Though All Were Fables.

Though all great deeds were proved but fables fine,
Though earth's old story could be told anew,
Though the sweet fashions loved of them that sue
Were empty as the ruined Delphian shrine;
Though God did never man, in words benign,
With sense of his great Fatherhood endue;
Though life immortal were a dream untrue,
And he that promised it were not divine;
Though soul, though spirit were not and all hope
Reaching beyond the bourn melted away;
Though virtue had no goal and good no scope,
But both were doomed to end with this our clay;
Though all these were not, to the ungraced heir
Would this remain—to live as though they were.
—Jean Ingelow.

Boyhood is a summer sun,
Whose waning is the dreariest one—
For all who live to know is known,
And all we seek to keep hath flown.
—Poe.

Ham and Eggs.

His friends said he could act. The foolish man
By flattery was undone.
The public egged him off more strongly than
His friends had egged him on.
—Philadelphia Press

Final Settlement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE UNdersigned executor of the estate of S. D. Gibson, deceased, has filed his final account as such executor in the county court of Polk county Oregon, and that said court has set the hearing thereof on Monday, August 6, 1900, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, and all persons having objections to the same are notified to present them to said court on or before said time.

Dated, this 18th day of June, 1900.

FRANK GIBSON,
Executor.

Townsend & Hart, attorneys for estate

Final Settlement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE UNdersigned has filed his final account as administrator of the estate of Isaac Smith, deceased, and Monday, 1 August 6th, 1900, at 1 o'clock, p. m., of said day, at the county court house, of Polk county, Oregon, has been fixed by Hon. W. L. Wells, judge of the county court for said county, as the time and place for the hearing of the same. All persons interested in said matter are hereby notified to appear at said time and show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be approved and the account settled and closed.

Dallas, Oregon, June, 18, 1900.

J. S. SMITH, administrator.

Townsend & Hart attorneys for estate.

Final Settlement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE UNdersigned administrator of the estate of Margaret Smith, deceased has filed his final account as administrator, in the county court of Polk county, Oregon, and that said court has set the hearing thereof on Monday, August 6, 1900, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, and all persons having objections to the same are notified to present them to said court on or before said time.

Dated, this 18th day of June, 1900.

J. B. SMITH, administrator.

Townsend & Hart, attorneys.

Sheriff's Sale.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT in pursuance of an execution and order of sale, issued out of and under the hand and seal of the clerk of the circuit court of the state of Oregon for Polk county, bearing date the 13th day of June, 1900, in a certain suit therein pending wherein Isaac Levens is plaintiff and E. R. Anderson, H. F. Anderson, Homer Brown and Pessie Brown, the minor heirs of Cora Brown, deceased, and Frank Brown are defendants, to me directed and delivered, I will on

Saturday, July 14, 1900,

At the hour of 1 o'clock, p. m., of said day at the front door of the county court house in Dallas, in said county, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand on day of sale, in the manner provided by law all the right, title and interest which the defendants or either of them had on the 5th day of August, 1880, the date of the mortgage foreclosed in said suit, or now have (exclusive of the interest by courtesy of the defendant, Frank Brown) of, in or to the following described premises, to-wit: Lot No, 6, in block No, 3, of Levens addition to the town of Dallas, Polk county, Oregon. Said property will be sold subject to redemption in the manner provided by law.

Dated, Dallas, Oregon, this 15th day of June, 1900. J. G. VAN ORSDEL,
Sheriff of Polk county, state of Oregon.

Sheriff's Sale.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the unpersigned as sheriff of Polk county, Oregon, under and by virtue of the writ of execution dated the 12th day of June, A. D., 1900, directed to the undersigned as such sheriff, and issued out of the circuit court of the state of Oregon for Polk county, upon and to enforce the decree and foreclosure and order of sale made and entered in said court on the 5th day of June, 1900, in the suit of the State Land Board, as plaintiff vs. N. Tarter and Alcida Tarter, as defendents, will on

