

# A Powerful Stimulant

By OSCAR COX

"Miss Brown, of 70' 0th' mind I like to have you come take care of de children. Ma wife's powerful weak and can't do nuthin' at all. She's got to be hospitable dis afternoon."

Miss Brown, a colored girl twenty years of age, said she wouldn't mind obliging Mr. Jones. It occurred to her that if Mrs. Jones should die she might be Mrs. Jones herself. Jones was a well-to-do man on the shady side of forty and had three pickaninnies. Miss Brown supported herself by washing and ironing and thought that if she could permanently change her occupation to taking care of a family it would be an advantage.

"When do you want me to come, Mr. Jones?" she inquired.

"Ma wife's gwine to be hospitable about 4 o'clock. Reckon you might come round about half past 4."

"All right, Mr. Jones; I'll be dar."

Mrs. Jones was removed in the hospital ambulance on time, and half an hour later Miss Brown, who was commonly called Sue by her employer, settled herself down in her place. The children were playing in the street, and Sue did not disturb them. She was taking an eye inventory of the premises and making a mental rearrangement of the furniture when Mrs. Jones would be removed from the hospital to the cemetery. Mr. Jones, whose name, stripped of euphuism, was simply Jones, returned from conveying his wife with a solemn countenance to find that Sue had prepared a cup of tea for him and had it set out on the table with a piece of corn pone.

"I thought you'd come home nadin' nompela to brace you up, Mr. Jones," said the girl.

Her thoughtfulness braced up Mrs. Jones as much as the refreshments.

"How did you leave your wife?" she asked.

"Forely."

"Is she gwine to pull through?"

"Don't know; she's powerful sick."

Mrs. Jones lost instead of gained. She was worried about her children, and Miss Brown found it necessary to tell her that he had received the services of some one to take care of them. He did not tell her that he had got a young woman, for he had seen evidences already that she was expecting to step into his wife's shoes, and he knew that his would worry her.

Perhaps it would have gone well with Sue had she curbed her impetuosity. Though Mrs. Jones was reported getting weaker every day, she hung on in a very aggravating way. Sue got tired asking Miss after his visits to the hospital but he had found his wife, earning only the repetition, "Porely, porely; she's gwine down but powerful fast." So it occurred to the girl to go to the hospital and ask questions in her own account. She bought a five-cent pony and, appearing at the hospital door, was received by an attendant.

"Tell Mrs. Jones," she said, officiously, "dat a frien' ob de family brought her de flowers and hopes she's ettin' better."

The attendant took the flowers and "as turning away when Sue said:

"Mrs. Jones is not susceptible of improvement by human art. We know, mibed in the country in middle Tennessee, who came back from Okla. ma in de old age just to fill himself we are with blackberries as they say. Nobody who knows what real blackberries are would think him fool. A man might almost come back our parable for a feast like that—Exchange.

Too Exacting.

"Look here," said the head of the firm, addressing the new stenographer, "this letter is all wrong. Your punctuation is very bad and your spelling is worse. I can't afford to send out any such stuff to my clients."

"Well," she replied, "I'm sorry if my work don't suit you, but was you expecting to get a Mrs. Noah H. Webster for \$15 a week?"—New York Sun.

The Very Closest.

"My boy," said the kind old uncle to his young nephew, "you are my closest relative, are you not?"

"No, uncle," sweetly replied the little fellow, "my father has that distinction. He never gives me a cent unless I ask him for it."

Chinese Language.

The Chinese language is very difficult to learn, for, although there is no alphabet, it is necessary to master about 20,000 syllable characters.

Sure Enough.

"He denies his wife nothing."

"Well, that's one way of avoiding trouble if you can afford it."—Detroit Free Press.

Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will.—Cromwell.

The Kangaroo.

In the course of a long stay in the interior of Victoria, Australia, J. G. O'Donoghue gathered conclusive evidence, which he presents in the Victorian Naturalist, that the mother kangaroo, when hard pressed on a long pursuit, throws her young one out of her pouch. He says the young kangaroo is "sent spinning from the pouch as the mother, by her enormous leaps, imparts to it a more or less vertical motion."

