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Lecture by W. K. MERRILL of the

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company

Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 8 p. m.

Willamette Hall, Oregon City

An instructive, interesting and Entertaining Hour is Promised You

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THE COURTS

A Bunch of Divorces.

Judge McBride handed down fifteen decrees of divorce in his court Saturday. They were: Edna E. Meyers vs. E. S. Meyers, Mabel S. Patton vs. Roy F. Patton, Edith Berger vs. Charles L. Berger, Frances F. Ross vs. John E. Ross, William O. Wilmer vs. L. Della Wilmer, Lena M. Nelson vs. Andrew Nelson, Maude Cameron vs. McLeod Cameron, Mary Janz vs. Frederick Janz, Lulu B. Park vs. Ambrose Park, Orpha Pendergrass vs. Albert Pendergrass, Willburg F. Brock vs. Ella Brock, Fannie Holloway vs. Harry G. Holloway, Dora A. Scott vs. S. T. Scott, Mary L. Roberts vs. John C. Roberts, Emma Lundeen vs. C. Lundeen.

In the last case the plaintiff alleged that she married Lundeen at Soderham, Sweden, December 28, 1888, and that her husband was guilty of desertion.

Orders of default were entered in the suits of William Lawrence vs. Lillian Lawrence, and Minnie Harris vs. Abe A. Harris. The case of Eben Grant vs. Ella Grant was dismissed. The court made a record in the suit of Edna E. Wagner vs. E. G. Wagner, who were married in Portland, February 2, 1907. The complaint was filed on Saturday, personal service of summons was obtained on the defendant, and the default and decree were entered soon after. Mrs. Wagner alleged that her husband was insanely jealous, and that he abused her and threatened to kill her and her friends.

Four Want Knot Cut.

Sadie H. Kilmer and Arthur K. Kilmer were married June 23, 1903, at River Falls, Wis., and she alleges that he is a habitual drunkard and that he possesses a violent and quarrelsome disposition. Mrs. Kilmer says that in March, 1905, in a fit of drunken rage, Kilmer dragged her from her bed, and forcibly ejected her from her house into the snow and rain. On several occasions Kilmer took her money, according to the wife's story.

Constance Adeline Chapman and Oscar L. Chapman were married November 21, 1889, at Hamler, O., and Mrs. Chapman charges her husband with deserting her in September, 1907. They have one son, Glen, aged 10 years, now under the care and custody of his mother.

Desertion is charged by Julia E. Moore, who was married in Baker City, September 14, 1907 to Harry Livingstone Moore. She says he left her July 6, 1905, less than one year after their marriage, and she desires to resume her maiden name of Brisco.

Herbert Platts was married to Mary Platts at Salem, in May, 1905, and alleges that his wife deserted him September 1, 1906.

Mrs. Genini Wins First Round.

Tone Genini secured the presence of his little daughter Sophia in court on Saturday on a writ of habeas corpus, having asked the court to give him possession of the child. This Judge McBride refused to do; the child was given into the custody of her grandparents Monday. Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Mathews, of Macksburg, Gettini makes ugly charges against the character of his wife while she in turn sues for divorce and fills her allegations with stories not to the credit of her husband. There was a temporary lull on Wednesday, when the attorneys of Tony Genini and Mrs. Elma L. Genini stipulated that the child should remain in the care of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Mathews, her maternal grandparents, at Macksburg, until the disposition of the suit for divorce proceedings instituted by Mrs. Genini against her husband and now pending is decided.

Want Right-of-Way.

The Beaverton & Willamette Railroad Company has filed a suit against J. O. Story and wife and Joseph M. Hart for the condemnation of a right of way between Beaverton and Willamette, embracing 24.8 acres in a strip 2182.3 feet long and 200 feet wide. The company alleges that the damages of the defendants will not exceed \$2900.

Notes.

