



"Such a Noise!"

The mother says to herself sometimes. "I can hardly endure it." Then a chill creeps over her as she thinks of the awful silence which falls upon the home when children are taken away, and she is glad her children are hardy of body and sturdy of lungs.

When a child does not enjoy noisy sports and games there is something wrong, and that something will often be found to be a lack of nutrition adequate to the needs of youth and growth. The stomach is "weak," digestion is imperfect, and so the nourishment of the body is inadequate.

In such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery works wonders. It changes puny, fretful children into healthy, happy girls and boys. The process by which this change is accomplished is strictly along the lines marked by Nature. All growth and strength come from food when it has been digested, converted into nutrition and assimilated.

"A Wonderful Thing." "I have been thinking of writing to you for some time," writes Mrs. W. D. Benson, of Maxton, Oregon, N. C. "I would like to know what a wonderful thing Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery did for my little boy. He was taken with indigestion when he was a year and a half old and he was not able to eat for a long time. We spent all we made for doctors' bills, and it did no good. He could eat only a little milk and cracker, and some times even this would make him sick. He could not sit up all day, and I gave up all hope of his ever getting any better. Three weeks ago I found one of your books, and on looking it over one day I noticed Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery recommended for indigestion. We bought some and gave it to our boy. He had been treated at Hood's by a good doctor and at Bennettsville, S. C., and at Currie and Lamberton and Maxton, and was only relieved for a short time. We gave him two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it cured him. He is well as can be and can eat anything that he wants and it does not hurt him. He has not been sick a day since and it has been three years since he took your medicine."

"A Thankful Mother." "I have felt it my duty for a long time," writes Mrs. Mollie Jones, of Gap, Comanche Co., Texas, "to tell you of the wonderful cure effected by your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' in the case of our little boy, now nearly seven years old. When he was two months old the doctor operated on him. Then we had the doctor take his tonsils out and he made bad work of it. If he went in the wind he would be sick, and we tried everything we could hear of and consulted every physician we saw, but they did not know what to do. When he was nearly six years old, in October, 1900, he was worse than ever, and I could not rest for being so uneasy about him. He was our fourth boy, the other three were dead, and it seemed to me that if he died I just could not bear it. I would go to sleep crying and begging God to spare him. Well, I could see he was getting so much worse he was just as poor as he could be, and his kidneys had been troublesome all his life. I had read a book about Dr. Pierce's medicine. I felt almost sure it would help our boy. He sent me some and we commenced with the 'Golden Medical Discovery' on Friday night, and with the 'Pellets' the next morning. We gave him your medicine three times a day, and by Sunday he was able to play, and in one month from the time he commenced taking it he had gained six pounds and his cough was gone. He had not coughed any since, and he does not take cold any more than the rest of us. He goes about like the rest of the children and plays in the cold and hot weather."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser in paper covers is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Learn From the Animals. The horse teaches us to be silent under punishment and patient in suffering. From the lion we learn bravado. From the cat we learn to prowl at night. From the dog we learn how to be faithful to a friend. The camel teaches us abstinence. The elephant teaches us how to be calm in adversity. The hippopotamus teaches us repose. The shy little rabbit teaches us how to die without a murmur. The antelope teaches us the foolishness of idle curiosity. The leopard teaches us the evils of gluttony. The ant teaches us industry and wisdom in council. The hen teaches us to go in out of the wet (yet I have seen fowl hens which did not know the difference between sunshine and rain). Some men might learn of hogs how to be gentlemen.—New York Press.

BEET SUGAR.

It Was Born of France's Isolation During the Napoleonic Wars.