Saturday, the 21st day of July 1900

At the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the court house at Dallas, in said Polk county, Oregon, sell at public aution for cash in United States gold coin to the highest bidder, the following described tract of land that is situated and located in the county of Polk and state of Oregon, to-wit: Beginning at the northeast corner of the donation land claim, No, 55, notification No, 5154, of Mary Gilliam, in sections 32 and 33 of t 9 s of r 6 w of the Willamette meridian, in Polk county, Oregon, running thence west 40 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence east 7.50 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence east 32.50 chains, to the southeast corner of said claim; thence north 40 chains to the place of beginning, containing 145 acres, more or less, together with the tenements hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining. That said sale of said premises to be sold as aforesaid will be made to obtain funds with which to satisfy the sum of $2,581 60 gold coin, with interest thereon from the 5th day of June, 1900, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, and the sum of $100 attorneys' fees and the sum of $5 cost and disbursements of said suit and expenses of said sale, all due said plaintiff above named upon said writ of execution.

Dated this the 22nd day of June, A. D. 1900. J. G. VANORSDEL,
Sheriff of Polk county.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL WHOM IT may concern, that I have been appointed by Hon. W. L. Wells, judge of Polk county administrator of the estate of Nathan Hussey, late of Polk county, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate will make me payment and any one holding a claim against said estate will present the same to me, duly verified, within six months from this date, at my home near Butler, Polk county, Oregon.

Dated, June 15, 1900.

C. J. HUSSEY,
Administrator

Townsend & Hart, attorney for estate.

PAINTERS AND WRITERS.

Carolus Duran is to pay another visit to the United States next summer, when, according to the Paris papers, he will paint a portrait of William Dean Howells.

Reports of Munkacsy's failing health are denied by his wife, who says he is improving; that he always recognizes her, but that he cannot be roused out of his apathy.

Despite the eastern flavor of some of his verse, T. B. Aldrich does not know any oriental language. He is at present, however, studying Persian with a view to a translation of Omar Khayyam.

Aubrey Thomas de Vere, the oldest living English poet, has just celebrated the eighty-sixth anniversary of his birth. Mr. de Vere has been a prose as well as a verse writer; his poetical work is embraced in 15 volumes, while ten books stand to his name in prose. It is almost 60 years since the appearance of his first volume in verse, "The Waldenses."

BRITON AND BOER.

And Doc Jameson once tried to turn the trick with 500 men.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

With a few more such peoples as the Boers to fight Mr. Bull will learn to remember without the aid of Mr. Kipling's rhymes.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

More balloons have been ordered for the British army. It is safer to be up in a balloon in South Africa just now than anywhere else.—New York World.

England seems inclined to serve notice on Europe that although she is pretty busy in South Africa she's also ready to take on any pressing war contracts nearer home.—St. Louis Republic.

A kopje with a Boer on it will make an appropriate device for the flag of the republic that seems to be destined soon to rise and occupy the whole of South Africa.—Philadelphia North American.

Why Should We Weep?

Why should we weep for those who die?
They fall; their dust returns to dust;
Their souls shall live eternally
Within the mansions of the just.

They die to live; they sink to rise;
They leave this wretched mortal shore;
But brighter suns and bluer skies
Shall smile on them forevermore.

Why should we sorrow for the dead?
Our life on earth is but a span.
They tread the path that all must tread;
They die the common death of man.

The noblest songsters of the dale
Must cease when winter's frowns appear;
The reddest rose is wan and pale
When autumn tints the changing year.

The fairest flower on earth must fade;
The brightest hopes on earth must die.
Why should we mourn that man was made
To droop on earth, but dwell on high?

The soul, th' eternal soul, must reign
In worlds devoid of pain and strife.
Then why should mortal man complain
Of death, which leads to happier life?
—Tennyson.

He Could Shoot Straight.

Said the man who had traveled: "Years ago in a western frontier town a traveler, footsore and weary, arrived one afternoon and made his way down the one street of the burg. He was suddenly startled by the sounds of shots, and, looking up, discovered four men shooting at one another. The men were standing at the four corners of an imaginary square, and each was shooting at the man catacorner to him. Being in what he supposed a safe position, he paused to watch the outcome of the fray, when a bullet, going wide of its intended mark, cut by his ear. That roused his wrath, and, drawing his pistol, he dropped the man in his tracks who had all but dropped him. Another bullet flying wide from its mark, but near to the stranger, caused him to lay out one of the other pair, and the two remaining men sought safety in flight. In that particular town duels had been previously comparatively harmless amusements, owing to the poor marksmanship of the contestants, but the man who could shoot had arrived, and the inhabitants, although they turned out to greet him in a body and grant him the freedom of the city, did so in manifest awe and trepidation.

