

Under the Cross

(Original.)

Ell Platt was having a hard time to make a living. He went from house to house selling any little article he could get a dealer to trust him with, and his life was passed principally in looking in at doors which were slammed in his face. One day, receiving no answer to his ring at a handsome residence, he tried the knob, opened the door and walked in. Hearing no sound, he reconnoitered as far as the second story, from a back window of which he saw a woman in the yard hanging up clothes. The premises had evidently been left in care. Pulling open a bureau drawer, he saw a box and, opening the box, a small fortune in jewels.

The human mind is capable of great deliberation in a very small space of time. Ell Platt's certainly was. He had never stolen or robbed. Indeed, he had calculated the chances of such methods and knew they were decidedly against dishonesty. The goods were usually recovered, and the thief went to state prison. Platt concluded to take the jewels, hide them, suffer the consequences of the theft and when a free man again recover the treasure and take a good long comfortable rest. He decided and acted deliberately, not on the usual impulse of a thief.

That night he took the jewels to a block on which the only building was a brick junkshop. Somebody had once taught him to find the north star by the pointer stars, so he took thirty steps from the northwest corner of the junkshop toward the north star, stopped and, with a rusty shovel he found outside the junkshop, dug a hole and buried his treasure.

He had been seen coming away with the jewels and when they were missed, was arrested, identified and sent to the penitentiary. Seven years later Ell Platt, just discharged, amnisted by the block which he had buried the jewels. A number of buildings had been erected; but, fortunately for Ell, he recognized the junkshop, though it was now used for a feed store. He looked toward the spot where he had buried his treasure and saw that it was covered by the rear end of a hayrack. The roof of the end was rounded up to a point, on which was a cross.

If his mind was capable of deliberation, it was also capable of calling up pictures. As he looked at the cross he saw an old woman kneeling at an altar. She was his mother. Then he saw himself toddling along by her side to church, later his confirmation. And now the treasure he had taken from another and had suffered seven long years to possess was sheltered by a sacred temple guarded by the holy emblem of the cross.

Life, like the world, is of two hemispheres. To pass from one earthly hemisphere to another may require weeks, perhaps months. A passage from one spiritual hemisphere to another may be accomplished in a fraction of a second. As Ell looked up at what as a child he had been taught to reverence it occurred to him that it had been placed over his treasure that no hand should profane it. For what purpose? To save his soul. By whom? She who had long passed to her heavenly home—his mother.

In a twinkling he was changed. In a twinkling that which in prison he had looked forward to longingly, came the days between him and his possession had become only a means by which he might be rescued from evil.

Going to the front of the chapel, he found the doors open and entered. There was the stillness of a house of worship when no voices were heard. Several pews were kneeling before the altar. He went forward and dropped on his knees.

Long he stayed immovable, his head bowed upon his breast. He was thinking of the old woman who took him to church when he was a little boy—how doubtless, she had waited while he was in prison for the moment when she had interested for him and how in the inscrutable ways of the heavenly hosts all this had been brought about.

Beside the altar was a booth shrouded by a curtain in which a priest was hearing confession. When the confessor came out Ell Platt entered and told the priest the story of his theft, his capture for it, his final penitence and where he had buried his treasure.

The next day the priest conducted the chief of police and a party of workmen to the altar of the chapel. Digging up the cement floor, they dug in the earth, and a few feet under the surface directly beneath the cross they found a box of jewels. They were sent to their rightful owners.

A few days after their return the priest sent for Ell Platt and told him that a lady who had been the possessor of what he had stolen had been so pleased at getting her property again that she had sent him a present of \$500. Ell declined to touch a cent of it. "It all belongs to me, not as a thing to be converted into money, but as a key by which my better nature has been unlocked. It was lent for me by my old mother in heaven, who put this cross and the cross over it that I might find it to work a miracle on my return."

Her Way. Kathryn—Miss Nourix puts on a great many airs, does she not? Grace—Airs! Why, she just piles cyclones on top of hurricanes.—Chicago News.

Economy. A Chicago medical tells of two physicians in a Wisconsin town, the one elderly, with a long record of cures, the other young, with his record still to make. The older doctor, it appears, was inclined to surrender some of his night work to the younger man. One bitter night in winter the veteran was aroused by two farmers from a hamlet eight miles away, the wife of one of whom was seriously ill. The doctor at once referred them to his young colleague, but they refused the latter's services.

