

SUN SPOTS

Prevented By CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted by CUTICURA Ointment, the great Skin Cure, and purest and sweetest of Emollients.

For sunburn, heat-rash, tan, freckles, pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, bites and stings of insects; for cleansing the hair and scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff; for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings; for many sanative, anti-septic purposes that appeal to mothers, as well as for all purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery, CUTICURA Soap, assisted by CUTICURA Ointment, the great Skin Cure, are priceless.

N. B. Complete External and Internal treatment for every Humor, from Pimples to Scrofula, from Infancy to Age, consisting of CUTICURA Soap, Ointment, and Pills, price, the set, One Dollar, may now be had of all druggists.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Preaching hours at 11 and 7:30.

M. E. CHURCH.

Preaching Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 9:45. Epworth League at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.—Jas. Moore, pastor.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Preaching Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 10. B. Y. P. U. at 6:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.—J. M. Green, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Preaching Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 10. Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.—W. T. Wardle, pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Preaching Sunday morning and evening. Bible school at 10. Senior Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Bible class and prayer meeting Thursday evening.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

Preaching Sunday morning and evening at the Dallas college chapel. Sunday school at 10. Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.—A. A. Winter, pastor.

ELTON'S WEATHER REPORT

By LESLIE W. QUIRK

When the managing editor of the Clayville News opened his paper at breakfast one morning and looked for the weather report he found in its place a modest notice stating that the circulation of the News was the largest of any paper in the city. Now, this fact was interesting to the managing editor, but it was not what he wanted to read. He was looking for the prophecy of the weather bureau, which was telegraphed each night from a neighborly

Corvallis and Eastern Railroad.

TIME CARD NO. 24.	
No. 2 for Yaquina	12:45 p. m.
Leaves Albany	1:45 p. m.
Arrives Corvallis	5:40 p. m.
No. 1 returning	7:15 a. m.
Leaves Corvallis	11:30 a. m.
Arrives Albany	12:15 p. m.
No. 3 for Detroit	1:00 a. m.
Leaves Albany	6:00 p. m.
Arrives Detroit	6:30 p. m.
Leaves Detroit	11:25 p. m.
Arrives Albany	11:25 p. m.

Train No. 1 arrives in Albany in time to connect with the S. F. southbound train, as well as giving two or three hours in Albany before departure of S. F. Northbound train.

The managing editor allowed his stork to grow cold while he searched the paper. But nowhere in it, from the top of the first column on the front



"I've been a fool," he repeated to the girl at the end of the last one on the page, could he find any comments on the weather. He folded the paper deliberately, swearing softly to himself, and fifteen minutes later he confronted young Elton, the telegraph editor.

"The weather report," said the latter, with the air of exclaiming the obvious, "did not come last night."

"Ah!" said the managing editor dryly. "No, sir," went on the telegraph editor. "I held the paper till 3 o'clock waiting for it, but for some reason it failed to come."

"Ah!" said the managing editor again. Then his anger burst forth, and he raved as became a man who held reporters and editors under his thumb.

"I suppose," he concluded sarcastically, "that it never occurred to you to 'fake' a report, to realize that any guess on the weather was better than none, to appreciate the comments the Times will make on the incident, to imagine the disappointment of every one of our readers. Why, you fool, do you suppose any one would have known that your guess was not a reliable report even if it differed from that of the Times? Do you?"

He stopped suddenly, turned on his heels and went out the door, with the remark, "Don't let it happen again!"

Young Elton stared at the ceiling for a good five minutes. Then he went over to his desk with the mail and straightway forgot all his troubles in reading a dainty, scented note. She said some very nice things to him and asked how he was facing in his work.

The weather report failed to come that night. Young Elton prepared some slips of paper with various weather conditions written on them and then drew one cautiously. It said, "Rain today, colder."

The managing editor read it the next morning and wondered if it were reliable. It was not. All day a warm wind blew gently from the south, and a blue sky and a hot sun smiled genially.

Three nights later the message failed again, and young Elton guessed it would be fair. The next day the greatest rain of the season poured down from early morning till late at night.

Young Elton's face was beginning to grow crimson. In desperation he went to the girl and told her the whole story.