Carrie M. Tilbury wants a divorce from Chas. E. Tilbury. She alleges that she has been forced to move 27 times in four and a half years and thinks that's the limit. Other ill treatment added to the moving proposition, she thinks, ought to entitle her to a separation, and so asks for it. Zelma A. Borgman is also tired of the life which John Borgman leads her and wants separation. Alleges cruel treatment, drunkenness, etc.

The will of the late Jonas J. Kauffman, a wealthy farmer of Needy, who died July 13, 1907, was admitted to probate Monday. Kauffman left about \$20,000 worth of real property, consisting of a 293-acre farm, and his estate is to be divided equally among his 12 children.

In the suit for damages of Michael Bonner vs. the Crown-Columbia Pulp & Paper Company, Judge McBride ordered the case transferred from the Clackamas County Circuit Court to the United States District Court in Portland for trial.

Jennie A. Johns filed a suit for divorce against Robert Johns Saturday afternoon. They were married in Portland, October 20, 1904, and at the time of their marriage, according to Mrs. Johns, she was a widow and supported herself and two daughters by keeping boarders. She alleges that her husband contributed only a trifle towards the maintenance of the family, and she desires to resume her former name of Mrs. Jennie Stephens.

At a session of the Police Court on Tuesday afternoon Fred Smith, arrested on a charge of carrying concealed weapons, pleaded guilty and received a sentence of 20 days. He is a strapper.

Nettie Olson has instituted suit in the Circuit Court against Mary Jane Torrence et al., to quiet the title to 30 acres of land in the Lot Whitcomb claim.

The will of the late Jonas J. Kauffman, who died at Needy, July 13, 1907, was admitted to probate Monday. Attorney H. E. Cross appearing for the executors. The value of the real property, consisting of 293 acres of land in Section 21, T. 4 S., R. 1 E., is \$20,000, and deceased left several thousand dollars' worth of personal property. The estate is to be divided equally among the 12 children.

The estate of the late Ferdinand Schultz has been admitted to probate in the County Court, and Walter Kenitz was Tuesday appointed administrator. The property is valued at \$125.

STATE NEWS.

Henry R. Stewart is a new postmaster at Myrtle Point, this state.

Attempts are being made to establish milk condenseries at Newberg and Springfield.

It is reported that the exhibit of stock at the district fair at Roseburg, this year was far ahead of anything seen at any fair at that place heretofore.

F. A. Koser, breeder of pure-bred Berkshires at Rickerall, has a boar pig five months old that weighs 575 pounds and is the largest for its age yet reported on this Coast.

Salem's business men's league has passed a resolution demanding a lowering of the gas rate in that city. The rate now charged is \$2 per 1,000 feet, and a cut to \$1 is asked.

W. H. Newell, of Polk county, says Oregon fruit excels because nature has given the state a soil containing the necessary plant food and climate without extremes.

Miss Wava Harrington, who has been the guest of the Misses Grace and Mayme Babcock, left this morning for her home in Oregon City.—Capitol Journal, Salem.

John Satza, a farmer residing seven miles southeast of Albany, sustained serious injuries in a runaway Saturday. His jawbone was broken, one arm badly sprained and his face badly cut.

The effect of irrigation in the West hop yard, near Albany, is being demonstrated as picking progresses. The yield is yielding about double what it produced last season, and the increase is attributed to the irrigation.

Mr. C. W. Joehne, of Oregon City, who has been visiting friends and the fair, has returned to his home. Mrs. Joehne is the guest of Miss Lila Swafford, of East Salem.—Capitol Journal, Salem.

Sheriff Chrisman, of The Dalles, arrested Clyde Cribbins, a boy 13 years old for stealing a horse at Lexington, Morrow county. The boy stole a horse from a Mr. Barrett, and rode the animal to Rock Creek, 60 miles distant, where he sold it for \$10, thought worth \$200.

The home of Mrs. Anthony Tongue, widow of Congressman Tongue, six miles north of Hillsboro was burned to the ground ten days ago. Mrs. Tongue came near being severely burned as her clothing ignited while she was trying to save some of the house.