"Whenever he told the story afterward, he used to wind it up impressively by saying, 'And, boys, in that town after that they went around me as if I had been a swamp.'"—New York Tribune.

Conquered the Professor.

The mighty Jowett of Oxford invited a student to walk with him. After they had been on the road for about 30 minutes the pupil finally spunked up courage and remarked, "Nice day, professor."

"Do you really think so?" was the faraway answer of Jowett.

Another half hour passed, and the boy stammered out:

"Nice road, professor."

The teacher responded, "Do you really think so?"

The matriculate began to boil in his bones and to get even more frightened, but he managed to again blurt out, "Clouds seem to be filling up with rain, professor," to which the answer was:

"Do you really think so?"

The two returned to the college ground, and the professor said, "Well, young man, we have been walking for several hours, and everything you said has been as stupid as it possibly could be."

His companion replied, "Do you really think so?"

The professor looked at the young man a moment. Then he smiled and grasped his hands warmly. From that time on conversation never flagged during their walks.—Saturday Evening Post.

Puzzled the Porter.

The pet fad of a certain actress is shoes, and she never travels without a pair of shoe trees in her satchel. One season she was touring the west. When she went to bed in the Pullman the first night eastward from Butte, she took off her trim walking boots and, as her custom is, slipped the trees into them and set them under the edge of the berth. It was broad daylight when she was awakened by the respectful and somewhat awestricken voice of the porter. She drew the curtains aside and looked out into the aisle. The porter was standing there, holding the shoes in his hand.

"Here they is, lady," he said.

"Well, just put them down under the berth, please," said she. The man hesitated a moment.

"Can you—can you put them on by yourself?" he asked.

"What, the shoes?" asked the lady.

"No, miss," answered the porter. "I means your feet. Ain't these yere things feet?"

Suspicious.

Miss Matilda Snowflake sat at the piano and sang "All I Wants Is Ma Chicken!"

Zeke Darkleigh, who had paid a nocturnal visit to Miss Snowflake's papa's henroost the week before, squirmed uneasily in his seat and finally asked in anxious tones:

"Is—is dey anything pussonal intended in dat song, Miss Matilda?"—Baltimore American.

THE PEDAGOGUE.

President Gunnison of St. Lawrence university has recently received a gift of $24,000 from a friend of that institution.

Arrangements have been made for a ten story fireproof dormitory for Columbia university on Morningside Heights, New York.

President Moffatt of Washington and Jefferson college, Washington, Pa., announces that the regulations against hazing will be strictly enforced and that all hazers will be promptly expelled.

Samuel T. Dutton, superintendent of public schools in Brookline, Mass., will next fall become professor of school administration in the Teachers' college, Columbia university. Mr. Dutton is one of the best known public school supervisors in New England.

CLERICAL LINEN.

A Baltimore minister was criticised because he wore colored shirts. He resented the criticism by accepting the call of a New York congregation at a 100 per cent increase in salary.—Exchange.

Shall ministers of the gospel be permitted to wear colored shirts? The question may as well be settled before the highly illuminated waistcoat makes its appearance in the pulpit.—Washington Post.

Printing Without Ink.

A company has been formed to control the process of printing without ink, by using electricity and chemically prepared paper. In a short time, it is expected, this innovation will be completely introduced, and old methods revolutionized. There is one thing however that has resisted all innovations; that is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has many imitators, but no equals as a cure for stomach, liver and bowel troubles This peerless remedy has been the standard medicine of the American people for past fifty years. It is a wonderful medicine for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, insomnia, constipation and nervousness. It also prevents malaria, fever and ague. It keeps the stomach in good condition, and bowels regular. Try it, and you will not be disappointed.

