

POPK COUNTY LUMBER

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L. N. WOODS, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
Dallas, Oregon.

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DALLAS, - OREGON
Office over Wilson's drug store.

J. K. SIBLEY, H. C. EAKIN,
SIBLEY & EAKIN,
Attorneys-at-Law.

J. L. COLLINS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Solicitor in Chancery.

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Attorney-at-Law.
Office up stairs in Campbell's building.
DALLAS - OREGON.

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DALLAS, OREGON.

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PAINTER,
House, sign and ornamental, grain-
ing, kalsomning and paper hanging.
DALLAS, - OREGON.

MOTOR TIME TABLE.
Leaves Independence for Monmouth and Arlio-
1:30 a m 2:30 p m
Leaves Independence for Monmouth and Dallas-
1:15 m 2:15 p m
Leaves Monmouth for Arlio-
5:45 a m 6:45 p m
Leaves Monmouth for Dallas-
5:30 a m 6:30 p m
Leaves Arlio for Monmouth and Independence-
1:30 a m 2:30 p m
Leaves Dallas for Monmouth and Independence-
8:00 a m 9:00 p m

R. C. GRAVEN R. E. WILLIAMS,
President and Cashier
W. C. VASSALL, assistant Cashier
DALLAS CITY BANK
OF DALLAS, OREGON.
Transacts a general banking business in all its branches; buys and sells exchange on principal points in the United States; makes collections on all points in the Pacific Northwest; loans money and discounts paper at the best rates; allow interest on time deposits.

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MUSEUM OF ANATOMY
1041 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
The Largest Anatomical Museum in the World.
The only one in the world where you can see the human skeleton in its natural position. The only one in the world where you can see the human skeleton in its natural position. The only one in the world where you can see the human skeleton in its natural position.

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A fair share of patronage solicited and all orders promptly filled.

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—ALL KINDS OF—
IRON WORK TO ORDER.
Repairing Promptly Done.
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A Washington man complained bitterly to the District commissioners of the pasting of advertising labels on loaves of bread and wanted them to stop the practice, but the commission-ers assured him that the official chemist's opinion was that the use of these labels on bread is in no way detrimental to health.

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CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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J. C. AYER & CO.
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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

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DEMAND FOR GRADUATES:
The demand for graduates of the normal school during the past year has been much beyond the supply. Positions worth from \$40 to \$75 a month. STATE CERTIFICATE AND DIPLOMA. Students are prepared for the State examinations and receive state papers on graduation. Strong academic and professional course. Well equipped training department. Expenses range from \$120 to \$175 a year. Fall term opens September 17th. For catalogue containing full announcements address: T. L. CARPENTER, President, c/o J. B. V. Butler secretary.

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LUCKIAMUTE MILL COMPANY

FALLS CITY, OREGON.

Manufacturers of:
Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Pickets, Etc.,

Dealers in:
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, Fresh and Salt Meats at Lowest Prices.

We buy everything the farmer has to sell at highest market price. Mills located 3 miles from Falls City on Rock creek road. Store at Falls City, Oregon. Telephone connection with mill. Get our prices before buying elsewhere. We will surprise you. Yours for Falls City business.
LUCKIAMUTE MILL CO.

Bring in your babies under one year old and we will give them free a fine gold ring, warranted or five years.

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MARTIN BROS., PROPRIETORS.

All kinds of rough and dressed lumber on hands or cut to order. We can fill any order for lumber of any length promptly.

Slab wood for cook stoves or harvest engines at 50 cents a load.

You Can Save Money

By buying your—
WALL PAPER
OF U.S. SAMPLES SENT FREE.

GET OUR PRICES ON
BRUSSELLS and INGRAIN **CARPETS**

We carry one of the largest stocks in the state and are here to sell goods. Our prices make our enemies buy.

Buren & Hamilton

THE LOW PRICE FURNITURE HOUSE, SALEM.

A STOLEN TUBEROSE

What a beautiful flower is the tuberose! Its wondrous corolla would make a trumpet for the herald of the fairies, and, then, its odor, so delicious that it seems to satisfy every sense!

An admirer of the tuberose? Yes; I am. See, I wear one in my buttonhole, and this pearl charm is a tuberose.

A story? Yes—the one story of my otherwise quiet, prosaic life. You know I am a postal clerk. My route is on the C. and O. from Hinton to Huntington.

