

CORRESPONDENCE

Sandy.

SANDY, Sept. 10.—Once more the gentle Oregon rain fell enough to settle the dust and refresh the air and cause campers in the mountains to depart for their homes.

Fruitdrying has started in earnest. Prunes are not so plentiful, but are of excellent quality. Cedar making is the style. Very often, on account of liberal farmers we see some one wearing a kind of "cidered" smile.

Threshing is out of date now and machines are tied up for this season, with the smallest profit ever made.

Nels Nelson, one of Sandy's most successful farmers, has a field of about ten acres of stumps, which he has cultivated, a system that he understands to perfection, by which he is making a big prairie out of his once heavily timbered land, making his the finest farm in this locality.

The rumor that the demand for ties would be slight, frightened the mill men and hands, but from the looks of things, the business will probably keep up till every stick of timber is gone.

Excursion so far is the quietest affair known of. It seems the noise and political excitement comes from big-mouthed, howling democrats and populists who are too awfully busy these good times making money and have no time to complain.

Christian Endeavor will be started at Cliff Side school house. Gritty Camp W. O. W. will give a basket social and dance at Meinig's hall October 6.

There is some vocal utterance of starting a debating society. Let the good work go on, as we need such a society to cultivate and refine our young people, as well as some old stuff.

Circus was a drawing card because nearly all of our population took in the town during the show.

Hop picking must be fun, as most all the boys and girls are there where the hops grow, and Sandy looks deserted.

Bill Ross, of Salmon, postmaster and most influential republican, was seen on our streets looking well and happy. His place is quite a summer resort and many campers find joy and comfort and health in Bill Ross's park at Salmon.

J. H. Wewer is putting in an edge and a new set of rollers in his mill.

Albert Spaulding, our well-known cabinet maker, is a frequent visitor to Sandy Ridge.

J. H. Revenue was in Oregon City and Portland on business this week.

M. Trouble, head slab-man at Wewer's sawmill, has gone to Aurora.

Notable

MOLALA, Sept. 10.—We have been favored with a splendid autumn rain.

Threshing has just been completed, with an average yield of 7 3/4 bushels of wheat per acre.

Hop picking is progressing slowly on account of a scarcity of pickers. At the Jordan yard two-thirds of a crew are at work. At Ridings' yard about half a force are engaged. There is talk of getting Chineses if the required number of white pickers cannot be secured today.

Last Wednesday, the last day of the deer season, there was quite an excitement at the Jordan hopyard. About 11 o'clock a. m. the cry of fire was heard at the hopyard. The men at once flew to the call, and found Mr. Palmer and his son fighting fire near the hopyard, and it was soon brought under control. The fire started from the campfire of a man who was away deer hunting that morning and had left his little son to keep the log burning till the father returned with the deer for dinner. Their tent and part

Does the Baby Thrive

If not, something must be wrong with its food. If the mother's milk doesn't nourish it, she needs SCOTT'S EMULSION. It supplies the elements of fat required for the baby. If baby is not nourished by its artificial food, then it requires

Scott's Emulsion

Half a teaspoonful three or four times a day in its bottle will have the desired effect. It seems to have a magical effect upon babies and children. A fifty-cent bottle will prove the truth of our statements.

Should be taken in summer as well as winter. SCOTT & BOWEN, Chemists, New York.

of their outfit were burned, and had not the fire been brought under immediate control, everything would have been burned up.

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

LETTER FROM NEW YORK

Rev. Wm. D. Williams, Late Rector of St. Paul's Church Writes to a Friend.

Our vacation of three months will soon be at an end. We have spent the time in New York City, the entire family being together. It has been my privilege to preach in the Church of the Holy Apostles, the Church of the Intercession, and to officiate and have charge for five weeks of Grace Emmanuel Church. We leave for Little Rock, about the last of September. If any from Oregon City should chance that way, we hope they will not pass us by.

