

A QUEER EXPERIENCE

Alma-Tadema's Miraculous Escape From Death.

FREAKS OF AN EXPLOSION.

The Artist's House Was Wrecked, and How He Got Out Alive and Uninjured Is a Mystery—The Puzzle of the Staircase and Hallway.

In 1874 a canalboat carrying a hundred barrels of gunpowder along the Esplanade canal in London exploded just opposite the magnificent house of Laurence Alma-Tadema, the famous artist, across the road. This happened at 4 o'clock on a rainy morning. Every window in London within a radius of a mile was smashed, and the houses in the immediate vicinity, though solidly built of brick and stone, were wrecked.

"I was sound asleep in bed at the time," said Alma-Tadema, "and the first I knew of the explosion was when I found myself standing out on the sidewalk in front of my house in the rain, with my pajamas on and bare feet. How I got there I never knew. The entire top of the brick wall in front of the lawn before my house was blown off, and the front of the house itself was as if driven in by the blow of a giant's fist."

"The canalboat, we found out afterward, had blown up underneath a solid bridge that crossed the canal at that point. Had it not been for that my house and the others near it would have been utterly knocked to pieces. It was fortunate, too, that there was no one on the street at the time. Had the explosion occurred in the daytime hundreds of persons might have been killed or maimed."

"But the strangest episode connected with the event concerned the man whose duty it was to keep watch on the bridge during the night. His name was Peter Knox. He was thirty-seven years old, married and had two children. I knew the fellow and had often chatted with him on the bridge. The day before the explosion he had arranged with a friend of his to come at 4 o'clock and relieve him. It was a Saturday, and he wanted to take his wife and children a little trip down to Bushy park on the Thames, and he wished to get to his home in east London in time so as to have breakfast and be off early on Sunday morning."

"Well, as 4 o'clock drew near, Peter, so he told me afterward, began to feel anxious lest his friend should have forgotten the appointment. He paced up and down the bridge and looked up the street, but the morning was so dark and misty with the rain that he could see only a short distance. A few minutes before 4 he said, he noticed a line of canalboats come slowly down toward the bridge, but paid no special attention to them."

"Just before the first boat passed under the bridge he stepped off it, though in doing so he was infringing the regulations, and sauntered up the street in the direction from which he expected his friend to appear. He had gone about forty yards when the explosion took place, and when he turned not a brick of the bridge was left. If he had been less impatient or if his friend had been more prompt, one or both of them would never have been seen or heard of again."

"But my own little adventure was singular enough. As I said, I was not conscious of having been awakened by the explosion, still less of having got out of bed, come downstairs, opened the front door and stepped out to the sidewalk. The shock had knocked all memory of these acts out of my head, and I have never recovered it."

"But what puzzled me most was the condition of things I found when I went back into the house. The hall was a mass of wreckage, and the staircase from top to bottom was covered with pieces of broken glass, sharp as razors and so distributed that I found it impossible to ascend without a light to show me where not to tread."

"Nevertheless I had come down those same stairs, with my eyes shut or unseeing, and had never so much as scratched my bare feet. The thing was impossible, and yet I had done it. I had been skeptical about miracles before that, but since then I have been

both a believer and an evangelist."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Quietude.

The bridegroom relaxed for a moment his arm's pressure. "What would you do," he whispered hoarsely, "if by some terrible accident I should be drowned?"

In the mild moonlight he saw his young wife pale and shudder. "Oh, don't, Tom!" she cried. "How can you? You know I don't look well in black."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Not Impressed.

"I have been abroad in the best of society," boasted the city youth. "Why, even my trunk bears the labels of Switzerland."

"Gosh, that ain't nothing, sonny!" drawled his rural uncle. "So does a box of cheese."—Chicago News.

Mrs. Recalled an Instance.

"Mrs. Peddler," said that lady's husband, "did you ever say anything that you afterward regretted saying?"

"Certainly, I said 'Yes' once and have been sorry for it ever since."—Detroit Free Press.

When a woman does it at home she calls it the "wash," but when she calls it down town she calls it the "laundry."—Aitchison Globe.

Utterly Selfish.

Nellie—That Clara Sharpe is just the meanest, most utterly selfish girl I ever saw. She never thinks of any one but herself. Dora—Tell me about it. Nellie—I ran in there the other evening for a few moments, and while I was there Mr. Spooner called. It wasn't long before he requested her to play. He's passionately fond of music, you know. Well, what do you think that girl did? She asked him to come to the piano and turn the music for her, so that I couldn't talk to him.