Sugar as an article of food was not known to the ancients. Mankind has always exhibited the greatest fondness for sweets, and from the earliest times the demand was supplied by honey. The royal palmist sets up honey and the honeycomb as the highest standard of material sweetness. A land flowing with milk and honey was the picture drawn by the most ancient poets to describe an earthly paradise. Romans of the last days of the republic, and subsequently of the time of the empire, who were at the same time the most luxurious epicures and the grossest feeders the world ever knew and spared neither money nor exertion to secure every delicacy possible for their tables, had no knowledge of sugar, but robbed the bees to obtain sweets for their famous honey cakes and other confectionery. Sugar was made in India and Arabia in the earliest times, but it was not brought into Europe until the invasions of the Mohammedans into the countries around the Mediterranean sea, in the seventeenth century. The Moors cultivated the cane in the countries of north Africa, and they introduced it into Spain. The Spaniards, about 1510, planted sugar canes in their West Indian possessions, whence it spread through Spanish America and into the French province of Louisiana. The cane was the original source of sugar, and so remained up to the time of the Napoleonic wars in Europe. The ports of France were so closely blockaded by the British fleets that it was impossible to secure sugar from any tropical countries, and Napoleon assembled the chemists in France and commissioned them to discover some means of making sugar out of material found in the country, at the same time offering a large reward. This proceeding resulted in the production of sugar from the beet.—New Orleans Picayune.

DAVID GARRICK.

The Great Actor's Art and His Wife's Ruffled Feelings.

Mrs. Garrick's admiration of her husband's dramatic talents was intense, and on his great nights she would hang over her box, next the stage, in rapturous delight. The one flaw in her idol, she claimed, was a taste for low life, for which she blamed him greatly, insisting that he loved better to play Scrub to a low lived audience than one of his superior characters before an audience of taste. On one particular occasion she was in her box in the theater when Garrick's impersonation of Richard III. was applauded to the echo. In that day a farce followed the tragedy of the evening, and as Mrs. Garrick rose to leave before her husband came to the box to say he had some business in the greenroom which would detain him, so most unwillingly the lady was obliged to acquiesce and remain through the closing entertainment. This proved to be a comical series of blundering adventures which had befallen a countryman who had left his farm to see London and on his return gave his neighbors an account of the wonders he had met.

This characterization was received with such peals of applause that Mrs. Garrick, ever zealous of her husband's fame, began to think it rivaled those lately lavished on Richard III. Her feelings were nearly worked up to fever heat when she was attracted by the frantic efforts of her little spaniel dog to overleap the balcony that separated him from the stage, when she immediately became aware of the truth that the actor was Garrick and exclaimed, "Strange that a dog should know his master when the woman who loved him best in the world could not pierce his disguise."

Wealth in Lapland.

What the buffalo was to the Indian the reindeer is to the Lapps. At the present day the wealth of a Lapp is calculated in reindeer. Thus, when the people speak of a man's estate they say, "He is worth so many deer." Those who have only fifty or sixty head are poor servants, and their deer are put with those of their "betters." To have any kind of social standing in Lapland one should possess at least 500 of these animals. A Lapp is considered well off when he is the happy owner of not less than 1,000 reindeer.

A Couple of Bulls.

In General Moore's command was an Irish soldier who, having been asked if the Hollanders were a hospitable people, immediately replied: "They are that; too much so. O! was in the hosh plinal all the toime O! was there."

Most Important News He Had.

"Well, John, I am going to your native town, and if I see any of your folks what shall I tell them?"

Hard Patients.

Young Doctor—Which kind of patients do you find it the hardest to cure?

Old Doctor—Those who have nothing the matter with them.

Saving the Pennies.

Some people's idea of economy is to break every dollar they get hold of so as to save up the pennies they receive in change.—Baltimore American.

Give the world more sunshine and less moonshine.—Dallas News.

"The" Hague.

Did you ever stop to ask yourself or your knowing friend the meaning of "The" in the place named The Hague? If you are looking for something that will knock the above mentioned knowing friend off his feet, just ask him the significance of the three letters quoted. When he fails to answer the question, tell him that The as it occurs in the instance cited is simply the anglicized form of the Dutch word "S. Graevenhage" or "S. Graevenhag," either of which in the Dutch language means "the count's hedge" or "the count's grove" or "woods."

Originally the location now occupied by the city of The Hague was the hunting grounds of the counts of Holland. About the year 1230 a palace was built in the grove. Presently a village sprang up around the palace—still it was called "The Count's Hedge" and finally and lastly a large city which in the Dutch language has its original signification, but which in modern parlance has been evolved into "The Hague."

