



Willie—Pa, what are the cruelties of barbarism? Pa—Having the barber cut you and then charge you a dime for sticking plaster.—Chicago News.

LOCAL BRIEFS

J. F. Foss, of Portland, was a business visitor in this city Tuesday. F. L. Wheeler, a real estate dealer and resident of Tillamook, was in this city on business Tuesday. C. B. Richards of New Era, was a county seat visitor Tuesday. P. M. Redmond, of Walla, Walla, was in this city on business Tuesday. M. Dorkin, of Salem, was a county seat visitor Tuesday. Clarence L. Eaton, an attorney of this city, made a business trip to Salem Tuesday. W. Sumner, of Salem, was in town Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Millington, of Vancouver, were in this city visiting with friends Tuesday. Miss Mary McDonald, of Denver, Colorado, is visiting with friends in this city. E. L. Miller, a lumberman of Hequiam, was in this city on business Tuesday. Miss Pearl Chirm, of Estacada, was in this city visiting with friends Tuesday. Miss Mable Seaton, of Astoria, is visiting with local friends. Miss Amy Spees, of Gervias, was a county seat visitor Tuesday. Ray McCulloch, of Holbrook, was in this city on business Tuesday. Edgar Thompson, of Montezuma, was a county seat visitor Tuesday. S. Bennington, a lumberman of Rainier, was a county seat visitor Tuesday. Mrs. Alda M. Frantz, of Troutdale, was in this city visiting with friends and relatives the first of the week. Miss Grace Sisco, who has been visiting with relatives in Tacoma, has returned to her home in this city. R. F. Gale, of Portland, was in town on business Tuesday. C. T. Wilson, of Reno, Nevada, was in this city on business Tuesday. George Randall and wife have returned from a visit to Seattle. Linn E. Jones and family and Mort Letourrette and family went to Tillamook Tuesday morning to spend two weeks endeavoring to keep cool. Mrs. Wm. Cannon and son Everett left Tuesday morning for Bay Ocean, where they will spend the summer. George Montague and daughter Virginia, of Portland, are visiting with friends in this city. G. E. Hayes spent Tuesday afternoon at Clear Creek Park reclining in the shade in an attempt to be comfortable. A nine-pound baby boy was born to the wife of Rev. E. A. Smith Monday. Mother and son are doing fine. Councilman R. L. Holman and family were the guests of Judge Burnett of Salem, over Sunday. Mrs. Lawrence May and son, of Wendling, returned to their home Tuesday after a visit with Mrs. N. A. Bowers, of Canemah, and Mr. Mosler of Greenpoint. Harry N. Hansa a business man of Centralia, was a visitor in this city Tuesday. Miss Francis Coleman, of Vancouver, was in the city visiting with friends and relatives over Tuesday. J. M. Grant, of Corvallis, was a county seat visitor Tuesday. M. M. Jensen, a business man of Eugene, was in this city on business Tuesday. A. E. Campbell, of St. Helens, was a business visitor in this city Tuesday. Mrs. H. S. Mount, Hugh, Jr., and Miss Lena Beno, leave Wednesday morning for an outing at the coast. Mrs. Mount will return in a few days, but young Hugh will remain with relatives to enjoy the sea breezes.

OLD, GREWSOME MYSTERY RECALLED BY COURTS

NEW YORK, July 22.—A famous tragedy of fifty years ago was brought to the minds of some old New Yorkers recently by a court proceeding involving the estate of a man who made a large fortune in the tobacco business here. The tobaccoist was the employer of Mary Rogers, a beautiful girl, who was killed in Sibley Cove, near the Elysian Fields, in Hoboken. In those days "the fields" was a resort similar to Coney Island, except that it was much smaller. The one hotel of the place, "The Shades," a capacious colonial mansion, is said to have been in its earlier days the summer home of the first Astor. One night a man living near the place saw three men carry a woman from "The Shades" over toward the cove. The next day there was much excitement when it became known that Mary Rogers had been murdered. The police never caught the men responsible for the girl's death. The crime is likely never to be forgotten, since it forms the basis of one of Edgar A. Poe's best romances.

DOES YOUR HEADACHE? IT WILL NOT if you take KRAUSE'S HEADACHE CAPSULES. They will cure any kind of headache, no matter what the cause. Perfectly harmless. Price 25 Cents. NORMAN LICHTNER, MFG. CO., Des Moines, Ia. FOR SALE BY:

THE JONES DRUG CO. We have a large stock of these remedies, just fresh from the laboratory.