The Old and the New.

Little Johnny's father is a physician, and his mother is a Christian Scientist. Recently the little boy was threatened with appendicitis. His sister, going into the room where Johnny was in bed, found a very indignant little boy, who made this complaint:

"Father and mother won't let me talk slang, but when I told mother how sick I was she said, 'Forget it,' and when I told father he said, 'Cut it out.'"—Judge's Library.

CROPS GROW WITHOUT RAIN.

How the Syrian Peasant Makes Use of the Moist Subsoil.

In Syria and Palestine from the beginning of April until October there is practically no rain, yet in July the fields teem with a vigorous growth of watermelons, tomatoes, cucumbers, etc., all flourishing without artificial watering, although at that time no rain has fallen for many weeks.

In fact, the Syrian peasant from the moment his seed has been sown prays that no rain may fall. During the period of growth of a crop the surface of the soil to a depth of six or eight inches is perfectly dry and loose. Below this surface layer will be found moist soil, in which the roots extend and grow vigorously. In this moist subsoil plants continue to grow until late autumn. When the crop is removed in the autumn the rains commence, and the land is plowed after each heavy rain as soon as the soil begins to dry.

Two primary objects are kept in view in plowing—to furnish a favorable surface for taking up all the water and to prevent its upward evaporation from the subsoil. The great point is to keep the upper six inches of soil perfectly loose and friable, so that the moisture from below is not drawn upward and lost in evaporation, but does not ascend higher than the compact subsoil that is not broken up by the plow. For this reason the plowing is shallow, averaging from four to six inches in depth.

When the time for sowing the seed arrives the land is plowed to a depth of about six inches and the seed is sown from an arrangement attached to the plow, falls on the damp subsoil and is covered by the soil closing over behind the plowshare. From this time the upper stratum of loose soil prevents the escape of moisture upward beyond the wet subsoil on which the seeds rest and into which their roots after the process of germination spread.—Chicago Tribune.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

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TALES OF THE DERBY

Mysteries of the Famous Classic of the English Turf.

A SCHEME THAT WENT WRONG

The Plot to Rob Tredington of the Blue Ribbon in 1851—Leander's Missing Head—A Dramatic Episode—Winners Foretold in Dreams.

If it were possible to write the full and true history of the Derby it would contain some startling revelations of strange doings behind the scenes of which the public has little suspicion and no actual knowledge.

There is, for instance, little doubt that a very different tale would have been told of Tredington's Derby but for the prompt action of his wide awake owner, Sir Joseph Hawley. When the Kentish baronet attended the York spring meeting of 1851 he was amazed to find the bookmakers eager to lay odds to any amount against his colt, who was looked on as a certain winner of the blue ribbon a few weeks later. Sir Joseph at once scented mischief, and, leaving the course, he traveled as fast as relays of swift horses could take him to his training quarters, where he communicated his suspicions to Alice Taylor, his trainer.

As the result of their deliberations Tredington was at once removed to another box, placed under the charge of a different boy and a strict watch kept over him night and day. What ever scheme was on foot to disable the horse was thus effectually checked. Tredington soon resumed his place as first favorite in the betting and, as everybody expected, won the Derby with ease.

Another mystery which has not been solved to this day is associated with Leander and that memorable Derby of 1844. It was more than suspected that Leander was a four-year-old, but there was not sufficient evidence on which to base an objection to his running. In the race his fetlock was broken by a kick from Running Rein, and he was effectually placed hors de combat. He was shot and buried, but when a party of sportsmen who wished to test their suspicious dug up his body at dead of night they found that the head, which alone could settle the matter, was gone.

Ratan, the second favorite for this race, was made safe by a cunningly devised bolus, but who administered it was never discovered, and, to crown this Derby as the most shady and fraudulent on record, Running Rein, who came in first, was found to be none other than Macabreus, a four-year-old, and thus an impostor of the first water. But when it became necessary to produce the horse for an examination by experts it was found that he, like Leander's telltale head, had been spirited away.

In connection with Running Rein, by the way, a dramatic story is told. A Captain Osborne had backed Orlando for a very heavy sum, and when Running Rein came in first he was faced with the alternative of blowing out his brains or being declared a defaulter. He was just on the point of choosing death rather than dishonor when a note was placed in his hand. "Running Rein," ran the missive, "was from a friendly tout, 'is an impostor, and he won't get the Derby stakes. Dry up all the bets on Orlando you can get, and you will make a fortune.'"