Deadlock and Wedlock.

"The compositor has made it 'deadlock' instead of 'wedlock.' Shall I stop the press?"

"Now; let it go at that. Maybe the compositor was right. He is married, and we are two bachelors. Why should we set ourselves up in judgment over him?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Good Advice.

"You state your case very well," said the eminent attorney to the young man who sought his daughter's hand. "Suppose you take it to the court of last resort."

"What do you mean by that, sir?"

"Ask the girl, man; ask the girl!"—Washington Age-Herald.

General Elliott, who highly educated by people from Virginia, and the relations between the two became intimate. This accounts for Virginia's first colon being made there. They were of brass, and on one side was represented a ship under full sail, flying a gun. On the other side were the words, "Somers Island," and the figure of a log, "in memory," as an old time writer quaintly says, "of the abundance of beagles which the English found on their first landing."—Argument.

Where Silence Was Deadly.

Rome is said to have once been saved by the exciting of goose, but silence cost the people of Amythra, an ancient Grecian city, their liberty. The report that an enemy was approaching had been spread so often, creating consternation among the inhabitants, and as finally proved false, that the authorities finally passed a law forbidding any one to speak of such a thing. All went well for a time, but there came a day when an enemy did appear, a hostile Spartan army. But the citizens of Amythra were law abiding. They talked of the weather, of the crops, of the approaching track meet, but never a word did they speak about the approaching army. Everybody obeyed the law, and nobody told the authorities of the impending danger. Thus the city fell an easy victim to the invaders through the faithful obedience of its citizens to the law.

The Bed of Wars.

A famous piece of furniture is the "bed of Wars," which was formerly preserved at the inn called the Baron's Head, at Wars, England, but removed to Rye House in 1888. It is considered one of the curiosities of England and measures twelve feet square. It is made of oak elaborately carved and is surrounded by a canopy, supported by a lofty headboard and two massive bedposts at the foot. Twelve persons can occupy this bed comfortably at one time.

The bed bears the date 1680, but antiquarians think it is not older than the time of Elizabeth. Some authorities say that it was offered for sale in 1888 and was bid in by Charles Dithens, while others claim that Dithens' offer of \$500 was not considered sufficient and it was bid in by the owner.

The Red Shirt of Italy.

The red shirt, destined to become so famous a symbol throughout Europe, was not first adopted by Garibaldi for any fantastic or spectacular reason. The English Admiral Ingram says that the red shirt had its origin in stars necessity, and that its adoption was caused by the need of clothing as economically as possible the legion that Garibaldi had raised for the liberation of Italy. An offer was made by a tradesman to supply at a reduced price a large stock of red woolen shirts. This offer was eagerly closed on. Before many years had passed the red shirt became the symbol not merely of the legion, but of the new spirit working for the liberation of Italy.—Atlanta Constitution.

Blackberries.

The real greatness of a blackberry is in the eating it fresh from the bush. It does not need sugar and cream. It does not need anything but a thumb and finger and a mouth. It is one of the best things in the world.

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# Jimmie's School Marks

By F. A. MITCHEL

An old woman entered a bank and asked to be advised how to send money to her son in another city. The president was the only one of the officers present, and the woman was referred to him. She was a garrulous old lady and, like most women when started talking about their sons, poured a steady stream in the president's ears of her son's superiority over other women's sons, mingled with some hard luck he had had.

"Jimmie," she said, "was always an affectionate child, truthful, thoughtful and never gave me a bit of trouble. He was so smart when he was at school that he never needed to study much at home, and his marks were always O and D, which are the highest. He never got A but once, and he said that was a mistake. One day he came home and said he wasn't going to school any more; he didn't approve of the system of education. He thought the boys were treated like sausage meat—all put into a hopper and ground out together. He said he had found that he could do one thing well and it was very easy for him. I asked him what it was, and he said it had nothing to do with school work and didn't need any education at all. He would show me instead of telling me; then I would understand him. He lifted the clock from the mantle, took it all to pieces and put it together again."

"For God's sake, Jimmie," I said, "are you going to be satisfied to be a clock maker?"

