

The Scrap Book

A Good Shot. Bill Jones was an eccentric character, a local justice of the peace in a South Carolina town. He was exceedingly tall—so attenuated, in fact, that but for his hat he would not have cast a shadow. One night a number of fellow bon vivants joined him in a symposium, and many mint juleps were consumed. One of the party unsteadily produced a revolver. It was accidentally discharged, and a bullet struck Bill Jones in the leg. Conscience stricken and wabbly with excitement and juleps, the owner of the weapon hastened to the home of the nearest doctor and pulled the door-bell. At length the physician, who had himself been spending a riotous evening, stuck his head from the second story window. "Whazza mazzar?" he demanded thickly. "I jush shot Bill Jones in the leg," replied the man below. "Shot Bill Jones in the leg!" repeated the doctor wonderingly. "Thash wha' I shaid," returned the offender—"shot Bill Jones in the leg." The doctor gazed down upon him admiringly. "Well," he said, "that wash a hell of a good shot." And he closed the window and went back to bed. The Hall of Fame. Wait not for luck to draw the boit Nor chance give up her key. The door that opened for the great Is open yet for thee. Luck is a sleepy sentinel And Chance a flickle light. Many a man hath passed them both And entered in the night. Have little care if neither heed Thy clamor, call or din. Take up the magic torch and key And let thine own self in! —Aloysius Coll. Snared Himself. Charles Mathews, the famous English actor, once indulged in his talent for mimicry to his own misfortune. Mr. Tattersall, the well known auctioneer, was conducting a sale of blooded stock. "The first lot, gentlemen," said Mr. Tattersall, "is a bay filly by Smolensko." "The first lot, gentlemen," echoed Mr. Mathews in the same tone of voice, "is a bay filly by Smolensko." The auctioneer looked somewhat annoyed, but proceeded. "Well, what shall we begin with?" "Well, what shall we begin with?" replied the echo. Still endeavoring to conceal his vexation, Mr. Tattersall called out, "One hundred guineas?" "One hundred guineas?" echoed Mathews. "Thank you, sir," cried Mr. Tattersall, bringing down the hammer with a bang, "the filly is yours!" Could He Help It? A lady and a little boy entered the car, but the boy squirmed and fidgeted so much on his seat that at last one of the other passengers expostulated: "For goodness sake, keep your child still, madam!" "I'm very sorry," said the mother, "but the truth is until I get to the hospital I shan't be able to quiet him." "Dear me! What's the matter with him?" "He swallowed a teaspoon yesterday, and ever since he's been on the stir." The Law and the Lady. Pat Finnigan had been summoned to jury duty. Coming downstairs one morning dressed in his Sunday clothes, his wife looked at him and said: "Where are you going, Pat?" He replied, "I'm going to court." "H'm!" said the wife, and Pat stalked out. Next morning Pat came downstairs all shaven and shorn, with the same suit of clothes on. "And where are you going today?" said the wife. "Sure, I'm going to court." "Ye are, are ye?" "Pat went out and slammed the door. The third morning Pat came in and sat down to the breakfast table with the same suit of clothes on and greeted his wife, who said: "And where are ye going this morn'ing, Pat?" "I'm going to court." The wife laid her hands upon a rolling pin, stood before the door and said: "Ye're going to court, are ye?" "Yis," said Pat. "No, ye're not. If there's any court'ing to be done it will be done right here. Go upstairs and take off thim clothes."—Newark Star. Worse Than the Third Degree. A married man ran away with a silly young girl, and after an exciting chase the elopers were finally captured and returned to their homes. Feeling in the town ran high against the man, and a number of neighbors were sitting together one evening discussing the case. Naturally everybody had an idea of his own as to what action should be taken against the married man. One suggested jail for life, another said ninety years in the penitentiary would do, and a third offered tar and feathers. A little man who sat in the corner looked up and smiled. "I have a scheme," he remarked, "that beats all of yours a mile." "What would you do with him?" the chorus asked. "I would turn him over to his wife's mother," said the quiet little man.