"So far my guesses have been all wrong," he confessed. "Now, I have a plan that certainly deserves success. It's simple, I am sure. You see, for a minute or two each evening about dinner time, if I may, and I shall gauge my guesses by your demeanor. If you are very cordial I shall say the next day will be clear. If you are not so glad to see me I shall prophesy cloudy weather. If I find you bored by my 'daily' report, will say rain. Do you understand?"

The girl did, and though she suggested the possibility of fair weather every day young Elton decided to try the plan. He grinned cheerfully and went back to the office and wrote the report, "Fair today," with "southerly winds." And, although the Times promised rain, the next day was cloudless and warm.

It was very clear for a week, during which time young Elton was called upon to guess the weather conditions several times. The rival paper seemed to be steadily wrong, and the man-

aging editor of the News took it upon himself to write a little editorial on the subject, reprinting the reports of the two papers in parallel columns. The reporters slapped young Elton on the back and told him he should try the race.

Then one night something went awry at the girl's house. It was only a trivial thing in itself, but it lowered the spirits of both. The paper promised cloudy weather, and all the next day ugly, black clouds gloomed.

The little quarrel was over by the next night, but the conversation was strained. A few evenings later the girl happened to mention another man who was not young Elton's idea of a fit companion for a woman. He said so very frankly, and the girl disappeared.

The weather report read, "Rain to-day." For twenty-four hours the water poured down incessantly.

Late the next afternoon young Elton sat at his desk thinking deeply. He had been out of sorts all day, and he knew very well where the trouble lay. He looked at the clock thoughtfully and noted that it was nearly time for his call. He wondered whether it was worth while to go.

Suddenly he rose, slipped on his rain coat and went out of the office. There was resolution in his every movement.

"I've been a fool," he told himself, "a poor, blind fool. Four hours the girl met him at the door and invited him into the house a bit unsteadily, as if she did not quite understand. Young Elton slipped off his rain coat, noted the paper on the table with the weather report wrinkled and a little tear stained, and began bravely.

"I've been a fool," he repeated to the girl, "a poor, blind fool. If you will only forgive me I'll very shortly on his shoulder, and then, with the prophetic rain pattering down outside, he slipped a ring on her finger, and they fell to talking of the something when there should be a little cottage with a bit of green and maybe a dog.

When the managing editor took up his paper the next morning he neglected to scan the weather report until he had read some strong editorials, which struck him as very excellent. He snuffed complacently at the forcible words and turned to the weather report.

His face grew very white. "Southerly winds," he read, "and fair weather forevermore."

Ancient Chinese Musical Instruments.

The ancient Chinese believed that music was of divine origin and that it was a gift from the gods to man. Ancient Chinese instruments are of very neat workmanship. There is a small violin called *u-chen*, which is made of dark wood, the neck covered with snakeskin. It is not ornamented with any carved or inlaid designs, but it is beautifully made, and the wood is polished very smooth. There are only two silver strings, tuned in fifths and played on by a bows-like bow.

Three stringed harps, also covered with snakeskin, has a long neck, the top of which, where the strings are fastened, being carved to represent a mouth. There is also a very ingenious mouth organ called *h-hun*. The body is made of wood, and in it are inserted seventeen pipes. The notes are made by stopping the holes in the pipes with the fingers.

The Chinese are very fond of drums, which they call *kon*. The oldest drums were of baked clay, with a skin head fastened on with nails instead of braided cords, which made it impossible to tune them as modern drums are tuned. The variations of tone were regulated only by the force of the blow.

Ingratitude.

A congressman from a northern state was complaining to a colleague of the political inactivity of a number of his constituents whom he had been incidental in placing in public office.

"There is no use talking," he said, "this civil service business is a humbug. I named four or five fellows for good jobs, and as soon as they got warm in their seats they snapped their fingers at me. They felt that they were protected by the civil service and made up their minds to lay down and get no work."

"That's nothing to a fellow that I had appointed," said the other man, who hailed from one of the western states. "He was worse than any of your fellows."

"Why, what did he do?" inquired the northerner.

"Do?" was the indignant reply. "Why, as soon as he got his place he joined the church, and now he is useless as far as our political organization is concerned."