The captain put away his revolver, followed the tout's advice and, instead of providing work for the undertaker, found himself £18,000 in pocket.

Few horses have ever started a hotter favorite for the Derby than McGregor in 1870. So rosy were his chances that odds of 9 to 4 were laid on him to an enormous amount, and the money was considered as good as won. To the consternation, however, of his backers, he seemed unable to move freely in the race and finished a bad fourth behind horses who were not in the same century with him.

There was no doubt whatever that McGregor had been drugged, but who the rascal was who did the dastardly trick is as much a mystery today as it was at the time.

It is of this race that the following remarkable story is told: During the night before the race a jockey called Swift saw the finish of the Derby in a dream. He saw Kingcraft, which he recognized, pass the post a winner by a length and a half, followed by a dark brown horse which he could not identify and with Macgregor, the favorite, a bad fourth. In spite of the jeering of his friends, to whom he told the story, he backed Kingcraft for every sovereign he could raise, and to his delight as to the disgust of the scoffers, he saw his dream exactly reproduced—the favorite badly beaten and the despised Kingcraft winning a small fortune for him.

Even more remarkable is a story of that great Derby race of 1862, won by the despised outsider Caracacus, ridden by Parsons, the stable lad. Although Caracacus was so badly thought of that Jim Goster point plunk refused to ride him and odds of 40 to 1 were freely offered against him, a tipster gave him as a certain winner on the strength of a dream in which his blind daughter had seen the horse win "with a little boy on his back as pale as death." How vividly accurate was this dream forecast was admitted by all who saw the finish of that sensational race.—London Tit-Bits.

A Sure-Enough Knocker.

J. C. Godwin, of Reidsville, N. C., says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve is a sure enough knocker for ails. A bad one came on my leg last summer, but that wonderful salve knocked it out in a few rounds. Not even a scar remained." Guaranteed for piles, sores, burns, etc., at Jones Drug Co.'s drug store.

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A HINDOO'S TOILET.

Curious Morning Scene in an East Indian Compound.

All over the compound, from verandas and "go-downs," forms are seen rising from sleep, each one "wrapping the drapery of his couch about him," with no idea in doing so of conforming to any standards urged upon the attention of the race by Mr. Bryant, but for the simpler if less poetic reason that these draperies constitute his bedding by night and his nether garment by day. But do not make the mistake of thinking that because the requirements of the Hindoo's costume are scanty his toilet is therefore a perfunctory matter. Follow him to the well. The chances are that you will never drink water again, but you will obtain knowledge. On the brink of that great yawning hole in the ground known as the compound well, whose sides are of stone and whose steps lead you down to the water's edge, behold the "males" of the compound. Dressed of the draperies already referred to and in attitudes ranging all the way from the pose of the "Disk Thrower" to that of the most resolute squatter upon a western claim, they are lined up in a row from the top of the steps to the bottom. In the hand of each is a chatty, and one and all are engaged in the offices of the morning bath. And their tub is the well. The brimming chatties are passed up and the empty ones down, legs are curled, feet are scoured, teeth are polished with charcoal and stick, throats are gargled, noses trumpeted, and, in short, the whole man receives such a washing and splashing, such a rubbing and scrubbing, such a molishing and polishing, as leaves nothing to be desired except in connection with the well. This latter consideration, however, is one that does not disturb the Hindoo, who, priding himself upon being externally the cleanest platter in the universe, devotes but little thought to the inside of the dish.

His ablutions and those of his colleagues concluded, he fills his chatty once more from the pure fountain below, lifts it high in the air, throws his head back and with unerring aim pours the crystal libation in one long, steady stream down his open throat, skillfully poised to receive and conduct it to his germ proof interior. This done, his draperies are resumed, and he departs to his work.

Suddenly, as out of a catapult, the sun leaps up from behind the eastern hills, and day is at hand.—Mary Ann Chamberlain in Atlantic.

A STORY OF MILLIONS.

The Way One Man Had a Fortune Thrust Upon Him.

A story is told of how the reluctant giving of a promissory note by a penniless New York lawyer brought a fortune into his pocket amounting to several millions. The man referred to, John M. Bixby, went to New York in 1839 from a backwoods district as a half starved lawyer. To pay \$4 a week for board and washing kept him on the verge of bankruptcy. He struggled on for a year or two and was constantly seeking odd jobs outside of the law to enable him to exist when a friendly lawyer in whose office he had desk room called him aside one day.

