

CORRESPONDENTS

George Notes. GEORGE, Aug. 31—Harvesting and threshing are nearly over, and some of the people are thinking about going to the top fields. Grain did not turn out very well—only about one-third to one-half the usual yield. The potato crop will be very good and fruit will be a fair average.

AIMS. AIMS, Aug. 30—Mr and Mrs E S Bramhall have returned from their trip to the coast. C H Takke, of Portland, has moved his family to Aims.

A TRIP TO BULLRUN LAKE. A party of young men residing near the head works of the Bullrun pipe line made a trip to Bullrun lake.

We started from Aims on August 14, all in good spirits, and took an easterly course. The weather being nice and traveling good, we reached a distance of about 13 miles by noon. Nothing of interest occurred; we only killed a few birds for dinner. After dinner we started up the Bullrun river, and a number of times we were forced to ford on account of steep cliffs which overhung the stream on either side.

On the 17th we were on our way very early. Nothing of interest detained us, so we walked very fast until 10 a. m., when we halted for a short time. The river has changed to two rivers, one leading northeast and the other southeast, so we took the north fork, and at 11 o'clock we came to a most beautiful sight. As we came around a short bend in the

river we almost looked straight up to see the river, for the water was only a spray down the mountain. It must have a fall of 150 feet. This was the most beautiful sight thus far; but once seen, we cared no more for it, so we passed on to camp for dinner. But how are we to get over the falls? Only by a very narrow ledge of rock. After dinner we packed up, not to stop until we reached the lake, and the distance we did not exactly know, although two of us had been over the route before. However, we were fortunate in our calculations, and about 4 p. m. we reached the head of the river. This is very interesting, although we did not tarry long. The water comes from the ground all at once—a very large spring, in fact the largest one I ever saw. Now, we will end our journey soon. The distance cannot be more than two miles, or about one hour's walk. We now take an easterly course up a ravine, but do not travel far until we come to the river again. It runs under ground. Now we come to the head again, where we lose sight of water until we reach the lake at 5:15.

This is a beautiful body of water about two miles wide and four miles long, with many streams running in, but none running out—only underground outlets. We discovered near the northwest corner where some water seeps out through the rock, but it does not seem to be as much as comes out at the head of the Bullrun river. The lake lies northwest and southeast, the banks are of broken rock, the water clear as crystal and an island with large timber on it near the west end. The water is very good, but not so cold as the river water at the spring. It was impossible for us to find the depth, as we had no boat and no time to make a raft, so we have to judge by the looks from the mountain side. There seems to be large mountains in the bottom of the lake, and only on their tops do we see any bottom to the lake, except near the edge, where it slopes off very rapidly to a depth where we can no longer see the bottom. The mountain peaks are in sight in all directions from the lake, and it is a pleasant sight.

After we camp for the night and sleep on a bed of moss, we feel much refreshed when we awake in the morning. Now we start for home, but first we go around the lake from the southwest corner to the southeast, where we climb the mountain about two miles in a southerly direction. When we reached the summit we were in one of the most beautiful places for views I ever saw. We could see Mount Hood about 15 miles distant and the lake just below us and rivers flowing in all directions, the rivers flowing from Mount Hood and the lakes. But we do not tarry long here, as our time is passing away, so we now change our course to a southwesterly direction, which we continue until 1:15 down the Clear fork of the Sandy river. Now and then we come to a waterfall, but nothing of much importance.

We soon came to Sandy river. After dinner there, we traveled west until 8:20 in the evening, when we reached the settlement near home. We stayed over night at Marmot, the first postoffice we had seen on our journey. The next morning we went to our homes, making the shortest trip of any party ever before to the lake. We think we can make the trip in less time, but as fishing was generally good, we stopped for some trout, and so lost time. We are now at home again, answering questions such as neighbors will ask about Bullrun lake.

Yours respectfully, H. B. E. P. O. H. E. A.

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

A Modest Hero. Not long ago a French chroniqueur—Montmiral of the Paris Gaulois—encountered in a little village of the south of France a gardener who wore, pinned on his clean Sunday blouse, the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Naturally, the newspaper man desired to know how he got it. The gardener, who, like many of his trade, seemed to be a silent man, was averse to meeting an old and wearisome demand, but finally he began:

"Oh, I don't know how I did get it! I was at Bazelles with the rest of the battery. All the officers were killed, then down went all the non-commissioned officers. Bang! bang! bang! By and by all the soldiers were down but me. I had fired the last shot and naturally was doing what I could to stand off the Bavarians.

He Made It Clear. The Worcester Gazette tells of a musician whose English is not as perfect as his music. While conducting a festival at Littleton, N. H., he was called upon to introduce a soloist. He did it in this fashion: "Ladies and gentlemen, I had been asked to introduce to you Monsieur Vilder to play for you a foot solo. I had now done so, and he will now do so."

HAIR So many persons have hair that is stubborn and dull. It won't grow.

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Ebony. Ebony was known and highly esteemed by the ancients as an article of luxury and was used by them for a variety of purposes. It is India it is said that it was employed by kings for scepters and also for lances. On account of its supposed antiseptic properties it was used largely for drilling cups.

The name ebony is given to the wood of several varieties of trees. All kinds of ebony are distinguished for their great density and dark color. The wood in all varieties is heavier than water. The heaviest varieties are the darkest. The other grades require a considerable amount of staining to make them black. Ebony is of a uniform color throughout and will not show any deterioration even from long continued use.