"Oh, mother," he said, giving me a hug, "you don't understand what I'm driving at."

"The next day he bid me goodbye and said, 'You won't see me again till I've made some success in the world.'"

"You won't make much of a success," I said, "without an education. I was in hopes you would have some ambition and go to college. I could have paid part, and you could have earned the rest teaching school or something."

"I haven't time to go to college," he said. "I've got a big work before me. I'm going to make something that has never been successfully thus far constructed."

"He went away, and I've not seen him since. I'm sure he will succeed, but I wish he would tell me how he is getting on. You see, he has had a lot to contend with. First he was taken sick and didn't earn a cent for months, besides paying something for being in a hospital. Then he—"

"Madam," interrupted the banker, "I'm too busy to listen to all this. From your description of your son I judge that he is a 'no-go' fellow."

The old lady looked at the banker wondering. "Jimmie is a 'no-go' fellow. Why, he's the smartest boy you ever saw. How do you suppose he ever got those high marks at school unless—"

The banker cut her short, asking her how much money she had to send to her son, and she said she had \$100, for which he gave her a check for a thousand dollars.

concern he was organizing, the president implied her not to rob herself by putting her money in some wild scheme that would surely explode and leave her in the lurch.

"Wild scheme!" she exclaimed. "Do you suppose my boy would let his mother put her money in a wild scheme? Why, he wouldn't!"

"Enough, madam. Let me have your \$1,000 and I'll give you a draft for that will be as good as money for your son. But remember that I warned you."

The old lady opened a hand bag and took out a stocking from which she poured a quart measure of bills, gold and silver. The banker called a clerk and directed him to count the money and, finding the amount as the old lady had stated, gave her a draft for it.

Two years passed. One day a carriage drove up to the bank, and an old lady wrapped in expensive furs was helped to alight by a maid who carried a satchel and, going into the bank, asked for the president.

"I've got a lot of papers," she said, "I want you to take care of for me." And, opening the satchel, she drew forth a pile of securities which the president, on looking over, found to be of great value. He locked them in a box in the safety deposit branch of the bank and, handing her the key, told her that she, and she alone, would be able to unlock the box and would have access to it at any time during business hours.

"You don't seem to know me," she said.

"Hem," replied the banker, "I must confess that I don't."

"Don't you remember my coming in here and emptying a stocking full of money and you giving me a paper for it to send to my boy? Well, Jimmie was getting up a company to make something he had invented. He'd saved \$2,000 himself and needed \$1,000 more. I sent it to him, and he gave me a third interest in the concern. After he got to making money he 'watered the stock,' whatever that means, and gave me a thousand shares. Jimmie says each share is worth \$300. I know that Jimmie couldn't have got all those O and D marks at school if he wasn't mighty smart."

"Madam," said the banker, "I am glad that you didn't accept my advice. I fancy your son is a genius, and one never can tell what such persons are going to do."

"And they told me he had been expelled from school," added the old lady triumphantly.

Soup Without a Spoon.

Soup without a spoon seems even harder to negotiate than meat without a fork, and we can sympathize with the complaint recorded in the diary of Felix Platter, a young Swiss, who went to Montpellier in 1552 in order to study medicine. He lodged in the house of his professor, Cateian, one of the greatest doctors of his time, and yet, writes Platter, "we were compelled to eat our stew in the usual French fashion—that is to say, picking the meat out with our fingers and then drinking the broth. In vain we begged our host to let us have spoons, but not

a single one was to be found in the house, the only implement on the table being a large knife fastened with an iron chain. No one here seems to have ever heard of spoons, which we at home find so useful." Montaigne was astonished when he visited Switzerland in 1580 to find that "at all meals they put on the table as many spoons as there are people present."—Westminster Gazette.

King Strang's Rise and Fall.

