

CORRESPONDENCE

Milwaukee. MILWAUKEE, July 24.—A large number of Milwaukee people visited Gladstone Park Saturday. Mr. Wissinger is still very sick. Charley Mullen who has been working for the O. R. & N. Railroad, returned home a few days ago and will soon commence work on the Madison Street bridge. Viola Assembly No. 74, U. A. gave a boating party Saturday evening. Several parties have already organized for a trip to Mt. Hood. J. A. Dowling was visiting his parents in Portland Thursday last. County School Superintendent, N. W. Bowland has one of the finest dogs in this part of Oregon. Several members of Sellwood and Portland circle visited the ladies circle here last Tuesday. Prof. Robert Glinther was visiting in Milwaukee Saturday last. J. W. James and family who have moved to a farm near Clackamas were in town Saturday. Mrs. Hunt, of Portland, was visiting her son, J. A. Dowling Tuesday. Miss Scott, T. J. Gary, Ara McLaughlin, A. C. Strange, and Supt. Bowland and wife left for Mt. Hood Tuesday morning.

Colton. COLTON, July 24.—Haying is almost over and barns are well filled, there being very small loss, considering the very bad weather that the farmers had to contend with. Walter Gorbett went to the Cold Springs camping ground last week, which is situated on the Clackamas reserve. He goes to see his brother, A. R., who has been in very poor health for the past four months, and is seeing what benefit he can derive from pure air, cold water and mountain scenery, all of which can be found there in great abundance. J. T. Huddleson, of Portland, formerly of this place, is visiting friends here. All welcome him back after so long an absence. H. E. Carr came home from Washington logging camps and has returned, taking his family with him. B. C. Palmer, of Washington, was visiting friends and relatives in Colton last week. The Dix brothers have returned home, after an absence of several months in our neighboring state. It is reported that the huckleberry crop will be very small this year, there having not been sufficient snow in the spring to protect the bushes from late frosts, which are quite severe in huckleberry regions. Joe Carlson returned to Washington last week, after a short visit at home. A certain girl we all know well wears a broad sugar-coated smile now-a-days. Emry has come home, don't you know. Miss Veva Robinson is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Anderson, this week. B. Hubbard is at home again. Colton welcomes you back, Bert.

Borings. BORINGS, July 24.—Once more the busy hum of the mower is becoming a thing of the past and the click of the binder as it cuts the fields of ripened grain is taking its place. The hay crop was large in this section. The rainy weather damaged it some but the beautiful weather after the Fourth made us forget the bad. Fall wheat is not very good, the rust struck some fields and damaged them a great deal. Borings can boast of having the only creamery north of the Clackamas river, which is owned by Vetch & Sons. Mr. Vetch has a large tract of land here, so he can support a large dairy. They milk from 30 to 50 cows the year round. They raise more bushels of grain to the acre than any one else in Clackamas county. They have a large barn 60 by 100 ft., full of hay. Every morning as the rays of the sun peep around the snow capped mountains and sheds their beams of light o'er the fields you can see farmers coming from all directions bringing their milk to the creamery, is this not prosperity. When we come back on pay day we have money worth 100 cents on the dollar. But our populist brethren or better we say "calamity howlers" want W. J. Bryan and 16 to 1. M. Vetch is taking his summer vacation in Switzerland. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Welch, of Salem have been visiting their son Thomas Welch and family the past week.

Harmony. HARMONY July 24.—Harvesting is on in full blast. The wheat yield is poor this year. There is a kind of worm in this locality which is doing a great deal of damage. It looks something like a cut worm and there are thousands of them in one field. They eat everything they come to in the vegetable line. The farmers who are troubled with the pests are making every effort to destroy them before they spread further. Several of our people camped at Chautauque and report a pleasant and profitable time spent there. Wm. H. Karr has been hired as principal and Miss Martha Stuechler as primary teacher in our school. Almada McGrew, of Portland, is visiting Edith Tyler.

The East Interested in the West. Following is a letter received by the Oregon Immigration Exchange. This goes to show that in order to grow, our county only has to make itself known. ROCKFORD, Ill., July 1, 1900. Oregon Homeseeker's Immigration Exchange, Oregon City, Oregon. Gentlemen: By a Portland newspaper I have noticed a reference to a land company in your county. Having read some about Oregon state I would be pleased to get some information from your company in regard to improved farms and farming land in Willamette valley. As to prices, terms and location, have you any farms for sale in Scandinavian settlements? How many acres would it take to support a family of five or six children, ordinary land and lots of hard work. Different parties here in Rockford are looking for location for farming purposes. A party of ten men went to Wisconsin last Saturday night to look at land. Others are talking about Minnesota and Michigan. Now if you have some good bargains in land in your state I would like to get an answer as soon as possible. Most of the people here do not know much about Oregon state. Hoping to hear from you soon. Yours truly, ALBERT ANDERSON.