"Here is a chance for you, Bixby," said the lawyer. "I have an estate to settle and must get rid of the farm on the north side of the city. It is appraised at \$200. You can have it at that figure."

"I have not a dollar to my name," exclaimed Bixby. "You can give me your note, and I will renew it until you get ready to pay it," replied the lawyer. The young man hesitated for some time. He was very nervous about placing himself under obligation for so large a sum, but finally consented. Young Bixby had to ask for the renewal of his note two or three times, had to deprive himself of the necessities of life to hold the farm until the opening of the Erie canal and the first lighting of the city by gas gave the metropolis a new birth and his farm was quickly swallowed in the growth. At the time of his death Bixby's property was worth \$7,000,000. Today its market value is more than \$13,000,000.—National Magazine.

Mr. Lincoln's Brevity.

A historian recalls the fact that in Mr. Lincoln's speech to the notification committee at Springfield there were 139 words and in his formal letter of acceptance there were 134 words. In his speech of acceptance to the committee in Washington in 1864 there are 190 words, and in his letter of acceptance there are 200 words. But let us remember that there were no typewriters in those days, and such a thing as a photograph had not been dreamed of.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Uncorrupted.

"I once spurned a bribe of \$100,000," said the orator, naturally evoking a round of applause. "Nay, friends, do not cheer," he continued. "It is the duty of all to be honest. Besides, the services demanded by the brazen scoundrel were worth double the money."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not the Sutor's Fault.

Fond Father (trembling with emotion)—You are audacious! You are heartless! She is my only child! Sutor (wishing to pacify)—But, my dear sir, you—er—you can't blame me for that.—Illustrated Bits.

Steer a straight course and let the other fellow do the dodging. You'll find the world willing to step aside for a fellow who knows where he is going.—Marcus.

Couldn't Keep Track of Them.

Martin Littleton, the famous lawyer of New York, is one of a family of nineteen children, so they say, born to a heritage of poverty and pluck. When he was a small lad down in Texas he fell into the creek one day, and Michael, the next younger brother, ran whinpering to Littleton, the elder: "Dad, dad! Martin is drowning!" "Martin, Martin!" repeated the father of nineteen. Then he turned dubiously to his wife. "Nora," he inquired anxiously, "have we a Martin?"

The Poultry Yard.

The March-hatched pullets should begin to lay.

All the old surplus stock should now be marketed.

There is nothing better for poultry during hot weather than o'arocal.

Keep up the fresh water supply; warm water is nauseating to the stock. Add linseed meal to the soft feed, and place some rusty iron in the drinking vessels.

Queer that some folks never think of providing shade for their hens in hot weather!

Save some of the best young hens for breeding purposes. Eggs from thirty-two-year-old hens are pretty sure to hatch.

Poultry manure is worth not less than \$12 a ton. But if you store it where it will get wet, it will not be worth much of anything.

You might about as well throw your hen manure into the creek as to mix it with ashes or lime. Peat or muck is the best to use as an absorbent.

In feeding fowls it is best to scatter all grain well. If it is not done the stronger and more pugnacious fowls will drive the more timid and weaker ones away from the feed, and the latter will not get their full share.

Give the hens a liberal amount of food and care from now on until they have gone through the exhaustive process of growing new feathers. They surely deserve the very best of care instead of the neglect which is often their portion.—From August Farm Journal.

Mollie Grange Fair.

The Mollie Grange No. 319 will hold its annual fair, Friday and Saturday, September 25 and 26, and preparations are being made, and it is expected the fair will be the best one yet held. The Grange has added more land to the grounds and exhibits of live stock, processes, etc., will take place.

For a Sprained Ankle.

A sprained ankle may be cured in about one-third the time usually required, by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm freely, and giving it absolute rest. For sale by Huntley Bros., Oregon City and Molalla.

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1416 Broadway, Seattle, Wash. 495 Alder Street, Portland, Ore. 814 Second Ave., Spokane, Wash.

Team Runs Away Again.

Thursday morning the team belonging to R. Petzold, of this city, ran away, dashing down the street turning the corner by the Oregon City bank and making straight for the river. The driver, William Ruconich, saw that the only way to stop the team was to head them into the wall of the building on that street, which he did, and the horses both fell to the ground, in such a manner as to cause the cutting of the harness in order to extricate them. The driver received a good shaking up but no injuries. The team ran away some time ago and injured the driver.

Whitest Flour By New Process.

