

POLK COUNTY LIFE MIRROR

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N 42

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Physician and Surgeon.

Dallas, Oregon.

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DALLAS, - OREGON

MOTOR TIME TABLE.

Leaves Independence for Monmouth and Astoria 7:30 a.m.

Leaves Independence for Monmouth and Dallas 1:30 a.m.

Leaves Monmouth for Astoria 5:30 a.m.

Leaves Monmouth for Dallas 1:30 a.m.

Leaves Astoria for Monmouth and Independence 9:30 a.m.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

A Truly Remarkable Dog.

One of M. Renan's dogs, called Corah, was known as the guardian angel for miles around. Where there was a Montyon prize for canine kindness Corah would have deserved it. Her particular mission was to amuse sick children.

Whenever a child was ill at Treveux Corah was sent for. Knowing on what mission she was called, she went bounding to the house where the little sufferer lay and gambled about its bed until she caused hearty laughter.

Another duty with which she was charged was to prevent the young children of the family, of which she looked on herself as a member, going near the fire in their mother's absence. She was a sweet tempered creature, but as soon as a child she was left to watch ran near the fire she became a vixen. She was sent also with children living near the quay to see that they kept from the water's edge. No child confided to her guardianship ever came to harm.

When I read, as I often do, of infants being badly burned or burned to death, I think it a pity that the breed of Corah was not carefully perpetuated. The master, in memory of her, called a charming little pup after her.

Corah was what is rare in dogs—very discreet. She was always asking leave (with her eyes) to do such things as, when M. Renan was suffering from illness, jumping into his bed and crouching down at his back to warm it. She was wont to sit for hours motionless on a chair looking at him, waiting for him to tell her to jump into bed.—London Truth.

The Boy Who Deceived His Teacher.

The boy who used to boast of getting the best of his teacher has been heard from. The same traits of character which tempted him to deceive his teacher led him to cheat his employer, to idle whenever his back was turned and to clip his day's work until he finally lost his position.

His lack of education, the result of cheating his teacher, has proved a perpetual handicap and has lost him many a good situation. His dishonesty, which started in the school room, has grown until nobody will trust him and he has no credit or standing in his community.

As a boy he thought himself very clever in being able to dodge his lessons and impose upon his teacher, but he realizes now that the person cheated was himself. In those precious days of youth he robbed himself of pearls of great value which he never will be able to recover.

The thief of time and opportunity thinks he is enriching himself, but he awakes one day to the truth that he is poorer and meaner for his theft.—Success.

The Snail.

[An Indian fable.] In the great old days when in the east on a visit to a city kinsman while

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

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No Hair?

"My hair was falling out very fast and I was greatly alarmed. I then tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair stopped falling at once."—Mrs. G. A. McVay, Alexandria, O.

The trouble is your hair does not have life enough. Act promptly. Save your hair. Feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. If the gray hairs are beginning to show, Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore color every time. \$1.00 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.

Three Red Squirrels. Three red squirrels make their home in the hollow of an elm tree at Stockbridge, Mass. A little girl, who lives near the tree, goes out to it several times a day and knocks on the trunk, and she makes a whirring noise at the same moment. Whether led to respond by the knocks or the whirring, the three squirrels come running down the trunk and, taking whatever food their little friend may offer, they skip back to the crotch of the tree. At that point there is a sort of landing, and on the landing the squirrels sit while eating the food, which is usually in the form of nuts. "Two of them are very tame," said the little girl recently, "but one is quite wild yet."

One of the Others. One day when the mother of twelve children had worked very hard she said to the youngest, who was called Frank: "Frank, I wish I had a girl to do my work."

Frank said, "Why don't you trade one of us off for a girl? But not me."

Uncle Sam.

Uncle Sam—That little Willie Smith next door has a awful kind heart. Mother—Why?

Uncle Sam—Cos he let me mow all the grass on their lawn this mornin'.

The Entirety.

Over the roof the golden hours. Now here, now there, Then out of sight; I'm everywhere—A flash of light.

Throughout the summer day I dance my life away, From bud to flower, From flower to fruit, Now here, now there, Then out of sight!

Alas, when day is done, When sinks the crimson sun, My race is run. And out of sight I creep butterfly! Dear earth, good night! —Della Stinson Wood.

Reverend.

It was apparent that the barber was highly pleased. "What has happened?" asked the man with the towel round his neck. "I dislocated my shoulder in the spring," he answered.

"The doctor who set it got out of this chair just before you came in. If his wife recognizes him when he gets home, it'll only be by his voice."

He Fooled the Grass.

When General J. Franklin Bell was adjutant of the Seventh cavalry, Fort Riley, Kansas, where he was stationed, was in an incomplete state. The barracks, stables, administration buildings and officers' quarters were newly constructed and rather luxurious for an army post, but of lawns and shade trees there was none.