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Writer in the Wrong Pew. When James Payn was editor of the Cornhill Magazine his private office was invaded one day by an unannounced visitor who had managed to evade the porter downstairs. The caller's hair was long, and his clothes were shabby and untidy. He had a roll of paper in his hand. Payn, surmising a poet and an epic several thousand lines long, looked up. "Well, sir?" "I've brought you something about sarcoma and carcinoma." "We are overcrowded with poetry—couldn't accept another line, not if it were by Milton." "Poetry?" the caller flashed. "Do you know anything about sarcoma and carcinoma?" "Italian lovers, aren't they?" said Payn imperturbably. The caller retreated with a withering glance at the editor. Under the same roof as the Cornhill was the office of a medical and surgical journal, and it was this that the caller sought for the disposal of a treatise on those cancerous growths with the euphonious names which, with a layman's ignorance, Payn ascribed to poetry.—McClure's. Things to Forget. If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd, A leader of men, marching fearless and proud, And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed, It's a pretty good plan to forget it. If you know of a skeleton hidden away In a closet and guarded and kept from the day In the dark and whose showing, whose sudden display, Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay, It's a pretty good plan to forget it. If you know of a thing that will darken the joy Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy, That will wipe out a smile or the least way amoy A fellow of cause any gladness to cloy, It's a pretty good plan to forget it. Hoist With His Own Petard. The girl with the soft, appealing eyes looked up at the tall, broad shouldered young man who was hovering about her with a protecting air, having just won her from a hated rival. "Jim," she murmured, "now that we've been engaged ever since last night, and you won't ever need to be jealous again, I've brought you to select a tie for—anyway, you will, won't you? A man's taste is so correct in such things." "For Phil, you mean? Of course I will," Jim replied with a magnanimous air. "This green tie with the yellow stripes is fine and dandy. Get him that." "Are you sure it is quite your choice," the girl asked anxiously. "Usually you select such quiet ties." "That is precisely my taste," the young man said glibly. The girl exchanged a two dollar bill for the gaudy necktie and a moment later slipped it into her companion's hand. "Jim," she said, "I can't just keep it secret an instant longer. It's really for you—the first gift I've ever given you—so I wanted it to be exactly what you liked. You must wear it always when you come to see me," added the possessor of the soft, appealing eyes, with an adorable blush.—Kansas City Times. An Eye Out. Dispute over a cab fare in London gave Henry Herman, the dramatist, opportunity for playing a grim joke at the driver's expense. Herman was the unfortunate possessor of a glass eye, which, on Jehu's waxing demonstrative with his whip, whereof the lash passed perilously near, he suddenly pulled out and thrust in cabby's face. "You rascal," he vociferated, "look what you've done! You've cut my eye out!" Without waiting for the money in dispute the driver lashed his horse and fled aghast. A Sad Experience. C. K. G. Billings, the famous horseman, had a sad, heartbreaking experience with the first horse he ever owned. When quite a young man Mr. Billings fancied a fast trotting mare priced to him at \$2,000; but, not having more than \$500 to his name, he persuaded his mother to advance him the balance, which she did after much coaxing and begging. In due time his father heard of the fast trotter his son had bought and expressed a desire to try her. The request was complied with, and after a few spins on the road the old gentleman asked how much he had paid for her. "Six hundred dollars, father," was the answer. "Well, Charley, the mare is not worth it," said the governor, "but I rather like the way she steps, so I will take her from you, and you can have your \$500." The deal had to be closed. Nature Fakers of Fame. Fancy and imagination are at a discount, and our young Gradgrinds want strict facts. It was different years ago, when boys delighted in "The Island Home," even though the author of that desert island story made the albatross come up from the depths of the sea, a beautiful glittering creature with fins and scales, and described a battle royal between a sperm whale and a thrashing shark and swordfish. Again, how popular was "The Swiss Family Robinson," in spite of the fact that in their wonderful island were found a lion, a polar bear and a kangaroo, and the whole family, though armed with guns, were blockaded for days by a boa constrictor.—London Outlook.

