

A PLATE OF SOUP.

Its Effect Upon General Scott's Presidential Aspirations.

Serving dinners in courses is comparatively a modern fashion, first introduced in diplomatic circles in Washington and imitated from France. Up to the date of President Polk's administration the course dinner among Americans had made no further progress than that of serving fish and soup separately. Soup was regarded as such a foreign frippery that a note written by General Winfield Scott, in which he explained that he was "just sitting down to a hasty plate of soup," covered him with such ridicule as to materially contribute to his defeat as a candidate of the presidency.

Soup in the early days of the republic was considered as food for invalids or poor people only. Later, when the social splendors of the court of the Empress Eugenie attracted rich Americans in flocks to Paris, French table manners and customs pushed the old English dinner fashions to the wall. It is doubtful, however, if soup ever found a place on the dinner table of the wealthy Maryland or Virginia planter, unless green turtle, which was really a stew, might be so called.

The object of an old time dinner party was to eat, whereas that of the course dinner is to delight the eye rather than the palate, and yet who will say that the sight of a well filled dinner table where an array of silver covered dishes gives forth a bouquet of appetizing odors fails to make an agreeable impression on all the senses? —Lippincott's Magazine.

Lost In Her Own Room.

"Talking about being lost," says the girl who has been visiting her grandparents in the old family homestead—"I have been lost in the city and lost in the country, but never was there anything so horrible as being lost in my own room. It was a very queer room I had at grandmamma's anyway—one of those rooms from which a flight of stairs leads down; rooms such as are only to be seen in old houses. It blew up cold the first night I was in the house, and I got up to close the window. The room, of course, was pitch dark. In getting back from the window to the bed I lost myself. I had not the slightest idea in what direction to turn, and I knew that if I was not careful I should go down those awful stairs. There was nothing to do but sit down on the floor and howl for some one to come and find me, and that was just what I did. If grandpa and grandmamma had not been unusually normal individuals, I should have frightened them to death. As it was, they only thought I had a nightmare, brought candles and located me and showed me my way to bed again."

The End of the World.

Dr. M. W. Meyer, a German scientist, in an interesting volume under the above title explains a "new theory" as to how this event will probably come about. Indeed he carries his argument still further and finally extinguishes all the energy of the universe. All of the present satellites—moons, etc.—will eventually be drawn in by the force of gravitation and become a part of their planets. These in turn will be absorbed by the sun. A series of collisions will then commence between the various suns which will finally result in one enormous sun and solar system. "And so growing in grandeur, but diminishing in number, the final catastrophe will come when there are no more suns to produce collisions (and heat) and one huge body cooled to the zero of space, void of available energy, will mark the final outcome of cosmic motion."

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Free Medical Advice to Women.



Every sick and ailing woman, Every young girl who suffers monthly, Every woman who is approaching maternity, Every woman who feels that life is a burden, Every woman who has tried all other means to regain health without success, Every woman who is going through that critical time—the change of life—is invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., in regard to her trouble, and the most expert advice telling exactly how to obtain a CURE will be sent absolutely free of cost.

The one thing that qualifies a person to give advice on any subject is experience—experience creates knowledge. No other person has so wide an experience with female ills nor such a record of success as Mrs. Pinkham has had. Over a hundred thousand cases come before her each year. Some personally, others by mail. And this has been going on for twenty years, day after day, and day after day. Twenty years of constant success—think of it! Knowledge thus gained! Surely women are wise in seeking advice from a woman with such an experience, especially when it is free.

Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, wrote to Mrs. Pinkham when she was in great trouble. Her letter shows the result. There are actually thousands of such letters in Mrs. Pinkham's possession.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under doctors' treatment for female troubles for some time, but without any relief. They now tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, I cannot wear my clothes with any comfort. Womb is dreadfully swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time. The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor, given in your little book, accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 352 Dudley St. (Boston), Roxbury, Mass.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wrote to you describing my symptoms, and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully for several months, and to-day I am a well woman."