J. F. Adams, a Tule Lake farmer won the prize bull at the National Irrigation Congress by making the best exhibits of the products of a single irrigated farm. This prize went to Adams from the California committee which offered the bull, California Promotion Boy, to the man who showed best what an irrigated farm could do.

Citizens of Eastern Oregon are wondering why they cannot engage cars for shipment of slabwood from Portland, when the O. R. & N. is hauling empty wheat cars into that territory day after day right past the Western Oregon sawmills. For some reason the railroad has been practically refusing to furnish cars for slabwood for Walla Walla, Pendleton, Heppner and Ione.

The car situation in Polk county is deplorable. Every mill in Falls City and Black Rock has closed down, and now the Willamette Valley Lumber Co.'s big plant in Dallas has stopped its wheels until relief comes. The Dallas Lumber Co.'s mill has been idle for several weeks. All these mills are receiving orders, at profitable rates, but are unable to get cars.—Dallas Observer.

Suit to compel the Southern Pacific Company to sell a tract of 100 acres, situated in Columbia county and included in the railroad's land grant, was filed in the Federal Court Monday. The plaintiff is John L. Snyder, of Columbia county, and the defendants are the Oregon & California

Railroad Company, the Union Trust Company, S. T. Gage, N. T. Smith and W. E. Brown, trustees, they being the holders of a trust mortgage on the land. Snyder filed on the land July 30, last, and subsequently tendered the railroad company \$400 in payment for the quarter-section. The offer was refused, and Snyder now seeks to enforce the sale.

WOUND STILL HURTS.

Approp the closing of the Milwaukee Club the Bee says:

"We had occasion to transact some business in Oregon City one day this week, and while there we saw something that shocked us very much. We entered a building to get something to drink (it happened to be soda that time) when we heard a gentleman propose to the proprietor to shake dice with him for the treats, and the proprietor agreed to it. We didn't stay to see who won we were so shocked. Now if this had been in Milwaukee where people don't know any better we would not have thought anything of it, but in a Christian (?) city where all is supposed to be done just right, we wanted some place to hide our blushes."

Hate With Tempers.

There are hats with tempers, as every woman is aware—the hats that "go out" beautifully one day (for preference in the hat shop five minutes before they are bought) and which in the next refuse to assume the right pose and poise for love or money. There are few conditions more trying than to fall under the ban of a hat's displeasure. The only thing to be done is to put it away for a week or so and wait till it has recovered from its temper, like a naughty child. One cannot argue with a hat and smacking is not to be recommended.—London Queen.

He Understood.

A late judge whose personal appearance was as unimposing as his legal knowledge was profound and his intelligence keen interrupted a female witness:

"Humbly, you, my good woman! What do you mean by that?" said he sternly.

"Well, my lord," replied the woman, "I don't know how to explain it exactly, but if a girl called your lordship a handsome man she would be lumbing you."—London Tit-bits.

Willing to Risk It.

Mr. Winks—county—A noted physician says that diphtheria, bacteria, typhoid fever, and many diseases, especially smallpox, are spread that way. Mrs. White—Merry on us! Give me all you have. I've been vaccinated, you know.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Ants' Egg Trade.

Ants' eggs come in the main from Russia. They are the best food obtainable for goldfish and canaries and other cage birds thrive on them wonderfully. They cost about 50 cents a pint. In the forests of southern Russia ant nests abound. The Russian egg hunter does not do his own collecting there. He makes the poor ants do it for him. Selecting a hot, sunny day, the first man erects little piles of twigs, a dozen or more of them, near the thickest colonies, and then he kicks open all the nests in the neighborhood. The ants know that their eggs, thus exposed to the sun, would be made sterile in a few hours, and they take them up and bury to place them under the nearest shelter. The nearest shelter is of course the little piles of twigs, and under each of these there are soon heaped the eggs from a hundred nests. The egg hunter after a smoke and a nap has nothing to do but gather up his spoil and dump it in his sack. He ships the eggs in hundredweight bags all over the world.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

All in Cold Storage.