Our Bones Built Up in Arches.

The principle of the arch may be said to pervade the construction of the human skeleton. The late Professor Owen points this out very clearly, telling us that in man the skeleton is arranged in a series of segments, which follow and articulate with each other in the direction of the axis of the body from above downward. This principle accounts for the strength and yet comparative lightness of the whole fabric. From the dome of the skull down to the graceful arch of the foot we may trace this succession of bony hoops or arches, which admirably protect the various parts of the nervous and vascular systems of the body. The skull is found to be but a continuation of the backbone, and each of its four segments, the occipital, parietal, frontal and nasal, consists of an upper neural and a lower hanel arch. Similar arched formations prevail throughout the structure of a human skeleton.

A Venice Industry.

Venice owes the accumulation of great wealth from a new industry to one of her natives named Joquin. It was in the year 1656 that he observed that the scales of a fish called the bleakish possessed the property of giving a milky hue to water. After experimenting with it he discovered that when beads were dipped into it and then dried they assumed the appearance of pearls. This covering, however, was easily worn away, and successive experiments led to the manufacture of hollow glass beads, all blown separately, then polished in revolving cylinders and finally coated inside with the pearly liquid, the latter being protected with wax. This branch of industry is carried on in Venice to this day.

A Sad Awakening.

In one of Theodore Hook's stories the bridegroom, departing with his bride for their honeymoon, is disturbed by a continual tapping on the floor of the post-chaise. It begins to bother him exceedingly. "What the deuce is that noise?" at last he mutters. "It is nothing, darling," answers the bride sweetly. "It is only my wooden leg." Only that and nothing more. She had got accustomed to it from long use, but the information put him out exceedingly and caused a coolness which was permanent.

True Happiness.

The best sort of happiness is rarely visible to the multitude. It lies hidden in odd corners and quiet places, and the eager world, which presumably is seeking it, hurries past and never recognizes it, but continues to mistake for it prosperity and riches, noise and laughter, even fame and mere cheap notoriety.—Henry Seton Merriman in "The Vituvers."

A French Epitaph.

In a French churchyard is a monument having an epitaph of which the following is a translation: "Here lies Jean Pinto, the Spanish vocalist. When he reached heaven, he united his voice with the voices of the archangels. As soon as he heard him the Devil cried, 'Keep quiet, all you fellows, and let us hear about the illustrious singer, Jean Pinto!'"

Just the Size.

The silver moon peeped up behind the hills of Lake Roland. "What is the height of your ambition?" she asked, more to break the monotony than anything else. "Oh, about 5 feet 2 inches," he replied, gazing into her dark eyes. The cards are out.—New York Herald.

Well Pleased.

"I say, Bobby," whispered Fitzgroggs, "was your sister pleased to learn that I had called upon her?" "Yes, indeed she was," replied Bobby. "When mother told her that you had called when she was out, she said, 'Thank heaven!'"

Even Chance.

C.—Thought you were going to marry Miss K.? G.—Going to awake her tonight. My chances are about even. C.—How so, dear boy? G.—She must say either "yes" or "no."

Racing For His Fee.

Fogg—Where are you hurrying to at that rate, doctor? Dr. Pulser—I'm called to visit a patient in the last stages. I'm afraid he will die before I can get to him.—Boston Transcript.

When a man feels particularly youthful, he shows it by going out and breaking into some boys' game.—Athletic Globe.

FIXED DATES IN RUSSIA.

They Rule Even in Simple Things With Absolute Tyranny.

Routine is exceedingly strong in Russia. There is a day in June upon which, says tradition, it becomes safe to bathe in the rivers after the winter freeze. No matter how warm the water may be earlier, no matter how cold it may be on that day, then is the time to take the first swim. Other fixed dates are mentioned in "Ivan at Home," by Herbert Barry. Of course the statements do not apply to all Russians, but to the average peasant only.

No man dare touch an apple before the 6th of August, however ripe the fruit may really be before that day. He does not believe it is fit to eat.