It is a humdrum, monotonous kind of life after you know thoroughly all the towns on your run—at least we postal clerks think so. But I suppose every fellow thinks the other fellow's place more desirable than his own.

Up here on my run is a little mining town called Hawk's Nest, quite famous among lovers of wild, savage scenery, for the huge, awful rock hangs far out over the New river.

Our train used to slide track three 20 minutes for the Fast Flying Virginian. Drove enough I found the stop. I can tell you, with nothing but a score or more of little cabins stuck on the steep mountain sides and the lofty mountains standing close guard all around, while just below the turbulent little New river foamed and fretted away at the huge boulders which project upward from the river bed.

It was picturesque till one grew tired of it. But one afternoon as we slowed up I noticed something in the open window of the station.

As the train stopped on the side track it left the door of my car just opposite the window. It was an earthen pot filled with tuberoses all in full bloom. They were the finest I had ever seen, so large and so creamy. Even at that distance I caught a whiff of their delicious fragrance.

I looked out that in the world had come over old Martin, the operator, a crusty old fellow, that he had gone into the flower business, and said to myself: "The old diat has a soft spot, after all."

Turning to Jeff, my fellow clerk, I said: "Say, Jeff, look at those tuberoses. Ain't they beauties? By George, I'm going to get one!"

I had just broken off one of the trumpet shaped beauties when "Help yourself, sir," some one exclaimed in the sweetest, most musical voice imaginable.

I looked up to see not old Martin, but looking straight through the window and witnessing my most audacious theft, was the sanicest, merriest looking girl I had ever seen.

How her blue eyes twinkled and how the short, crisp, golden curls danced about her head as she laughed at my confusion!

"I—I beg—b-b-beg your pardon—old Martin, I—thought that they were old Martin's!"

"No, not old Martin's, but old Martin's daughter's. But help yourself!"

I felt my face flame, while I knew Jeff was almost killing himself there in the car with laughter.

I made one desperate effort to save myself.

"I do sincerely beg your pardon. I am so fond of flowers. I never saw these here before, and—and"—I went on stammering.

"And—and—so, not having seen any here before on the temptingly to take, when you did see, was too great to be resisted," she broke in, with a suggestive laugh.

"Miss Martin, my name is Brown—Harry Brown. May I wear this tuberose?"

"Yes, since you have already taken it."

But I boldly went on: "Have you a pin? Will you be kind enough to fasten this in my coat?"

She came around to the door and as I stood there leaned out and fastened the tuberose in my buttonhole. For one brief moment the golden curls brushed my face, and then the puff, puff announced that the train had started.

I sprang into the car and, lifting my cap as we pulled out, received another saucy smile.

Jeff tried to laugh at me, but when I showed him the tuberose in my buttonhole he whistled loud and long.

Hawk's Nest soon became the most pleasant place on the run.

I found out the next trip that Mr. Martin (old Martin—ah, nevermore!) was sick and that Mary, who had just returned from a school of telegraphy, had taken his place.

From Hinton to Hawk's Nest going west and from Huntington to Hawk's Nest going east became exceedingly long distances and the 20 minutes' slide track there but time to breathe.

It seemed to me that she soon thought as I did about the short stop and that she was always glad when our car pulled in.

Well, to make a long story short, one day the next summer, when the tuberoses were again in bloom, as I stood at the window of the little station awkwardly fingering a waxen beauty, I managed to tell her that I had loved her ever since she caught me stealing and—well—you can guess the rest.

Yes, I live here, and that is my wife standing there in the door of the station holding up my boy Martin.

Regrettable Oversight.
"How much did your baby weigh?"
"Oh, dear! Do you know, I'm so provoked! They forgot all about weighing the dear little thing until it was nearly 2 hours old, so we'll never know."—Chicago Record-Herald.

HAIR WEALTH

Wealth of hair is wealth indeed, especially to a woman. Every other physical attraction is secondary to it. We have a book we will gladly send you that tells just how to care for the hair.

If your hair is thin or losing its luster, get—

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Growth becomes vigorous and all dandruff is removed. It always restores color to gray or faded hair. Retain your youth; don't look old before your time.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"I have used your Hair Vigor now for about 25 years and I have found it splendid and satisfactory in every way. I believe I have recommended this Hair Vigor to hundreds of my friends, and they all tell me the same story. If any woman has the best kind of Hair Vigor I shall certainly recommend to them just as strongly as I can that they get a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor."
Mrs. N. E. HAMILTON, Norwich, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1898.

