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**ANNOUNCEMENT**

The Royal Bakery & Confectionery Incorporation, sole manufacturers of Royal Table Queen Bread, have made arrangements with the enterprising firm of

**WYATT & CO.**  
whereby, the said firm of Wyatt & Co., will be exclusive agents for **ROYAL TABLE QUEEN BREAD**

The best bread on the market. Delivered fresh every day. Appetizingly delicious, wholesomely good.

The hop market has been very dull the past few days, and no sales are reported. It is claimed by the press that buyers have arrived at an agreement to beat down the market, which, so far this season, has been very good. Many were offered 25 cents, but refused the price, and they are now in the atmosphere of uncertainty. Many growers claim that they are bound to advance, and look for even better prices than prevailed early in the fall.

Prune growers are rather gloomy over prices this year and many aver there is not much profit in the business. As a matter of fact the prune is high enough when you buy at retail, but when you bump the grower up against the whole saler there is a difference—and a reason. This reason has not given reason. This reason has not given the best prunes, as the fruit did not grow very large. This means a diminished output, and with the low prevailing price, it is enough to discourage growers.

Mrs. Ellis P. Richards, of Albany, is in the city this week, a guest of Mrs. H. H. Cronise.

Julius Christensen, of near Laurel, was in the city the last of the week.

**BY SPECIAL ACT.**

**Crissy's Appeal and the Explanation That Came Afterward.**

By BELLE MANIATES.  
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"Well, Crissy, what can I do for you?" asked the judge of his fair young daughter as she stood in the doorway of his outer office.

"You know," said Crissy gravely, "I filed an application with you several weeks ago for an increase in my disbursement fund. I called to see what you have done with my claim."

The judge's eyes twinkled. He looked at his watch.

"I am so sorry, but I have a pressing engagement. I'll turn your case over to Charles," glancing at an adjoining desk.

The brown, manly face flushed boyishly as he met the dancing eyes.

"I refuse to be turned over," said Crissy flippantly. "I applied to you, and I shall await your pleasure at your desk—until you return."

"Very well," replied the judge. "I leave you in possession."

When he had left the room the two remaining inmates were conscious of the silence. The girl cast surreptitious side glances toward the young attorney, but he kept doggedly at work.

The first day that Charles Dumont had entered the law firm as a junior partner he had seen a wonderful vision—a very lovely face, with eyes of heaven's own blue—hovering near the judge's desk. He was conscious, with a rush of blood to his face, that his heart was no longer his own. Crissy was too much of a coquette not to see the effect she produced, and thereafter she proceeded to make life miserable for him.

One day she was gracious and charming to him; the next she scarcely deigned him a glance. He stood the treatment heroically for awhile; then he rebelled. Quietly and manfully he told her of his love and demanded her hand and heart.

But Crissy's young heart was not yet ripe for love, and she said him only mortally. Then he accused her of being a flirt. She resented the accusation.

addressed Mr. Barney: "Tell me all about your case, and I will write at once."

The old man delightedly plunged into an inexhaustible account of battles, marches, hospitals, prisons and so forth. Meanwhile Crissy's pen was scratching wildly over the paper.

"See if this will do?" she asked.

My Dear George—You once said that there was nothing in the world that you would refuse to do for me. I want something very much now, and I know that you will do it for me because I ask you to. There is an old soldier in our city for whom father's firm has been trying to get a pension, and after all their red tape they have failed through some technicality. His name is Leartus P. Barney, and he served in Company A, Twenty-fifth Illinois, as private, corporal and sergeant. He served a full term and was released, was wounded at Fair Oaks and was afterward taken prisoner. Will you get his pension through by special act? I remember that you did this for a soldier last administration. Do you remember telling me about it one winter's night? Let it as quickly as you can and I will believe everything you said to me. As ever, your devoted,

CRISSY.

"That will fetch it," said the old man gratefully.

"Now I will address it," Hon. George I. Quackenbush, M. C., Washington, D. C. "Now we will go together and mail it."

Later, when the judge came back, Dumont asked him if he could be put on the Griddle case and make the western trip.

"Indeed, you may, Dumont," replied the judge. "We will all be too glad to shift the case off our hands to you."

Crissy looked crestfallen and disappointed when her father told her the next day that Dumont had gone west and would be gone for a month.

"He might at least have said good-bye," she thought.

Her bonny vanished day by day, and she grew pensive and pathetic.

"I'll never trifle again," she thought sadly.

In a month's time Dumont returned and reported his success in the Griddle case.

