to sleep and releases her maids from their trouble till the morning, when the daily routine is resumed. First of all she issues to the maids waiting in her anteroom this extraordinary order, 'I shall get up now,' and then the process exactly the reverse of that of the night before is forthwith commenced by the girls. Day after day this routine is gone through, and the spoiled child of the proud upstart peer forces herself from her mistaken notion as to dignity to lead the life of an invalid and to cripple the normal development of her body."—Chicago News.

**Fish Proverbs.**  
"I have other fish to fry" one says in declining a task. "A pretty little fish," says another in designating a pretty bad mess. The "kittle" is the tackle of the fish boom, which may easily get into a sad snarl. "There are other fish in the sea," says the rejected suitor. "Mute as a fish," "Dead as a herring," "As uneasy as a fish out of water," "To fish for compliments," are among the best known figurative expressions referring to the finny tribe. "Very like a whale" we may refer to at least to Shakespeare's "Hamlet," III, 2. "White as a whalebone" was coined when walrus ivory was taken for whale's bone. "The shark flies the feather" is a sailor's saying, indicating the fact that this voracious fish will not touch a bird. The use of the term "land shark" is not confined to seamen by any means. Shakespeare makes use of another nautical expression in "Twelfth Night," I, 3.

**True Literature.**  
We are inclined on the whole to believe that the stimulus to literary production exists within and not without the man. It is not external circumstances, poverty or riches, sickness or health, greatness or humbleness, that determine the productions or output of genius. It is the characteristics of the man that determine not what he shall learn or what he shall think, but what he shall do. A stimulus from without, such as poverty, may start production, of course, but that is merely the physical awakening of a disposition that in any circumstances would have been awakened in some way at some time. True literature is the voice of the soul calling from the windows of the house of clay in response to those things of life that touch the nature of the soul that speaks.—London Spectator.

**No Charge.**  
A group of representatives were one day telling stories of their experience in court when one of them contributed this incident from Arizona, says a western newspaper:  
Out in one of the border towns a case was in progress, one of the lawyers being an eastern man who was new to the country.  
"Will you charge the jury, your honor?" he asked when the evidence had been submitted.  
"Oh, no; I guess not," replied the judge. "I never charge them anything. They don't know much anyhow, and I let 'em have all they can make."

**A Costly Bible.**  
The most costly book in the Royal library at Stockholm is a Bible. It is so wonder that it is considered precious, for there is not another like it in the world. In weight and size alone it is unique. It is said that 100 asses' skins were used for its parchment leaves. There are 300 pages of writing, and each page falls but an inch short of being a yard in length. The width of the leaves is twenty inches. The covers are solid planks four inches thick.

**An Explanation.**  
"I suppose you will be glad to get away from congress and get a little rest."  
"My friend," answered the statesman, "you misinterpret the situation. When a man goes to his own state, he has got to look after elections night and day. He goes home to bustle. If he's lucky, he gets to congress, where is a chance to rest."—Washington Star.

**Like Father, Like Son.**  
"I'm determined to call the dear little fellow Marion," said Mrs. Henpeck.  
"But think, my dear," protested Mr. Henpeck, "if he should grow up, like me, to marry a—er—strong woman and push a baby coach himself and wash dishes, how easy it would be for people to change Marion to Mary Ann."—Philadelphia Press.

**Not So Disinterested as Appeared.**  
"I had no idea old Graspit was a philanthropist until I saw him circulating a petition yesterday for the purpose of raising money to enable a widow to pay her rent."  
"Dishes—Oh, Graspit's all right. He runs the house the poor widow lives in."—Chicago News.

**Unappreciated Lavishness.**  
"Whenever a man gives me a whole lot of advice," said Uncle Eben, "I can't help s'p'c'lin' dat if his opinions was no valuable he'd be busy somewha' else countin' money."—Washington Star.