Write the Doctor.
If you don't obtain all the benefits you desire from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor at once.
Dr. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

PERFECTLY RIGHT.

Recent Evidence That France Has Learned Her Lesson.

The employees on the Paris underground railroad had a strike and have settled their strike.

The terms of the settlement amaze the outside world. These terms are especially amazing to the American—and well they may be.

The employees of the underground railroad in Paris are government employees.

Their strike inconvenienced the public, and even the radical French people were annoyed with the strikers.

In other European countries and in this country, as the news reports very truly say, the strike of those government employees would have been dealt with very summarily. Three engines of civilization would have been brought into play effectively.

First, the police; second, the cavalry, and third, Gatling guns.

But the police, the cavalry and Gatling guns were tried on the French people long ago, and that little matter was fought out and settled. The men who govern France know that at a certain stage in the proceedings a courteous people will not stand Gatling guns, cavalry or police. They have found out in France that the way to deal with striking workmen is just the way the government official would like to be dealt with himself if he were a striking workman instead of a well paid public officer.

The striking man complained that their day's work was too long and their pay too small. The pay was increased and the day was shortened, which was perfectly right.

Each employee is now allowed one day off in seven and ten days' vacation every year with full pay, which is perfectly right.

The young men employed on the road are compelled to do 20 days' work in the army each year. Their wages are paid while they are doing this compulsory military work, which is perfectly right.

If a man is ill, he gets his pay as long as he is ill up to 395 days, and the company in whose service he has become ill pays his doctor's bill, his drug store bill and any extra expenses involved, which is perfectly just and fair.

No striker is to be dismissed because of having taken part in the strike. A benefit fund is provided for the employees of this government enterprise, and the company pays the membership subscription to the benefit fund with no deduction from the workmen's pay.

The above seems a horrible narrative to the energetic American exploiter of labor.

It would have seemed very stupid—in fact, quite incomprehensible—to the French government at any time before the revolution.

But the revolution taught France and some other people that a nation, like any other structure, is insecure when its foundation is agitated. The foundation of a nation is the enormous mass of working people, and that foundation the French have learned to respect and treat well.

We shall learn as much here some day. Let us hope we shall learn it more peacefully than the French did.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

CHILDREN OF SIBERIA.

Few Toys and Much Work, but They Have Some Pleasures.

There are many thousands of Russian children living with their parents in the little villages which dot the vast steppes of Siberia or line the banks of the great rivers at intervals of 20 or 30 versts (a verst is two-thirds of a mile). Many of them are the children of emigrants who have been but lately settled there and can remember something of the Russian homes that they have left so far behind. Many more were born on the steppes and know of nothing different.

The life of these children would seem very dreary to us, but they are quite happy and contented. Many of them die at an early age because of the rigorous climate. They have almost no



SIBERIAN CHILDREN AT PLAY.

They, the little girls get as much fun from a piece of cloth wrapped to look like a baby as some American darlings do out of the most expensive wax doll which says "mamma." Those who live in the large centers, such as Irkutsk, the capital, or Khabarovsk, the seat of government of eastern Siberia, or in the city of Vladivostok, on the Pacific coast, have good opportunities for schooling, and the boys can attend a military gymnasium or school which is under the government and where much of the instruction is given by army officers. In these schools a boy has a chance to get a thorough education, which even gives him instruction in the languages. In many of the smaller places there are schools, sometimes under the village "pope" or priest, who celebrates mass in the little Greek church in the center of the village. To this church the children are taken every Sunday and often on saints' days as well.—Anna Nordend Benjamin.

When Grandpa Was a Boy.

Sometimes boys and girls think that their fathers and mothers must have had a much easier time than they in the good old days when "paw" and "mam" were young. But in those days fathers and mothers were more strict, and whippings, both for boys and girls, were more plentiful. In her book, "Child Life in Colonial Days," Alice Morse Earle describes one schoolteacher's instruments of torture for pupils as a "flogger"—a strip of heavy leather six inches in diameter and with a hole in the middle. This was fastened to the edge to a pliable handle. When this whipping device was used, the back of the culprit was bared, and every stroke of the flogger raised a blister the size of the hole in the leather. Another mode of punishment was to send the pupil out to cut a branch from a tree. The cut end of the branch was then split by the teacher, and the pupil's nose was wedged into the cleft. With this mark of disgrace hanging to his nose the pupil was forced to stand in plain view of the rest of the school. Sometimes a boy and a girl were yoked together or a pupil was forced to hold

"I did not sleep a night for seven long weeks."