THE POKER. Hardly Changed Since the Days of the Early Metal Workers. As the first fireplace was a circle of stones at the mouth of a cave, so the first poker was a piece of green stick. It was necessary to have something to knock the logs together with when they began to burn through the middle, and as primitive man did not wear boots he could not use them to kick the hot embers into place, as some of us do to this day. That was a refinement, if it can be so called, which came later. The green stick lasted until the age of iron and was then superseded by a handy piece of metal which possessed the advantage of being stronger and of not burning away. But since the days of the early workers in metal we have made no advance. The poker has hardly, if at all, changed through the ages. It is, as it always has been, simple and severe of outline. It lends itself to no vagaries and to little ornamentation. It is one of the few things which no one has ever patented, because it may be said to have leaped from the first foundry perfect and complete in every respect. The only notable attempt at improvement has been to make the poker of brass with a twisted column, but even then the iron poker lurks at the side and is known as the curate, because it does all the rough work. The ornamental poker is not a poker at all, but a sham, an upstart masquerading under an ancient and honored name and gaining credit for duties which it is unable to perform.—London Globe. A GREAT BATTLE. The One Known in History as the "Victory of Victories." The battle which is known in history as the "Victory of Victories" took place at Nehavend, in Ecbatana, and was fought between the new Moslem power in 637 and the empire of Persia, then one of the most powerful of the eastern monarchies. It was one of the most absolutely decisive battles in the history of war, and it was all the more amazing by reason of the fact that it was won by a people who twenty years before had been unknown barbarians, lost in the deserts of Arabia. Arabian historians place the Persian loss in a single day at 100,000 men killed. This may be and probably is an exaggeration, but the fact remains that the Persian dynasty came to an end when the battle was over and that Zoroastrianism, which had been the religion of Persia for over a thousand years, was at once supplanted by Islam. Its modern representatives, as is well known, are now the Parsees of India. The victory was so absolutely decisive that it extended the Arabian dominion over the whole of the region lying between the Caspian sea and the Indian ocean. With the exception perhaps of the battle of Tours, no single fight ever made such a difference in the after history of the world. She Knew the Reason. He was smoking and musing over the ways of the world. "Odd, isn't it," he said at last, "how few people attain their ideals in this world?" "In what way?" inquired his wife suspiciously, for she was not a woman to be caught off her guard. "Well," he replied slowly, "I was thinking of Wilmer when I spoke. He had an ideal woman that he was always talking about when he was in college. She was tall and stately in his dreams, and he seemed to have no place in his heart for a small woman, and yet—"

CLASSIFIED COLUMN. Advertisements for insertion under this heading will be charged for at the rate of 25c per month for each line. If the advertiser desires to have a copy of the paper, a medium for reaching the people, The News stands alert and unswerving. SOCIETIES. Hood River Valley Ham and Sausage Society—Phone 186. E. H. Hartwig, president; Harold Hershner, secretary; Leslie Butler, treasurer. SPECIAL NOTICES. Wanted—To rent a piano for a short time. Excellent care assured. Enquire G. M. Coleman 1128 13th st. Phone 286-K. 25-28-p. Wanted—To buy a good fresh cow that will give 4 gallons of milk a day. Phone 290-M. For Sale or Rent—Typewriters, new or second hand, on easy terms. A. W. Outhank. 25-10c. REAL ESTATE AND RENTALS. Carpenters, Notice—I wish to trade a good lot for carpenter work, or will trade the choice of 14 lots for building by contract. N. T. Chapman. 27-30p. HORSES, COWS, PIGS, CHICKENS, ETC. For Sale—Good sound team, wagon and harness. This is a bargain. Phone 1912-L. 25-28c. Wanted—A large pony or riding horse. Dr. Stanton Allen. 