The village sportsman, although he may have observed the blackcocks fighting among themselves unusually early owing to the warmth of the spring, cannot make up his mind to shoot them until the appointed day has arrived.

No traveler will start on a journey on either a Monday or a Friday.

Although the delay is strongly against his own interests the fisherman will not cast his nets before a certain day, whether the season be late or early.

No lamb is supposed to be able to reach the age of mutton should it have been born before the day named in the peasant's calendar. And so on through all the common events in their daily life does this attachment to fixed dates ledge in a Russian's existence.

Had Enough of Law.

A gentleman who is now general superintendent of a railroad began life by trying to practice law in a Missouri village. One of his first cases was before his father, who was a justice of the peace. After a stormy wrangle between the young attorney and his adversary, the old gentleman decided the case against his son's client. The young man gave vent to some expressions of indignation, gathered up his books and started to leave the room. His father pushed his specs on to his forehead and began mildly to lecture him, saying: "Young man, do you expect to make your living practicing law?"

The son, who had by this time reached the door, shouted back as he retired from the field: "Not before such a blamed fool court as this."

He abandoned the law and engaged in railroading with great success.—Green Bag.

A Bluff That Worked.

Peter Newell, the artist, was camping out in Colorado at one time, living in a tent. News came of a nocturnal murder in the neighborhood, and considerable uneasiness was manifested by some members of the family. Mr. Newell thereupon put out some silhouettes representing men of the roughest western type, all with pistols in their belts and in the attitude of men intensely interested in a game of poker. The silhouettes Mr. Newell fastened to the inner canvas of the tent. At night the family, stepping outside into the darkness to view the result, were entranced with its success. The shadows thrown from the silhouettes in the lighted interior indicated a tent filled with poker playing, pistol shooting desperadoes. Thenceforth the Newell family slept in pastoral peace.

What Is In a Name?

Once upon a time there was a creditor to a large amount whose debtor constantly refused payment. The creditor became impatient and after investigation found that the debtor lived in a better house than he did, dressed better, clothed his wife in silks, satins and laces and spent dollars where he, the creditor, spent cents. Then he was wroth. "I will sue the wealthy debtor," he said, "and collect what is owing me."

He brought suit and disclosed a large amount of valuable property; but, alas, it was all in the name of the debtor's wife, and he got not a single cent. Moral.—There is often a great deal in a name.—New York Herald.

Finished the Text.

Apropos of mottoes on houses, a correspondent of the Westminster Gazette relates that a man in Scotland wished to have cut over the door of a new house the text, "My house shall be called a house of prayer." He left the workmen to carry out his wishes during his absence, and on his return his horror was great to find the quotation completed. "But ye have made it a den of thieves." "We had a wee thing mair room, ye see, so we just put in the end o' the verse," was the explanation given by the Bible loving Scot.

Pipes and Hymns.

Rev. Dr. Parr, when perpetual curate of Hutton, Warwickshire, which living he held from 1783 to 1790, regularly smoked in the vestry while the congregation was singing long hymns, chosen for the purpose, immediately before the sermon. The doctor was wont to exclaim, "My people like long hymns, but I prefer a long pipe."—London Telegraph.

Unselfish.

"Widowhood makes a woman unselfish." "Why so?" "Because she ceases to look out for No. 1 and begins to look out for No. 2"—Town and Country.

A Henpecked Husband.

Meekton—Do you know how to govern your wife? Henpeck—Yes, but she won't let me.

Many a fool man casts a shadow on his life by standing in his own light.

The horse is man's best friend—except those at the race track.—Puck.

Saved by an Owl.

King Robert the Bruce, according to the well known story, once owed his safety to a spider. Among the Tartars of central Asia there is a belief that one of their khans or chiefs was preserved, long years ago, by the great horned owl. He had hidden in a thicket to avoid capture by some enemies. By and by his pursuers came to this spot.

The first thing they saw was an owl sitting on a bush. What did this mean? It signified in their eyes that this bird would not rest quietly there if any man were lying concealed close by. Therefore they argued that the khan could not be there, and so they hurried on to search for him elsewhere. At nightfall the khan made his way to the camp of his men and told them how he had been saved from certain death. His story caused them ever afterward to look upon the owl with reverence and love. They wore its feathers in their caps as a pledge of victory.