"How is Miss Marsh?" he asked stiltedly after they had discussed the case.

"Crissy hasn't been very well lately, but she's positively happy today, nearly as happy as old Barney. He's got his pension, \$12 per month, and a good bit of back pension. It came through special act. It seems Crissy wrote to a friend of hers who is a congressman."

"Yes; I know she did," he replied, with a bitter recollection of the day it was written.

"George Quackenbush married Crissy's most intimate friend," informed the judge.

"He is married?" exclaimed Dumont joyfully.

"Yes," replied the judge; "he wouldn't have been if it hadn't been for Crissy. She patched up a lovers' quarrel between him and the girl he married, and in the joy of reconciliation he offered to do anything she ever asked him. By the way, hadn't you better go and see Crissy?"

But the young man had already started toward the door.

**Something Struck Him.**

A motor was tearing along a country road the other day when a policeman suddenly loomed into view near some crossways and held up his hand. The driver, feeling himself guilty of exceeding the limit, slowed up, with a grunt of vexation, while visions of police court proceedings and "40 shillings and costs" flashed upon him.

"What is it?" said he irritably as the machine throbbed slowly past the policeman.

"Well, sir, I must"—

"Look here, constable," interrupted the motorist. "Pick this up and keep your mouth shut." And a half sovereign clinked upon the road.

The policeman quickly stooped his blue official back, and in a twinkling the motor had bounded on, the driver chuckling with glee at having escaped the law.

Some twenty minutes later that same motorist was heard to murmur on recovering consciousness, "I wonder if that policeman simply wanted to warn me that a tree had fallen across the road."—London Scraps.

**GATHERING CHESTNUTS.**

**A Shot at a Squirrel That Brought Down a Girl.**

By LAWRENCE CLAY.  
Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

The first frost of the season had come, and Miss Dolly Meserve was on her way down to the back lot with a basket on her arm. A big chestnut tree had stood there for no one could remember how long, and this fall it simply hung loaded with burs. The frost probably had opened hundreds of them.

The back lot was half a mile back of Farmer Meserve's house, and the girl who had just completed a term at a seminary and was home for good, it was a bitter morning, and she had donned her mother's hood and shawl

and borrowed a pair of yarn mittens from Brother Will.

Yes; the frost and the morning breeze had done their work. A bushel of chestnuts peppered the earth and mors were falling, and the basket Miss Dolly had brought held only about a dozen.

Only one had struck Miss Dolly as she raised her face, and that was in the center of the chin. It had not penetrated deeply. As a matter of fact, she dug it out with her finger nail on the way home. The doctor arrived in his gig with his horse on the gallop. At first he was inclined to be angry, but when the story was told and when a little plan was unfolded he laughed and offered his services.

Two hours later, when Will Bailey, son of Lawyer Bailey of the city, called at the farmhouse to repeat that he was so sorry and to say that he was visiting the Scotts and doing a little shooting he found a young lady on the sofa with her head, chin and neck done up and a strong smell of drugs in the room. He was told by Miss Dolly that the doctor had said that she would probably pull through if given the best of care, and he went away a happy young man. He sent a note to the city for flowers and fruits and books. He presented Brother Sam with the shotgun, and he told the father that he would be only too happy to pay all expenses.

Of course the patient began to get better. At about the third call of the would-be murderer she had dispensed with most of the bandages. At about the fifth there was only a piece of plaster covering the wound. After three weeks he called one afternoon to find the plaster gone, and after a look he cried out:

"Well, Miss Dolly, you've got the prettiest dimpled chin in all America! Really, now, but—"

No; it was a month later that he proposed. And he took her down to the old chestnut tree where the squirrel chattered:

"I thought so! I thought so! First you shoot a girl and then you tell her how much you love her and ask her to be your wife! Go on, both of you!"

Young people, look in those eyes, listen to the dear voice and notice the feeling of even a touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while you have the most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love in those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends—but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world for an evening, resting on her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender, untrusting glance. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep, never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since I laid her by my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from her grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed by her memory.—Lord Macaulay.

**Stern Reality.**

I dreamed last night that, beginning with a hundred dollars, I pyramided my bets on the stock market so that in a little while I had \$2,000,000,000, said one of the artist colony in West Sixty-seventh street the other day. "A crowd of people came to me and besought me to cease speculating. They pointed out that I had more money than I could ever spend and that if I kept on I would own all there was in the world. I replied that I wanted a billion dollars more for my own use and that I proposed with the two billion I already had to establish a great institution where all the artists and writers and sculptors might work free from pecuniary annoyances and raise the standard of beauty in all the arts throughout the world. The last man who came to beg me to stop making money was my attorney. I turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and finally he sternly demanded of me the \$250 that I had borrowed from him last week. Then I woke up."—New York Press.