25-28c. For Sale—Team of horses, 4 and 5 years old, well matched, weight about 2,500 pounds. Enquire Ed Lage. 27-30p. For Sale—Black Jersey cow, 7 years old; 3 gallons milk a day. Fresh next January by me against R. F. Shoemaker, dated June 3, 1891, and due in 1892 and '93, issued by R. F. Shoemaker on which he has raised paymen and taken advantage of the statute of limitation in the January court. J. H. Shoemaker. For Sale—Two second hand Surveys for sale cheap. Inquire at Transfer & Livery Co. 24-27-c. For Sale—One set double harness and one buggy; one saddle and one Empire cream separator. Phone 291-L. 25-28c. For Sale—Two seated spring wagon and buggy in good condition. Phone 213-K. 25-28-p. For Sale—14x18 tent house, frame and floor, (no tent) \$15 cash; no discount. Must be moved. 1202 Columbia avenue. 25-28c. For Sale—Old sewing machine, needs some repairing. \$9.75. 1202 Columbia avenue. 25-28c. For Sale—Piano. Strictly high grade; beautiful, massive walnut case; in perfect order; rich tone. At a sacrifice. Phone 184-L. 25-28p. For Sale—80 cords 4 foot oak wood. Delivered in town for \$5.50 per cord or loaded in cars for shipment from Hood River. Enquire H. A. Moore. Phone 266-L. 25-28p. For Sale cheap—Good 3x4 farm wagon. Telephone 1893-M. 25-28p. For Sale—A Hoosier kitchen cabinet, sectional dish, bed room chair, and stand. Phone Odell 93 or address box 85, R. D. No. 1. 27-30c. For Sale—Three two-seated light rigs, two covered and one open. Bargains if taken at once. Transfer & Livery Co. LOST AND FOUND. Lost—A roll of bedding on east side road. Also some clothing and papers of value belonging to Japanese. Finder please phone 1922-L. 25-28p. Lost—Gold necklace between Butler bank and Sherman avenue signs. Reward for return to Home Telephone office. 27-30p. EMPLOYMENT. Wanted—Girl for housework. Family of three. Crapper district. Phone 186-K. 25-28p. LEGAL AND OTHER NOTICES. Notice to Creditors. Notice is hereby given, that Jennie H. DeBussey has been appointed executrix of the estate of T. W. DeBussey, deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly itemized and verified to me at the law office of S. W. Stark, in Ellet Building, in Hood River, Hood River County, Oregon, within six months of the date of this notice. Dated April 4th, 1910. JENNIE H. DEBUSSEY, Executrix of the Estate of T. W. DeBussey, Deceased. Apr. 1-10-11. Notice to Creditors. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Hood River County, administrator of the estate of John N. Eiden, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to me properly verified, as by law required, at the office of my attorney, John Gavin, 210 Union Street, The Dalles, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof. Dated this 21st day of June, 1910. D. L. CATES, Administrator of the estate of John N. Eiden, deceased. 26-28c. Notice for Publication. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, June 21, 1910. Notice is hereby given that William H. Harmon, of Hood River, Oregon, who, on December 1st, 1908, made Homestead, No. 91822, for E1/4, 23W1/4, and N1/2, 23W1/4, Section 23, Township 2 North, Range 9 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before George D. Culbertson, County Clerk, at his office, at Hood River, Oregon, on the 15th day of July, 1910. Claimant names as witnesses: F. M. White, W. L. Robertson, W. A. Thornbury, H. M. Cummings, all of Hood River, Oregon. C. W. MOORE, Register. Notice for Publication. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, May 21, 1910. Notice is hereby given that Mrs. Pearl Neale, formerly Pearl Glascock, of Hood River, Oregon, who, on February 17th, 1908, made Homestead, (Serial No. 94327) No. 15886, for NE1/4, Section 8, Township 1 North, Range 10 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver of the United States Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, on the 11th day of July, 1910. Claimant names as witnesses: Jake Lentz, Georges Madden, Charles Mappesser, Tom Collins, all of Hood River, Oregon. C. W. MOORE, Register. Present Arms! Or maybe you'd present some friend with a better equipment for the battle of life. For instance, present him with an annual subscription to this paper.

