

GIANT OF THE FOREST

Burned Months Before It Fell.

R. D. Wilson, who has returned from a fishing trip up the Clackamas river, reports a remarkable occurrence in the neighborhood of Spring Water. Last September mighty forest fires raged for days in that section of the county, destroying forests and sweeping homes out of existence. Standing near the banks of the Clackamas was a giant dead fir. Its diameter at the base was more than seven feet while its towering branches extended more than two hundred feet in the air. When the forest fires had swept by and the cooling rains had come and quenched the burning embers it was discovered that the old giant was on fire. While no fire could be seen once in a great while a thin patch of blue smoke would pour out of a knot hole thirty feet from the ground. Sometimes this smoke would pour out for days, then it would disappear and no more smoke could be seen for days and even weeks, when again the smoke would begin to pour out at the knot hole. This was kept up for months, an occasional diversion being furnished by jets of black smoke pouring out in great quantities. When the black smoke poured out it would be emitted in puffs similar to those of a steam engine and could be heard for quite a distance. Last week, after remaining quiet for weeks, the old tree again began to smoke. A family living near was watching it and in a short time they discovered that the blue smoke had changed to black and the tree was snorting like a heavy freight engine. In regular puffs the smoke began to pour out and the noise made by the smoke as it escaped from the knot hole could be heard for a quarter of a mile and is described by those who heard it as almost exactly similar to the noise made by a heavily laden engine. For an hour or more this was kept up, when suddenly flames poured out at the knot hole and in a few minutes the entire lower part of the tree was a mass of fire. Suddenly the tree seemed to tremble, the upper part began settling down upon the shell beneath, the tree dropped to the ground, crushing the shell which had been burned out by the fire and was unable to sustain the weight any longer, and a hundred tons of wood went crashing to the ground with a roar that could be heard for miles. The monarch of the forest had fallen, but it took a fire eleven months to destroy it.

The American Soldier

The country produces, perhaps, no more unique and typical growth than the American private soldier. He is in a class all to himself. He has no peer, no equal and no rival. No human intellect could have conceived him for a romantic figure and no painter could have put him on canvas without the original for a model.

The American enlists in the army either from stress of need or as a lark. If a husky boy finds all the jobs occupied and nothing doing on credit at his boarding house he lies to a recruiting station, sells out to Uncle Sam for three years' bedding, clothing and rations, with \$18 per for recreations on the side. Or, if he tires of the dull iteration of his local environment and wants to see the country and its possessions near and far, he stuffs into a uniform and—

"On a government ship He takes a trip Ten thousand miles away.

"He is a 'rookie,' which is the sobriquet of a recruit until he has had his baptism of fire or some time in 'Q' company," after which he is a full-fledged "regular," and when he finishes his three years' tour he is "a veteran."

But all the time he is the finest and most reliable soldier the world knows today. He would rather fight in a blue shirt open at the neck, bareheaded and with his breeches torn half off by the caecus and the thorns than to eat pie in a Broadway restaurant. He has the quick, instinctive initiative of his American forebears who learned Indian tactics and beat the redskins at their own tricks. He takes fighting life in all lands, climates and conditions as his matter of course and hardly ever gets left. He knows that his chief business is to "get there" and nobody has yet been found to prevent him doing so.

Take him up one side and down the other, the American private is a peach and with all his foibles the American people admire him, pet him and are ready to back him against all comers.

\$10,000 GIVEN AWAY.

The Louisville Courier-Journal to Make a Cash Distribution to Subscribers.

In 1892-3, the Courier-Journal, of Louisville, Ky., inaugurated and carried to a successful issue the first great estimating contest ever conducted by a newspaper. This contest was based on the Presidential election of 1892, and \$14,000 was distributed to Courier-Journal readers.