A SPECIAL SALE AT The Oregon City Cash Market. I now offer my home-rendered "White Clover Leaf" Lard compound at Single pounds - - - - 12 1-2c 5-pound pail - - - - 65c 10-pound " " - - - - \$1.25

Special prices on larger quantities. This is a fine home-made product and contains nothing but the purest of hog fat and a very small amount of pure beef fat, from our choicest cattle. It is superior to any steam rendered packing house lard, as it is all strictly kettle rendered.

R. PETZOLD MAIN STREET, BETWEEN 7TH AND 8TH

A Practical Wife Hunter

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Old man Burton was a saver, if not a miser. He was a widower with one son, Johnny, who was kept so close so far as spending money was concerned that he had no idea his father was rich. How should he have when the property was all in gift edge bonds hidden away in a box in the vaults of a savings and investment company? The boy was sent to school till he was sixteen years old, then put to work.

One day when Johnny was twenty-two years old his father died and the young man was astonished to find himself in possession of securities worth half a million of dollars. From having nothing to spend except what he needed for necessities out of \$1,000 a year he had now \$25,000.

Though John was a very plain young man, with not much education, and utterly untrained to the ways of a gentleman, he had good common sense. He realized early that no matter how rich a man is he can spend but a moderate sum without injury to himself; that to enjoy recreation one must first work, and that, as the old song says, "there's no place like home." Acting on these principles, he set himself to the task of getting a wife who had the same quality of sense as himself. One who had been brought up in affluence would be ashamed of him; one who had been brought up in poverty would not likely find herself married to a man with a large income without losing her head.

How was he to proceed? He had few, if any, acquaintances with young women. By setting up an establishment he could easily make acquaintances, but he was modest enough to think they would only care for what they could get out of him. Those who were refined would look down on him while spending his money, and those who were not refined would not know how to spend it.

John had never heard of the great catnip, Haroun-al-Raschid, who went about disguised, looking into the affairs of his subjects, in order to right wrongs, but he adopted similar means. He applied to a typewriter manufacturing company for a position as salesman. Purchasing a horse and wagon suitable for his purpose, he went about from house to house, supposedly looking for customers, but really looking for a wife.

His clientele were largely women, and most of these were young. His method of making acquaintances proved available. True, out of the many he visited he made the acquaintance of but few. One great advantage he had—none of the girls he visited was on her guard, and he was surprised to see how many were selfish, heartless and unamiable. Many were the snobs he received, now and again a girl got up for fascinating purposes slamming the door in his face with a harsh "Don't want any typewriters" John could not help thinking how different would be his reception if she knew that he was looking for a wife to help him spend \$25,000 a year.

One morning he called at a house where he was received at the door by a nice looking young woman, who said to him kindly: "I would be glad to buy a typewriter of you for two reasons. In the first place, I could make money if I owned one, and, in the second, I always sympathize with those who are compelled to make their living by canvassing. I know how hard it would be for me to do that kind of work, and I can understand how hard it must be for you."

"That's the first bit of sympathy I've got since I began this work. Would you mind letting me come in and rest a few minutes? I've not made a sale for so long that I'm a bit discouraged." "Certainly. Come in."

She took Johnny into a living room and, disappearing, returned with some bread and butter and cold meat on a plate. "You look hungry," she said. "I'm afraid you've not had a good meal today."

John offered to sell the girl a typewriter on easy terms, testing her at the same time that his employer paid him his commission down. It was his desire to help him that decided her. She could get work if she had the typewriter to do it with, and the terms offered were all notes, no cash. She was sure she could meet the notes and make something besides.

John collected the money on the notes himself, and they were all paid at maturity. He lingered frequently when making his collections, and in this way an intimacy grew up between the two. A time came when John told her that he was doing much better than at his first visit to her and thought that he would like a home if she would help him build it up. The young lady put him off till she could find out something about him. He was very methodical in the matter of giving her references, taking care to instruct those he referred to say nothing about his means.

The young woman on receipt of the testimonials that John Burton bore an excellent character consented to help him build a home, continuing her typewriting. A month before their marriage John confessed to her how he had looked for a wife on his own plan and told her to order what she needed for the bridal and have the bills sent to him.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton spend about one-tenth of their income and give most of the balance away. The wife proved an excellent medium for charity purposes.

Persons that suffer most from the heat are those that have nothing else to occupy their thoughts. A man who is interested in his studies doesn't know how hot it is. He has no time to fret about the weather. He is looking ahead a few months to the time when he can demand advancement in position and salary, because his special education will have made his services of more value to his employer. It is no harder to read an instruction paper in summer than to read a newspaper. How many summer days are hot enough to prevent you from reading the daily news?

