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Real Estate Bulletin

\$1,500 will handle this \$6,500 ranch consisting of 5 acres, close to town, 4 acres in 5-year-old trees, house, barn, 5 inches water, and tools. On the main road. No waste land.

\$9,500 - Seventeen acres in best part of the valley, nearly all set to 1 and 2-year-old Spitz and New-towns, and 2 1-2 acres of berries, house and barn, 9 inches of water. \$5,000 will handle this. This is a bargain.

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A Debt Paid

By WILLIAM ELAKEMAN

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Captain Tisdale of the 4th United States cavalry, years ago serving on what was then called "the plains," being sent out to reconnoiter the forces of the hostile tribes of Indians, who were at war with each other, came upon a small band of Sioux who were shooting arrows at long distance from their enemies. Their object was to torture the boy by making the distance between him and them so great that they would likely fire a long time at him before giving him his death wound. He had been struck several times, but not yet in a vital part.

Captain Tisdale thought the boy for \$20. The captive, who was tied to the trunk of a tree, was unbound and taken up by the captain's order behind one of the troopers. Tisdale had no use for his purchase, but if the boy were left to himself he would either die without food or be recaptured, tortured and killed. So the captain decided to keep him with the command and when the troop returned to the fort take him along.

The boy's Indian name being unpronounceable, he was given another—Jim. There was no reason why he should not have been called John or Jack or Joe instead. It happened simply that the captain first thought of Jim. The boy was about fifteen years old, tall and straight and had all the fortitude of his race. When released from being a target, though fainting from loss of blood, he kept a resolute look on his face and did not seem especially pleased that his life had been saved.

Since there was nothing for Jim to do at the fort, Captain Tisdale concluded to make him his servant. Servants were hard to get in western garrisons, and Tisdale, who was a married man, thought Jim would make a good waiter. The captain proposed this to the boy, but received no reply of either assent or dissent. He went about his duties sullenly, but attended to them faithfully. Tisdale was surprised that he displayed no gratitude for the saving of his life, but Tisdale had little faith in the better impulses of the savages and ascribed Jim's apparent indifference to his rescuer nature. Mrs. Tisdale went even further. She feared all Indians and dreaded lest they should be murdered by Jim some night and he would be missing in the morning.

Then came news that the tribe by which Jim had been made captive had broken away from their reservation and were roaming about murdering settlers, burning houses and pillaging the fort. Jim was the only one of the savages back to drive the savages back into their proper limits. Captain Tisdale before departing said to Jim:

"Jim, I wish you to be good to Mrs. Tisdale while I am away."
"No go, too," replied Jim.
"All right," said the captain, who was fearful of leaving him. "I'll get you a horse from the quartermaster, and you shall be my orderly."
For the first time since Jim had been purchased a light came into his eye.

"You would rather fight than wait on the table, wouldn't you, Jim?" said the captain.
"My father chief!" said Jim proudly. "The change in Jim mounted on a charger from carrying vials on a tray was something wonderful. And was he not going to fight the very tribe who had intended to shoot him to death? When the command trotted out of the fort, many of the men sobered by the thought that they might never get back to it. Jim rode behind Captain Tisdale, the light of supreme happiness in his eye.

In those days, though the savages were armed with rifles, they could not always get the requisite ammunition and were obliged to supplement their armament with the bows and arrows. The United States force that marched against them, learning that they were in camp within striking distance, attempted to surprise them in the early morning, but the cavalry were late in getting on the ground and found a force four times their own numbers drawn up to receive them.

During the fight Jim fought like a young devil. But he never left his captain. Tisdale was leading a charge into a nest of Indians when an arrow struck him in the forehead. At the same moment his horse fell dead. Jim like a flash jumped from his own horse, raised his captain, pulled the arrow from the wound, looked at its point and, kneeling by the captain, who was sitting dazed on the ground, began to suck the wound.

The Indians were driven before the advancing force, and when savor arrived for Captain Tisdale he was found in a stupor. Jim beside him chanting his own death song. The boy was recounting the few deeds of valor he had had opportunity to perform in his boyhood, and as part of his song was in English those about knew that his captain had been struck by a poisoned arrow and Jim had sucked the poison into his own system.

A surgeon came and gave both the captain and his young orderly an antidote. Tisdale recovered, but Jim, his system having absorbed most of the poison, sank lower till his song ceased and he was dead.

When the command heard that Jim had died for his captain he was accorded a funeral with military honors.

