

CORRESPONDENCE

Dover.

DOVER, Sept. 16.—Dover is quiet, for almost everybody has gone to the hop yards.

The rain has come, so some farmers are plowing.

The second crop of clover looks well, and the farmers are making a great deal of butter.

H. Fitzgerald made a flying trip to Portland.

R. deShazer is seen on our streets these days.

N. Nelson is home for a few days. Potatoes and buckwheat look well.

Joseph deShazer went to Portland last week.

N. Nelson is preparing to build a barn and C. Bowman is hauling the lumber.

James deShazer and family, of Firwood, were visiting relatives in Dover last Sunday.

J. G. deShazer has contracted his hops for 5 cents gross.

Joseph deShazer and family were visiting Mr. Pagh's last Sunday.

Springwater.

SPRINGWATER, Sept. 17.—Twenty thousand bushels of grain were threshed in Springwater. Ordinarily there would have been about 50,000 bushels to thresh. Wheat averages about 11 bushels and oats 19.

Getting pretty well along with drying prunes. Next will be apples. The late rains damaged some of the prunes that were on the ground.

Lewellen and Dubois are going to put up a chop mill.

A. M. Shibley's sister is out from the East on a visit.

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

BROUGHT BACK OLD TIMES.

A Tidbit That Was Not on the Restaurant Bill of Fare.

The force of childhood recollections and the truth of the quotation, "A touch of nature makes the whole world kin," were shown graphically by a little incident in a restaurant the other day. A quiet looking, middle aged man of prosperous appearance was eating his dinner when another well dressed man took a seat opposite him. After giving his order in a bluff, genial manner the newcomer took a sip of water and faced around. Suddenly a queer expression came over his face as he watched attentively the actions of his vis-a-vis, and apparently without realizing what he was doing he blurted out in a loud tone, "Well, well, well!"

Every one at the table, including the quiet looking man, started, and the speaker's gaze, turned their eyes also upon him of the quiet appearance to see what had caused the exclamation.

The man who had come in first was in the act of spreading sugar over a slice of buttered bread, and when he realized that all eyes were turned upon him he blushed like one detected in a heinous crime and almost fell off his chair. It took him a minute or two to recover, and then he said to the table in general:

"I used to get bread and butter and sugar for being good when I was a child, and eating it is a habit which I like to indulge in even yet. I know it isn't upon the restaurant bill of fare, but I couldn't resist the temptation."

"I must beg your pardon for my rude exclamation," replied the other man. "My mother used to put bread and butter and sugar in my lunchbox when I went to school as an 8-year-old up in the country town where I was raised, and I haven't eaten any since my childhood, and I guess I'll join you in a piece now for the sake of old times." And he did.—Bangor Whig.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF COD-LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES

should always be kept in the house for the following reasons:

FIRST—Because, if any member of the family has a hard cold, it will cure it.

SECOND—Because, if the children are delicate and sickly, it will make them strong and well.

THIRD—Because, if the father or mother is losing flesh and becoming thin and emaciated, it will build them up and give them flesh and strength.

FOURTH—Because it is the standard remedy in all throat and lung affections.

No household should be without it. It can be taken in summer as well as in winter.

See and get on all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

The Restaurant Glass.

"Give me a glass of water, please." The request was made to a waiter behind the marble top lunch counter of a well known restaurant in the central part of the city.

"All right, sir," was the waiter's reply. "I will just as soon as you put your glass down."

The man looked first at the empty glass he held in his hand and then at the waiter. Then his choler began to rise at what he considered an unwarranted piece of impertinence. The waiter evidently saw the outbreak of wrath that was coming.

"No offense meant, sir," he hastily explained. "You see, it's just this way: The first thing a waiter learns, and he learns it by dearly bought experience, too, is never to take a glass from another person's hand. Why? Because if he does the chances are about even that the glass will fall and be smashed in the transfer. This is particularly true if the top of the table or counter happens to be of marble, as this one is. You probably understand that when a waiter breaks anything in a hotel or restaurant he has to pay for it, and you probably now understand why it was that I would fill your glass as soon as you put it down so that I could pick it up myself."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

He Wasn't Joking.

"I had four days' growth of beard on my face when I struck a little town in northern Michigan," said the civil engineer. "I found a little coop of a barber shop near the depot, and I entered it to discover the barber sitting on a bench with his head in his hands. As he roused up I told him to get to work on me, but after looking me over he replied:

"If I shave you, you'll have to take the chances."

"What chances?" I asked. "Well, I've been on a drunk for the last week and am just on the point of seeing rats. I may get through with it all right, and I may cut your head off."