Professor Price has employed this process in the month of January without the loss of a single bud. It is a modification of a method practiced years ago in Europe.

Hats were first manufactured in England by Spaniards in 1510.

If we did but know how little some enjoy the great things that they possess, there would not be so much envy in the world.

In a mouse. Some people weary me exceedingly with their affectation of superior knowledge.—Chicago Tribune.

Since then she has carried the ghastly looking boot trees in her trunk.—Washington Post.

You never read of so many great cures elsewhere, as those effected by Hood's Sarsaparilla, did you? It is America's greatest blood medicine and possess merit unknown to any other preparation. It is a wonderful invigorator.

Sick headache is cured by Hood's Pills. 25c.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Strategy.

"What is in that box you are so careful about, if I may ask?" inquired the man who had secured the lower berth in the sleeper.

"That's a collection of rare snakes I am taking to a museum. They are too valuable to be trusted out of my sight," replied the man who was preparing to climb to the upper shelf.

"Say, I'll trade berths with you."

"All right. I'm not particular where I sleep."—Chicago Tribune.

Didn't Want Cyanide of Mercury.

"You are a pharmacist, are you?"

"I am."

"Been in the business a number of years?"

"I have."

"Registered?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is your diploma hanging over there?"

"It is."

"Well, you may give me a pound of borax."—Harlem Life.

For Over Fifty Years.

An old and well tried remedy. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind.

Army Flogging.

Soon after General Gatacre was appointed an ensign in the Seventy-seventh foot he turned out with the company to which he was attached to witness the flogging of a soldier. The man, who had been convicted of a serious offense and was later to be drummed out of the corps, took his punishment badly, screaming a great deal. Ensign Gatacre shut his eyes and turned white in the face, as though he would faint. When the punishment was over, he remarked to his color sergeant, "If I see much more of this, I'll sell out."

The "noncom" responded, "You'll get used to it in time, sir."

"Used to it? I'm sure I never shall!" responded the ensign. Flogging in the army was soon abolished, however, and the future general remained in the service.

THE SHANGHAIS.

A Fowl That Was Popular In This Country From 1849 to 1865.

The 1849 exhibition on Boston Common had a small number of breeds, but a goodly number of exhibitors. It was at this exhibition that these Chinese breeds were first exhibited as Shanghais, and the name Cochin China, which up to that time had been used, was dropped. Buff and White Shanghais and the Marsh fowls (colored), so named from the importer, were being introduced into this country in 1847-8 and the early part of 1849. These were all heavily feathered on shanks and feet, and breeders were seeking to obtain more uniform color in each variety and to keep the varieties distinct. And what a scramble there was to secure the Chinese birds previously bred

WHITE SHANGHAI COCK.
[Reproduced from colored plate in "The Poultry Book," 1853.]

here, the results of the chance importations from our ships employed in the foreign trade! Those interested at once observed that the birds we had called Cochin Chinas were of a race akin to the newer importations. New England was carefully canvassed, and every fowl that matched the newcomers in color was at once absorbed with them as Shanghais.

It was in 1865 that the Shanghais appeared as Cochins, with neither prefixes nor addenda, and in the exhibition of 1866 there appeared the Hogdon trio of Buffs, to sell at auction in that exhibition for $315—up to that time an unprecedented price. This was their second rise in the fanciers' favor. Then they dropped into a subordinate position till a few years ago, when they again came to the front in Madison Square Garden, when $500 was paid for a pair and $275 for a single specimen. As Cochin Chinas, Shanghais and Cochins they have sold for higher prices than fowls of any other breeds, and as far as breeds of fowls go they have had a greater influence upon the fowl stocks of the land than any others and their influence upon poultry culture is of all agencies second in importance.—J. K. Felch in Farm Poultry.

Boyer's Sensible Signs.

We have had a number of new signs conspicuously posted on the farm, such as "Shut the Gate," "Beware of the Dog" and "Keep Out of the Yards." These orders are imperative. "Shut the Gate" sign is more particularly intended for teamsters who bring us supplies. They invariably leave the gate open or at least did before we put up the sign. A neglect of this kind always caused us trouble, principally by stray dogs getting on the premises and scaring the chickens. We cannot afford to have our stock scared.

