

POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER

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DALLAS OREGON JANUARY 3, 1901

NO 3.

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Physician and Surgeon.
Dallas, Oregon.
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Office over bank.

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Attorneys-at-Law.

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Will practice in all courts. Office, over bank.

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Land titles and land office business a specialty.

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House, sign and ornamental, graining, kalsomine and paper hanging.

DALLAS, OREGON

MOTOR TIME TABLE.

Leaves Independence for Monmouth and Astoria - 7:30 a.m.
Leaves Independence for Monmouth and Dallas - 1:10 p.m.
Leaves Monmouth for Astoria - 5:30 p.m.
Leaves Monmouth for Dallas - 1:30 p.m.
Leaves Astoria for Monmouth and Independence - 9:00 a.m.
Leaves Dallas for Monmouth and Independence - 1:00 p.m.

R. C. GRAVEN
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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.

DR. JORDAN'S GREAT MUSEUM OF ANATOMY

1061 BROADWAY, ASTORIA, ORE.
The largest anatomical museum in the Pacific Northwest. All the latest and most complete collection of the human skeleton, and all the latest and most complete collection of the human skeleton, and all the latest and most complete collection of the human skeleton.

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Specialties: Glands, Prostate, Seminal Vesicles, Uterus, Vagina, etc.

Consultation free and strictly private. Treatment personally or by letter. A. J. Jordan, M.D., 1061 Broadway, Astoria, Ore.

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Dallas: Oregon

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

Dallas Foundry!

ALL KINDS OF
IRON WORK TO ORDER.

Repairing Promptly Done.

ED. BIDDLE, - PROP.

Cloaks and Suits.
WE SHOW EVERY NEW STYLE. VALUES ARE UNMATCHABLE. THE PRICES RANGE FROM \$5 to \$30.

OUR \$1 GLOVES

Through the world am I the very finest quality of lambkin and wear better than any other \$1 glove on the market.

A FULL LINE OF SHADES.

\$1 A PAIR.

Holverson's Leader Overall. 50c a pair. Best value ever offered

SEND US YOUR MAIL ORDERS.

Holverson's THE BIG BARGAIN HOUSE OF SALEM

LUTHER & CO.

REAL ESTATE

Timber and Ranch Lands a Specialty.

We are prepared to locate you upon some of the finest timber claims in Oregon, or if you want an improved ranch or fruit farm, we can show you just what you're looking for. Call and see us. All correspondence promptly attended to.

LUTHER & CO., Dallas, Or.

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO.

207 Commercial street, Salem

Are doing a general warehouse and storage business and are ready to buy your

WHEAT, OATS, AND BARLEY

The farmers of Polk county should see them before selling. They have the Humphrey warehouse at Salem.

TOP PRICES FOR GRAIN

J. C. GRAHAM MANAGER.

CLYCLONE AT FALLS CITY

Since the Luckiamute Mill Company

Have received their fall and winter stock of Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

We defy competition. We buy everything. We sell everything. We keep nothing. Cumtux.

Bring on your produce, 50 dressed hogs wanted. Remember we have 500,000 feet of No. 10 fencing at \$5 a M, also a full stock of all kinds of rough and dressed lumber, shingles, etc.

LUCKIAMUTE MILL COMPANY

LUCAS & DODD, Proprietors.

E. S. LAMPORT

MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER OF
Harness, Saddles, Robes, Whips, Boots, Etc.

Established 1869. 229 Commercial street, Salem.

Grand Opening Day Sale

FOR 20 DAYS AT OUR NEW STORE WITH NEW GOODS AND LOWER PRICES THAN EVER

For ten years we have had the title for clothing and furnishing goods turned to our store at 239 Commercial street, Salem. Now we want to turn the tide to our new and commodious store at 254 and 256 Commercial street, and as a special advertisement we shall inaugurate a grand opening sale, beginning December 11th and continuing to January 1, 1902. We shall make lower prices than ever, and this means on new fresh goods—not lower prices on old chemicals, the dozen or so old suits we might happen to have left. You can buy at 25, 30 or 50 per cent discount, in fact, if a deserving man or boy comes along having no money and wanted one, we would give it to him. There are two points in this notice that we wish to be especially significant. First, our removal; second, the prices we shall make will be irresistible, as we do not care for the matter of a few hundred dollars to get thoroughly advertised at our new store. This is no bogus pocus talk, for we mean what we say. Come and see us in our new store, whether you want to buy or not.

C. P. BISHOP, proprietor of

Salem Woolen Mills Store

254 Commercial Street.

PONY BRAND STOCKINGS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
25 cents a pair.

THEY HAVE—
TRIPLE HEELS
TRIPLE KNEES
TRIPLE TOES

Holverson's Leader Overall. 50c a pair. Best value ever offered

SEND US YOUR MAIL ORDERS.