Our correspondence will please send in articles before Wednesdays of each week, otherwise it reaches us too late for publication.

Wm Richey is working in the hay fields near Gresham. The blight has struck the potatoes and looks as if potato crop might be short. Rosa Vetch made a flying trip to Kelso on her wheel Sunday. The residence of Rev. G. P. Rich is rapidly being pushed to a finish. O. Aemisegger has settled down to married life and is showing the responsibilities of being at the head of a family. O W Boring saw a large black bear Saturday.

Cherryville. CHERRYVILLE, July 24.—Cherryville is still alive, but that is about all. It is dying slowly. Mr. Tappa and family started Sunday for their Eastern Oregon home. Mr. Boatman and family are the guests of Mr. Ware. School closed July 20 with very good exercises. There were several visitors present. Miss MacKerrow, our school teacher, has gone to Long Beach. Blackberries are nearly gone, and cherries also. M. Frasier is working for Henry Hermon, of Salmon Oregon.

Highland. HIGHLAND, July 24.—Hay harvest is about over and grain harvest is here. Childrens day exercises were well attended and observed in the Highland Baptist church last Sunday. We are glad to know that Mrs. G. W. Mayfield is able to visit her friends and relatives once more. Mrs. J. S. Copley expects to leave Highland in the near future to join her husband in San Francisco. Mrs. James Parish, who has been ailing for sometime is able to be out among her relatives and friends once more. We welcome her pleasant face. Mrs. Emily Burke, of Oregon City, is visiting relatives of this place. Mrs. Anna Anderson, of Portland, is visiting her sister Mrs. Joseph Fellows. Mr. Elston Sey, one of Highlands prosperous farmers is repairing and recovering his house. D. A. Miller has erected a very complete cellar of late, which adds to the appearance of his home. While coming home from the blackberry patch last week, driving in a walk, one of Charlie Jones's mares suddenly broke her leg. G. W. Mayfield, lately sold to his daughter, Miss Tennie, the west 40 acres of the S. N. Harrington place. Mr. and Mrs. A. Nicholas were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Miller of late. Farmers are complaining of having more hay than their barns will hold this year; this is a good failing.

The Wrong Bird. A certain conjurer once had an experience which was highly comical, though quite disastrous from a professional point of view. Having produced an egg from a previously empty bag, he announced that he would follow up this trick by bringing from the bag the hen by which the egg had been laid. This little arrangement he had left to his confederate to carry out. He proceeded to draw the bird from the bag in which it had previously been placed, but what was his consternation on finding that the alleged hen was an old rooster, which strutted about the stage with ruffled feathers and offended dignity and set up as vigorous a crowing as if he had just awakened from his nocturnal slumbers. The whole audience shrieked with laughter, and the unfortunate conjurer made a "bolt" for his dressing room.

Variable. "What is this title 'professor' that I hear so often?" asked the distinguished foreigner. "Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "it's getting rather hard to tell. Usually it means a man who knows more than any one else, and sometimes it means a man who simply won't work."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Was "Swiped." He sat in the reading room of a Chicago hotel with a notebook and pencil in his hand, and after wetting the pencil on his tongue a dozen times without writing anything he turned to the man on his left and said: "I want to get at an expression, but can't think of it. I want something synonymous with avalanche." "Would landslide do?" "I've got that." "In what sense are you going to use it?" "Well, I'm running for alderman at a special election in my town, and I want to make a memorandum of how it resulted." "Oh, I see! You could say you were 'swiped under.'" "Yes; but that's hardly strong enough." "Buried out of sight." "That's better, but lacks strength." "How badly were you beaten?" "By over 500, where I ought to have had 450 majority." "Then I should put it that you were literally swiped off the face of the earth." "That's good—that's the idea. That's strong and euphonious and has rhythm in it. Yes; I was on the ticket and sure of election. I had \$500 up that I had a walkover. I was swiped, and there are not enough of my mangled remains left to fill a thimble. Thank you, sir, literally swiped off the face of the earth and be hanged to me!"—Washington Post.

Unexpected. "Why, Clara," said a mother to her little daughter, who was crying, "what are you crying about?" "C-cause," sobbed the little miss, "I s-started to m-make dolly a b-bonnet, and it c-came out b-bloomers."—Trained Motherhood.