The fifteen century pilgrim, Felix Fabri, gave the following quaint description of the camel.

"A camel has a small head and is without horns. It has big and terrible eyes and always seems a sorrowful and troubled animal. Its eyes are like fire beams, and big reflections shine in them, for whatever a camel looks at seems great and huge to it. Wherefore it seems to view everything with wonder and alarm. When, therefore, a man goes up to it the best begins to tremble, so that the man perceives that the best troubles because the man coming toward it seems to it to be four times larger than he really is. Had not God so ordered it this animal would not be so tame and orderly as it is. When it screams, being in trouble, it opens its mouth, shakes its head and raises up its long neck, wagging it and fro, so that a man who is not accustomed to it is disturbed and frightened."

Epitaph in Westminster Abbey.

It was formerly the custom at the funeral of a great man to dress up an effigy representing him while in life and then to carry it before his hearse to the grave. At the funeral it was set up in the church, sometimes under a temporary monument, to which a laudatory poem or an epitaph was affixed. The royal effigies in the abbey can be traced back to the fourteenth century, but the oldest original one is that of Charles II.—George F. Parker in *Century*.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

It Dates Daily From the Middle of the Last Century.

Some forms of spiritualism have had followers from remote antiquity. In the Levitical law we find the injunction, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and throughout Old Testament history there are frequent references to this subject, while demagogic pythones, sibyls, augurs and soothsayers have their places in the secular annals of mankind.

In its modern form spiritualism dates only from the forty-eighth year of the last century, when that the house of a farmer of Haylesville, in the state of New York, the spirit of a peddler who had been murdered there some five years previously was said to possess certain unaccountable rappings and disturbances in the room occupied by little daughters of the house.

An investigation by the neighborhood followed, and, to quote the words used by Farrar in his pamphlet on the subject, "It soon became evident that an organized attempt was being made to delude the credulous of the world to establish a method of communication with the dead."

The leading Paper of the Pacific Coast The San Francisco Chronicle The Weekly Chronicle The very best weekly Newspaper published in the entire West. \$1.50 a Year (including postage to any part of the United States, Canada and Mexico.)

It is best because, besides printing all the news of the world in an interesting way and fully illustrating many articles, it has special departments devoted to—

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE POULTRY LIVE STOCK MINING FISHING FASHIONS AND SPORTS

These are prepared over by editors having a thorough knowledge of their subjects. The pages devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, Poultry and Live Stock are well illustrated and filled with matter of the greatest interest to all engaged in these industries, every line being written by those who are in close touch with the conditions prevailing on the spot.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY. It will be sent free. Do you want the Chronicle? Reversible Map?

Showing the United States, Dominion of Canada and Mexico on one side, MAP OF THE WORLD, presenting to view in one continuous map, with all areas in true perspective, the entire surface of the Earth on the other side. Send \$2 and get the Map and "Weekly Chronicle" for one year, postage prepaid on Map and Paper.

The Daily and Map By mail, postage paid. Only \$8.75 a Year

Address M. H. & YOUNG, "San Francisco Chronicle," San Francisco, Cal. CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

From that time spiritualism spread rapidly, and by the year 1871 the number of its supporters was variously reckoned at from 8,000,000 to 11,000,000.

Light Reflection.

The Reason Why Foam Always Appears White in Color.

When water is violently agitated small bubbles of air are mixed up with it, and thus foam is formed, and its whiteness is due to the fact that when light passes from one medium to another of a different refractive index it is always reflected, and this reflection may be so often repeated as to render the mixture impervious to light.

It is, then, this frequency of the reflections of the limiting surfaces of air and water that renders foam opaque, and, as each particle reflects light in all directions, so much light is reflected that the mixture appears white.

To a similar cause is due the whiteness of transparent bodies when crushed to powder. The separate particles transmit light freely, but the reflections at their surfaces are so numerous that the resulting effect is white. When glass when applied is a white powder and is opaque, but when it is put under water it once more becomes transparent, because the water fills up the interstices between the particles, and the reflections are destroyed. Salt and snow are also common examples of this condition.

GLACIER MOTION.

The Movement is Like that of Pitch Upon a Plane.