Holverson's THE BIG BARGAIN HOUSE OF SALEM

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We are prepared to locate you upon some of the finest timber claims in Oregon, or if you want an improved ranch or fruit farm, we can show you just what you're looking for. Call and see us. All correspondence promptly attended to.

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C. P. BISHOP, proprietor of

Salem Woolen Mills Store

254 Commercial Street.

GEMS IN VERSE.
OLD FAVORITES.

The Power of Love.
When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed.

Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least,
Yet in those thoughts my former self I see,
That better than the worst that ever was,
I think on thee and then my state, like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate.

For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.
—Shakespeare.

The Beggar.
A beggar through the world am I;
From place to place I wander by;
Fill up my pockets with my bootless cries
For Christ's sweet sake and charity!

A little of the student's sense,
Round a while my study's grace,
And I'll be glad to give you
What my heart has learned to know.

Some of the stern, unfeeling might,
Enduring still through day and night,
That I may keep at bay
The dangerous April of chance
And the strong tide of circumstance,
Give me, old granite gray!

Some of the penitence's sense,
Some of thy never dying green,
Put in this scrip of mine,
That griefs may fall like snowflakes light
And deck me in a robe of white,
Ready to be an angel bright,
Oh, sweetly mournful pine!

A little of the meekness,
Of thy sparkling, light content,
That I may be full of grace
And gladness where'er I be,
Though folk late have pronounced me
In some neglected nook!

Ye have been very kind and good
To make me feel I'm not alone;
Ye have given me light to fill my heart;
But, goodly, kind friends, every one,
I'll go on my own way,
Of all good things I would have part,
The day was high ere I could start,
And so my journey's nearer begun.

Heaven help me! How could I forget
To beg of thee, dear violet,
Some of thy modesty,
That blossoms here as well, unseen,
As if before the world thou hadst been;
Oh, give to strength and love.

Concentration.
The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life is done,
But he who seeks all things wherever he goes
Only roams from the hopes which around him lie.

A harvest of barren regrets. And the worm
That creeps in the dust to the definite term
Of its creeping existence, and sees nothing more
Than the path it pursues till its creeping is o'er,
In its limited vision is happier
Than the man who seeks all things, fixed by no
friendly star.

Is by each star distracted in turn and who knows
Each will still be as distant wherever he goes.
—Owen Meredith.

To the Children.
Children who read my lay,
Thus much I have to say:
Each day and every day
The world is right.

Right things, in great and small
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon and stars and all,
You should have light.

This, further, I would say:
Be tempted as you may,
Each day and every day
Speak what is true!

True things, in great and small
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon and stars and all,
You should have light.

Life's journey, through and through,
Speak what is true and true,
Doing what's right to do,
Unto one and all.

When you work and when you play,
Then peace shall guide your way
Through the sky should fall,
You should have light.

There is no Unbelief.
This is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the sod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky
He patient, heart, light breaking by and by,
Treads the Most High.

Whoever says "neath winter's field of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to look each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says "Tomorrow," "The unknown,"
The future," trusts that power alone
He dares divine.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close
And dares to live when life has only woe
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief.
And day by day and night unconsciously
The heart lives by that faith that lips deny,
God knows why.

Home.
But where to find that happy spot below—
Who can direct when all is lost to know?
The shadowing tent of the bright sun
Bodily problems that happen just below,
Extend the shadows of his sunny sea,
And his long nights of revelry and ease,
The quiet night, the quiet of the sea,
Boats of his golden sands and palm tree wave,
Beats in the glass or stirs the timid wave,
And then his gods for all the good they gave,
Such is the picture's heart when we're alone.
His first, best country ever is at home.
And yet perhaps if countries we compare
Such is the picture's heart when we're alone.
Though patriots differ still shall wisdom find
An equal portion due to all mankind,
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessing even.
—Goldsmith.

History.
Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind if he craves aught?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried
If he kneels not before the same altar as I?
From the heroic girl of my soul should I fly
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox life?
No! Perish the hearts and the laws that try
Truth, valor or love by a standard like this!

—Moore.

Hair Falls
"I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop my hair from falling. One-half a bottle cured me."
J. C. Baxter, Braidwood, Ill.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly the most economical preparation of its kind on the market. A little of it goes a long way. It doesn't take much of it to stop falling of the hair, make the hair grow, and restore color to gray hair.

It costs a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is a society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these, our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the universe and feel
What I can never express, yet cannot all conceal.
—Byron.

Easy on the Prisoner.
Judge—Where are you from?
Prisoner—Philadelphia, your honor.
Judge—Ten days—in the morgue—
Baltimore World.