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"Your Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors, or any female trouble, to write you for advice, and give it a faithful trial."—Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 352 Dudley St. (Boston), Roxbury, Mass.

Mrs. Hayes will gladly answer any and all letters that may be addressed to her asking about her illness, and how Mrs. Pinkham helped her.

\$5000 FORFEIT If we cannot forthwith produce the original letter and signature of above testimonials, which will prove its absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

They Wanted Blood. While a fair was being held recently in a small town in Belgium the owner of a menagerie announced that one of the villagers, who was known to possess great courage, would enter that evening a cage containing two lions and would remain there fifteen minutes.

When it was noised abroad, every one determined to witness the novel sight, and as a result there were several hundred persons in front of the lions' cage when the performance began.

At a signal from the owner the courageous villager entered the cage and stood watching the lions. They, however, took not the slightest notice of him, and after the fifteen minutes had expired he left the cage. As he did so a storm of hisses greeted him, and the next moment such an uproar arose that the owner summoned the police and the entertainment came to an end.

The fact was the people expected that the lions would attack the villager and they were disappointed because no blood had been shed.

"Yet it is exceedingly probable," says a French writer, "that if one of the lions had escaped from the cage this bloodthirsty crowd would have been terrified almost to death."

Substitute For Quinine. You think you are bilious. Well, I should think you would be! What did you expect your stomach and liver could stand? You ought to be thankful that you got off with simply being bilious. The wonder is that you have any stomach or liver left at all, says Medical Talk.

What would I advise? Well, in order to stir up your liver a little and give you a steady quantity of quinine I would advise you to see and read the

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Mamma (to a friend who is lunching with her)—I don't know why it is, but I always eat more when we have company than when we're alone.

Tommy (helping himself to the third piece of cake)—I know why it is; 'cause we have better things to eat.—Brooklyn Life

Disappointing. "I gave you a shilling the other day on the plea that your child was seriously ill—at death's door, in fact. And yesterday I saw him as lively as a cricket."

"Yes, kid lady. He's the most disappointing boy you ever see!"—Moonshine.

Authoritative. Meeks—The man who tries to change a woman's views is a fool. Weeks—How do you know? Meeks—My wife told me so.—Chicago News.

The one eternal lesson for us all is how better we can love.—Henry Drummond.

Suicide Prevented. The startling announcement that a preventive of suicide had been discovered will interest many. A run down system or dependency invariably precede suicide and something has been found that will prevent that condition which makes suicide likely. At the first thought of self destruction take Electric Bitters. It being a great tonic and nerve will strengthen the nervous system. It's also a great Stomach, Liver and Kidney regulator. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by Geo. H. Harding, druggist.

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CHAMP CLARK STORIES

Why Congress Is Largely Made Up of Lawyers.

American People Have an Admiration For Orators—Judge Porter and the Jury—An Able Man at Table—Congress as a Presidential Hatchery. Telling Stories on the Stump—How a Buck Was Vanquished—Patriotic Under All Circumstances.

[Copyright, 1902, by Champ Clark.] Frequently the fact is referred to in the newspapers that a large majority of representatives and senators are lawyers. That is true and probably will continue to be true so long as the republic lives. It grows out of these facts:

First.—The American people are the greatest admirers of oratory on the face of the earth. All lawyers are not orators, nor do all lawyers get to congress, but their business compels most lawyers to become at least intelligible speakers. No other class of our citizens is so much given to public speaking as lawyers save preachers, and very few of the latter aspire to public station; hence the lawyers have the call, or, in race horse parlance, the pole, when it comes to "running for congress."

Second.—A large acquaintance among the people of a congressional district is usually a sine qua non to a nomination or an election. Of course there are exceptions to the rule, but nevertheless that is the rule. A lawyer in active practice has a fine opportunity to know and be known by the voters. Especially was that true when "riding the circuit" was fashionable, for, strange to say, the railroads, instead of increasing the habit of practicing over the circuit, have diminished it. Wherefore? Let philosophers answer.