To obtaining these Bell applied himself with his usual vigor. By transplanting alternately elm and cotton

He Fooled the Grass.

wood trees he had the shade problem in a fair way of solution, but the soil of Kansas proved obdurate as to grass. So that after repeated coats of fertilizer and daily sprinklings only a scant growth of verdure was produced.

One evening a group of officers, coming from the artillery post, were amazed to see Bell on the roof of his house, with the hose in his hands, sprinkling the lawn. After gazing at him for a few minutes one of them called out:

"I say, B. L., what are you trying to do up there?" Bell looked at the group and, continuing his sprinkling, answered:

"When you sprinkle the lawn from the ground, the grass won't grow because the moisture doesn't come the way nature sends it." Then in a tone tinged with anger he added, "I believe the grass knows it, too, but, by the great horned spoon, I'm going to fool that cursed grass!"

And he did it, too, for Fort Riley had in a few years as fine a lawn as any army post in the country.—Washington Post.

A Useful Device.

At a suburban auction of household goods an active and successful bidder was a Montgomery county farmer. His purchases were piled high in one corner of the room and he was still eager when a thermometer was offered. There was no bidding from any quarter, and the auctioneer, reaching it out to the farmer, said:

"Here, give me a quarter for it and take it along!"

"No! Not for me!" said the farmer, backing away.

"Why, that's dirt cheap!" exclaimed the auctioneer. "Don't you want a thermometer?"

NEW SHORT STORIES

Perhaps It Was Revenge.

At a dinner of the American Dramatists' club Dan Hart, the author of "The Parish Priest," told the following story:

"You know I am a hayseed and live with my father, an Irishman, seventy years of age, on a farm on the outskirts of Wilkesbarre. One day not long ago the old man said to me: 'Dan, me bye, you're doin' nuthin'. Suppose you come out an' give me a hand puttin' up that fence.'

"Father," said I, "I don't know any thing about building fences."

"Well, I guess you can't spoil it much, so come along!"

"I nailed on boards indifferently well. On the hillside just above us was a Hungarian miner practicing with a revolver. Directly a bullet came crashing through the fence just beside me."

"Good Lord, father, that fellow is shooting at me!" I shouted.

"Never mind, Dan," said he. 'Perhaps he's seen one of your plays.' —Philadelphia Times.

Crawford and Miss Wilkins. The only occasion on which F. Marion Crawford, the author, and Mary E. Wilkins met was one that the latter is not likely to forget. Why, I couldn't even open the darned thing!" —Philadelphia Times.

It was at one of Mrs. Low's literary receptions in Brooklyn. Crawford was the guest of the evening, Miss Wilkins also claiming a goodly share of attention.

A well meaning friend wished Mr. Crawford to meet the exponent of New England village life, so, taking Miss Wilkins up to the author of "Saracenesca," she said:

"Mr. Crawford, I want you to meet Miss Wilkins, whose New England stories you have no doubt read." Crawford, fresh from Italy, gazed comically at the little woman and said in the hearing of fifty people:

"Miss Wilkins! Ah, does she write?" —New York World.

Sour Cream Waffles.

For sour cream waffles beat two eggs separately; add to beaten flour and a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the yolks one part sour cream and a little sour milk; add beaten whites of eggs and half a teaspoonful of salt. Bake on hot greased waffle pan.

Twenty different languages are spoken by the mining population of the anthracite region in Pennsylvania.

A Nervous Woman

Will often feel compelled to stop the clock whose ticking seems unbearable to her. In such a nervous condition the woman needs a building up of the entire system. It is useless to attempt the cure while the cause of the nervousness remains unremoved. A very common cause of nervousness in women is a diseased condition of the delicate womanly organism.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures womanly diseases and the nervousness which they cause. It changes irregularity to regularity, dries the drains which weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It is a perfect tonic and nerve, tranquilizing the nerves, promoting the appetite and inducing refreshing sleep.

"When I first wrote you I had been to three different doctors and two of them said I would never get better without going to the hospital for an operation," writes Mrs. Selma Erickson, of 455 Rice Street, St. Paul, Minn. "Was not able to do anything. If I would get up and walk to the kitchen and back I would have to lie in bed for a day or sometimes two days. Now I have used six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and six of the Golden Medical Discovery, and am able to do anything. I am so nervous I had to have some one by my side all the time even in day time, and I could hardly eat anything. I took treatment from a doctor twice a week, and every time I would go there I felt so sick that I quit all the doctors and began taking your medicines. I gained right along. I weighed 125 pounds, when I began taking your medicines (in August) and now I am up to my usual weight 155. I am as well and feel as good as ever."

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 11 stamps for cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Doctor (who is not feeling well, to himself)—What shall I do? I haven't any confidence in any of those other doctors, and as for myself, my charges are too high!

A Dilemma. Doctor (who is not feeling well, to himself)—What shall I do? I haven't any confidence in any of those other doctors, and as for myself, my charges are too high!

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These Red Letter Sales

Are Very Old and Stale

Reliable Goods and Everything at a Bargain Every Day in the Year at

They Fool Very Few People.

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