**A HEROIC TRIO.**  
Travis, Crockett and Bowie and a Neglected American Epic.  
The late Frank Norris in an article in World's Work says that the American epic, which on the shelves of posterity should have stood shoulder to shoulder with the "Hemskringla" and the "Tales of the Nibelungen" and the "Song of Roland," will never be written because the Hector of an ignored "Iliad" has been forgotten. "One of the requirements of an epic—a true epic—is that its action must devolve upon some great national event. There was no lack of such in those fierce years after forty-nine. Just that long and terrible journey from the Mississippi to the ocean is an epic in itself. Yet no serious attempt has ever been made by an American author to render into prose or verse this event in our history as 'national' in scope, in origin and in results as the Revolution itself. The prairie schooner is as large a figure in the legends as the black ship that bore Ulysses homeward from Troy. The sea meant as much to the Argonauts of the fifties as it did to the ten thousand. "And the Alamo! There is a trumpet call in the word, and only the look of it on the printed page is a flash of fire, but the very histories slight the deed, and to many an American born under the same flag that the Mexican rifles shot to ribbons on that splendid day the word is meaningless. Yet Thermopylae was less glorious, and in comparison with that siege the investment of Troy was mere wanton riot. At the very least the Texans in that battered adobe church fought for the honor of their flag and the greater glory of their country, not for loot or the possession of the person of an adulteress. Young men are taught to consider the "Iliad," with its butcheries, its glorification of inordinate selfishness and vanity, as a classic. Achilles—murderer, egotist, ruffian and liar—is a hero. But the name of Bowie, the name of the man who gave his life to his flag at the Alamo, is perpetuated only in the designation of a knife. Crockett is the hero only of a "funny story" about a sagacious coon, while Travis, the boy commander who did what Gordon with an empire back of him failed to do, is quietly and definitely ignored. He died in defense of an ideal, an epic hero, a legendary figure, formidable, and he died facing down injustice, dishonesty and crime; died in his boots, and the same world that has glorified Achilles and forgotten Travis finds none so poor to do him reverence."

**The Mischievous Emu.**  
Down through the meadows we come to the playground of the poet Shelley, where the old mill still stands, its grinding stones propped against its sides, quietly registering the flight of time. Swans glide to and fro upon the pond or rest upon its edge. Black and white rabbits scurry across the wooded paths. Fantailed pigeons disport upon the lawn. In the tall grass tiny fawns feign sleep, while furtively watching with half closed eyes, and everywhere the mischievous emu stalks about in conscious pride of his importance in this strange land.  
Being a special aversion of the gamekeeper's, this bird takes apparent delight in annoying him in every way. Prying about until he finds a choicest nest of pheasant's eggs, he dispatches the dainty morsels instantly, thereby destroying the hopes of both keeper and hen. Every effort to break him of this pernicious habit has been unsuccessful. Once the keeper resolved upon a plan which he thought would without doubt prove effectual. Having hard boiled a number of eggs, he carried them in steaming hot water to the field and placed them before the ever ready emu. Much to his surprise, the dished seemed to appeal strongly to the voracious appetite of the bird, for in a twinkling they were gone, a seeming look of wonder accompanying his grateful appreciation of this unusual attention.—Century Magazine.

**Profanity in Europe.**  
The most ordinary conversation in Spain is rarely carried on without oaths being interpolated, and invocations of saints and expressions which border on swearing are common even on the lips of ladies. Spanish workmen do not understand an order unless it is delivered to them with a strong garnishing of profanity; masters swear at their servants, ladies at their children, schoolmasters at their scholars and officers at their men. It must be remembered that all over the continent profanity is more common than in England. In Germany even it is not uncommon to hear schoolmasters swear at the boys, a state of things unheard of and impossible here, while both in France and Italy oaths are taken as a matter of course and applied equally to man and beast. At the same time it should be remembered that most continental "cuss words" are not taken so seriously as ours.—London Answers.

**A Humorist on Marriage.**  
Marriage, if not carried to excess, is a wise provision and sacred obligation. Marry your opposite as far as possible, especially as regards sex. You will never regret it. If possible, marry above your station. Both of you should do this; it is sure to advance your race. Do not marry a foreigner unless highly recommended by those in whom you have perfect confidence or unless you want to very much indeed. Do not encourage long engagements. It is better to get weary of each other at your leisure after marriage than to do it beforehand. Courtship, however, is a most delightful industry and should not be rashly broken in upon by marriage. Some people seem to be admirably fitted for suitors, but fall in other occupations. This is very fortunate indeed. No suitor can be sure of a permanent situation. The supply greatly exceeds the demand.

**AN EPISODE OF THE CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE**  
[Original.]  
The village of Palenville is situated at the foot of the Catskill mountains. Looking upward to the west one sees, some 2,000 feet above, the Mountain House, while to the east is an undulating country, through which flows the Hudson, with the Berkshire hills far beyond. The town, being at the mouth of the Kaaterskill cove, is frequently treated to the cooler air of the mountains, which is sucked down through this natural channel.  
I was spending some time there during the season of 18—, occasionally making excursions to the Mountain House by means of a cable incline elevator something like a mile and a half in length. One morning I announced my intention to take this trip and was asked if I would permit a gentleman to accompany me who was not in good health. I assented and was introduced to a spare man, with an intellectual head, and I judged from his eye that he might be troubled with insomnia. We walked a mile through a pine grove to the foot of the elevator, chatting by the way, my companion apparently invigorated by the bracing air and making himself decidedly agreeable.