A great many new inventions and improvements on old-fashioned ways of operating processes have been registered in the patent bureau at Washington during the last few years, and

among those that are the most useful and beneficial labor and time saving devices is the new flour process machine. This machine makes the whitest flour that can be made, taking only the best part of the kernel to make the best grade and the other parts go to form the inferior grades. This machine takes every kernel in the same way, by its passing through a screen. Then the best part of the wheat is run into one bin and other parts into another, thus making three grades of flour from one machine. The flour made in this machine is white as snow and is of a flakey quality, contrasted with the old-fashioned process flour which is sticky. The Columbia Mills of Portland have one of these machines installed in their mills, and the flour is handled by Seeley's Grocery Store, Oregon City.

The Courier is the paper that gives you the market report.

THE PEER OF CHILDREN'S COMBINATION SUITS.

INCLUDES TWO PAIR PANTS ONE KNICKERBOCKER, ONE PLAIN.

THIS stylish Combination suit, with two pairs of knee pants, is guaranteed to stand the hardest wear without ripping or tearing.

The Pants are taped and sewed twice. The Plain Pants are made with Double Seat and Knees from seam to seam.

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Riveted buttons that can't pull off. All edges are double stitched; cloth scientifically shrunk—and sanitarily camphorated to protect it from moths and germs.

Wearbetter Combination suits give the best value for the least money—\$5.00 for the suit with extra pants.

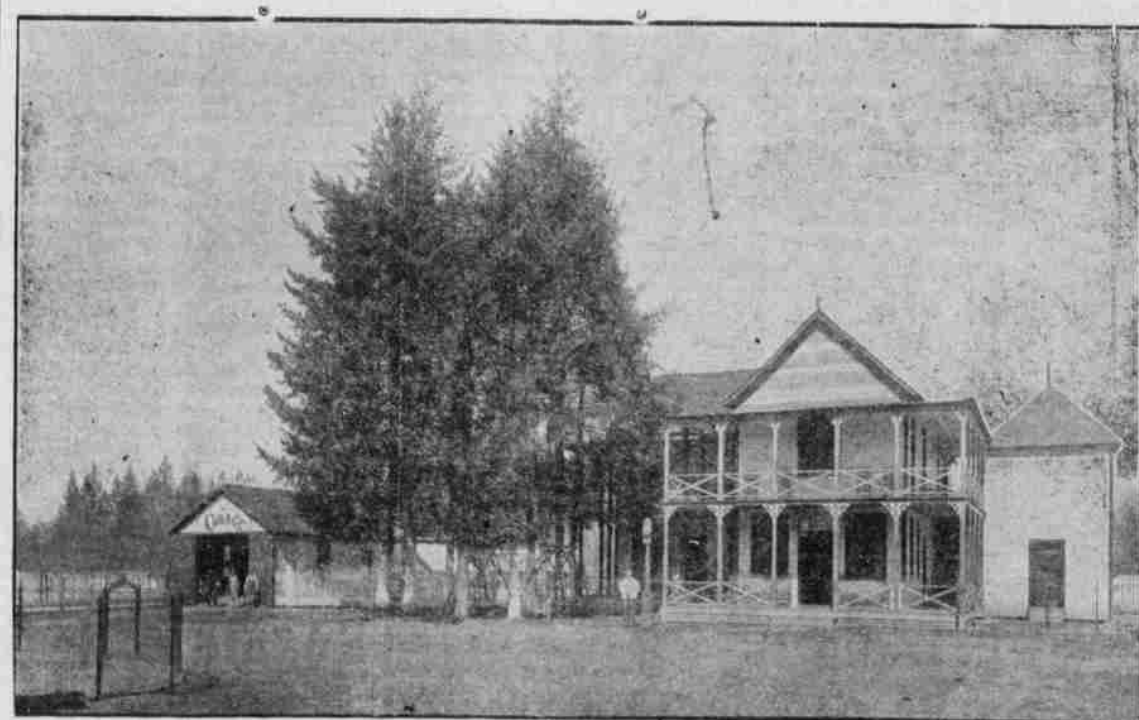
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is still doing business at the same old stand.

The five per cent. discount for cash saves the customers quite a sum and they appreciate the saving. It will pay you to trade at the Cash Store. Notice a few prices that will appeal to the careful buyer:

Flour, per sack \$1.20, Sugar per sack \$6.00

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Pure Prepared Paint, gallon \$1.50, Rolled

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A flat discount of ten cents on the dollar on shoes all new first-class goods School supplies at prices that a credit store can't compare with, quality considered.

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