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THE ONE REMEDY for women which contains no alcohol and no habit-forming drugs. Made from native medicinal forest roots of well established curative value.

## Oregon City Enterprise

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Railroads serving this territory are preparing estimates of travel during the Colonist period, September 15 to October 15. They expect no less than 60,000 new settlers for the Pacific Northwest during the 30 days the low one-way rates are in effect. Extra equipment is being assembled by the various lines to handle the heavy traffic expected and the passenger agents believe they will have all they can do to care for the flood of newcomers.

Inquiry at Eastern ticket offices is reported to be wide and the west-bound trains bearing the vanguard of this great colonist movement are heavily loaded. During this week the travel is expected to be at its height and will undoubtedly be heavy.

According to the records of the Government Forestry Service and the State Board of Forestry, Oregon has been remarkably fortunate this summer in escaping the usual heavy toll taken by forest fires. The season has been marked by less destruction of timber than any in the past decade. Fires this year have been few and widely separated while losses have been small. This is thought to be partly due to an aroused public interest in preventing forest fires and a largely increased force of fire wardens throughout the forests this season.

Woodburn wants to be a county seat. The public-spirited citizens of that town recently raised \$21,000 bonus to induce the building of an electric line. Some empty buildings in Woodburn indicate that closer connections are needed. It is not right that a few men should have to come forward with bonus money for public improvements that benefit land in proportion to value throughout a town like Woodburn. There should be some way to get the moskback and absentee owners of lots and acres benefitted to come forward.

In Eastern Oregon the Farmers' Union has succeeded in obtaining reductions for grain sacks amounting in some localities to as much as from 4 to 6 cents each. The farmers, by studying their own interests in a business way can reduce both public and private impositions on themselves. That they are inclined to quietly and unitedly do away with unnecessary charges on other things, including public service, is by many considered to the advantage of all Oregon.

All over Oregon many hundreds of families are settling every month. New railroads building and projected are attracting settlers and opening up the wilderness. Oregon communities wise enough to not permit the vacant lot speculator to block their development will receive the growth that is theirs by right of natural advantages around them. The communities ruled by moskbacks and dogs-in-the-manger will remain stationary, or nearly so.

The more rapidly the holders of large tracts break up their holdings and encourage the homeseeker the better social and financial development will follow. Where we already have railroads would not the development be more rapid if the idle acres were given over to small farm homes? And would not a system of making it unprofitable to hold land out of use in the hope of profiting thereby be beneficial to the entire state?

Echo, Ore., has an alfalfa meal mill capable of turning out 50 tons of meal a day. Owing to questions of title to water this mill has been idle for some weeks. Would it not be better for

all Oregon if title to water could be speedily settled so that manufacturing enterprises would not be hampered?

Oregon has contributed eight millions to the reclamation funds of the general government and gets back but three. The expenditure of the missing five millions in Oregon would create fifty in land values.

In demanding better looking school houses and grounds surrounding them the grangers are carrying on a most excellent work. Good schools and surroundings make for better citizenship and attract newcomers.

Although grain turns out well in the Rogue River Valley the profits from fruit and intensive farming is steadily reducing the area of the wheat lands. Even alfalfa is said to pay better when cropped for seed.

### SELLING HIS WARES.

Even the Angular Woman Purchased a Few of Them.

THE peddler paused at the door of the wayside cottage.

"Lady," he said, tipping his hat, "could I sell you a self-revolving rolling pin?"

"No," snapped the angular woman in the blue sunbonnet. "I wouldn't take it if you gave it to me."

"How about an educated rat trap?"

"Don't want it at any price."

"Well, I guess I'd better be going, ma'am."

"Hold on a minute. What is that you have in the package?"

"Why, that's the celebrated Gem wrinkle remover."

"Huh! Wonder you didn't ask me to buy that?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. I know a lady with such an exquisite complexion as you have would never need a wrinkle remover."

"Tee-hee! You men are awful. I guess I'll buy that wrinkle remover as a souvenir of a perfect gentleman, and let's see—you might give me that rat trap and the rolling pin too."