Gems In Verse

A COLLEGE MAN'S MISTAKE.

WHEN I went forth from college walls I thought myself "a man of parts."

With a diploma showing I had taken a degree in arts.

I could quote Bacon, Newton, Locke And others whom the world calls great And knew what Herbert Spencer termed The universal postulate.

But when I started reading proof 'Twas but a short time ere I fell. Although I knew what Hegel taught, I soon found out I could not spell.

And, though I thought myself equipped To write exhaustively on fate, Within an hour or so I learned I could but poorly punctuate.

And long before the day had passed Much of my confidence had fled. And years went by before I learned To read proof as it should be read.

And thus as I go on through life I find, whichever way I turn, So many things I do not know, So much that I have yet to learn!

We all know something, but the man Who thinks that he has learned the most Has failed to learn what knowledge is. And has but touched its endless coast.

—T. Darley Allen.

BOY AMBITIONS.

I DO not know what can be done With my perplexing little soul. What fine profession or vocation Will suit his wandering inclination.

ONE day he says his longings are To be a chauffeur on a car. Next day he's careful to explain He's bound to run a railroad train.

ANOTHER day this airy dreamer Would "bark" for an excursion steamer. Again his weird ambition begs, He'll be a surgeon, saving legs.

TOMORROW it is likely he Or, if he cannot reach to that, A limber circus acrobat.

AT other times, above them all, He sets his eye on playing ball. Again, no fortune will content His wish till he is president!

HED be a jockey or a clown Or else a statesman of renown, But nothing long can give him joy— Still, that is being just a boy.

A HINT.

YOU needn't be rich to be good. You needn't be great to be kind. Big things you would do if you could.

But shirk not the small ones you find. Waste never a chance to be sweet. By dreaming of what you would do If fortune should fall at your feet. Be kind with what's given to you.

For it's not in the substance you give Or the size of the gift that is show. The poorest and humblest may live. The kindest lives here below.

Sweet charity's born of the heart. As not of the pocket or the gold. The point is: Do you do your part With what has been given you to hold?

Don't say that if riches you had You'd make many happy today. Right now you can make people glad. If only you'll see it that way. Be kind to the one you meet.

Be gentle, considerate and true. Do the most in the home or the street. With what has been given to you. —Detroit Free Press.

MORNING AND EVENING.

WHEN the mists grow bright with the morning light And the winds come fresh from the sea Our boat beats down from the waking town.

And the cordage sings in glee As the leaping hull like some great gull From the salt spray shakes her free.

WHEN the day is done and the sinking sun Slips down in the afterglow Our boat drifts back on a silver sea. That the moonbeams gently show.

A starlit way at the close of the day For stately ships to go. —Philip P. Frost.

GUARD MOUNT AT FORTRESS MONROE.

ROUND Virginia in the spring Madly sweet the memories cling. Where the slow tides ebb and swing.

And the ships pass out to sea. Where the old gray fortress waits Like a mastiff at the gates. Keeping guard across the straits Lovingly and tenderly.

Soft the southern sunshine falls On the grass and granite walls. Where the sea-birds' wings call. And the black mouthed cannon sleep.

Soft the southern breezes away Honeysuckle blooms, and they With wild roses nod and play. At the portals where they creep.

Glittering across the sward. See the soldiers, mounting guard. As they change the watch and ward Daily in the picket grounds. Down the ranks, all spick and span, Walks the officer to scan.

Arms and accoutrements each man; Soldiers march, and music sounds. O Virginia in the spring. Where the old time memories cling. Does there yet lurk anything Sorrow stir or evil bode? Lo, at sunset from the walls "All is well" the bugle calls. One flag only furled and falls. Over the ships in Hampton Roads! —M. E. Buhler.

"MOTHER!"

(A most pathetic ballad by "her old man.")

"NOBODY" bites "but mother!" She stands round all day Listening to all the fakers That always drift her way— Incubators, mop sticks, roasters, Forty-seven sins of a man— Just any old thing that parts the "tin" From her old man!

"NOBODY" bites "but mother!" But she bites good and hard On "sells" to use in the kitchen Or "gratts" to set in the yard. A two cent cup for a quarter— That is her usual plan— Just any old thing that parts the "tin" From her old man!

—Mabel Eastman.

JOY AND PAIN.

OUT of the glooming night and wind and rain Came he whose name is Pain. Out of the dawn—sun rays without alloy— Came he whose name is Joy. Yet are they brothers wed. He of the night, he of the joyous morn. —Clinton Scollard.