A kingdom was once set up on Beaver Island, in northern Lake Michigan, and flourished for some years. James Jesse Strang, a prominent Mormon, had quarreled with the leaders of his church and in 1846 withdrew with a few followers to that island. Other Mormons joined the colony from time to time, and by the winter of 1848 they were sufficiently numerous to threaten control of the island. On July 8, 1850, Strang was crowned king with elaborate ceremonies. There was much controversy between the Mormons and the other inhabitants of the island, mostly fishermen. While on a visit to Detroit President Fillmore heard of this little kingdom within the domain of the United States. He sent an armed vessel to Beaver Island, and King Strang was captured and tried for treason. He conducted his own defense and made such an eloquent plea that he was acquitted. In 1850 he was assassinated, and his kingdom fell with him.

The Oldest Sequoia.

The oldest sequoia is over 3,150 years of age. A family of five could have practiced under this tree when the Greeks were building their wooden horse under the walls of Troy and Pharaoh and his army were being engulfed in the waters of the Red sea. It has been the contemporary of every famous man and event since the fabled dawn of history. While innumerable multitudes of men and women treaded their way through the dreadfully important work or two of time that they called life this tree contented itself with getting a little thicker in the trunk and wreathing its top in more majestic foliage. Nowadays people who have made their piles, possibly in the lumber business, often motor down to look at it, and their wives gaze up among its awful branches and say, "My, how pretty!"—San Francisco Bulletin.

Buying Army Discharges.

A soldier who has served at least one year in the army if he is stationed within the confines of the United States. If he is serving in Alaska or anywhere outside the continental limits of the United States or if his organization has been ordered to take station outside the continental limits he cannot obtain a discharge.

The price at which a soldier may purchase his discharge, as taken from general orders No. 4, war department, Washington, D. C., Jan. 8, 1906, is as follows: "After one year's service, \$10; two years, \$100; three years, \$300; four years, \$65; five years, \$80; six years, \$95; seven years, \$90; eight years, \$65; nine years, \$40; ten years, \$35; eleven years, \$30."—Philadelphia Press.

The Child at the Window.

Often than not we may tell a child's sex from the time the child spends at the window on a rainy day. Whatever the years make a woman, she is born domesticated. The little girl looks out of the window chiefly because something is happening outside, not because she wishes something would happen, and returns contentedly to her indoor interests. But, however the years thin a man's blood, he is born an open air adventurer. The little boy fires of carpet play and remains gazing at the rain and gray skies, wearying for the sun to shine.—J. J. Bell.

Do You Remember?

Remember when you used to pull your boiled shirts over your head?—Buffalo News.

And hooked on your bow tie at the back of your celluloid collar?—Pittsburgh Post.

And went out buggy riding Sunday afternoons?—Boston Globe.

Hogge's Horse.

Hogge's Horse, at Buxted, Sussex, England, in the center of the old iron district, was formerly the residence of Ralph Hogge, an ironmaster. He is celebrated as having been the first to cast a cannon in one piece. This occurred in 1548.

Queer Death Customs.

The Egyptians, believing that dead people needed the things they used when alive, sometimes killed the favorite slave and horse of the dead man. In India, for the same reason, widows were burned with the corpses of their husbands.

Clever Answer.

She—This is the fourth time you have proposed to me. How many times do you want me to refuse you? He—Personally, I think three times quite sufficient.—London Mail.

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—Spurgeon.

A Good Imitation of Pride.

Osmond—Guy struts like a man in his first dress suit. Desmond—Well, hardly that; he struts like a man in his first rented dress suit.—Boston Journal.

A Natural Conclusion.

"Why do descriptive writers speak so often of the angry flames?"

"I suppose because the flames are usually put out."—Baltimore American.

Easy Boss.

"You owe it to yourself." "In that case, there's no hurry. I find myself a very lenient creditor."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Important Consideration.

"Poverty," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "is no disgrace." "No," replied Mr. Growcher. "Poverty is like wealth in one way. The amount of respect attached to it depends entirely on how you come by it."—Washington Star.

Exceptions.

"A soft answer turns away wrath." "Don't you believe it. My wife abused me yesterday how I liked her besides, and I said they were much."—Baltimore American.

# How She Was Bribe

By PAUL WHITCOMB

During the latter part of President Huerta's administration of the government of Mexico it became necessary for the United States government to send to the American representative there a document of great importance. There were Mexican spies in those days who were attempting to thwart the efforts of the Washington government and who worked very skilfully. They had their confederates in the departments who posted them as to what was taking place.