A Maniac's Poem.

Probably the mass of prison poetry which has been written on stools and bedposts and scratched on prison walls far exceeds that which has found expression on paper, and many a "mute, inglorious Milton" has begun and finished his poetical career with these "lost to sight" productions.

There is in existence a short poem, said to have been scratched by a maniac on the wall of his cell, which runs thus:

Could I with ink the ocean fill,  
Were every reed an earth a quill,  
And every man a scribe by trade,  
To write the love of God alone  
Would drain that ocean dry;  
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,  
Though stretched from sky to sky.

The authenticity of this being the work of a maniac has often been questioned because of the beauty of its expression and its sound reason, but the story stands.—All the Year Round.

Cambronne and His Needle.

The famous General Cambronne had a talent not rare in the French army. He knew how to use a needle. I knew an old lady who preserved with care a Britany costume he made her for a fancy ball. She spoke of it as a beautiful fit at the time he measured her for it. The ornamental stitching on the corsage and apron formed designs invented by the general as he stitched, though he was of an age when the inventive faculty is dull. "What should I do to prevent tedious killing me," he once said in the hearing of this lady "were it not for my needle?" He had little book education and never had any taste for reading. He was too sober to seek liveliness in drink, and too good a citizen to seek to play a part as a politician. He also had a loom with which he wove tapestry and furnished some beautiful things to his relatives.—Paris Cor, London News.

An Enduring Record.

Standing side by side in an old Long Island cemetery are four tombstones. They commemorate the virtues of the successive wives of one of the town's inhabitants. A peculiar thing about the monuments is that not alone do they perpetuate the memory of each of his helpmates, but they serve as a sort of financial barometer to record the husband's rising fortunes.

The first wife had a modest little headstone. The second wife's memorial was on the same order, but it was at least two feet taller. The third wife differed both as to style and size, being greatly superior to either of the others, while to the fourth and last was granted the distinction of a granite shaft.

A Munchausen Yarn.

Baron Munchausen, when hunting for deer upon one occasion, encountered a magnificent animal, but found himself without shot. Speedily gathering together a handful of cherry stones he loaded his gun with them and fired at the deer, hitting him squarely between the eyes, not killing him, however. The deer managed to escape, but some time later the baron encountered him again and was surprised to see a beautiful cherry tree growing out of the animal's forehead, covered with blossoms and fruit.

Milo Was a Glutton.

Milo, the famous athlete of ancient Greece (born 520 B. C.), was victor at both the Olympic and Pythian games for six times in succession. On one occasion he ran four miles with an ox on his shoulder, killed the animal with a blow of his first and then ate the entire carcass in one day. An ordinary meal for this gluttonous Titan was twenty pounds of bread, twice that much meat and fifteen pints of wine.

Well Dressed.

She—Go away, you nuisance! You don't know when a woman is well dressed.

He—Oh, yes, I do. It is when she is head and shoulders above her gown, and when the lower part of it is in the way of a fellow's feet.—Boston Transcript.

He Hastens to Explain.

The Wife—I believe that Mrs. Rivers thinks I am a fool. The Husband—There is evidence of that! "Of what?" "That she thinks you are a fool, my dear."—Smart Set.

He Escaped.

"Sir," questioned an irate female shopper as she pounced upon a small man who was pacing the store, "are you the floorwalker?" "N-n-no, ma'am," he gasped, "I'm p-only the p-proprietor."

There is no sorrow I have thought more about than that to love what is great and try to reach it and yet to fail.—George Eliot.

POLITENESS IN JAPAN.

Even "giving notice" is Made an Occasion of Compliments.

Politeness distinguishes the relations between mistresses and maids in Japan. It is so inextinguishable in Japan that even the ceremony of "giving notice" is turned into an occasion of compliments. There are no vulgar threats or sulking or recalcitrations or scoldings or "answering back." A servant will never tell her mistress that she is dissatisfied or has had some better piece offered her. That would be unpardonably rude. Instead she asks for a few days' leave of absence. This is willingly granted, for Japanese servants have no settled time for taking holidays.