The motion of glaciers has been scientifically defined as that of a viscous mass, partly sliding upon its bed, partly shearing upon itself under the influence of gravity. In other words, the motion resembles that of pitch poured upon a table, which spreads, and by the expansion of the bottom of the mass, but by the edges rolling over above the lower stratum, which is dragged by the table surface. It was proved against this that ice was

a brittle substance, but Tricoupeau was able to show that glaciers are made from a mass of ice possessing a different granular structure and that the cracks, by imparting a certain amount of motion to each other, as in water, gave the whole plasticity.

The rate of motion varies with local conditions but is sometimes extremely slow. Thus the "Hessli" glacier ejected, in 1885, from its end two skeletons, with fragments of clothing, and two medals, dated 1882.

Other high authorities attribute their motion to other natural forces, such as alternate expansion and contraction.

A Dance Cure.

Dr. Bishop of Valdivia, Chile, describes the hard work of the mining people, who carry 150 pounds of ore in bags strapped to their shoulders while they climb up hundreds of feet on ladders, often consisting only of notched trees. They toil without a recess from 6 a. m. to 4 p. m., and might seem to be in need of all the rest they can get, but before supper prefer to take the strain out of their muscles after a fashion of their own—viz., dancing vehemently to the sound of a fiddle for an hour or two or even longer if their lady friends happen to muster in force.—Health Culture.

National Numbers.

It is curious to watch on board a steamer how the men of different nationalities behave to a lady no longer who is traveling alone. The Frenchman is absolutely rude if he gets the chance; the German simply takes no notice; the Austrian is frightfully polite; the Englishman takes trouble to be kind if his lady is solicited; the American is kind from habit and without effort.—London Standard.

Fathers and Sons.

Descending on the changes in life and work brought about by time, a farmer said, "When you were young I used to think my father had a nuckle sense, but my sons look on myself as a born fool!"—"Reminiscences," by Sir Archibald Geikie.

Their Views of It.

He—Did you see the pious expression on her face when I told her she didn't look any older than her daughter? She—No; I was looking at the expression on her daughter's face.—Detroit Free Press.

Strange to Say.

In Asia and Africa, where grass will not grow, the most beautiful flowers and shrubs flourish to perfection.

Full of Himself.

"Hamm has got a job at last with a good stock company, I hear." "Yes, and he thinks he's the only thing."

"That so?" "Well, I should say. Why, whenever he hears anybody talking about a dramatic situation he thinks they mean him!"—Philadelphia Press.

A Precursor of a Cook.

Mr. Newbold: What! No cook stove in the house? I gave you money to buy one, Mrs. Newbold. Yes, my love, but I found I hadn't enough to buy a stove and hire a cook, too, so I let the stove go. But the cook is here, and she's a treasure. She has just gone out to get some crackers and cheese.—New York Weekly.

Had Heard of It Often.

Teacher—What do you know of Mesopotamia? Tommy (dubious at first, but becoming more confident as he proceeds) Mesopotamia is an animal that inhabits the rivers of Africa. You shoot 'em with big double barreled rifles.—Kansas City World.

Two Negatives.

Johnnie—Papa, do two negatives make an affirmative? Papa—That's the rule, Johnnie—Well, you said "No, no," when I asked you for a quarter this morning. When do I get it?

ITCHING ECZEMA

In July, 1883, I began to break out with Eczema on my head, legs and arms, and began treatment with local doctors, but did not get much relief. They said the disease had become chronic. I then got them and tried various ointments and soaps for another two years, but as soon as cold weather came I was as bad as ever, and I finally decided to let medicine alone and for twelve or thirteen years did nothing towards curing the Eczema, except bathing. This seemed to do about as much good as anything I had tried.

During the time I lost about one-half of my hair. I began S. S. S. doubtful of a cure, because the disease had run so long, but soon discovered your medicine was doing me good, and continued to take it. I used seven bottles, when I was completely cured, not having a single spot on my body, which before was almost completely covered.

F. C. NORFOLK, 1074 Hackberry St., Ottumwa, Ia.

Regulator Line.

PORTLAND-THE DALLES ROUTE.

Steamers: Bailey Gatzert Regulator Dalles City Metlako

Connecting at Lyle with the Columbia River and Northern Railway Company for

Wahkaleus, Dally, Centerville, Colidendale and all other Klaskanin valleys.