We stepped into the elevator and sat down with our faces to the plane. The conductor telephoned the engineer on the mountain, and we moved slowly out of the station. The day was superb, the air clear as a crystal. The ascent at first is gradual, but as we rose above the tops of the trees the sweep of country before us to our right and left began to unfold like a stereoscopic view upon a screen.

"Fine!" exclaimed my companion, his eyes lighting with enthusiasm. "How high do we go?"  
"Two thousand feet above the river," I replied.

"Two thousand? I wish it were ten thousand, twenty thousand. I would like to see this view from the sky."

"You will see it from an elevation best suited for you to enjoy it."  
There was a monotonous rolling of the iron wheels as we rose steadily, the view passing through the same changes as from a balloon. Now the river, some dozen miles distant, came into view far to the north, disappearing far to the south. There were patches of farm and wood land, low hills divided by valleys, lines of timber indicating streams, meadows and villages, all reposing in the sunlight, yet not a sound rising far or near.

"Do you know," said my companion, turning upon me a pair of eyes brilliant from excitement, "that were it not for the continuous grinding of these wheels I could fancy myself in space between the stars, where there is absolute stillness. Absolute stillness," he repeated—"that means death."

Knowing that he was in delicate health and that it was not best for him to excite himself, I spoke of the bit of engineering involved in building the elevator, but he did not appear to heed me, and as we passed the last steep passage cut through the ledge at the top he became restless, now and again rising from his seat and bending over the rail at his side. I was somewhat relieved when we left the car and mounted the steps leading to the Mountain House.

Passing through the hall on the ground floor, we stepped out at the front and stood upon a piazza. My companion advanced to the edge of the ledge and stood looking out upon the magnificent panorama.

"Now that we are here," he said, turning upon me a pair of eyes from which now, for the first time, I realized a disengaged brain looked out, "I will tell you what I have come here for. I am going to jump off the ledge."

I am a small man, not more than 5 feet 5 inches in height, and not especially muscular. My lunatic, though a spare man, was tall and of large frame. If I attempted to hold him, he would inevitably drag me over with him. One glance about us told me that there was not a single being in sight. I looked wistfully at the door through which we had left the hotel, hoping, praying that some one would appear, though if any one had appeared I question if I could have made my signals understood. Besides, none but a resolute man would have dared to interfere with a lunatic on the verge of that precipice. The idea of deserting him thrust itself upon me, but not as practicable. The finger of scorn that would be pointed at me for the rest of my life, to say nothing of my own manhood and pride, was quite enough to deter me from this cowardly course.

These considerations occupied but a few seconds, but in these few seconds my course was decided upon.

"If you are going to jump off the ledge," I said, "it would be a pity to do so before I have had an opportunity to show you a far greater attraction than this view."

I spoke the words slowly, in the meantime edging my way to a position between him and the edge of the rock, and before he could make a move I had sprung upon him like a wildcat and with a vigor born of desperation had pushed him back to the piazza and then on through the door into the hall, where I called for help.  
Since then I do not care to go to the edge of that precipice, though I have been there several times. The incident I have told you happened many years ago, and though I know the rock is of the same width as then, every time I see it I am impressed with the belief that it has grown narrower till at last the space between the hotel and its edge seems too narrow for safety. So it was with my companion. He drew nearer to suicide till at last he succeeded.

**A Great Sensation.**  
There was a big sensation in Louisville, Ind., when W. H. Brown of that place, who was expected to die, had his life saved by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. He writes: "I endured insufferable agonies from Asthma, but your New Discovery gave me immediate relief and soon thereafter effected a complete cure." Similar cures of Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis and Grip are numerous. It's the peerless remedy for all throat and lung troubles. Price 50c., and \$1.00. Guaranteed by Geo. A. Harding. Trial bottles free.

**For Over Sixty Years.**  
An old and well-tried remedy.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Is pleasant to taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

**Three Horses Strayed or Stolen.**  
Two bunchgrass mares, bays, five years old, with halters, a black horse crippled in hind leg. Those sending information about these horses to Courier office will be paid for their trouble.

**Fresh Cows for Sale.**  
I have several No. 1 fresh milch cows for sale. Fine Jersey stock. Inquire of Mrs. J. Harriberger at Mount Pleasant or address her at Oregon City.

**WANTED.**—To increase my list of farms and lands for sale, in all parts of the county. Lands owned by non-residents represented and sold. H. E. Cross, Attorney at Law.

Look out and wait for the band concert and ball which will be given on Friday evening, May 8th by Nash's Band, of Oregon City. A delightful program is being arranged.

The long delayed game of ball between the clerks and teamsters will be played at Willamette park next Sunday afternoon, providing the weather is anything like fair.

L. S. Borin, of Portland, who was a leading politician here once and held a \$3000 land office job down eight years, was in the city Monday.

A marriage license was granted on Wednesday to Miss Fannie Sayre and Henry Holloway.