THE CURSE OF GOLD

By CARL SARGENT CHASE

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I am an old woman, and it is strange to look back and consider what I was when I was young and how absolutely passed away is that world in which I then lived. A stranger matter is that I passed out of it when it still existed. I was considered dead.

I am a Russian by birth and when I was growing up to womanhood imbibed the ideas of a band that were then called nihilists. They have since become revolutionists in Russia, but in other countries the most desperate wing of the set are anarchists. I was then too young to discriminate between the different beliefs, but, having always been very poor, I readily fell in with those who believed the poor suffer a great injustice on the part of the rich and that the wealth of the world should be divided up among the poor. With this object in view governments which protect the rich should be destroyed.

I had not been a nihilist long before I was ordered to assassinate the minister of the interior. A member of the circle to which I belonged was a friend and trusted by the minister. This friend was to secure me a position as nurse in the victim's family and I was to poison him.

A few days after I received the order a letter came from America, where an uncle of mine had died when a boy, stating that he had gone and left me a large fortune. What a wonderful change the announcement made in me! Far from thinking that I should divide with the poor, I thought that my fortune should be my own.

How I left Russia secretly, how I reached America and was put in possession of my fortune I will not give here. No one but myself knew of my inheritance till after it had been paid me. But I was sure that that some one would be sent to inflict upon me a sentence of death for not having carried out the edict of the society.

I converted my fortune—it amounted to \$100,000—into gold. I could get no interest on gold, but I did not dare to purchase securities, for my name must appear on them. Even if I put my money in a savings bank, taking a book in lieu of a receipt, I could not get it back without signing my name.

And now began the most dreadful period of my life, dreadful in this—I must spend money to live besides money to go from place to place, for I dared not remain in one location. I was therefore obliged to draw on my capital. Besides this, I must take care of and move my gold, which was very heavy. I was in constant dread not only of robbery, but that while trav-

eling my gold would be lost. I had a very strong ironbound trunk made, padded inside, and in this I put my gold in little bags, each bag containing a thousand dollars. This trunk I never lost sight of and was continually troubled about it. Sometimes the strangeness of my position would occur to me. I had believed that the poor should take away the possessions of the rich, and here was I, rich, continually on the rack about my possessions. Miserable as I had been in poverty, I sometimes envied my former lot. This money that had seemed so desirable to me, what comfort was I getting out of it? Carting around a trunk that I was constantly afraid I would lose or would betray me was certainly no pleasure.

Ten years of this kind of life passed, during which on several occasions I met my own countrymen who I knew were nihilists. Finally I met a Russian friend who had no affiliation with the nihilists. She agreed to write to those I had left behind that she had seen me in a hospital, where I was lying at the point of death, and that I had died there. She afterward told me that her story was believed and I would soon be forgotten both by those who loved me and those who had condemned me.

I saw now a new life before me. I took another name and invested my money, of which I had \$85,000 left. But I lived an exile's life and did not make friends. My money could not give me happiness. I tried to interest myself in banks, but I had not been educated, and I took no interest in them. Time hung heavy on my hands.

One day I went past a factory. Working girls were coming out, and none of them had the unhappy face that I had. I thought of the day when I, too, was a working girl and realized that, after all, I was happier than I was now. If I could only be occupied the days would not seem so long to me.

The next day I went to the factory where I had seen the girls and asked for a position without pay till I could learn the work to be done. My offer was accepted, and I went to work the next morning.

I worked for five years, then married a fellow laborer. Since my marriage my occupation has been caring for my home and my children. The cursed gold left me by my uncle is accumulating. No one living but myself knows of it. I don't know what to do with it. Labor alone keeps us contented. I do not wish my children to receive a cent of my fortune.

It has been a curse to me, and I dread lest it be a curse to them. I would not object to their receiving it when they become old enough to know something of how it may be made a benefit.

The M. W. A. will install officers Monday, January 9th, and a full attendance of members is desired.

The Sun Social Club will meet at the home of Mrs. Button Thursday afternoon, January 5th.

CONSTITUTION FOR CHINA.

End of Absolutism in the Celestial Empire Seems to Be Near.

History is being made rapidly in China, and dispatches from Peking say that in all likelihood the ancient regime is to end with the present year and that a constitutional cabinet will be formed on the Chinese New Year's, which comes in January. It was only a little more than a year ago that the provincial assemblies met.