That prolonged period of sleeplessness is most expressive of the pain and suffering caused by womanly diseases. It is pleasant to contrast the medical inefficiency which said "I could not be cured" with the prompt and permanent cure effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This great medicine for women establishes regularity, dries enfeebled drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to other suffering women," writes Mrs. Mary Adams, of Grassycreek, Ashe Co., N. C. "I had intermenstrual trouble very badly until it resulted in ulcers of the uterus. I was troubled with it so that I could not sleep a night for seven long weeks. The doctors said I could not be cured, but I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and after taking six boxes of it I was cured. I had 'Golden Medical Discovery' and three vials of 'Pleasant Pellets' my nose was cured and my husband said I would have to die, as it seemed I could not live. He told me to put faith in his medicines for it had cured others and would cure me. So it did, and I thank God for your medicine for saving my life."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 large pages, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in cloth binding, or only 21 stamps for the paper covered volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Tribune Bicycles

THE EASY RUNNING NOISELESS WHEEL.

Roadsters, \$35 and \$40. Light roadsters and racers \$50. Chainless \$60 and \$75. Tribune cushion frames \$50 and upward. Tribune coaster brake models \$5 extra. I am having the best Tribune trade I have ever known, due to the fact that the wheels have proven themselves to be all that was claimed for them. Come and see the line.

F. A. WIGGINS,
257 Liberty street, Salem

Small Anvils.

The anvil that rings to the sturdy blacksmith's sleds may weigh 200, 300 or 400 pounds, but there are anvils whose weight is counted in ounces. These are used by jewelers, silversmiths and various other workers. Counting shapes, sizes, styles of finish, and so on, these little anvils are made in scores of varieties, ranging in weight from 15 ounces up to a number of pounds each. All the little anvils are of the finest steel. They are all trimly finished, often nickel plated, and those surfaces that are brought into use are finished with what is called a mirror polish, the surface being made as smooth as glass.

Kicking the Marble.

Here is the game called kicking the marble. The players have two marbles an inch or more in diameter, one of which is put upon the ground and shoved with the foot. The other is put down, and one boy tells the other to put it a certain direction from the other. If he shoves it so as to hit the other and still go in the desired direction, he wins doubly and is entitled to two kicks. If it simply goes in the position indicated, he wins and is entitled to one kick.

Sparrow and Boy.

Field daisies dancing out over the sea. The merry young leaflets twittering with joy. On a bush a good boy swung to and fro; A wicked young sparrow watched him so. Then stily he aimed a stone at his head, And down fell the good boy, wounded and dead. The merry young leaflets shivered with fright, And even the sunbeams hid out of sight. A mother rushed through the trees overhead. "Oh, where is my boy, good sparrow?" she said. "Safe in my pocket and quite dead, you see." "Oh, what a wicked young sparrow was he!" He chirped, then craftily jerked up a stone. Down dropped the mother, and hushed was her moan. "Where are they both?" roared the father. Ah, me!

Up went a stone; he had silenced the three. Wicked young sparrow went twittering away. A tit for tat game? Nay, child, I can't say. —Cassell's Little Folks.

Frock for Girl.

This frock for a girl of 10 to 14 years is of pin spotted alpaca of a delicate shade of blue. The skirt is trimmed at the hem with a narrow band of white lace and is slightly gathered at the back.

The blouse is cut out in front, with the edges trimmed with the lace and



FOR GIRL OF TWELVE.

groups of tiny pearl buttons. The yoke is of tucked white silk, the silk encasing at the chest and forming the full vest, which is headed by a pointed band of alpaca piped with white silk. The bishop sleeves are enriched with clusters of small tucks, and the collar band is of tucked silk bordered with lace.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Taffeta Jacket.
A piece of news that will be largely welcomed by the feminine population of the country is that that most useful garment, the taffeta jacket, will be fashionable again this summer. There have been few fashions so practical as this silk coat.—Harper's Bazar.