Little Doting.
"You don't appear to be very particular about your appearance nowadays," remarked the owl. "Don't you go into society any more?"
"Oh, no," replied the stork. "We don't supply pet dogs, you know."
—Catholic Standard and Times.

In Hard Luck.
"Yes, Mrs. Updote is dreadfully worried."
"What's the matter?"
"Why two new fads have made their appearance at the same time, and she doesn't know which to take up."—Chicago Tribune.

Sauerkraut.
There is an international interest to the repeated increase in the American demand for sauerkraut. A Lebanon (Pa.) maker has just filled a contract for a fifteen ton supply of the great German delicacy. Germans have long maintained that lack of appreciation of such food varieties as theirs was responsible for American dyspepsia. Is the sauerkraut market to furnish the open door to our better education?—New York Tribune.

ONLY TWELVE KNEW IT.

Only twelve out of the 400 enlisted force on the receiving ship Richmond at the League island navy yard ordered to learn the words of "The Star Spangled Banner" gave evidence recently that they knew the song.

Captain Leary of the Richmond sent forth the order a few weeks ago that no leaves of absence ashore would be granted unless the men showed that they knew the words of the national anthem.

To ascertain how many of the sailors and landmen really had memorized the song Captain Leary decided to hold a test examination. In the morning after the men had been lined up at roll call Chaplain Morrison requested all those who knew the words to step forward. To the surprise and dismay of the officers only twelve stepped out from the ranks. To relieve the nervous tension and meriment the lieutenant in charge immediately gave the order to "air boys."

Some of the sailors say that while the captain has authority to compel them to learn rules of ordinance he has no right to order them to learn "The Star Spangled Banner."

As a large majority of the men who crave leave of absence declare they will not learn the song the situation promises interesting developments.

Introducing the Date Palm.

The date palm may solve the problem of what to do with the arid and alkali lands of Arizona and other western states. Experiments have been made in the past, but renewed interest is being taken by the section of plant introduction of the department of agriculture. According to the New York Sun Professor D. G. Fairchild, agricultural explorer for the department, now traveling in Africa, has procured a number of suckers, or offshoots, from the delta of the Nile, which will be distributed in the southwestern portion of this country. In the United States the date is an article of luxury, but in its native country it is a most important food, many regions in Arabia and the Sahara being uninhabitable but for the date palm.

TRAPPING A TIGER
By M. Quaid.
[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.]

There are no lions along the highways of India, as the average reader has probably been told before, but the traveler seeking rest and refreshment turns into one of the free bungalows provided by the government. He finds cooking utensils, dishes and a bunk, and there is generally a native caretaker. The rule of the road is that no traveler stops longer than over night except in case of sickness or accident. Few of the bungalows have doors or windows, and unless in the height of the rainy season no blankets are hung up at the openings.

It was in a bungalow on the highway between the towns of Rampore and Bagrah, in the province of Bengal, that Sir Edward Potter, an English tourist doing India, met a tragic fate. A party of six had arrived at the bungalow an hour before dark. When supper had been prepared and eaten, the gentlemen smoked and chatted for a couple of hours and then lay down on the veranda to sleep—that is, five of them did, while Sir Edward had a bed made up for him in the large room, and as the grounds had been beaten over for serpents no one felt any fears as he made ready for sleep. It was a starlight night, with everything quiet, and all the party fell into a sound sleep. They were awakened at midnight or a little later by a shriek for help, and as they got to their feet they beheld an enormous tiger trotting off with Sir Edward in his grip.

The tiger had stolen out of the nearest cover and taken a thorough survey of the bungalow before seizing the victim. Any one of the five sleepers offered him an easy victim, but he passed them by. He made his way between two of them and entered the room by a window and seized Sir Edward by the shoulder. The shouts of the others did not rattle the beast in the least. With a twist of his head he threw the man over on his back and went off at a leisurely pace, and he was neither fired nor pursued. No one dared shoot for fear of killing the man, and to have pursued the tiger into the jungle would have been foolishness. As none of the party was a tiger hunter, there was nothing to do but resume their journey and give notice at the next post of what had occurred. They had scarcely left the bungalow when a man named Reed arrived there. He was an American and what the English call a "cute Yankee." He had gone out to India from New York after tiger skins. Instead of taking rifles and cartridges he had taken beertraps. Landing in Calcutta with less than two dozen monkey steel traps, he was making his way up to the tiger country to do business. He wasn't blowing his horn very much, as he knew that every Englishman in India would look upon him with contempt, but as there was no law against trapping tigers he meant to send home a shipment of skins if he could.