It is probably true that love laughs at locksmiths, but any careful reader of the proceedings of the divorce courts cannot fail to observe that the locksmiths get a laughing lining later on.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

STARVED Slow growth of hair comes from lack of hair food. The HAIR hair has no life. It is starved. It keeps coming out, gets thinner and thinner, bald spots appear, then actual baldness. The only good hair food you can buy is—

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Know When They Have Enough. The llama, that docile animal which was the beast of burden in Peru in prehistoric times and played the part that was assigned to his cousin, the camel, in Egypt and Arabia, is still seen in large numbers in the mountain districts, but he cannot live in the warmer latitudes along the coast. He is docile, enduring and sure footed. He can go a long time without water and food and chews the cud of contentment when other animals are in distress because of the temperature of the rarefied atmosphere found in the Andean plateaus. A llama will carry 100 pounds and no more, and if you add an ounce to his load he will lie down and wait until it is taken off. He knows when he has enough, and there is no use in trying to argue with him. The native Indians have learned this by the experience of generations, and when a llama lies down they immediately unstrap and diminish his burden without making any fuss about it. Then, when he is satisfied that he has been given no more than his share, he climbs on to his hoofs again and follows the mountain trail for days and weeks at a time without murmuring or slipping or forgetting his good manners.—Chicago Record.

A Rather Novel Complaint. An English traveler once met a companion, sitting in a state of the most woeful despair and apparently near the last agonies, by the side of one of the mountain lakes of Switzerland. He inquired the cause of his sufferings. "Oh," said the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty and took a large draft of the clear water of the lake and then sat down on this stone to consult my guidebook. To my astonishment, I found that the water of this lake is very poisonous! Oh, I am a gone man—I feel it running all over me. I have only a few minutes to live! Remember me to—" "Let me see the guidebook," said his friend. Turning to the passage, he found, "L'eau du lac est bien poisonneuse" ("The water of this lake abounds in fish"). "Is that the meaning of it?" "Certainly." The dying man looked up with a radiant countenance. "What would have become of you," said his friend, "if I had not met you?" "I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language."

One Too Many For the Dean. A well known dean of Norwich tells the following good story against himself. Some few weeks ago he came to a stile in a field which was occupied by a farm lad, who was eating his bread and bacon lunch. The boy made no attempt to allow his reverence to pass, so was duly lectured for his lack of manners. "You seem, my lad, to be better fed than taught." "Very like," answered the lad, slicing off a piece of bacon, "for ye teaches Oi, but Oi feeds meself."—London Answers.

How He Got Exercise. Lord Palmerston used a clever expedient for coercing himself into a little regular daily exercise. It was his custom when in government positions to have his inkstand placed upon a table several yards away from the desk at which he worked, so that he had to walk several paces for each dip of ink. He attributed his maintenance of sturdy health and jaunty manner under the trying conditions of office routine to this simple practice, as also his habit of performing all work standing.

Ready Answer. "Papa, what is the meaning of the word 'candelabra'?" asked Sammy Snaggs, who was doing his "home work." "That's easy, Sammy," replied Mr. Snaggs. "The word explains itself. A candle laborer is a workman in a candle factory."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

It is old world at best is only an anvil and life a sort of Plutonian blacksmith, that, with varying blows, strikes us into form. The blow that hurts us most may shape us best. I never listen to calumnies, because if they are untrue I run the risk of being deceived, and if they are true, of hating people not worth thinking about.—Montesquieu.

A Famous Distillery. The poor receive all the profits of one of the most famous distilleries in the world, that which is connected with the monastery of St. Bruno, in the department of Dauphine, which is better known as La Grande Chartreuse. The distillery itself is a considerable distance from the monastery, but it stands on land belonging to the order, although the French government has a claim over it. The monks of St. Bruno, although they are sworn to poverty, have control of an industry which produces about \$150,000 a year profit. Of this one-third goes as a contribution to the fund known as Peter's pence. Another portion is devoted to the maintenance of hospitals, and the remainder is devoted to subsidizing poor churches throughout France and to the personal relief of poor applicants, without distinction of church or creed. It is interesting to note that those who have control of this lucrative business are expressly forbidden by their vows to carry on a trade which could result in a profit to themselves. Many attempts have been made to purchase the business, one notably by the Rothschilds, but all have failed, because the heads of the order consider that they are not justified in selling the business to a firm that would make a personal profit by it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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