In response to numerous requests, the Courier-Journal has decided to inaugurate another similar, based on the total vote cast for all candidates for governor of Kentucky in the election, November 3, 1903. Ten thousand dollars (in gold, silver or greenbacks) will be given away to successful estimators. There will be single gifts of \$4,000, \$2,000, \$1,000, \$500, \$300, \$100, \$50 and \$10, and 1,070 gifts of \$10 each. In addition, there will be gifts of \$500, \$300 and \$200 for the best estimators received before August 1, before September 1, and before October 1. The object of this profit-sharing liberality on the part of the Courier-Journal is to secure new subscribers for the Daily and Weekly Courier-Journal. Every person subscribing for the Weekly Courier-Journal one year, sending one dollar with the subscription, identified to two guesses or estimates. Every person subscribing for the Daily Courier-Journal by mail one month (60 cents) is entitled to one guess; one year (\$6) twelve guesses. Renewals count the same as new subscribers. Write to the Courier-Journal Company to-day for full particulars and blanks.

JASTORIA.

Sign the Signature of Chas. H. Peterson

TO SAVE REFERENDUM.

W. S. U'Ren Files Petition in Supreme Court.

W. S. U'Ren was in Salem the latter part of last week, and while there filed a petition in the Supreme Court of the State of Oregon, the purpose of which is to save the Initiative and Referendum from becoming a dead letter on the statute book of the state. The petition filed reads as follows:

The undersigned petitioners respectfully represent to the court that there are two questions of law in the above-entitled cause as decided by the Circuit Court of Multnomah county, that are of great public importance, and in which questions your petitioners are very much interested, to-wit:

First—The question as to the legal submission and adoption of the amendment to section 1, of article 4, of the constitution of the State of Oregon.

Second—The question as to the power of the Legislative Assembly to declare the existence of an emergency and to provide that a law shall take effect and be in force from and after its approval.

Wherefore your petitioners pray that an order may be entered by the court allowing your petitioners to appear in said cause amici curiae, and file a brief and make oral argument before the court on said questions.

The petition is signed by ten prominent politicians and lawyers of the state. They are W. S. U'Ren, George C. Brownell, U. S. Senator, John H. Mitchell, C. E. S. Wood, J. G. Moreland, J. N. Teal, George H. Williams, U. S. Senator, C. W. Fulton, Tilman Ford and J. B. Waldo.

Mr. U'Ren expresses himself as being quite confident of the final outcome of the matter and believes that the initiative and referendum will be preserved.

Strength.



Strength is one of the distinguishing attributes of a healthy man. In one of the most beautiful poetic flights known to literature, the inspired singer finds no finer figure to express the sun's majestic rising than "rejoicing like a strong man to run a race."

Who has not known such a man, the picture of health, hardy and athletic, suddenly begin to fail? At first he has a slight cough, which he laughs at. Presently the cough becomes deep seated. The scales tell him he is losing flesh. A little later and the lungs bleed. He grows weaker and more and more emaciated. Each day sees some circumscribing of his activities, until at last he does not leave the house, and friends shake their heads and say, "Poor fellow! Who would ever have believed it possible?"

But what are the doctors doing all this time! Doing their best probably, but usually doing no lasting good. The emaciation grows more marked, the weakness more apparent, until at last the sick man hears the sentence, "There's no hope."

It is just at this very point of hopelessness that the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has proven the first step to health to many a sufferer. It cures the cough, stops the hemorrhage, heals the lungs, puts sound flesh upon the body, and sends the man back to the activities of life as strong as ever. It's a wonderful statement, but it is literally true, that "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured time and time again when all other means had absolutely failed to benefit.

There is no alcohol in the "Discovery," and it is absolutely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

Persons suffering from disease in chronic form are invited to consult Dr. R. V. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is private and the confidences of the sick are guarded with professional privacy. The success of the methods and medicines of Dr. R. V. Pierce, may be inferred from the fact that of the thousands treated by him and his assistant staff of nearly a score of physicians ninety-eight per cent. have been perfectly and permanently cured.

"A SURE CURE."

"I beg to state that I have used three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery since my correspondence with you, and had great improvement in my case," writes Mr. A. F. Newberry, of New York, N. Y., Box 100. "I feel that I am in need of no more medical assistance. When I started to take your medicine I had a regular consumptive cough, of which I was afraid, and everybody cautioned and warned me concerning it. I was losing weight rapidly, was very pale and had no appetite whatever. Now my condition is altogether entirely. I do not cough at all, have gained eight pounds in weight, have recovered my healthy color, and my appetite is enormous. I can recommend your medicine to everybody who may be in need of the same, as it is a sure cure, no humbug as are most other patent medicines, and is far superior to all similar medicines."