For further information of tickets, berth reservations, etc., call or write to Alder street wharf, Portland, Or. H. G. CAMPBELL, Manager.

Sugar-coated, easy to take, mild in action. They cure constipation, biliousness, sick-headache.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hutchins

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE GENTLE COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

900 Drops

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

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

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

DAIRY CLEANLINESS.

Some dairymen have educated themselves so long in dirty habits, with filthy stables and manure plastered cows, that they honestly do not know what the word "cleanly" means. It is a relative term with them, and we sometimes wonder if they would know a really clean, wholesome looking cow if they met her in the road. Would she have a cleanly significance to them? It is doubtful. Such men constantly excuse themselves for their filthy surroundings by saying they haven't time to do any better. No doubt they think that it is really profitable to them to be filthy; that they are saving money by it.

But it is always to be noticed with such farmers that they do not do any more work in the field than the most farmer. They are disorderly by nature and education. They are careless and slovenly with their farm machinery and make it unskillful in all their farm work. Disorder reigns outside of the stable and filth and disorder inside. The barnyard is knee deep in the spring, and manure. The cows are manure soaked, and uncomfortable and do not respond to their feed in milk because the man who owns them is absolutely ignorant of right ideas and methods.

Nowhere on earth do neat, cleanly and orderly ideas of doing work pay better than on a dairy farm. The men who follow clean ideas and methods make the most money out of their labor. The hired help are the most contented and willing, and heaven sent upon their farm, because "order is heaven's first law."

Short Weight Butter.

Because the pound prints of butter did not weigh sixteen ounces each a number of farmers had their entire stock confiscated by the market master on the Dubuque market a short time ago, says Daily and Creamery. Every pound of butter on the market offered for sale was weighed by the market master, and he found a number of tubs containing rolls of butter supposed to contain a pound which weighed only fourteen ounces. The standard weight is sixteen ounces to the pound. Many of the farmers who sold butter short weight are not aware that it is such. They told it in a wooden device supposed to hold one pound, but many of these "prints," as they are called, are not large enough, and consequently the weight is a few ounces below the standard.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

The largest sum ever paid for a prescription changed hands in San Francisco, August 30, 1901. The transfer involved in coin and stock \$112,500, and was paid by a party of business men for a specific for Bright's disease and diabetes, hitherto incurable diseases.

They commenced the serious investigation of the specific November 15, 1900. They interviewed scores of the cured and tried it out on its merits by putting over three dozen cases on the treatment and watching them. They also got physicians to name chronic, incurable cases, and administered it with the physicians for judges. Up to August 25th 87 per cent of the test cases were either well or progressing favorably.

There being but thirteen per cent of failures, the parties were satisfied and closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the clinical reports of the test cases were published and will be mailed free on application. Address John J. Fulton company, 409 Washington street, San Francisco, California.

SPANISH NAMES.

How They Came to Be So Freely Scattered Over California.

It was the custom of the old Spanish explorers to name places after the saint for whom was named the day on which they came there. In this manner a great number of mischievous and notorious Spanish names have been scattered over California, so that the names of a great number of places begin either with "San" or "Santa."

In some cases a subtle, as it were, has been added. For instance, we have San Luis Rey and San Luis Obispo (Saint Louis the King and Saint Louis the Bishop), also San Juan Capistrano. In the case of Los Angeles, it was named "Nuestra Señora de los Angeles" (Our Lady of the Angels). This name is altogether too bulky for frequent use, so the early officers shortened it to "Angels."

One curious name among the saints is that applied to a picturesque little settlement on the divide between the San Gabriel and Pomona valleys—San Dimas. San Dimas, he I know, was one of the two men who were crucified at either side of Jesus—the one who asked to be remembered by the Lord when he should enter into paradise. He is the patron saint of robbers. The way this name came to be given to the San Gabriel valley village was thus: In early days a gang of Mexican horse thieves had their "lair" in a canyon there, which was subsequently referred to as the "robbers' canyon" or the canyon of San Dimas. When the Santa Fe railroad came along and laid out the station there the name of the canyon was adopted; hence San