"The man had a wild look and was all a-tremble," continued the engineer, "and, though he smiled as he talked, I saw that he wasn't joking. I went away without getting shaved and for the next two hours was busy making purchases. As I returned to the depot I looked in on the barber to see how he got along and found him hanging dead. Just what would have happened had he started to shave me I don't know, but I've always felt much obliged to the man for putting the case as plainly as he did."—Baltimore Herald.

Tried It With Kittens.

A little lady of 5 who dwells in Park Ridge has an ardent sympathy for supercilious kittens—that is, kittens which have to be drowned. Last week she discovered six wee balls of fur in the woodshed, and instantly the burning question was, "What shall we do with them?"

Her mother and father advocated the usual method of keeping one for Katherine and drowning the others. But little Katherine determined to thwart their plans. She had heard a story how a little baby was left in a basket on a doorstep and how, with the light of dawn, the kind old couple took in the little foundling and reared it as their own child.

Katherine found in the cellar five little fruit baskets. Into each of these she put a kitten, and then, waiting until her mamma had lain down for her afternoon nap, she laid a basket on the doorstep of each of five houses whose owners she regarded as charitable.—Chicago News.

The Advantage of One Eye.

During the Spanish-American war a certain old colonel who had lost an eye at the battle of Gettysburg was very indignant because he was put aside as physically incapacitated when he applied for admission to one of the New York volunteer regiments.

Filled with wrath and chagrin, the colonel journeyed to Washington, bent on having a personal interview with the president. He succeeded in gaining an audience, and the president, after listening to his plea, said kindly:

"But, my good Colonel J., you have only one eye!"

"Just so, sir," was the prompt rejoinder, "but can't you see the great advantage of my having only one eye? When I aim my gun, I shan't have to close the other!"

He fought at Santiago.

The Dean in His Nightshirt.

Hugh Pearson always spoke of Dean Stanley as the most absent minded man in the world. He was driving once with him into Palermo. He complained of feeling cold, and as Stanley had his traveling bag with him he advised him to put something extra on. He did so, and both resumed their papers. A loud laugh from some boys suddenly roused Pearson to the realization that Stanley was driving through the streets in his nightshirt, which he had put on over his coat in pure absence of mind.

Experience.

Messenger—Here's a package for you, sir.

Wederly—What is it?

Messenger—I'm not sure, sir, but I think it is a birthday present from your wife.

Wederly—Oh, very well! Just leave the bill, and I'll send a check for the amount around in the morning.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Lots of people claim heaven as their right and yet have not learned how to make any right use of the earth.—Keokuk Gate City.

In Berlin the pawnshop is a royal and philanthropic institution. Any profit that is made is spent on charity.



PASSING YEARS

Look in your mirror today. Take a last look at your gray hair. Its surety may be the last if you want it so; you needn't keep your gray hair a week longer than you wish. There's no guesswork about this; it's sure every time.

To restore color to gray hair—use—



After using it for two or three weeks notice how much younger you appear, ten years younger at least.

Ayer's Hair Vigor also cures dandruff, prevents hair grow, and is a splendid hair dressing.

It cannot help but do these things, for it's a hair-food. When the hair is well fed, it cannot help but grow.

It makes the scalp healthy and this cures the disease that causes dandruff.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. My hair was coming out badly, but Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling and has made my hair very thick and much darker than before. I think there is nothing like it for the hair.—Conna, M. L. S. A. April 25, 1899. Yarrow, I. T.

Write the Doctor. If you do not obtain all the benefits you desire from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Address: Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

AN ENGLISH "TREAT."

The Difference Between the British and American Methods.

I was constantly struck, says Colonel T. W. Higginson in The Atlantic, with the genuine spirit of hospitality among Englishmen toward Americans, as such, even those with whose pursuits they might have almost nothing in common, and for whom they had not the slightest reason to put themselves out. I liked this none the less for its having its definite limitations as to pecuniary obligations, and the like, including everything in the nature of "treating," all this being in my opinion a weak point in our more gushing or more self-conscious habit.

I remember to have once been taken by a gentleman, on whom I had but the slightest claim, to the country house of another, on whom I had no claim whatever. The latter was not at all literary, and had not even the usual vague English interest in American affairs. Yet he gave up his whole afternoon to drive me to Kenilworth, which he had seen a thousand times. But that for which I liked him best, and which afforded me a wholly new experience, was that as we entered the outer doorway, he, going first, looked back over his shoulder and said simply, "They make you pay threepence for admission here," and then added, speaking to the attendant, "here is my threepence."