BABY EMPEROR OF CHINA.

This being the first step toward popular government in thousands of years. The first imperial senate met Oct. 3 last and at once demanded that the date, 1915, set by the late dowager empress for the formation of a legislative body to be known as the imperial parliament be advanced. This was done, the new date being in 1913. Then the senate voted to take absolute power from the regent, Prince Chun, and to make the country a constitutional empire immediately.

So the baby emperor, when he grows up, will find that he is not the autocrat that his ancestors have been and that he is subject to a constitution that is binding.

Baptist Church Services

Baptist church, Sunday, Jan. 8, Sunday school 9:50 a. m.; regular worship 11 a. m. Sermon, subject, "Our Boundless Resources." At the evening services the practical question will be "What Constitutes a Good Conversation?" J. R. Hargreaves, minister.

All Day Meeting

The special revival meetings will continue each evening at the Alliance Chapel, and on Sunday, Jan. 8, there will be an all-day meeting, first service at 10:30 and 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Come and hear the old gospel preached without adulteration. C. E. Perry, pastor.

MOSIER

Happy New Year to all.

Mr. Pete Knowles returned Tuesday from a visit with friends in North Yakima.

Mr. Clinton Harvey and wife, of Willows, Ore., spent New Years with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Harvey.

Mrs. Chas. Graham returned the latter part of the week from a month's visit with her daughter, Mrs. Elmer Coyle, in the valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Young spent Christmas and New Year at home with Mr. Young's parents, returning to their home at Husum Tuesday.

The father, mother and brother of F. A. Allington spent Christmas week with him, returning to their home at Kelso, Wash., Saturday evening.

The new year came in with colder weather and a sprinkle of snow which made it seem like winter instead of the beautiful spring weather we have had all fall.

The citizens of road district No. 10 met Friday and voted a 10 mill tax for the purpose of purchasing a rock crusher and for the further improvement of the roads in that district.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reeves spent several days with friends in Partland last week, returning home Saturday evening. Mr. Reeves' mother accompanied them down, but remained over to visit her two sons.

Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Young entertained a number of their friends Thursday evening at a card party and all present report a good time. At midnight refreshments were served, when all departed for their homes.

Watch parties were in full blast Saturday evening, several being held, one at Mr. Stroup's, of which all reported a good time and at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Root, their children and grandchildren surprised them by walking in. There were 23 in all, one son and wife not being present.

Irrigation Meeting

Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the electors of the Hood River Irrigation District in the Barrett school house at 7:30 p. m. Friday, Jan. 6, 1911, for the purpose of nominating officers for the election of Jan. 10th, in said district.

By order of the Board of Directors. R. W. KELLY, Sec.

The daughters of W. R. Winans, who are students at the Willamette University at Salem, returned to the university Monday, after spending the holidays with their parents.

A. A. Jayne has money to loan at 6 per cent on good security.

Wool Blankets

Cotton Blankets

Down Quilts

Bragg Merc. Co.

Men's and Boys' Hats and Caps

Linens

Fray Clothes
Plain Hem Stitched and
Drawn Work from
50c up

Doilies, Drawn Work,
Dresser Scarfs from
\$1.00 up

Cushion Tops, Stamped
and Embroidered, from
35c up

Handkerchief Linens
45c up

Table Linens in Poppy and
Polkadot designs
85c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.65
per Yard

SHOES

Hanan's Dress Shoes

for Men and Women. Heavy winter Shoes for Men and Boys that you can rely on, are the

Kunkidori and R. K. & L.

Goods both in high and low top.

Ladies' Patent Vamp **\$3.50** Dressy Shoe and Cloth top

Children's High-top in Button and Lace, all Douglass **\$3.50** Shoes

Special, \$2.85

Men's Goods

Clothing Suits
Overcoats
Extra Trousers
Rain Goods
Corduroy Suits
Extra long

Imported Cord roy
for winter wool shirts

Brown, Blue, Black and Tan for
\$1, \$1.25, \$2.00
\$2.50 and \$3.25
Winter medium in Union and Two-piece

Silks

We are making
Special Prices
on Silks. This includes Tafatas and Meselens. All fancy patterns and plaids. These are marked down very low

Ladies Neckwear

New lot just in. It includes
Ladies' Coat Collars
35c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00
Rooshing and Neck Cords
20c to 35c
Dutch Collars and Stock Collars in Numerous Styles

Needles, Shuttles and Bobbins for use in All Makes of Sewing Machines