"Very well," replied the doctor, thinking to put a convincing argument before them. "In that case my fee is \$10, payable now." Whereupon there ensued a remonstrance on the part of the farmers, but the doctor was obstinate. Finally one of the men asked the other: "Well, what do you think I ought to do?" "I think you'd better pay him the \$10," said the other. "The funeral would cost you more."—Harper's Weekly.

Chance Meeting of Two Men on a Street Corner. "I beg your pardon," said the man in the plaid suit, "but isn't your name Nelson?"

Humor NOTHING SERIOUS.

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"Yes, sir," answered the other, a spare, elderly, gray haired man, with a black mustache, whom he had accosted at a street corner. "Flavius J. Nelson?" "Yes, sir." "Used to live in Mendota about forty-seven years ago?" "Yes, sir." "Your father had a team of ponies he called Duke and Diamond. Is that right?" "Yes, sir." "Well, well! You've changed some, of course, in all that time, but I thought I couldn't be mistaken. I wonder if I've passed entirely out of your recollection. Do you remember a barefoot boy with a wart on his nose that lived across the street from your house?" "Why, I can't exactly say I recall—" "Had a stump tall dot that was always following him around?" "It seems to remember the dot, but—" "Used to go out handcutting with you every fall. Slipped into old Smith's orchard once, and he chased us out with a shotgun. Didn't stop running till we got home."

"I recollect old Smith and his orchard, but that's all." "Remember Maggie Johnson and how we had a fight over her once because she rode home on my sled instead of yours?" "I remember Maggie, but I've forgotten all about the fight." "Well, you'll remember my name, anyhow—Jimmy Larkin?" "Larkin?" "No, Larkin—Jimmy Larkin. Why, man alive!" "Any relation to the Larkins that used to drive a dray around town?" "I never heard of any Larkins that used to drive a dray around town. I'm talking about the Larkin family that lived right across the street from you in Mendota forty-seven."

"Mendota? I thought you said Aurora." "Oh, you did, did you? Then how about the stump tall dog you seem to remember? How about Maggie Johnson and old Smith? How about your name being Flavius J. Nelson? Now that I look at you closer I see I made a mistake. Your name is probably Montgomery Murgatroyd or Pete McGinnis, and you're having a little fun with a stranger. If ever I meet the real Flavius Josephus Nelson I'll apologize to him for thinking he could ever have grown to look like the lean, withered up, goggles-eyed, dyed mustached, razor faced, snail nosed old piggrille I mistook for him. No harm done, sir. So long."—Chicago Tribune.

Rewards of Virtue. "The persistency with which children see some other moral in a fable than the one it is intended they shall see is often distressing," says the principal of an institution for the young in Washington. "A kindergarten teacher had recited to the pupils the story of the wolf and the lamb and had followed it up with the remark: "And now, you see, Tommy, that the lamb would not have been eaten by the wolf if he had been good and sensible."

"Yes, I understand," responded the youngster gravely. "If the lamb had been good and sensible we should have had him to eat!"—Harper's Weekly.

Caught the Fever. "He was knocked down by a motor car, you know. Got \$2,500 damages from the fellow." "The ideal! I wonder what he'll do with the money?" "Oh, he's spent it. Bought the fellow's car with it."—Philadelphia Press.

Knew Him. "Galbraith's new stenographer is a fine one, but she'll never do for him." "Why, isn't she quick enough?" "Yes, but her hair is black and his wife's is yellow."—Judge.

Marguerite Up to Date. Mr. Henpeck (as his hair grows thinner)—She loves me—she loves me not! She loves me—she loves me not!—London Opinion.

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CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Preaching hours at 11 and 8. S. E. CHURCH. Preaching Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 9:45. Epworth League at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.—M. P. Dixon, pastor.

BAPTIST CHURCH. Preaching Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 10. R. Y. P. U. at 6:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.—F. H. Baughman, pastor.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH. Preaching Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 10. Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.—D. J. Becker, 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. A. C. Corbin, pastor.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH. Preaching Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 10. Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.—N. W. Sager, pastor.