—Chicago Evening News.

### Her Husband's Advice.

"I shall never speak to George Well-done again. I used to think he was a gentleman, but his wife and I had a confidential talk today, and the things she told me about him have convinced me that he is not fit to associate with respectable people."

"Oh, pshaw! Be charitable, Mary. His wife is more generous than you. I met her a few minutes ago, and she spoke to me just as cordially as if you had never told her a thing about me."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

### His Charity.

He was poor, but otherwise honest, and he had just proposed to the heiress.

"Are you sure," she queried after the manner of her kind, "that you do not want to marry me for my money?"

"Of course I don't," he replied. "I am anxious to marry you because I haven't the heart to let you become an old maid merely because you happen to have a paltry half million."—Detroit Free Press.

### Just That.

"Every one of God's creatures is here for a useful purpose. Now, what do we learn from the mosquito, Tom?" asked a teacher trying to evolve the word patience.

"We learn from the mosquito," answered Tom, "how easy it is to get stung."—New York Life.

### The Outlook.

"I suppose now you have a son and heir you're going to set 'em up?" suggested the thirteenth friend.

"Not much," replied the young father. "I have more 'setting up' in prospect already than looks good to me."—Kansas City Times.

### His Method.

Deemster—Whenever I have to borrow money I try to get it from a pessimist.

Feldman—Why?  
Deemster—A pessimist never expects to get it back.—New York Life.



JOHN A. JOHNSON OF MINNESOTA

WHOSE DEATH OCCURRED THIS WEEK.



Mrs. Hannah M. Rivers.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Hannah M. Rivers took place September 5 at the residence of her son-in-law, T. P. Rasmussen, at Wichita Station. The interment was in Milwaukee cemetery.

### THE FARMER.

THE farmer is a man of wit. There's simply no denying it. He leads a life of pampered ease and is as happy as you please.

At nine o'clock he's ready for his morning roll and cafe noir. And when the gourmet thus is fed he's as happy as you please.

From ten to one he reads the news, The market tips and trade reviews. To corn and wheat his hand he gives. For the day these the farmer lives.

So, having figured for the day When what the market he will play, His patch of daily bread is made. By dealings on the board of trade.

His daily labors being through, The farmer takes his lunch at two. Then, donning riding garb, he'll call his favorite mule from the stall.

He rides about to show his farm And tell the country country's charm. His wife, with apron and sunshade, And all the trimmings of her pad.

Her equal sits beneath a tree And paints the view from two to three. At six o'clock they dine in state. The farming life is surely great!

The products of the earth and air Are on the table groaning there. Sweet milk is always at their hand. Bought by the case, all neatly canned.

The trouble line that rattles down, It brings them butter fresh from town And eggs and delicious chicken fries. The best the city's market supplies.

Green truck and trout all crisp and nice. Just taken from cool storage ice. And juicy, succulent ham, oh, my. The best the packers can supply.

No wonder life upon the farm Has always held so rare a charm! The cry of "Rube!" which town folks know Is only envy inside out.

—Kansas City Star.

### Just Temporarily.

There were ominous signs of a brewing storm in the midnight sleeper.

"Look here," thundered the man in the lower berth, "I want you to stop that snoring up there. Do you hear?"

"What's that?" mumbled the humorous fat man in the upper berth. "What am I doing?"

"Why, you are creating a disturbance by snoring like an elephant. If you can't be a gentleman everywhere you must be one while you are up there. Understand?"

The fat man chuckled softly. "Oh, I see the point now."

"What point?"

"Why, you want me to be a gentleman by berth."

And the next moment he dodged an umbrella, two suit cases and six shoes. —Chicago News.

### After the Honeymoon.

"Now is the time a good many young people are beginning to think about marriage," laughed the crusty bachelor.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the pretty miss in surprise. "Don't you think you are behind time? June is the time when young people think about matrimony."

"Oh, no; that's when they are married and haven't the time to think. Now is the time they are doing the serious thinking."—Houston Post.