THE DOCTOR WAS WRONG.

"When I commenced taking your medicines, eighteen months ago, my health was completely broken down," writes Mrs. Cora L. Sunderland, of Chantrelle, Calvert Co., Md. "At times I could not even walk across the room without pain in my chest. The doctor who attended me said I had lung trouble and that I would never be well again. At last I concluded to try Dr. Pierce's medicine. I bought a bottle of Golden Medical Discovery, took it, and soon commenced to feel a little better, then you directed me to take both the Golden Medical Discovery and the 'Favorite Prescription,' which I did. Altogether I have taken eighteen bottles of Golden Medical Discovery, twelve of the 'Favorite Prescription' and five vials of 'Pills.' I am now almost entirely well, and do all my work without any pain whatever, and can eat with more ease than I could formerly make."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 large pages and 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to defray expense of mailing only. Send 37 one-cent stamps for the book in cloth binding, or only 21 stamps if paper covers are desired. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is a fact! Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At your druggist.

AN UNFORTUNATE GIRL.

She's never in a novel, Although she isn't rare, And she can't get into fiction For, though her face is fair, Her cheeks as pink as roses, Her teeth as white as pearls, The authors all ignore her, 'Cause her hair won't curl.

She's very fond of dancing; To row is her delight; She glories in lawn tennis; She could golf from morn till night. But she sits out half the dances (Least her ringlets all unbar), And she must not be an athlete, 'Cause her hair won't curl.

She loves to go in bathing, But really doesn't dare; She knows she's simply hideous With lank and straggling hair. While other maids are splashing Their tresses twine and twirl, She bakes upon the sea beach, 'Cause her hair won't curl.

Her coiffure is a triumph When the days are cool and dry, But she bids farewell to beauty When the mercury is high. She doesn't crave a million Nor pine to wed an earl, But she prays for an invention That will make her hair curl.

—Edith K. Commander in Philadelphia Ledger.

AIDS TO HAPPINESS.

The Time When Help, Kindness and Sympathy Count Most.

It is during the formative period, the time when a man is seeking to get a foothold, that help counts for most, when even the slightest aid is great. A few books lent to Andrew Carnegie when he was beginning his career went to him an inspiration. He has nobly repaid the loan; made posterity his debtor a millionfold by his beneficence in sprinkling libraries over the whole country. Help the saplings, the young growing trees of vigor; the mighty oaks have no need of your aid.

The heartening words should come when needed, not when they seem only hypocritical protestations or dextrous preparations for future favors. Columbus, surrounded by his mutinous crew, threatening to kill him, alone amid the crowd, had no one to stand by him, but he neared land, and riches opened before them. Then they fell at his feet, proclaimed him almost a god and said he truly was inspired from heaven. Success transmuted him; a long line of pebbly beach and a few trees made him divine. A little patience along the way, a little closer companionship, a little brotherly love in his hours of watching, waiting, and hoping, would have been great balm to his soul.

It is in childhood that pleasure count most, when the slightest investment of kindness brings largest returns. Let us give the children sunlight, love, companionship, sympathy with their little troubles and worries that seem to them so great, genuine interest in their growing hopes, their vague, unproportioned dreams and yearnings. Let us put ourselves into their places, view the world through their eyes so that we may gently correct the errors of their perspective by our greater wisdom. Such trifles will make them genuinely happy, happier by far than things a thousand times greater that come too late.—From "The Power of Truth," by William George Jordan, Published by Brentano's.

ARABIC PROVERBS.

To the dog who has money men say, "My lord dog."

Consult thy wife and do the reverse of what she advises.

When the moon is with thee of what account are the stars.

Joy lasts for seven days, but sadness endures for a lifetime.

He who has gold is beloved, though he be a dog and the son of a dog.

Those who are learning to shave learn to practice upon those of the orphans.

The beauty of a man lies in his intelligence; the intelligence of a woman is to be found in her beauty.

When thou seest two people in constant converse thou mayest know that the one is the dupe of the other.

Shun him who can be of no use to thee. In this world he cannot serve thee and in that which is to come he cannot intercede in thy behalf.—Tunisia.

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.

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