"Beware of the Dog" is for the protection of the visitor. That sign is a warning. It means, "Stop at the house before you venture past the gate of the plant." We have been bothered considerably by strangers walking right ahead and coming into close quarters with the dog. That sign is the danger signal.

"Keep Out of the Yards" signs are for our protection. We are keeping poultry more for profit than for show. Hens are naturally shy of strangers. To look at them from the walk does not startle the birds one bit—they are used to that—but the moment a stranger walks into the runs they become afraid. A scare to a hen hurts her egg yield. Besides, we have had visitors walk in the yards to more closely look at the fowls and then come out and leave the gates open. Carelessness in that respect might mix up our pens. So this order must be enforced. We are glad to have visitors and will do all in our power to make their visits both pleasant and profitable, but our rules must be obeyed.—A Few Hens.

Managing Mrs. Jones.

"Look here," said Mr. Jones to the house agent, "my wife will be calling today, and I want you to tell her that that house we have been looking at is taken."

"But, my good sir," protested the agent, "it isn't taken."

"It will be then," answered Mr. Jones. "I am taking it now. Mrs. Jones can't make up her mind, but she'll want it directly she thinks she can't get it."—London Telegraph.

GEMS IN VERSE.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Dying Christian to His Soul.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?
—Pope.

About Husbands.

Johnson was right. Although some men adore
Wisdom in women and with wisdom cram her,
There isn't one in ten but thinks far more
Of his own grub than of his spouse's grammar.

I know it is the greatest shame in life,
But who among them (save, perhaps, myself),
Returning home, he asks his wife
What beef—not books—she has upon the shelf?

Though Greek and Latin be the lady's boast,
They're little valued by her loving mate.
The kind of tongue that husbands relish most
Is modern, boiled and served upon a plate.

Or if, as fond ambition may command,
Some homemade verse the happy matron shows him
What mortal spouse but from her dainty hand
Would sooner see a pudding than a poem?

Young lady—deep in love with Tom or Harry—
'Tis sad to tell you such a tale as this,
But here's the moral of it: Do not marry,
Or, marrying, take your lover as he is—

A very man, with something of the brute
(Unless he proves a sentimental noddy),
With passions strong and appetite to boot,
A thirsty soul within a hungry body;

A very man—not one of nature's clods—
With human feelings, whether saint or sinner,
Endowed perhaps with genius from the gods,
But apt to take his temper from his dinner.
—J. G. Saxe.

After Free Samples.

Unless, impelled by curiosity, you were to stand and watch the strange ways of the patrons of free sample stands in the department stores you would hardly credit the ingenuity displayed by some female shoppers in providing themselves with various articles of food during their day's outing. The free lunch, that time honored institution which has always been considered man's special privilege, is no longer a visionary something that women are shut out from enjoying. Thanks to the enterprise of the big stores, they have a chance for it, and they take it—goodness, how they do take it! There is a dainty variety to choose from—bouillon, clam broth, fancy sausage, breakfast food, jelly, tea, coffee, bread, cakes, mince pies—pretty well everything, in fact, that can tempt the palate from pickled pigs' feet to peanut butter.

"Here comes one of our regular 'fiends,'" said a free booth operator. "Just watch her." A lady walked down the aisle, looking about her with an air of manifest astonishment, a sort of I-really-must-have-got-into-the-wrong-place look. It was all so new to her. Suddenly she pulled up short opposite a booth containing tempting free samples of a jelly preparation. Advancing on a voyage of discovery, she said to the girl, "My good young woman, and what might this stuff be that you have here?" "My good young woman" flushed up angrily. "See here, madam," she said, "in this store we are ordered to be as civil as possible with visitors, but you have been getting free samples of this jelly every day for the last two weeks. It's about time you made up your mind to buy it or leave it alone." The visitor, with a "Well, I never did in all my born days," moved rapidly on. Half an hour later I encountered her making eyes at the divinity that held sway over the free clam broth. This free lunch chase is getting to be as bad as the soda fountain habit.—Elmira Telegram.