**Cause and Effect.**

Percy—I've got an aw—leastly headache this morning, doncher know. Algy—What caused it, dear boy? Percy—A howld thought struck me last night.—Chicago News.

**Giving Him a Tip.**

"Well," demanded the stern faced woman as she leaned over the red handled broom, "what do you want?" "Lady," said the wayfarer with the long beard and matted chin, "I'm an actor by profession and in hard luck."

"Well, what have I to do with that?" "Why—er—I was thinking if you could spare me a quarter to get a shave and a hair cut I could get a job in the role of Virgilus."

She eyed him disdainfully.

"Oh, that's a poor excuse!" she said, with a curl of her thin lip. "Go up to the town without a shave and a hair cut and get a job in the role of Rip Van Winkle."

And before he could say another word she started to unchain the dog.—Chicago News.

**Trials of a Host.**

"I suppose you will give some elaborate entertainments this winter?" "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I think I'll improve on those of last season."

"Weren't they all successful?" "Nope. It was my fault. I tried to make everybody have a good time, and the first thing I knew mother and the girls were complaining because they weren't sufficiently high class and formal."—Washington Star.

**Fresh Tommy.**

"Yes," said the old gentleman at breakfast, "Edna says the young man that cuts on her takes the palm."

"That's what he does, pa," spoke up the little brother promptly. "I saw him take her palm last night and hold it an hour."

And the look Tommy received from the big sister would have frozen radium.—Chicago News.

**The Smart Boy Again.**

After explaining the meaning of the fateful words "sic semper tyrannis" uttered by John Wilkes Booth, a teacher in an Arizona town asked if any pupil could repeat them.

"I can," attested a youthful Genert product, with positive assurance. "Six centipeds and a tarantula!"—Judge.

**Hard For Mother.**

"I suppose you often find it rather trying to have six marriageable daughters on your hands?"

"Oh, I don't mind it so much myself, but my wife has a pretty hard time of it, seeing that she can't possibly watch at more than one keyhole at a time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Unbecoming Conduct.**

"I want Biggins dismissed from the Optimists' club," said the indignant youth.

"What's the trouble?"

"He insists on referring to the money I borrowed from him instead of talking about something pleasant."—Washington Star.

**Hard Proof.**

"What will convince me that this world is not a mere bubble?" asked the pessimistic person who was always growing.

"Try falling out of an airship," chuckled the optimist cheerfully.—Pittsburg Post.

**A Good Rule.**

"How do you always manage to pick out the hotels with the best cuisine when you are traveling?"

"When I get to a certain place I select the hotel at which the tramps beg for food."

**Another Cigarette Victim.**

"I understand that your boy Josh injured his health smokin' cigarettes?"

"Yep," answered Farmer Corntossel; "he was keener about lightin' one of 'em when he had on a celluloid collar."—Washington Star.

**Their Natural Habit.**

"I didn't like this hat tree at first, dear," said the young husband, "but now it looks quite homelike."

"Yes," murmured the young wife; "those trees do grow on one."—Baltimore American.

**True.**

"Love is blind," quoted the seething mental maid.

"Yes," rejoined the practical youth; "and there is no love so incurably blind as self love."—Minneapolis Journal.

**Cautious.**

Caller—I would like to see something in the way of a check. Tailor—Er—yes—excuse me—are you a customer or a bill collector?—Booting Transcript.

**What's the Use?**

"Why wouldn't your auto start?" "Lost my plug."

"Oh, have to depend on horses to pull you in yet, eh?"—Cleveland Leader.

**No Loss.**

First Author—Do you ever lose any of the manuscript you send out? Second Author—No; they all come back.—Judge.

**No Change.**

"You know woman was once the head of the family," she said. "No need to speak of that in the past tense," replied her husband meekly.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**The Last Turn.**

"My turn will come!" the actor cried. "Some day I'll turn the dollars!" Alas, he failed in all his tries. And now he turns his collar. —Chicago News.

**Exactly.**

"After all, what difference would explorers find between the north pole and the south pole?"

"Oh, all the difference in the world!"—Cleveland Leader.

**Speed Sport.**

The chauffeur dodging from the car. Let's danger spin his fun. He knows he always runs a risk. Whenever he risks a run. —Denver Republican.