Third.—People have an idea that a man who has spent a large portion of his life studying, practicing and expounding the law ought to know how to make law. This may or may not be true.

As the house is made up largely of lawyers, it goes without saying that courts, judges, lawyers, juries, clients, witnesses et id genus omne are most frequently the themes at the cloakroom scenes.

Judge Porter and the Jury. I do not remember, however, to have heard any lawyer congressman tell a more piquant story about a court than this one I am about to set forth, related by James Kelly Pool of Centralia, Mo., who is not a lawyer. He is an editor. He tells it of Hon. Gilchrist Porter, a splendid Christian gentleman who served two terms in congress and several terms on the circuit bench.

Pool's story runs in this wise: "It is said that on a certain occasion a sheriff of Andraint county summoned a special jury to try some case in the circuit court at Mexico and for some reason got together a tough lot of Mexico saloon frequenters. After the jury was duly examined it was suggested to the judge that he proceed to qualify the jury. Judge Porter awoke from one of his famous 'bench naps,' looked the jury over carefully and said to the jurymen, 'Gentlemen, I can swear you in, but all creation cannot qualify you!'

It will not be improper to state that Mr. Pool is an ardent temperance advocate.

Judge Porter's Mot. Judge Porter not only slept a great deal, but he was an enormous eater. No man since the days of old Epicurus more thoroughly enjoyed dining. Judge Porter was the author of this mot: "A turkey is too much for one man to eat and not enough for two." That is a most remarkable statement when it is remembered that in his circuit bronze turkey gobblers frequently weigh from 40 to 50 pounds. He would have been a fit table companion for the Emperor Maximilian or that more famous Emperor Charles V, whose favorite diet even when an invalid in his old age was lampreys and eel pies.

As to Presidential Hatcheries. Senator S. B. Elkins of West Virginia once remarked that "the house is a much better hatchery for presidents than the senate." That remark is entirely too sweeping. No senator while in service was ever elected to the presidency and only one representative while in service, James A. Garfield, who was also a senator elect. Everybody regards the vice presidency as a sort of presidential graveyard. Nobody ever seems to think of the speaker-ship of the house in that light, and yet only one ex-speaker, James K. Polk, ever reached the presidency, while Vice Presidents John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Andrew Johnson, Chester A. Arthur and Theodore Roosevelt all attained to that exalted honor, the first three by election and the last five through the death of their chiefs. So that, on the doctrine of chances, leaving out the element of death, a vice president has prospects three times as good of becoming chief magistrate of the republic as a speaker has.

While no senator was ever elected president while serving among the manuscript fathers, several reached to the first place after quitting the senate—Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Andrew Johnson and Benjamin Harrison. Besides Garfield, the only man who had served in the house of representatives and not in the senate to reach the presidency were Madison, Fillmore

Lincoln, Hayes and McKinley" unless we count Washington, the elder Adams and Jefferson, who all served in the Continental congress. Neither Taylor, Grant, Cleveland nor Roosevelt served in either branch of congress. J. Q. Adams served 17 years in the house after he was president, and Andrew Johnson served a small portion of the full senatorial term to which he had been elected after he was president. The following presidents had served in both houses prior to reaching the magistracy of the republic: Jackson, Harrison, Tyler, Pierce, Buchanan and Johnson. To this list must be added Monroe, if service in a Continental congress counts.

It may be seriously doubted whether the easy road to the presidency lies through service in either branch of congress or in both branches. The congressional services of Washington, Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Pierce, Hayes and Lincoln had precious little to do with their reaching the White House. All the great leaders in the two houses of congress have harbored the presidential bee, and most of them have descended to their graves full of chagrin and bitter thoughts. Of course, the ambitions of Clay, Webster and Calhoun are always harped upon, but there are others—Corwin, Cass, Douglas, Seward, Blaine, Conkling and a host of other choice spirits. What the explanation of this may be it is not possible to state. Perhaps the fact that veteran senators and representatives have too much record in the chief stumbling block in their pathway.

