

Methodists Gala Day at Carus.

The Methodist people of Carus, this county, have recently purchased the German Evangelical church building at that place, are arranging for a gala day service thereon, on Sunday, July 9th, at which time the building will be reopened, or rededicated to the service of the Methodist Episcopal church of Carus. Delegations from Oregon City, Canby, Malina and Central Point are expected to be present, the Sunday school of Central Point appearing en masse at the services, which will continue from 9 a. m. to a late hour in the afternoon, during which a basket dinner will be served on the ground. The Revs. James Moore, D. S., of Salem, and J. L. Cressy and A. J. Joslyn of Canby will be in attendance and in charge. It will mark an epoch in the history of Carus well worth noting.

BEAVER CREEK

The rain of the last five days was welcomed by most everyone and it was much needed in this part of the county. All the grain in this burg is looking fine and early potatoes are going to be a good crop with no more rain. All late potatoes are coming out fine.

The army worms are doing some damage in this part of the county. Some of the farmers around here plowed up the first crop of corn and replanted it on account of the worms.

The rain did a little damage to some hay that was out, but the loss will be replaced in benefits to other crops.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Holman of Beaver Creek celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary last Saturday evening. The evening was spent in singing and conversation and at the midnight hour a table was set with a sumptuous supper and lots of ice cream and lemonade and everybody reported a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bohlender visited friends in New Era last Sunday.

Mr. F. Bohlender, who has been at work in Woodburn for the last two weeks, has returned home to help with hay making.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Bloom, who are on a visit in the East and in Canada, will return home the latter part of July, after extending their journey to California.

Mr. J. Jones, the chicken man, is painting the Beaver Creek hall.

Mrs. Thomas' barn was burned to the ground Saturday night. The fire is supposed to have been set by some intoxicated person.

All the grain is looking fine and prospects for a large crop are good.

MOLALLA

The Fourth of July was a good day for ice cream.

Several farmers are plowing up their hay ground, some while the hay is yet on the ground, as some was caught in the rain and spoiled.

E. K. Dart's, Harry Ewart's and Mr. Dickson's dwellings are nearing completion.

Herann & Kayler have purchased a new wing feeder for their threshing machine, which will be a great convenience, as the feeder reaches out a rod to either side of the machine for the sheaves.

We are pleased to report that Mrs. Sprague is on the road to recovery, being able to sit up some. She has lost 124 pounds of flesh during her illness.

Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Parris and son Wilnor, Mark Sprague and Miss Alice Sprague made a visit to Stone last week, returning to Molalla after the Fourth.

Mrs. M. B. Litt started on a visit to Portland, Seattle and other towns last Sunday, where she expects to spend the summer.

Mrs. Ira Jones of Oregon City and her daughter, Mrs. Wickham of Denver were visiting at Oak Point farm the first of the week. The former will remain awhile and the latter goes to Colorado the last of the week.

E. E. Judd has his auto all in good shape again, after the collision. Since the last account of automobiles, W. H. Steininger and W. O. Vaughn have purchased "Bears" and W. J. E. Vick and H. Frederick "Buicks."

Chester Dickey returned home last Sunday to spend his vacation at the old homestead just over the river, where the many kinds of trout may be had for the catching.

According to reports, it makes a "merchant" out of the father-in-law when the daughter marries a clerk. Don't the marriage business "raise the Dickens" anyhow?

Mr. Marsh was called to the bedside of his dying mother recently in Eastern Washington.

G. W. Herman is building a cement foundation garage. The Oak Point garage was the first cement floor garage built in this end of the county.

Everything has taken on new life since the splendid rain.

Epileptic Fits

There is nothing more frightful in a happy home than to have one of its members instantly seized with a dreadful attack of epilepsy or fits. The many grateful letters from such homes, after the use of Kossine, the remarkable remedy for this dread ailment, testify to the real merit of the preparation.

It is a meritorious article and is sold on a guarantee plan that deserves your confidence. The price \$1.50, will be refunded by Jones Drug Co. if not fully satisfied after using a bottle. Mail orders filled by the Kossine Co., Washington, D. C., or Jones Drug Co., Main street, Oregon City.

One of the most striking instances of the tremendous power exerted by growing roots is to be seen at El Portal, the entrance to Yosemite valley, where a great sandstone bowlder has been cleft from top to bottom by a live oak tree, which has reached a good size and seems to get along very well on its seemingly thin bill of fare.