An Oregon attorney, representing a client whose title to a certain cold storage plant was under fire, closed an able argument before the Oregon supreme court with the following bit of pathos: "Your honors, there is more resting upon your decision than this cold storage plant. A human life is at stake. My client's life's efforts are in this cold storage; his lifeblood is in this cold storage; his body and soul are wrapped up in this cold storage"—Law Notes.

CORTHELL'S HEALTH CURE.

By W. F. BRYAN

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Corthell strode along briskly. The clear morning air, the bright sunlight and the fertile fields bordering on the road were all a source of delight to him.

Not in years had he enjoyed a meal as much as he had the homely breakfast provided at the little country hotel where he had put up the night before and where he had left the trunk that held his city clothes. Now in a well worn suit he was tramping along the dusty road with much the same feeling as that enjoyed by a boy who plays hockey from school for the first time.

In years Corthell had not felt justified in taking a vacation. Finally through a combination of circumstances he had been able to get together some capital, and by unremitting effort this had been doubled and trebled into the fortune that made him prominent in the money market.

Then came the breakdown. The famous specialist in nervous diseases insisted upon a vacation. "It's either a few weeks' vacation or years in an insane asylum," he said bluntly. "You know best which you want. Make your own choice."

In the end Corthell had capitulated and had suggested Newport as the place for a vacation. The specialist regarded him with disgust.

"I think I should have saved time by sending you to the asylum first," he said. He was paid \$25 for a consultation and could afford to say what he pleased. "You get an old suit and a comfortable pair of shoes and take a walking tour. Don't go to any place where you are liable to meet friends. I know just the route. I will send you a road map."

He bowed Corthell out. Three days later the broker was set down in a tiny hamlet in the northern part of the state, and this was the first day of his trip.

He had stopped to watch some men haying, when one of them came toward him.

"Looking for a job?" he demanded. Corthell laughed. "I don't know that I am," he answered. "I was going farther on."

"I'll give a dollar and a half a day to drive one of the rakes," he offered. "Know how to drive?"

Corthell smiled. His team of bays had a dozen blue ribbons to their credit.

"I can drive some," he admitted.

"Jump up and drive that rake then," was the man's curt answer, and, to



"I suppose I shall be thorough by the end of the week," said he.

his surprise, Corthell found himself climbing the fence and moving toward the horse rake.

It seemed ages since he had performed similar services on his father's farm. The bony horse he was driving bore little resemblance to his own prize winners, but he derived more real pleasure from the task than had ever come from a spin along the boulevard. He was surprised at the flight of time when the horn blew for dinner.

He was still more surprised at the appetite he had for the pork and potatoes that formed the menu. He accepted two helpings and still had room for a generous cut of the green apple pie.

In the afternoon he was expected to help pitch the sweet scented hay upon the cart. He worked until the muscles of his back were sore and smarting, but gave no sign of his distress, only worked away with clinched teeth. When at last the men knocked off and the final load started to the barn he heaved a sigh of relief.

Most of the men were from nearby farms, and these were paid off and started for their own homes. Corthell was the last of the line, and the farmer paused.

"I won't take anything off for the time before you come," he said.

"Want to stay on till hayin's over?" Corthell nodded.

"I guess I will," he agreed. "Work seems to agree with me."

"Come on up to supper," ordered the farmer. "I guess mother can fix you up with a place over the wood shed."

Corthell followed his grim employer

all efforts on the part of the skipper and the six men were futile. They drifted and drifted until it became a serious problem. What was to be done and who was to do it? By this time the launch had drifted into a cove about a mile from land, and after much discussion Leigh volunteered to swim to the land and get help. The others, knowing he was a famous swimmer, agreed to the plan, and without much delay he was overboard and with long, steady strokes was covering the distance. When he finally reached the shore he rested awhile, and then started to walk towards a handsome residence at the top of the cliff.