Sometimes we drop into a reminiscent mood, and we talk over the scenes and experiences of our brief and pleasant sojourn in your city. Every forward step in business, improvement, as well as in religion, gives us unalloyed pleasure. Some day we hope to drop in among friends in Oregon and greet them. Since we left some have "fallen asleep;" not lost, only gone before.

"O' blest communion, fellowship divine, We feebly struggle, they in glory shine. Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine, Alleluia."

It is a kind Providence that led us to Arkansas, a state larger in area than New York, and having a greater mileage of river navigation than any other state in the Union. Few states have better railroad facilities. It is a state of splendid variety and wealth of resources. The soil yields cotton, corn, and every cereal, vineyards and orchards adorn the valleys; the hills are covered with timber; and the mountains contain coal, copper and zinc.

The people are hospitable, and the percentage of aliens is small. It is a thoroughly American and Americanized commonwealth. Increasing attention is paid to universal education; and the cities and towns are nowhere surpassed for educational advantages.

The prevailing types of religion are Baptist and Methodist. In the cities and towns Presbyterianism and Episcopalianism hold commanding positions. The enlarging and multiplying of towns will probably compel the Episcopal church to continue its present policy for years to come—giving special attention to cities and towns.

New York City belongs to the whole country. It is a remarkable city. Two and a half years' residence only serve to increase our amazement. The population in the city proper has increased 37 per cent during the closing decade. Everything seems to increase here. Commerce is in the forefront, and religion is well in the van, and yet there is a fakes and fads on every side, from the 10,000 depositors who believed that a cent a year on their money, to the hundreds of disciples of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, every one of them with full faith in curing diphtheria by flights of imagination and rheumatism by trains of thought.

Every young person, with sufficient means, should see New York and tarry here at least a fortnight. The points of interest are so many and so important that seeing them would add much to his educational equipment, as well as augment his store of pleasure. See the great churches, the palatial homes, the important banks, the lofty buildings, the educative measures, the splendid libraries, the magnificent Central Park and Brooklyn bridge, take steamer excursions, visit the great stores, board the trolley, and, for a single nickle, ride through rural scenes to Yonkers, fifteen miles away.

"The world, the flesh and the devil" are incessant, transcendent trusts have their centers here; tenements reek with filth and are polluted with crime; splendor and squalor are, sometimes, not far apart. But slomping in a great city is not necessary to learn the seamy side of sin. Emerson said, that in order to understand any crime, he had only to look into his own heart, and the explanation he found there was ample to explain any crime. Few of us would be willing to be Emersonian in this regard, though all will confess something Emersonian in us all.

WM. D. WILLIAMS.

Dogs Growing Weaker. Experts agree that the life of a dog is shortened by close breeding and exhibition and that we are gradually raising dogs that will not be so long lived as the semiwild mongrel types.

Not Forgotten. "Did your grandmother remember you in her will?" "Yes; she had a clause in it instructing the executors to collect all the loans she had made me."—Baltimore News.

It sometimes happens that while a man is watching his enemies his friends get the best of him.—Chicago News.

An angel is a being who can watch another being poke a fire without offering suggestions.—Indianapolis Journal.

Hacking



Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

There is nothing so bad for a cough as coughing. It tears the tender membrane of the throat and lungs, and the wounds thus made attract the germs of consumption. Stop your cough by using the family remedy that has been curing coughs and colds of every kind for over sixty years. You can't afford to be without it.

loosens the grasp of your cough. The congestion of the throat and lungs is removed; all inflammation is subdued; and the cough drops away.

Three sizes: the one dollar size is the cheapest to keep on hand; the 50c. size for coughs you have had for some time; the 25c. size for an ordinary cold.

For 15 years I had a very bad cough. The doctors and everybody else thought I had a true case of consumption. Then I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it only took a bottle and a half to cure me." F. MARSH MILLER, Oct. 25, 1896, Camden, N.Y.

Conquered the Professor. The mighty Jowett of Oxford invited a student to walk with him. After they had been on the road for about 30 minutes the pupil finally spunked up courage and remarked, "Nice day, professor."