Kidney Diseases Are Curable

Under certain conditions. The right medicine must be taken before the disease has progressed too far. Mr. Perry A. Ditman, Dale, Tex., says: "I was down in bed for four months with kidney and bladder trouble and gall stones. One bottle of Foley's Kidney Remedy cured me well and sound." Ask for it. Jones Drug Co.

The Colors That Saved

A Fourth of July Story

How Paula Came to Love the Red, White and Blue

By EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE

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"And now," said Giuseppe Ancona, addressing the Senna family in Italian—"now that it is the Fourth of July, the great American holiday, I have something to tell you." He rose calmly to his feet from the plain, rough table at which he was seated with the others.

"I am so proud," he continued, self-satisfaction oozing from his rather handsome dark face and his dancing black eyes, "that I don't know how I ever kept it to myself until today, the day of celebration. What I have to



"I AM AN AMERICAN CITIZEN."

say is this"—he straightened a fringe more, if possible—"I am an American citizen. Hoopay for America!"

Giuseppe waited a second or two for the Sennas to exclaim on his auspicious declaration, then suddenly realized that he was enjoying his distinction alone. He uttered not an approving or a congratulatory word. They stared each at the other with lowering faces; then Paula sprang to her feet, her big, round, dark eyes flashing.

"Italia! Italia forever!" she flung back at him with a wild gesture, while the look on her face stung Giuseppe to the heart.

Surprised and disappointed, he let his arm fall slowly to his side. His jaw dropped, and his body relaxed until he bore the semblance of a very crestfallen American. He shrugged his shoulders and turned his sobered face toward Paula. "Then you don't like America?" he said in a voice very soft, yet brimming with disappointment.

"I hate it! Oh, I am so homesick!" she cried, sinking into a chair beside the table. She flung her arms out before her, and, leaning forward, she commenced to sob. Her father and mother, vouchsafing a consoling word and giving her a loving pat or two as they went, left the room to join their neighbors on the already crowded doorsteps below, evidently expecting Giuseppe to comfort the girl after the manner of an approved fiancé.

"Paula," Giuseppe said, going over to her and touching her lightly on the shoulder—"Paula, never mind. You have been here only two weeks. You will like it better after awhile. Look up and be happy. I have come to take you for the boat ride, so dry your tears, little one. We will have the gala day together."

Paula shook his hand from her shoulder petulantly. She raised her head and looked at him defiantly. "You," she said in a voice bitter with disapproval—"you an American for all time?"

"Forever!" he repeated resolutely. "Why?" she demanded.

"Because," he answered her calmly, "America has liberated me from the bondage of poverty. It has given me work and good wages, enough so I can make a little home for you and me. America offers me opportunities unlimited merely for the effort. Here in this beautiful country, Paula, I can work hard and make you a great lady and myself a great man."

"But this is the country only to make money in," she argued. "That's all it is good for. When you save a thousand dollars we could go back to Italy and live—live," she finished, lifting her beautiful eyes rapturously heavenward as though seeing a vision of the happy, irresponsible sunny land she had so shortly ago quitted.

"And leave America, good America, with all the beautiful possibilities?" exclaimed Giuseppe in consternation. "Mulberry street isn't all of America. Some day we will have money and get out of this dirty, poor place—some day soon, Paula. Then we will go to the beautiful parts. It is, oh, so fine, away from Mulberry street!"

Unconsciously he was fondling the tiny American flag which adorned the lapel of his coat. Paula was watching him curiously, whimsically. She disliked to see him wearing the bit of red, white and blue. She would rather it were red, white and green, Italia's emblem. The longer she regarded it the more it displeased her until in a sudden flash of temper she reached out a little brown hand, snatched it from its place of honor and crumpled it destructively.

In an instant the hot blood leaped to Giuseppe's face. His arms went rigid at his sides, and he instinctively clenched his fists.

"Paula!" he exclaimed in shocked injury.

"Italia for me!" she averred, tossing the despoiled flag back at him indifferently. "You may stay in your America if you wish. I shall not! Pietro Binconte goes back to Italy next month," she added significantly.

"Pietro Binconte!" Giuseppe cried, stepping close to her and now furious.

"Pietro," she repeated with a taunting nod.

"And you love Binconte?" he asked

She had not the slightest affection for Binconte. She did, however, delight in teasing Giuseppe. It was such fun to make a man wild with jealousy. She remained silent, letting him infer whatever his mad passion might prompt him to. But her coquetry was very short lived. Too angry to trust himself to remain longer with her, Giuseppe abruptly stalked from the room without so much as a look in her direction.