Suddenly from the bushes near him came a clear soprano voice. Leigh stopped and listened and looked. Not far from where he stood there was a little rustic summer house, and leaning against the side of it was a young girl dressed all in white. He crept a little nearer to make quite sure that he was not dreaming, so near that, as the girl stopped singing, she breathed a heavy sigh, and Leigh could hear it. He longed for a sight of her face and wondered if it were half as sweet as the voice he had heard, and he made brave to creep a little nearer. The rustle of the bushes made her turn, and seeing him she cried:

"Leigh—Mr. Richards! Is it really you?"

"It is really Leigh Richards, Miss Appleton, and I apologize for startling you so, but I was climbing up the cliff and heard your voice, so stopped to listen. I am on an errand of mercy and perhaps you can help me out."

"An errand of mercy, in a bathing suit! Why, I do not quite understand. Where is the rest of your party?"

Leigh soon explained to her the plight of the boys, and finished by saying, "Your father dislikes me so that I expect if he knows who's in the party he'll never let one of his men to go to our help. Will he?"

"Father has gone over to see the naval parade in Judge Cowan's boat, and our men are on the grounds doing nothing. One of them can take our little launch out and tow yours in."

"That's asking almost too much, but if you could direct me to some other place?"

"Don't say that to me after what you did last year. Do you think I have forgotten how you saved my life when I was drowning in that treacherous lake? Why did you go away without ever giving me a chance to thank you?"

"Miss Appleton—Edith—I didn't know you wanted to have me stay, any, anyway, your father had no use for me. He was right enough, too, at the time, but I'm a steady old ship now, I assure, if you will only undertake to guide me."

"I didn't know—I thought you didn't care," she murmured.

"Didn't care—why, darling, that day that I held your listless form in my arms was the happiest moment in my whole life. I looked at your white face and knew just how much you were to me. I couldn't tell you so then, dear, so I went away until I could. Will you have me now, Edith?"

"Leigh, dear, I've been waiting for you a whole long year, twelve whole months, and each month seemed a year. I, too, have been yours ever since that day you held me in your arms. How much longer must we wait?"

"Just long enough for me to get rid of the boys and find some clothes."

"Let's go to the boys together, Leigh, and tell them for you, see, if the old launch had not broken down, I would have been waiting yet."

The Usual Thing. "Here, note! What in granddaddy is all this rumpus about?" demanded Average Citizen, thrusting his head out of a second story window of his domicile and glaring indignantly down at the disturber below. "Who are you, and why in the name of the bird with the broad and sweeping wing are you trying to break into my house?"

"I am Opportunity, knocking at your door," was the reply. "Kindly descend at once and admit me before it is everlastingly too late. I am in great haste, as, despite my best efforts, I am running far behind my schedule."

"Well, then, glide along, rolling your hoop and disposing of your Wap Cries," somewhat sarcastically answered Average Citizen. "You will have to get yourself identified before you can do any business with me. I have been led to believe that you must bear a marked resemblance to a page advertisement in a Sunday newspaper and make a noise like an investment which is guaranteed to pay a dividend of 40 per cent in the near future. Possibly you are all that you claim to be, but you look more like hard work to me."—Puck.

Fat Woman's Human Lever.

She was unusually fat, so stout in fact that when she prepared to drop into the better part of two seats in the crostovn car the two women who were on either side of the space she was going to fill to repletion crowded away from her as far as they could.

And when a woman will make room for another in a street car it is plain there is something the matter. She puffed and panted for several minutes after she had become seated, and when the car had gone a few blocks it was apparent that she wanted to get up and leave. The struggle was a hard one and, as it proved, an impossible one through her own efforts. There chanced to be a man standing in front of her, and without a word she reached up, caught his arm and deliberately pulled herself out of the seat. The man looked at her with an expression of pain on his face and, apparently unconscious of the amusement on the faces of the other passengers, stood rubbing his arm and staring after the fat woman as long as she was in sight.

—New York Press.

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All Fence Wires, Nails, Stoves, Carpets, Chairs, and Farm Tools SOLD at REDUCED PRICES.

FRANK BUSCH, OREGON CITY OREGON