LOGE DIRECTORY. Canby Post, G. A. R.—Meets at the K. of P. hall the second and fourth Saturdays of the month at 2 p. m. G. R. Gastner, commander; S. F. C. Broussard, P. S. Canby W. R. C. No. 16—Meets second and fourth Saturdays of each month in K. of P. hall at 2 p. m. Jennie Bentley, president; Abbie J. Baker, secretary. Court Hood River, No. 42, P. of A.—Meets every Thursday evening in K. of P. hall. Visiting Foresters always welcome. Wm. Flemming, C. R.; F. C. Broussard, P. S. Hood River Lodge, No. 195, A. F. & A. M.—Meets Saturday evening on or before each full moon. Ralph Savage, W. M.; D. McDonald, secretary. Hood River Camp, No. 702, M. W. A.—Meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Wednesday night. A. R. Crump, Y. C.; E. S. Mayes, clerk. Hood River Camp, No. 770, W. O. W.—Meets at K. of P. hall the second and fourth Wednesday nights of each month. W. A. Ely, C. C.; Floyd Spurling, clerk. Hood River Circle, No. 524, Women of Woodcraft.—Meets at I. O. O. F. hall first and third Saturday nights, each month. Visitors welcome. Mrs. Wm. Genzer, N. G.; Alice Shay, clerk. Iglewille Lodge, No. 107, I. O. O. F.—Meets in Fraternal hall every Thursday evening at 7:30, at the corner of Fourth and Oak streets. Visiting brothers welcomed. J. M. Wood, N. G.; G. W. Thompson, secretary. Kemp Lodge, No. 151, I. O. O. F.—Meets in the Odd Fellows hall at Odell every Saturday night. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed. W. A. Lockman, N. G.; Geo. Shepard, secretary. Laurel Rebekah Lodge No. 57, I. O. O. F.—Meets first and third Mondays in each month. Theresa M. Cantner, N. G.; Nettie Moses, secretary. Mount Hood Lodge, No. 205, I. O. O. F., meets in Fraternal hall every Thursday evening. Mt. Hood, A. M. Kelly, N. G.; G. W. Dimmick, secretary. Mountain Home Camp, No. 3469, R. N. A.—Meets at K. of P. hall on the second and fourth Fridays of each month. Mrs. A. Crump, O. U.; Mrs. Ella Dakin, recorder. Oreg. Assembly, No. 195, U. A.—Meets in their hall the first and third Wednesdays, work; second and fourth Wednesdays, social. C. D. Henrichs, M. A.; W. H. Austin, secretary. Oregon Grange Rebekah Lodge No. 151, I. O. O. F.—Meets in Gribble's hall, Mt. Hood, Or. Josephine Vauthiers, N. G.; Minnie L. Larwood, secretary. Riverside Lodge, No. 68, A. O. U. W.—Meets in K. of P. hall the first and third Wednesday nights of the month. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed. R. E. Chapman, W. M.; Chester Shute, recorder. Waucoma Lodge, No. 30, K. of P.—Meets in their Castle Hall every Tuesday night, when visiting brothers are fraternally welcomed. C. C. Cuddeford, C. C.; Lou, S. Isenberg, K. of R. & S. Waucoma Temple Pythian Sisters, No. 6—Meets the first and third Tuesday of each month at K. of P. hall. Georgia Isenberg, M. E. C.; Kate M. Fredrick, K. of R. & C. A. C. BUCK. Notary Public and Insurance Agent. Room 12, Broussard Block. Hood River, Oregon. Trio Orchestra. Music furnished for all occasions. Instrumentation from three pieces to any number desired. Address or phone C. G. NEWMAN. Hood River, Oregon. 94-X or 268-L. Don't Leave the Hood River District. WITHOUT INVESTIGATING. Mosier Valley. Natural advantages for fruit growing unexcelled. Land prices have doubled in last two years but are not half that asked for similar land in other sections. Buy now before speculators add their profits. COMMERCIAL CLUB OF MOSIER. MOSIER, OREGON. 6 Miles East of Hood River, Oregon. HOTEL OREGON. Hood River's New Fire-Proof Brick Hotel. ROOMS WITH AND WITHOUT BATH, SINGLE OR EN SUITE. STEAM HEATED, ELECTRIC LIGHTED. INTERCOMMUNICATING TELEPHONES. MEALS A LA CARTE. A Modern Hotel for Travelers. ONE BLOCK FROM DEPOT. Hood River, - - Oregon. Here Is An Opportunity to Buy 40 Acres Fine Red Shot Partly Improved Apple Land in the Famous Crapper District. This land lies well with an east and south slope, has good well on place which can easily be developed to sufficient quantity to irrigate entire tract. Fair 5-room house, chicken house and buildings. 350 trees ready to set. Land will be sold at a bargain price with small amount down. The tract can be sub-divided to a good advantage. If interested address, 601, Care of NEWS OFFICE Hood River, Oregon.

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