Paula listened to his coarse, heavy shoes thumping down the stairs, and she leaned far out of the window and watched him make his way hastily along the street. Then she looked down on her neat white dress, at her pink ribbons and at her new American hat with the sloping sensation that the great American holiday, I have something to tell you."

"That's 'America,'" he said, a little sharply. "Don't learn those United States songs. There's no music in them. Come, Paula mia; come over there with me, and we will sing our own beautiful music."

He found an unoccupied corner on one side of the boat beside the slanting roof of a big wheel, and they sang Italian melodies together for awhile as they idly drifted past the beautiful scenery. Then Pietro commenced to talk. What he had to say chiefly concerned his contemplated return to Italy and of how he desired to marry Paula and take her back with him.

He had money. He had been engaged in the fruit business in America for some years and could now afford to go home and live in ease on a little farm in the province.

"I am betrothed to Giuseppe," protested Paula, with the homesick tears in her eyes.

"Ancona will never go back," Pietro replied; "neither will he save any money. He spends too much on the girls. He has been engaged to three within the past two years."

He looked keenly into Paula's face

whose place was covered with red, white and blue. Oh, what a great place America was after all. And Giuseppe belonged to it now. He was wearing one of those red, white and blue flags in his buttonhole. Her pretty face grew hot as she gazed on the proud star-spangled banner in multiplicity. She felt its strength, its power. She was almost afraid for what she had done. And the more she looked at it the better she liked it.

She commenced to hum a tune the band was playing. Pietro interrupted her with an exclamation of disapproval.

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Binconte the while was persistently beseezing her to cast Giuseppe aside for him.

"We will be married tomorrow and sail for Italy the next day," he pleaded, holding Paula close to him as they walked to a popular air.

"Why so soon?" Paula asked, surprised at his eagerness to sail earlier than he had planned.

Before Binconte could reply there arose a wild commotion all around them. They stopped dancing suddenly, and at the extreme river end of the pier, frightened and wild eyed, they stared and wondered.

The floor was giving way beneath their feet. The roof was falling in. Huge girders and pillars were toppling, and presently, amid terrifying cries and shouts of the hundreds of persons, the entire structure bent, shook and sagged together in a horrible, destructive mass, its grinding crash mingling with the agonizing screams of those it crushed under its weight.

Simultaneously long tongues of fire sprang up, stretched out, rolled and crept along, soon converting the ruin into a diabolical holocaust. Only one avenue of escape was left for those not already caught and pinned down to certain death, a single narrow stairway near where Paula and Binconte were, and in less time than it takes to tell that exit was blocked. Those ahead moved too slowly and were pitched over the stairs or to the floor, while others stamped over them. Those in the rear, driven frantic by the approaching fire, fought like demons to get to safety.

Paula was wedged between a couple of heavy beams that suspended her over the rushing river. She looked for Pietro. He was a few yards from

were stretching out a great rag and shouting to her to jump. She tried to, but failed from weakness.

Then she heard a voice she knew, entreating, begging her to try again. She looked in the direction whence it came. It was Giuseppe! He was on his knees beside the flag, screaming, gesticulating, imploring, praying. Giuseppe! Then he was not angry, and he did love her after all. His cries heartened her. Slowly, tortuously, she managed to free herself little by little until she stood clear and poised on the very edge of the long piece of scuttling. It was far, far down to the flag, but in the folds of that wide stretch of red, white and blue there was life, and Giuseppe was waiting for her.

She breathed a little prayer, closed her eyes, leaned forward and permitted herself to fall into the beautiful colors, then into Giuseppe's arms.

WILLAMETTE

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Preston are enjoying a visit with a nephew, whose home is in one of the eastern states.

Mrs. Ernest LeMay called on Gladstone friends a few days ago.

Mr. Leonard Ronyan, who has a fine position in Salem, married one of Woodburn's fair daughters one day last week. Congratulations.

Mrs. Anna Tompkins entertained several friends at dinner one day this week.

Mr. N. C. Calvert is raising over a hundred incubator chickens. Some are large enough to fry, but we do not know where their sleeping quarters are.

Mrs. P. Ghorley, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Billy Pollock, for a few weeks, has returned to her home in Everett, Washington.

Mrs. Joseph Harrington of Sellwood visited her sister, Mrs. M. Hyatt, on Sunday.