After all the time and trouble he had given to his stranger guest he left him to pay his own threepence, a thing which most Americans would not have dreamed of doing. It would have been the American notion of good breeding to save a guest from expense, as it was the English impulse to save him from the sense of obligation. I confess that I prefer the latter method.

Don't be fooled twice in the same way.—Atchison Globe.

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 landside 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 snowed 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 300, 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.

THE FORCE OF WAVES.

GENTLE ROLLS OF WATER THAT HOLD A FEARFUL POWER.

Ground Seas on the English Coast Which Wreck Vessels on Calm Days—These Swells Strike With a Force of a Ton to the Square Inch.

Many visitors to the coast are sorely vexed when a boatman either refuses to put off from the shore, or at most go far from land, on a day when there is no sign of an approaching storm and the water is only moved by a long and gentle rolling swell.

Argument is of no avail, and if the old salt is pushed for a reason he will only reply with some cryptogramic remark about "the ground sea," the questioner then retiring more bewildered than before.

It is hard to understand how such a gentle swell can presage danger, but to experienced eyes it gives a warning that must be heeded. All along the west and parts of the south coasts of England and Ireland, as well as the west coast of Scotland, uncounted tales are told of ships which on a perfectly calm day have been within a few hours first caught by a gentle roll of the water and finally thrown on a rockbound shore by the dreaded "ground sea."

To understand this curious marine phenomenon it must be borne in mind that out on the Atlantic waves are often formed to a height of 40 feet. Driven before a heavy gale, these advance at a rate of from 30 to 40 miles an hour. Traveling at such a rate, they soon get out of the wind swept area. But even though, for them the storm is past they still roll on in fury, their undulations often being felt 500 miles from the point of their creation.

In the region of the storm these waves are fierce, breaking billows, but as they get farther away they settle down into long, rolling ridges, which travel onward in long, unbroken lines, perfectly parallel with each other.

Out on the open sea these ridges often stretch out for a distance of over 50 miles, and they travel in threes, each successive wave being larger than its predecessor. The sight is an imposing one.

The farther they progress the smaller they become in height, but this is compensated for by the fact that their motion is communicated to the mass of water below, until the roll can be detected fully 50 feet under the surface. This gives them the name of "ground sea."

In this peculiarity their danger lies, for when a becalmed ship is caught in them, her draft, the resisting power that enables her to ride out a storm, becomes the fulcrum which the liquid mass uses to hurl her onward to destruction.

On a calm day any sailing craft caught in the "ground sea" near a rocky shore is as good as lost, unless a roll can spring up and enable her to beat out to sea. Many a ship has met this fate. The reason many more do not get lost is due to the gentle swell that so deceives a landsman and warns a sailor.

As the "ground sea" advances it pushes a certain amount of water before it. This also forms into ridges, like its pursuer, but of less height and approximately no depth.

The "false sea," as it is called, is little more than a rolling swell, but it gives a warning of from 20 minutes to two hours' duration, enabling a ship to either run into port, get out to sea or securely anchor; while at the seaside resorts the boatmen run close in shore to the surprise of the "trippers."

When it is remembered that a wave 20 feet high, which is often attained by the "ground sea," strikes with a force of one ton to the square inch, the necessity for caution will be recognized.

All waves that come in parallel ridges, however, are not dangerous, as there is a "wind billow" that is closely allied to the "ground sea" in appearance.

"Wind billows" are due to a heavy wind blowing but a few miles off the land, but as they have had but a comparatively short distance to travel they have no depth. Consequently even a rowing boat is perfectly safe on them if properly handled.

These waves usually appear when there is a comparative calm near the shore, their great point of difference from the "ground sea," in appearance being that their unbroken lines are nearer and are all equidistant, not traveling in threes.

Generally the "wind billow" does not break into foam, but occasionally this happens when they are coming in against the tide. Then it is hard to detect them from ordinary waves, the product of a local windstorm. These always break into foam at their crest, the "white horses" of the marine poet.

Remembering these peculiarities of the various waves will save tourists considerable disappointment when wise heads bid them keep to the land, for, to them, no apparent reason, while it may keep them from rushing into unknown dangers. One other fact is also worthy of mention, as it may prove of advantage should a boat drift out to sea with an inexperienced crew and no compass aboard.

Then, if a "ground sea" is "running," set your mind at ease, for you can steer by it, as, on the English and Irish coasts at least, it always comes from the northwest.—Pearson's Magazine.

Her Weakness.

He—This shoe doesn't fit. Try a bigger one.

She (severely)—No, sir; bring me the same size a little larger.—Denver Sun.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.—Steele.

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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