A Brush Free. See Charman & Co.

**CONSUMPTION**  
The most dreaded and deadly of all diseases, as well as pneumonia, and all Lung Troubles are relieved at once and cured by Acker's English Remedy "the king of all Cough Cures." Cures Croup and Colds in a day 25 cents. Your money back if dissatisfied. Write for free sample. W. H. Hooker & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**FREE**  
**WITHOUT COST AND WITHOUT COST AND PRICE.**  
Every Person Who Holds a Receipt for Courier Subscription  
ENTITLED TO A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE AT THE GOLDEN RULE BAZAAR.

Adams Bros., the progressive and up-to-date proprietors of the Golden Rule BAZAAR will give Free to every subscriber of the Oregon City Courier a beautiful painting done in the finest water colors. These pictures are not cheap "stuff" but beautiful, valuable goods. They sell for 25 cents each. The Golden Rule will give them away to every person who will call at their emporium and show a receipt from the Oregon City Courier for subscription paid. Every receipt is good for one picture. If you want one and of course you do, call and get it. It will do you good. It will enliven the home. It will make life's burdens lighter. There will be more sunshine and less shadow. By all means get a picture.

**FREE**  
The springtime is here and you will need many new things in the harness line and many old ones repaired. Before going elsewhere you will do well to call on Cross the harness maker, 7th and Center streets, just three minutes walk from Main street, on the hill. Shoes repaired and half soled at most reasonable prices.  
See our girls and short waist corsets in sky pink and grey for 50 cents at Thomson's.

**Easter Celebrated at St. Paul's Church.**

At the St. Paul's Episcopal church, the Easter services were attended by a large congregation both morning and evening. Morning service began at 10:30 followed by the Holy Communion. The rector, the Rev. P. K. Hammond, preached from Colossians III 1, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above." After speaking of the historic fact of the Resurrection of Christ as described in the Holy Gospels, a simple practical application of the text was made, the sermon receiving the closest attention from those present. The offering was mainly for the purpose of painting the church and rectory, nearly \$150 being placed in the alms basin at both services.

The Sunday school at the session also gave \$16 for missions. At the evening service at 5 o'clock, Miss Foster sang a beautiful solo. The choir notwithstanding the ravages of the grip, acquitted themselves well, so that the services were highly enjoyed by those present. Mrs. N. R. Lang sent about 100 calla lilies from California and with the other flowers, the chancel looked beautiful with its masses of white and green.

The Daughters of the King had placed new electroliers in the church for Easter, which are much appreciated by the church people.

Immediately following the morning service Mr. and Mrs. Bruce C. Curry presented their little son, Bruce York, for holy baptism, and at the evening service Mrs. Lowery's two little boys were baptized. There are to be other baptisms next Sunday, and a large class is being prepared for confirmation at the end of May.

**Clarkes.**  
Easter Sunday and it is not raining. Perhaps we will have seven pleasant Sundays.

Why is it you have so much politics in town. There is none out here, and a very few Brownell Republicans; a good many renegade pops and Democrats, though who sold themselves for a pass to Salem.

Mrs. Frank Rees was buried in the Ringo cemetery last Friday. She died at the home of James Beeson at Carus. She was brought up here to be laid beside her little boy, who died several years ago.

Do you need new harness for your spring work? Or do you want your old harness repaired? If so call on Cross, the harnessmaker, 7th and Center streets only three minutes' walk from Main. All work guaranteed and all goods warranted.

Black mercerized satin skirts braided trimmed, extra value, for \$1.00 at Thomson's.



**Steel Star Wind Mills**

A "Lucky Star" and a "Lucky Man" who owns one?

Steel, Galvanized after completed, which leaves no cut edges exposed to rust. Ball Bearings, Weight Regulator. Buy the STAR and make no expensive mistake.



**"BEE LINE" BUGGIES**

known all over this country as the straightest piece of goods put out in the buggy line. Made especially for Oregon roads. New features added, making it better for 1903 than ever before. A comfortable, durable buggy. Try it. Prove it.



**American Cream Separators**

Lead all in the 4 Essential Features:

- Close Skimming,
- Easy to Clean,
- Durable,
- Light Running.

Cannot beat this combination in any Separator. Write for our proposition.

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**Champion Draw Cut Mower**

Champion in the field for 1903 same as in other seasons.

It draws the bar—No push. The most powerful cutter. Easiest to operate. Most Durable.

Choose the Champion and get satisfaction.



**Evan's Potato Planter**

Plant your spuds with it. They will come up like "pickets on a fence."

SAVES—Seed, Time and Labor.



**HOOSIER DRILLS**

Most clever all round grain drill yet produced.

Light draft. Easily handled. Accurate and Positive Force Feed. Will last for years.