### Good for Biliousness.

"I took two of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets last night, and I feel fifty per cent better than I have for weeks," says J. J. Firestone, of Allegan, Mich. "They are certainly a fine article for biliousness." For sale by Huntley Bros. Co. Samples free.

## GOOD MR. BOWSER.

Comes Home From Business In a Happy Frame of Mind.

WIFE IS SKEPTICAL, HOWEVER

Starts In to Take Down a Bedstead, and After a Series of Mishaps He Goes to the Bad and Turns on Mrs. Bowser.

By M. QUAD.  
Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

MR. BOWSER had come home with a good streak on. All husbands get them at intervals, and most wives know how dangerous they are. Husbands get to thinking things over in the intervals of business and come to the conclusion that it is time to make a change for the better in their conduct, and they come home with a more or less angelic look on their faces and take their wives by surprise. Mr. Bowser's look on this occasion was soft and ripe and balmy. He even halted on the front steps to speak a sympathetic word to the cat and to reply in gentle tones to a watermelon man. Even before he had hung up his hat he gave Mrs. Bowser a kiss and observed:

"Well, dear, I hope you haven't been homesick today. I tried to telephone you about 3 o'clock, but the wires were crossed. I am about ten minutes ahead of the usual time."

"And it's nice of you," replied Mrs. Bowser, though she glanced at him keenly and doubtfully.

She had experienced all of Mr. Bowser's moods, and she was always prepared for either the angelic or deeper side. Even when he put his arm around her to go down to dinner she didn't

spread clear back to his collar button. She returned, and he put on his hands and surveyed the springs from six different directions. It finally and suddenly occurred to him to drop the other slats and let the enemy fall through to the floor, and he was rubbing his hands over his success when Mrs. Bowser looked in again.

"Heard the crash, eh? Just a little scheme of my own. I think I can give some of the furniture men a pointer or two on handling bed springs. There is a right way and a wrong way, the same as in handling a balky mule."

His First Move.

It was a wooden bedstead. A brass bedstead is a passive piece of machinery; a wooden one is ever maliciously aggressive. Mr. Bowser's first move toward taking it down, after hauling the springs aside, was to sit and off and give the footboard a tremendous kick. The intention was simply to give the piece of furniture a strong hint, but it went beyond that. The bedstead fell apart and two-thirds of it jumped to the floor. When Mrs. Bowser came running his face was the color of chloride of lime, his ears were working back and forth, and she was greeted with:

"Woman, you know how this thing would result, and yet you wring me! Behold a wrecked man! Behold a human ruin!"

"Why, dear, I warned you at the outset. I told you we had best leave it to the whitewash man, but you insisted."

"Never! Never! You had the thing all planned before I got home. If you want to murder me, and it seems that you do, why not chop me up in my sleep?"

"How can you talk so? I don't believe you started in the right way. What did you do to the bedstead first?"

"Never you mind that. I got my eyes open at last, and no further words are necessary. Go down to the telephone and call up your mother and tell her you are packing your trunks and will be there on the forenoon train."

"And you—you—"

"Never mind me. If I can manage to crawl down to the library after awhile I'll put all my legal papers in order so that our lawyers can look them over. Leave me, madam, to perish or recover, and good night to you—good night!"

Never Touched Him.

"Yes," said the amateur fisherman. "I caught a three pound trout yesterday, and while at the end of my line

for me, and you hear me say that if I ever act up again I hope the town will turn out and ride me on a rail. Is there any work I can do around the house this evening?"

"No-o, I hardly think so. I wanted a bedstead taken down and put in the storeroom, but the man who comes up to whitewash the cellar can do that."

"But what's the matter with me doing it? I haven't anything to occupy me during the next half hour. I can save at least \$2, and I'll give the money to you. I'll twist that old bedstead off her feet in no time at all."

"You are real good, Mr. Bowser, but it's hard work taking down a bedstead, and if you get mad you'll—"

"You mean I'll be sure to get mad and blame you, eh?"

"Yes."