The man who promises himself that he will enroll next fall is only trying to deceive his conscience. He may not know it, but he is weakening his will-power, and it is will-power—power to do what one knows he must do to succeed—that makes the man. A man of weak will—one world; always in "hard luck," frequently out of work, and when employed, it will always be at low wages. He knows that a knowledge of certain subjects will fit him to earn more; yet he stills his conscience by promising to start later. Such a man isn't truly ambitious. He is one of the kind that always does the hard, mental work, and draws small pay all his life. Are YOU one of that kind. Are YOU truly ambitious to earn more and make something of yourself? If you want study in summer you are NOT. If you prefer to fret about hot weather, rather than forget it by studying, you are NOT.

The dangerous habit of "putting off" has ruined the lives of more promising young men than drunkenness. It is so easy to say "yes, it's what I need; I'll start tomorrow—next week—some other time." The difference between the man that makes a failure of life and the man that succeeds is simply this: The failure is going to begin "tomorrow"; the success begins today.

The men who "get there" are those that study for self-improvement in summer, or whenever they have time. They don't let the weather keep them in inferior positions, at small wages. They don't make excuses to themselves when they ought to be up and doing. They don't work for wages barely enough to keep soul and body together either.

Which Kind of a Man Are You? We will be pleased to mail our new Catalog from our new address, 505 McKay Building, Portland, Oregon. H. H. HARRIS, Local Mgr.

BEATS OF THE HEART. Sounds That Tell Just How That Wonderful Organ Is Working. Do you know what a doctor hears when he sounds your chest and listens to your heart beating? Your heart, if it is quite sound, makes a noise very like "lub-dup, lub-dup, lub-dup," all the time. The two syllables come very quickly together, and between each "lub-dup" there comes a pause, the short period when the heart is resting, as it were. The "lub" sound is due to the blood flowing out of the heart and the "dup" is the closing of the heart's valves. Just by the loudness of these two syllables the doctor knows if your heart is working as it should do. Supposing the "dup" is very loud, for instance, that tells him that the valves are being "slammed to," just as a door is, and that the pressure is greater than it should be. The cause of this is generally what is known as an "aneurism."

If the valves are not closing properly the doctor hears a sound very like "luff" instead of "dup." The heart is then said to have a "murmur," and the physician knows what steps to take to correct it. When the first sound, "lub," is softened into "luff" it warns the doctor that his patient has something wrong with the mitral valve. The "lub" sound is always very much weaker when one is suffering from fever, and it is this weakness, due to the weakness of the heart muscle, which makes the doctor so anxious at such times. When the heart says "luff-luff" he tells you to knock off work for a time and have a complete rest, for your heart is in a bad way.—Pearson's Weekly.

Police View of Wagner. Here is a description of the great composer which was dated May 18, 1849, when a warrant was issued to arrest Richard Wagner, one of the most prominent adherents of the revolutionary party, and to deliver him up to the royal court of justice. Wagner is thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old, of middle height; has brown hair, wears glasses; open forehead; eyebrows brown; eyes gray blue; nose and mouth well proportioned; chin round. Particulars: In speaking and moving he is hasty.—London Spectator.

SYDNEY SMITH'S HUMOR. It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. That knuckle end of England, that land of Calvin, oat cakes and sulphur. No one minds what Jeffreys says. * * * It is no more than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully of the equator. The Smiths never had any arms and have invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs. Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam engine in trousers.

Quite Safe. "So he accepted a job like that, did he? Well, I did not know that a man of his standing would accept such dirty money."

How It Happened. "A letter addressed to me and marked 'Personal' came to my house yesterday, and my wife didn't open it."

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

BEATS OF THE HEART.

Sounds That Tell Just How That Wonderful Organ Is Working. Do you know what a doctor hears when he sounds your chest and listens to your heart beating? Your heart, if it is quite sound, makes a noise very like "lub-dup, lub-dup, lub-dup," all the time. The two syllables come very quickly together, and between each "lub-dup" there comes a pause, the short period when the heart is resting, as it were.

The "lub" sound is due to the blood flowing out of the heart and the "dup" is the closing of the heart's valves. Just by the loudness of these two syllables the doctor knows if your heart is working as it should do. Supposing the "dup" is very loud, for instance, that tells him that the valves are being "slammed to," just as a door is, and that the pressure is greater than it should be. The cause of this is generally what is known as an "aneurism."

If the valves are not closing properly the doctor hears a sound very like "luff" instead of "dup." The heart is then said to have a "murmur," and the physician knows what steps to take to correct it. When the first sound, "lub," is softened into "luff" it warns the doctor that his patient has something wrong with the mitral valve. The "lub" sound is always very much weaker when one is suffering from fever, and it is this weakness, due to the weakness of the heart muscle, which makes the doctor so anxious at such times.