A Mexican Gambler. Don Felipe Martel, the famous gambling house proprietor of the City of Mexico, had made a fortune in the business before the government decided to abolish gambling houses by levying on them a license tax of \$1,000 a day. One by one the gambling houses closed, and when the field was clear Don Felipe Martel approached the authorities with \$1,000 in cash and demanded a day's license. In a few hours his place was thronged. At a single stroke he had won the patronage of Mexico, and his doors have never been closed since. The daily outlay of \$1,000 is not raised from the daily revenue of thousands. His strong religious tendencies are so well known that nobody was surprised when he built in the village of San Angel a church that cost more than \$50,000. The poor people of the vicinity, and many of the rich as well, have come to regard him as a sort of fairy prince. His own style of living encourages this belief. The Martel mansion in the City of Mexico is a magnificent affair, constantly filled with guests. A curious feature is that it contains 40 windows—the number of cards in the Mexican deck.

Taking No Chances. "Now," said the enterprising interviewer, "please read this over and hold up your right hand." "But," said the public man, "this is merely an interview." "That's all it is now. But I thought it would be a good thing to be appointed a notary public. We've had too many denials, and this article's going to be an affidavit before it gets into the paper."—Washington Star.

Sleep. Some doctors believe that a man has just so many hours to be awake, and that the more of them he uses up in a day the shorter his life will be. A man might live to be 200 if he could sleep most of the time. The proper way to economize time, therefore, is to sleep when there is nothing better to do.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Embarrassing Remembrance. It is only the tactful people who should be allowed to give personal reminiscences, but unfortunately they are not the only ones who do give them.

"How well I remember your father, when I was a little girl!" lately said an elderly woman to a Massachusetts clergyman. "He used to come often to our house to dinner. We were always delighted to see him, children and all."

"That is very pleasant to hear," said the clergyman, with a smile; but the narrator remained gravely unconscious of his interruption. "I remember what a hearty appetite he had," she continued, blandly. "It was a real pleasure to see him eat. Why, when mother would send him coming along the road of a morning in his buggy she'd send me running out to cook and say, 'Tell Bridget to put on just twice as much of everything as she had planned for, here is Mr. Brown coming to dine with us!'"

The elderly soul endeavored to preserve a proper expression of countenance at this interesting reminiscence, but his composure was sorely tried when, with great cordiality, the lady said: "You're so much like your father! Won't you go home to dinner with me?"—Youth's Companion.

Hotel Keys His Pad. "I know a drummer," said a local traveling man, chatting with a party of friends, "who has decorated one of the walls of his bachelor apartments with a trophy composed entirely of hotel keys. It is the queerest thing I ever saw in my life. The keys are arranged in a huge arch, and each of them is attached to a metal tag, some round, some square, some triangular—in fact, they are of every imaginable size and shape, and of all kinds of material, from cast iron to aluminum."

"In the middle of the decoration is a cluster of enormous specimens, most of them battered and rusty, and looking as if they might have heaved the gates of ancient fortresses. They came from village taverns where modern improvements are unknown. All the keys in the collection—and I am sure there are at least 200—have been shown from different hotels throughout the country."

Their present owner, or rather their present possessor, told me that he became getting them together several years ago, and whenever he chanced to stop he always made a point of carrying away his booty."—New Orleans Times-Delta.

with the Virgin. He considered it a parental duty to see that his daughter kept only the very best marriageable company.

"Mary," said her father, "you have been going with that Mitchell fellow for more than a year now. This courtship must come to a termination."

"Oh, pa, how can you talk so? He is, oh, so sweet and nice!" "Ah!" And the fond father arched his eyebrows. "Sweet and nice, eh? Has he proposed?" "Well, pa, not exactly." And the girl hung her head and fingered the fringe of her dress. "He hasn't exactly proposed, but, then, last evening, when we were out walking, we passed by a nice little house, and he said, 'That's the kind of cottage I am going to live in some day, and I said 'Yes,' and then he glanced at me and squeezed my hand. Then just as we got by, I glanced back at the cottage and—ah—I squeezed his hand, pa."

"Oh, ah, I see!" Well, would't you try another week or two?—London Tit Bits.

Thrashing a King. During the Ashanti campaign there was a grotesque exhibition of a native policeman's indifference to the "divinity" that both hedge a king." General Colley, then the major commanding the transport column, writing to his sister, describes how one monarch had his foolishness driven out of him by "the rod of correction." He says: "I am afraid one's idea of the majesty—that both enshroud a king—is not extant in this country. At one station on my way down I heard a rave in camp during the night and the next morning sent to inquire what it was. A native police corporal of mine, a first rate fellow, came up and saluted. "Heard row in Mankashin camp last night, sir. Found king making great noise, gambling with his subjects. Very bad form, sir. Gave king great thrashing, sir."

Religion is intended for both worlds, and right living for this is the best preparation for the next. Character is decisive of destiny.—Tryon Edwards.

The first equestrian statue erected in Great Britain was that of Charles I at Charing Cross London, facing Parliament street.

TIME AND SPACE

are practically annihilated by the ocean cables and land telegraph systems which now belt the circumference of Old Earth in so many different directions. "Foreign parts" are no longer foreign in the old meaning of the term. Europe, Africa, Asia, are "next door" to us. What happens there to-day we know to-morrow—if we read THE CHICAGO RECORD, whose Special Cable Correspondents are located in every important city in the world outside of the United States. No other American newspaper ever attempted so extensive a service, and it is supplemented by the regular foreign news service of The Associated Press. For accurate intelligence of the stirring events which are shaking the nations—of wars and rumors of wars—of the threatening dissolution of old governments and the establishment of new—of the onward sweep of the race in all parts of the world—the one medium of the most satisfactory information is the enterprising, "up-to-date" American newspaper, THE CHICAGO RECORD.

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