Charley Andrus is having his house painted. Mr. Andrus has a fine corner and improvements will show up well.

Mrs. W. A. Ross called on friends in the Rose City last Wednesday.

Isn't there a state law in regard to cutting thistles? Last year when Mr. Downey was mayor, the thistles were all cut, but this year the present mayor does not seem to know that they are in a very flourishing condition on every vacant lot and along the sidewalks. Why not have them cut before they go to seed?

Our people enjoyed themselves in a sensible way last Tuesday. There were a few family picnics. Some went to Coon Park, up the Tualatin, some entertained friends upon their lawns, several went to Gladstone. A few Portland people picnicked in Downey's park. Quite a crowd celebrated in Schnorr's park. All returned home in the evening, tired but happy, everyone, except the most ungrateful, thankful for such a beautiful day.

Escaped With His Life

"Twenty-one years ago I faced an awful death," writes H. B. Martin, Port Harrelson, S. C. "Doctors said I had consumption and the dreadful cough I had looked like it, sure enough. I tried everything I could hear of for my cough, and was under the treatment of the best doctor in Georgetown, S. C., for a year, but could get no relief. A friend advised me to try Dr. King's New Discovery. I did so, and was completely cured. I feel that I owe my life to this great throat and lung cure. It's positively guaranteed for coughs, colds and all bronchial affections. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free at Huntley Bros. Co., Prescription Druggists, Oregon City, Hubbard and Molalla.

That is the bitterest of all, to wear the yoke of your own wrongdoing—Ellot.

Ever Heard This One? Mulligan, fresh from Ireland, was aroused the morning after his arrival by an alarm clock in the next room. It was the first one he had ever heard.

"Faith," he said, sitting up in bed, "it's long days they must box in America. Oh! I take me out that clock struck three hundred at the very last."—Boston Transcript.

Providential Happenings.

The lightning' come in a zigzag way. An' hit all round the town. Then the thunder had a word to say. An' shook the steeples down.

An' all they left in the light o' dawn Was the high taxed land the house stood on.

Then hurricane come in a roarin' race, An' hope we did resign. But the river flooded all the place. An' the fish air bit'n' fine!

An' that is the lesson of storm an' tide— Providence altus will provide.

—Atlanta Constitution.

The Happiest Girl in Lincoln

"Lincoln, Neb., girl writes, 'I had been ailing for some time with chronic constipation and stomach trouble. I began taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and in three days I was able to be up and get better right along. I am the proudest girl in Lincoln to find such a good medicine.' For sale by all good druggists.

SANDY STAGE & LIVERY

LEAVES

Sandy for Boring at 6:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Boring for Sandy at 8:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m. SUNDAY SCHEDULE—Leave Sandy for Boring at 8:50 a. m. and 2:50 p. m. Leave Boring for Sandy at 10:50 a. m. and 4:50 p. m.

At Sandy makes connection with Salmon Mail Stage.

SCHEDULES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

EMMETT DONAHUE, Proprietor

SPIRO POWDER Should

Be on EVERY Dresser

Not as a Luxury

But as a NECESSITY

Jones Drug Co. Incorporated.

Believe this, for they not only secured a large quantity of Spiro powder, but intended to extensively advertise it in Oregon City.

From time to time their windows will be filled with Spiro boxes, attractive cards, large pictures of Niagara Falls, free samples and booklets.

Call for a free sample. Try it prove our statement before buying that Spiro Powder destroys all odor of Perspiration relieves tired aching feet, chafing and prickly heat.

One large view of Niagara Falls FREE with every box.

Advertisement for the Champion Rake, featuring a detailed illustration of the rake and text describing its features: Adjusting Lever, Reversing Axle Stub, Removable and Renewable Wheel Box, and Reversing Wheel Ratchets.

Advertisement for Mitchell Lewis & Staver Co., featuring the text 'Vital Points—Well Taken Care of on the Champion Rake' and 'The Northwest's Greatest Implement and Vehicle House'.

Advertisement for Ward Bros. featuring the text 'What's the use of Idle Machinery?' and 'Report Your Machinery Troubles to US'.

Advertisement for Ward Bros. featuring the text 'Ward Bros. Expert Machinists' and 'FRONT and WATER Sts. OREGON CITY'.

Advertisement for Lone Oak Farm featuring the text 'Lone Oak Farm' and 'F. M. BLUHM, Manager'.