At the end of the given time the mistress will begin to wonder what has become of the girl. She is not left to wonder long. A letter arrives couched in the most polite and humble terms and giving any excuse but the real one. Sometimes it will be that she has found herself too weak for service or that illness at home detains her. Whatever it may be, the plea is never contested, but accepted as final and a new servant engaged. Then, after some weeks have passed, very likely after taking a fresh piece, the old servant will turn up one day, express her thanks for past kindnesses and regrets at not returning in time, will take her arrears of wages and her bundles and disappear forever. So the matter ends with the kindest semblance of feeling on both sides.

If the mistress on her part does not wish to have the girl back, she will not tell her so to her face, but will send word. Even when servants come on trial for a few days they often leave nominally to fetch their belongings or make arrangements for their return, never because they have any "complaints" to make. Any discomfort is to be endured rather than the suspicion of bad manners or of anything leading up to a "scene."

Breaking It Gently.

Young Wife—Why, dear, you were the stroke out at college, weren't you? Young Husband—Yes, love. "And a very prominent member of the gymnastic club." "I was the captain." "And quite a hand at all athletic exercises."

"Quite a hand? Why, I was the champion walker, the best runner, the head man at lifting heavy weights, and as for carrying, why, I assure you, I could shoulder with ease a barrel of—"

Tony Weller's Advice.

"And how long," he asked, "have you been a widow?" "Oh," she replied, with a blush, "the year was out yesterday. But, indeed, I didn't suppose you were so anxious, dearest. You must give me a month at least to get ready." "When he got outside again, he murmured to himself: "Now I know what old Weller meant!"

Consoled.

Mr. Meekly—Our neighbor's son is always thrashing my boy. What shall I do about it? Lawyer—Teach your boy how to fight. Ten dollars, please.—Chicago News.

Sheriff J. R. Shaver and family attended the picnic at Mackburg Saturday, and on the following day were among the visitors to the Teasel Creek campmeeting.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lewthwaite have gone to San Francisco for a two weeks' visit. Mr. Lewthwaite is superintendent of the Willamette Paper & Pulp Mills.

J. R. Dimick, of Hubbard, has been visiting his brother, Major Grant B. Dimick, in this city. Mr. Dimick was among those who successfully passed the examination before the state supreme court for admission to the bar.

Cedargate.

Ball Bros. broke their engine at the shingle mill the first of last week.

H. H. Hargroaves has a force of men running this week.

Frank Arquette's mother and sisters are upon a visit for a week or so.

The James Bros.' baseball team meets Elwood team at Elwood Sunday.

H. E. Carr's house caught fire Wednesday morning and burned considerable of the roof of the kitchen. No other serious damage was done.

Percie Williams sold his entire herd of cattle to some Yamhill parties. Mr. Williams and Bilo Garot delivered the cattle Saturday.

There is not a week passes but some parties pass with a load of household goods going east. It will not be long till all the cheap vacant land will be taken and converted into homes.

Notice of Administrator's Private Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as administrator of the estate of James E. Currie, deceased, has been authorized by order of the county court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Clackamas, dated the 23rd day of June, 1903, to sell at private sale, for cash in hand, or on approved security, the following described premises belonging to the estate of said decedent, together with the tenements and appurtenances thereto belonging or appertaining, to-wit: The northwest quarter of section twelve (12), in township three (3) south, of range five (5) east, of the Willamette Meridian, containing one hundred and sixty (160) acres, situate, lying and being in the county of Clackamas, state of Oregon. Therefore, by virtue of said order of said county court, and of the law pertaining thereto, I, as said administrator of the said estate of James E. Currie, deceased, will from and after the first day of August, 1903, at my office in Salem, Oregon, proceed to sell at private, according to law, for cash in hand, or on approved security, the real property of said estate as above described and set out. A. M. CRAWFORD, Administrator. Dated at Oregon City, this 23rd day of June, A. D. 1903.