He Hated Dem Britishers. When Admiral Cockburn's marauders ravaged Tilghman's Island in 1814, during the war between the United States and Great Britain, they found a different country from the Tilghman's Island of today. Then the white population was less than 50. Old George, a Tilghman slave, who afterward belonged to the Harrisons of Long Point, where in his old age he had a comfortable quarter and a boy to wait on him, was one of the victims of Cockburn's marauders and used to tell how "dem ar' Britishers made me run down me own hawg, and not only dat, my young master, dey make me kill 'im and skin 'im, bang um!" And the old negro's heart would burn with indignation at the memory. Old George lived to be a hundred, according to the record of his birth kept by his mother's master, and lived in great comfort in his old age. He died in 1856 on Cedar Point farm, the home then of his last master, the late Theodore P. Harrison of Baltimore.—Baltimore Sun.

Composition on Breathing. A boy, 14 years old, who was told to write all he could about breathing in a composition, handed in the following: "Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get outdoors. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diaphragm. Girls can't holler or run like boys because their diaphragm is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I had rather be a boy so I can run and holler and have a great big diaphragm."—Detroit Free Press.

His Experience. Watts—What was the worst storm you ever encountered? N. Peck—I think it blew at the rate of about 300 words a minute.—Indianapolis Journal.

Would Be a Willing Apprentice. The head of the Frankfurt house of the Rothschilds recently received a modest request from a young man who stated that the cooper's trade, to which he had been apprenticed, was distasteful to him and asked to be accepted as "an apprentice millionaire," promising diligence and all application in learning "the business."

Too Timid. Mrs. Plump (trying in vain to squeeze a No. 5 foot into a No. 3 shoe)—This seems a trifle tight, but I'm afraid a No. 4 is too large. Mr. Plump—You are too easily frightened, my dear.—Ohio State Journal.

It is not what we have, but what we can do without, that makes us rich. Socrates, seeing a large load of valuables pass one day, exclaimed, "I am most happy for there are so many things that I do not want!"

The Hair in the Watch. Superfluous hair adornments are unpopular with women, especially when they take the form of inconspicuous mistakes. Men, as a rule, are not so sensitive, but a hairy individual, who must have been a literal descendant of Esau, inasmuch as he actually had whiskers growing out of his ears, had a rather harrowing experience in a fashionable Chestnut street jewelry store. He wanted to buy a watch, the best in the place, and a very elaborate timepiece was shown to him by the salesman. It was said to be an excellent timekeeper. "We have had it in stock for quite awhile," explained the salesman, "and can guarantee that it won't vary a fraction of a second. We've never allowed it to run down." The prospective purchaser, who looked like a prosperous mine owner from the west, had been examining the works and casually placed the watch to his ear. "Never run down, hey?" he ejaculated. "Why, it's stopped now." "That's very strange," said the salesman. The man again placed the watch to his ear to make sure, and then the truth became apparent. The hair which protruded from his ear had intruded into the works and stopped the delicate mechanism. The salesman didn't like to explain matters, and his delicacy cost him the sale of the watch.—Pittsburgh Record.

Unreasonable. "Yes, we're at sword's point," admitted a suburbanite, while discussing a neighbor. "Fault on both sides, I presume?" "No, sir, not a bit of it. I've been unfortunate, that's all, and he won't listen to explanations." "Shot his dog, didn't you?" "Yes, I did, but it was this way. I heard the whole street in shrieks and rushed to the window. Boys were climbing trees, mothers hustled their babies inside and locked their doors, and down the center of the street came that dog like all possessed. Of course I thought he was mad. So would anybody, and I shot him." "Come to find out, he'd been rooting into a humbeless' nest. I'm no expert on mad dogs and told my neighbor so, but he stormed around as though he had bees in his own hair, and I just dropped him." "What made him madder was that I hit him in the head with an old coal scuttle. I can't see through a tight board fence, can I? I didn't know he was snooking through the alley when I threw the thing away. He was so mad that I didn't recognize his voice. I told him we didn't allow such talk and had him kicked across part of a subdivision before I discovered who he was. Then I apologized, but there's no reason in him."—Detroit Free Press.

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