Which Ran? It goes without saying that the average commercial tourist is a rattling good story teller. Once while lecturing in Louisiana I ran across one of these modern knights of the road at a restaurant in New Orleans. He asked me if I had ever heard much of General Wash Jones of Texas and then proceeded as follows: "Wash was a great character in his own way, possessed of considerable capacity and many oddities. The latter he cultivated for effect. When Ireland was running as the regular Democratic nominee for governor, Wash tackled him as an independent candidate. As a story teller on the stump Ireland was a success, at which game no living man could beat Wash Jones. They held joint discussions all over the state, Ireland began to tell anecdotes at Wash's expense, which the latter returned in such profusion that Ireland grew weary of it and proposed to Wash that they should both quit telling anecdotes. Wash agreed. The next time they discussed the political issues it was Wash's time to lead off, and he began by stating the history of this war of anecdotes and the agreement between himself and Ireland. He then added:

"Fellow citizens, I fully intend hereafter to live up to that agreement, but I reserve to myself the right to tell one—just one—here today. Once upon a time there was a great buck with spreading antlers which was monarch of all he surveyed in a large pasture. He chased everybody that went through his domain, making it decidedly lively for all intruders into his bailiwick. One hot day a man who was in a great hurry was very desirous of going catwampus through the buck's province in order to save time; but, knowing the vicious nature of the brute, he carefully and cautiously reconnoitered before venturing in. He saw the buck lying down on the edge of the pasture about a half mile distant and concluded that he might pass through, thereby making a short cut, without attracting the attention of his

backship, but he was sadly mistaken, for when he was about half through the pasture the buck came at him red eyed, and he ran for a big oak, intending to take refuge in its spreading branches. The buck, however, was too quick for him and with a bound he could climb the oak like a cat. He chased him round and round the tree. It was a great race, but the buck turned quicker than the hare. He says the first shall be last and the last shall be first. Finally the man gained a lap on the buck, and instead of being ahead of the enraged animal came up behind him and suddenly grabbed him by the tail. At this unexpected development the buck lit out across the pasture as though Old Nick were after him and never stopped to pester the traveler any more. Now, fellow citizens, I submit to you this question: This anecdote telling which of us two Ireland or myself, played the buck and which the innocent traveler?"

Genuine Patriotism. There are many ways of expressing patriotism, just as there are many men of many minds. Perhaps the line of Horace, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," is the expression most frequently quoted. At David City, Neb., July 4, 1891, I heard one of the speakers relate this anecdote, which appears to me to contain the essence of patriotism. "Once upon a time," said he, "a party of Americans were touring the old world. Among other places, they visited the pyramids of Egypt. A boy who was with them grew weary and fell asleep. They thought to have as much fun with him, so they surrounded him with grinning skulls and gruesome skeletons. Then all retired from the range of his vision, and one blew a horn in imitation of Gabriel's trumpet. The boy awoke with a start, rubbed his eyes, looked around a moment to get his bearings and then, swinging his cap above his head, shouted: 'Hurrah! Hurrah! It's the morning of the resurrection, and an American is the first man on the ground!' That boy was an American patriot, a fit countryman for George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and old John Adams." That is hardly as elegant as Horace's mot above quoted, but, judging by the way the vast audience clapped and laughed and yelled, it was up to the mark.

CHAMP CLARK.

COLLEGE AND SCHOOL.

Professor M. I. Pupin of Columbia university, who invented the ocean telephone, started his career in America as a Turkish bath attendant.

Dr. Frank Strong, who has just been installed chancellor of the University of Kansas, is the author of an excellent biography of Benjamin Franklin.

Buenos Ayres already bears the proud name of "the city of school palaces," yet a recent grant provides for the construction of twenty-one more handsome public school buildings.

Miss Louise Holman Richardson has been elected associate dean at Mount Hall, Wesleyan university, Delaware.

O. Miss Richardson is a Massachusetts woman and a graduate of Boston university.

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