When the heart says "luff-luff" he tells you to knock off work for a time and have a complete rest, for your heart is in a bad way.—Pearson's Weekly.

Police View of Wagner. Here is a description of the great composer which was dated May 18, 1849, when a warrant was issued to arrest Richard Wagner, one of the most prominent adherents of the revolutionary party, and to deliver him up to the royal court of justice.

Wagner is thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old, of middle height; has brown hair, wears glasses; open forehead; eyebrows brown; eyes gray blue; nose and mouth well proportioned; chin round. Particulars: In speaking and moving he is hasty.—London Spectator.

SYDNEY SMITH'S HUMOR. It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. That knuckle end of England, that land of Calvin, oat cakes and sulphur.

No one minds what Jeffreys says. * * * It is no more than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully of the equator. The Smiths never had any arms and have invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs.

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam engine in trousers.

Quite Safe. "So he accepted a job like that, did he? Well, I did not know that a man of his standing would accept such dirty money."

How It Happened. "A letter addressed to me and marked 'Personal' came to my house yesterday, and my wife didn't open it."

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

Ordered It. She (in restaurant)—I'm so hungry I could eat a house! He—Then that's what we'll have. Waiter, a porterhouse, large, for two!—London Telegraph.

BUTTER AND EGGS TO BECOME SCARCE

With eggs retailing at 30 cents a dozen and hard to get, and with butter selling at 32 cents a pound, the consumer will not smile happily when he hears that there is a well-founded rumor in trade circles that butter is to rise to 35 cents, and that eggs are liable to go way up out of sight if the present hot weather does not abate. News find it too warm to lay, and eggs are on the scarce list. As to the rise in the price of butter, creamery interests blame it upon the demand for cream for ice-cream. A poor excuse is better than none.

Local Oregon peaches, of good flavor and apparent soundness, are to be had on the market at from 35 cents a box up, and are meeting a ready sale. The fruit is a sharp relief to the high prices and poor stock that have ruled lately. Owing to the fact that Wednesday is "grocers' picnic" day in Portland, local growers will find a large supply of berries on their hands, and for the day prices are apt to be extremely low on logans and raspberries.

Green vegetables are showing the heat, and are somewhat scarce. Prices are not increasing very much, however. Onions, which were hard to obtain, are now reasonably plentiful.

Live Stock, Meats. BEEF—(Live weight) steers 7 and 8c; cows 6 and 7c; bulls 4 to 6c. MUTTON—Sheep 5 to 6c; lambs 6 to 6c. VEAL—Calves 12c to 13c dressed, according to grade. WEINERS—15c lb; sausage, 15c lb. PORK—9c and 10c.

Poultry—(buying) Hens 11 to 12c; stags slow at 10c; old roosters 8c; broilers 20 to 21c.

Fruits. APPLES—50c and \$1. DRIED FRUITS—(buying)—Prunes on basis 4 for 35 to 40c. ONIONS—\$1.00 per sack. POTATOES—Nothing doing.

BUTTER—(buying)—Ordinary country butter 23 to 25c. EGGS—Oregon ranch, case count 25c; Oregon ranch candled 27c. Prevailing Oregon City prices are as follows:

CORN—Whole corn, \$22. HIDES—(buying)—Green, 8c to 10c; sheep pelts 75c to \$1.50 each. WOOL—15 to 16c. MOHAIR—28c.

FEED—(Selling)—Shorts \$28; barn \$26; process barley, \$30.50 to \$31.50 per ton. FLOUR—\$4.50 to \$5. OATS—(buying)—\$28; wheat 93c; oil meal selling \$38; Shay Brook dairy feed \$1.30 per hundred pounds.

HAY—(buying)—Clover at \$8 and \$9; oat hay best \$11 and \$12; mixed \$9 to \$11; Idaho and Eastern Oregon timothy selling \$20.50 to \$23; valley timothy, \$12 to \$15.

Dentists at Old Point. OLD POINT COMFORT, Va., July 22.—The fifteenth annual meeting of the Southern branch of the National Dental Association began here today in conjunction with the annual meeting of the Virginia State Dental association.

NEW PRICES

ON MAZDA LAMPS

To Take Effect at Once

Table with 4 columns: Wattage, Glass Type, Price, Ball Type. 15-Watt—Clear Glass 30c, Frosted Ball 35c. 20 " " 30c " " 35c. 25 " " 30c " " 35c. 40 " " 30c " " 35c. 60 " " 40c " " 45c. 110 " " 70c " " 75c. 150 " " \$1.05 " " \$1.15. 250 " " 1.75 " " 1.60.

Portland Railway, Light & Power Company

THE ELECTRIC STORE Beaver Building, Main Street Tel.—Home, A228 Pacific, Main 115