Paul Millard, a clerk in the state department, was intrusted with the document and warned to guard it carefully lest he be dispossessed of it. He was a young man recently married and, taking his dispatch home, told his wife of his mission and asked her to pack a suit case, the only baggage he intended to take with him.

Now, the Mexican secret service men at Washington, knowing that Paul Millard was a clerk in the office of the secretary of state and had access to secrets, had tempted his wife with jewels to get information through her. She had not yielded, but, being shrewd, had pretended to be half inclined to consent. She said nothing to Paul about having been sounded, but when he told her of his mission she went out on pretense of making a purchase and told the person who had tried to buy her that her husband would start the next morning for Mexico with an important dispatch.

Before going to bed that night she asked to see the document, which was contained in an official envelope and sealed with the seal of the United States. She told him that it would be wiser to put it into a plain envelope addressed to an assumed name. He asked her to do it, and she took it into another room for the purpose, bringing it back red-faced.

Millard next morning bade his wife goodbye and started on his journey. As may be expected, he was watched by the Mexican secret service employes, who were intent on waylaying him, but he took precautions always to be where there were others about him, and they found no opportunity. A very pretty woman was sent on the trip, which was made by sea, to fascinate him, but Paul, besides being a faithful husband, was no fool, and he refused to be duped by her.

During the voyage his stateroom was entered and his suit case examined. But he had taken the pocket and placed it in the breast pocket of his coat, where he could constantly feel its bulk. Then the conspirators, feeling sure that he carried it on his person, made efforts to get him by himself so that they might get it into their possession. On one occasion a man spoke enthusiastically of phosphorescent lights at the stern of the vessel, suggesting that he go with him to see. No one was there, and Millard declined to go. This attempt put him on his guard, and for the rest of the voyage he took care never to be caught alone.

On arriving at Vera Cruz he took a train for Mexico City. Being now in the enemy's country, he felt that he was in more danger. And he was. The Mexicans were doing pretty much as they pleased, and so long as Huerta's men knew that Paul carried an important document from the United States government it was a foregone conclusion that he would be robbed of it.

True enough, at the first station at which the train stopped several men entered the car where Paul sat and passed through it, evidently looking for some one. On reaching him they took him into the baggage car and had no trouble in finding the package in his pocket. Then they permitted him to return to his seat in the car he had left.

Paul was naturally very much cast down. He regretted that he had attempted to carry the document through without protection. What puzzled him was that any one could have got wind of his going. No one knew the secret except an assistant secretary who had given him the dispatch, Mrs. Millard and himself. Surely the department must be full of spies.

On reaching Mexico City he determined to go to the United States embassy and report his loss. He was sitting in one beckoned to him to get in. At first he refused; then, remembering that, having lost his dispatch, further precaution was unnecessary and not seeing another cab at his disposal, he consented.

"Where do you wish to go?" asked the lady in English, but with a Spanish accent.

"First let the driver take you to your destination," replied Paul.

"I am going to the United States embassy."

Paul looked surprised and gave the order to drive to the embassy. The lady leaned back on the cushion and made no further remark. When they pulled up at the embassy he handed her out and followed her into the house. The lady said something to an attendant that Paul did not hear, and she was immediately admitted to the private office of the ambassador. A few minutes later Paul was called in. The ambassador was perusing a document, while seated near him was Mrs. Millard.

"It's safe, Paul," she said, nodding at the paper in the ambassador's hands. "I took it when you gave it to me to inclose in another envelope. The one I returned to you and that the Mexicans took was a dummy." Then she told him how the spy had tried to bribe her.

Blackwell's Island.

The price of Blackwell's Island, when it was purchased by New York city, was \$50,000, paid to Robert Blackwell, the owner, who had married the daughter of the English captain King, who in 1673 surrendered New York city to the Dutch. When the English resumed control Manning tried to Blackwell's Island, then known as Hog Island, and after his death it became the property of his daughter and son-in-law. It was sold in 1838 to New York city and since has been the site for various correctional and charitable institutions.

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