Reed had no sooner heard of the tragedy of the night before than he baited his trap for his first tiger. He traced the beast into the jungle for 200 yards and then set one of his traps on a path and baited it by tying a kid to a stake just in the rear of it. This was done early in the morning, but with no hope that the tiger would leave his lair until late in the evening. He did leave it, however, much earlier than that. Strangely enough, he contented himself with sinking his fangs into Sir Edward and killing him, but did not mutilate the body in the slightest. The bleating of the kid called him from his lair about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and at that same hour the bear-trap man went forth to see if his trap was all right. As he was advancing along the path in one direction the tiger was coming up from another, and the result was that as Reed halted within five feet of the bleating and frightened kid the tiger looked him in the eyes from a distance of about forty feet. Both stood still and stared for a minute. Reed had a rifle, but he was a poor shot and dared not take the risk of firing. The tiger was no doubt astonished and puzzled, and perhaps a yell would have frightened him off, but as no yell came he began to work up his temper. For two or three minutes he switched his tail and growled and then of a sudden rose in the air like a bird. He had divided the forty feet into two

leaps, but the second was never made. As he touched the earth after his first he fell upon the pan of the trap, and the jaws closed around both forelegs.

The trap was secured by a chain, stout enough to draw a sawlog, but caught as he was the beast soon broke the chain and went off into the jungle toward was found. It seems hardly credible, but that tiger gave Reed and his native assistants a two days' hunt. He dragged the monster trap through thickets and up hill-sides, and across ground where a man could hardly make his way, and when finally come up with and killed he had traversed a distance of eighteen miles and had bitten one of his legs off in hopes to get clear of the trap. Not only that, but an hour before he was come up with and finished off, the beast, fettered as he was and covered with his own blood, hobbled into a small village and tried to seize a small child in its teeth.

It was Reed's first experience with his Yankee idea for thinning out the dangerous beasts of India and making a few dollars at the same time, and he found that it worked very well, as the friends of the lamented Sir Edward presented him with a purse of £500.

How to Fill Fruit Jars.
When canning fruit by the ordinary method, fill the jars to overflowing, then run the handle of the silver spoon down the side, inside the jars and on all sides to liberate the air bubbles, so they will come to the top and can be removed. See that the jars are filled to the brim with the hot sirup. Wipe all the juice off carefully. Put on the rubber bands, adjust the top and screw it down tight. Do this as quickly as possible. Dip a cloth in hot water and fold and place the jars on this. Do not disturb until cold; then try the lids and screw down if they appear a little loose. As the glass contracts in cooling the lids will become loose, and unless care is taken to tighten them may cause the fruit to spoil. Do not set your jars in a draft after filling them.

How to Repress Spasmodic Cough.
For the suppression of the spasmodic cough that often seizes one at the most inopportune time, refusing to yield to cough drops or will power, try the new remedy: Pour a few drops of oil of peppermint on a bit of cotton and put in a small earthen jar or glass bottle, covering tightly. Carry in your pocket. When you feel the coughing fit coming on, inhale the peppermint, holding close to the nostrils. Cover closely again, that it may not evaporate. This has the same effect as the Chinese camphor of peppermint or menthol.

How to Make Salad Dressing.
Half cupful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of mustard, a pinch of cayenne pepper, one cupful of milk, half cupful of butter and three eggs. Put in the double boiler the milk and butter. Beat up the yolks of the eggs together with the mustard, salt, sugar and pepper and add to the melted butter and milk. Heat the vinegar separately and add little at a time to the mixture, adding whites of eggs last of all. When done, it will be thick, like custard.

How to Make Corn Bread.
One-half cupful of flour, one cupful of cornmeal (yellow), one rounded tablespoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix thoroughly. Have ready one tablespoonful of melted butter and one egg, well beaten. Add to the dry mixture one cupful of milk, the egg and butter and beat all until well mixed. Turn into a well greased shallow pan and bake about 30 minutes. Cut into squares and serve hot.

How to Jelly Chicken.
Boil until tender in enough water to cover one chicken. Remove when done and let water boil down to one quart. Cut the meat into small pieces. To the water add three-quarters of a box of gelatin soaked, one tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce and salt and pepper to taste. Slice one hard-boiled egg and add to the chicken. Four put in the strained liquor, mix well and put in square mold and set in cool place to harden.

Jo. Meyers & Sons

THE WHITE CORNER (TRADE MARK)

SALE'S GREATEST STORE

THE GREAT AND GROWING GREATER STORES.

LARGE IMPORTATIONS OF HOLIDAY GOODS.

An extensive department on our second floor devoted exclusively to

DOLLS TOYS STATUES MIRRORS

GLASS ART NOVELTIES BURNED LEATHER PICTURES

BASKETS VASES DOLL FURNITURE DOLL DISHES

DRUMS WAGONS MECHANICAL TOYS ETC ETC

Salem people call the big store Toy-Land, and it is worth going a long way to see.