"Never made a bigger mistake in your life, my dear. I've reformed in those things, and I want you to believe it. Get mad at an old bedstead! Blame my wife! What put such an absurd notion into your head?"

"I thought you might. Shant we let the whitewash man do it?"

"Pish! Nonsense! I feel just like wrestling with something heavy, and I'll have that bedstead down before you can count a hundred. Blame my wife! Why, you don't know your old hubby yet. He has taken down over a million bedsteads in his life and never lost his temper."

And he whistled a merry air as he took off his coat and cuffs and started upstairs. The bedclothing had been removed, and the bedstead stood there in a bedroom in innocent attitude. To look at it the most astute could not have suspected it of breaking up happy homes. The first thing to be done was to remove the mattress. It does not require any great art to flop one off a bed. A farmer's hired man can do it after one or two lessons. Mr. Bowser had removed a million mattresses in his time, and he suddenly seized this one by the roots and gave it a dop and a twist, and it was on the floor.

"The idea of the whitewash man fooling around here!" he said as he pushed up his sleeves and reached out for the springs. "And the idea of my getting mad about it!"

The end slats fell down, and the springs made a sudden drop, and the start he gave brought Mr. Bowser's shins against something hard. It was not a railroad sandwich. He had already begun a speech when Mrs. Bowser appeared in the door and queried:

"How are you getting along, dear?"

"Beautifully, and you can't help me any," he replied as the red on his face



Josh Billings Says:  
"Life is short. If it ain't jolly it ain't worth living."

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have it today.



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so frustrated the cook that she cut her thumb to the bone and broke a plate. When dinner was over and the diners had gone up to the family room Mr. Bowser lighted a cigar and puffed at it a few times and said:

"If there is anything more pleasant than this I would like to see it. My pity goes out to the man without a home."

"I am glad you like your home," replied Mrs. Bowser, though at the same time she found herself wondering if his streak would hold out through the evening.

"Of course I like my home and all that makes it a home. The main thing is my little wife, and I feel like giving her a big kiss for being the woman she is. Mrs. Bowser, if you were to die or go away from me I wouldn't care to live another day—honest I don't. I wouldn't. Won't you give your old hubby a hug?"

She blushed and looked shy and performed the hugging act, and after a moment the penitent husband continued:

"I was thinking things over today. I'm an old kicker, and I know it, and I want you to forgive me. Nobody but a wretch would shout at you as I do at times. When I do you ought to hire a man to boot me around the block."

"But I have no fault to find with you, dear. All of us get out of temper at times."

As to Excuses.

"It is lovely of you to make excuses for me, and you hear me say that if I ever act up again I hope the town will turn out and ride me on a rail. Is there any work I can do around the house this evening?"

"No-o, I hardly think so. I wanted a bedstead taken down and put in the storeroom, but the man who comes up to whitewash the cellar can do that."

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"How are you getting along, dear?"

"Beautifully, and you can't help me any," he replied as the red on his face

in midlife it was seized by a hawk and carried off."

"You're all right," rejoined the village grocer. "Such a trifle as fixing the weight of a fish before it is landed can't impair your standing in the Annals club."—Chicago News.

A Useless Benefit.

Plank—Oh, well, every dog has his day.  
Phunk—But most dogs don't know it. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Triplets.

I wrote to sweet Rose  
A beautiful verse  
I love her, she knows  
I wrote to sweet Rose  
Will she think it is good  
And answerly verse?  
I wrote to sweet Rose  
A beautiful verse.

Last night when she froze  
And acted perverse  
Doubts dimmed at once  
Last night when she froze  
The words that she chose  
Were pointed and terse.  
Last night when she froze  
And acted perverse.

I want to propose  
But look at my purse.  
No money to show  
I want to propose  
But searchings disclose  
No dress and no fur.  
I want to propose  
But look at my purse.

Then He Hated Her.

"Yes," he said, "I can trace my descent back for hundreds of years."

"I don't doubt it," she replied. "Your poor old ancestors are dead and of course can't help themselves."

"The Beast and the Jungle,"

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