Meeting at Buena. The next school officers, teachers and parents meeting will be held at Buena Vista next Saturday. This is what is designated as the Buena Vista section and comprises the districts of Independence, Highland, Saver, Parker, American Bottom and Buena Vista. The subjects to be discussed will be the same as those taken up at other meetings, it being the idea that every section in the county discuss them before branching out on other subjects. C. L. Hawley will talk on Elementary Agriculture. G. A. Wells will take up the subject of Some Conditions in our Public Schools that Should be Improved. Mrs. A. Anderson will lead the discussions of our Public Schools from a Mother's Point of View. The school children will furnish an interesting program to entertain the discussions, and the ladies of Buena Vista will furnish an appetizing lunch at the noon hour. Hon. B. P. Jones, of Independence, will act as chairman of the meeting.

MARKET REPORT. REPORTED WEEKLY BY U. S. LOUGHARY. Wheat, a bushel, \$1. Bran, a ton, \$25.00. Shorts, a ton, \$20.00. Oats, a bushel, 45 cents. Flour, a barrel, \$4.75. Flour, a sack, \$1.25. Corn meal, \$2.50 a cwt. Potatoes, a bushel, 40 cents. Butter, a pound, 30 cents. Lard, a pound, 12 1/2 cents. Bacon, a pound, 12 1/2 cents. Hams, a pound, 15 cents. Shoulders, a pound, 12 1/2 cents. Eggs, a dozen, 25 cents. Chickens, a dozen, \$3 @ 85. Dried fruit, a pound, 6 @ 15 cents. Beans, a pound, 5 @ 8 cents. Turnips, a pound, 2 cents. Cabbage, a pound, 2 cents. Onions, a pound, 4 cents. Corn meal, a pound, 3 cents. Hay, a ton, \$10 @ 15.

I have some houses to rent. Reasonable. L. D. Brown. Mr. Elliott, foreman of our job department, recently from Philadelphia, got out his skates Sunday, thinking he had found some ice strong enough. He was disappointed, as we usually are in Oregon, and got a ducking.

Neglected Cold Threatens Life. From the Chicago Tribune. "Don't trifle with a cold" is good advice for prudent men and women. It may be vital in the case of a child. Proper food, good ventilation and dry warm clothing are the proper safeguards against colds. If they are maintained through the changeable weather of autumn, winter and spring, the chances of a surprise from ordinary colds will be slight. But the ordinary light cold will become severe if neglected, and a well established rippled cold is to the germ of diphtheria what honey is to the bee. The greatest menace to child life at this season of the year is the neglected cold. Whether it is a child or adult, the cold slight or severe, the very best treatment that can be adopted is to give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is safe and sure. The great popularity and immense sale of this preparation has been attained by its remarkable cures of this ailment. A cold never results in pneumonia when it is given. For sale by Belt & Cherrington.

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PRIZE JERSEYS AT McCoy. FAIR EXCHANGE. Mr. A. F. Domes, Says the Homestead, has Fine Herd. A New Back for an Old One—How it can be Done in Dallas.

The two cows shown in the pictures elsewhere in this week's Homestead are the property of A. F. Domes, who resides near McCoy, Oregon. They are registered Jerseys. The cow, Land-seer's Pacific Pearl, was 2 years old the latter part of August, 1907, and freshened about that time. An individual record of her was kept during October, November, and December, and during that time she gave 158 pounds of butter fat. All the milk was weighed and made a total of 240 pounds for the three months. The writer recently saw her milked for two milkings, giving 13 and 12 1/2 pounds with an average test of 6.7 per cent. The other picture shows her dam, Pacific Pearl, with a record of 18 pounds 7 ounces butter in seven days. Mr. Domes owns four full sisters to Land-seer's Pacific Pearl. The entire herd, consisting of thirty four registered Jerseys and some grades, are under the supervision of Mr. Domes' 18-year-old son, Walter, who gives the cattle the attention they deserve. They are fed all the clover hay they will eat, a maximum of ten pounds of grain—part ground oats and part bran—with about one pound per cow of oil meal. They are housed in well-bedded stalls and fastened by patent swinging stanchions. Walter sees to it that they get a currying every day and are not left out in the cold with his work and attends to the cattle because he likes it, rather than because it is his duty, and sees more to a cow than simply an animal with a leg on each corner. They secured their herd from Atkinson Bros. of Newberg, Oregon, but have a young one recently imported from New York that they will use.

That Single Tax. We are requested by the Oregon Tax Reform Association to give space to the proposed amendment which they have proposed to bring before the people at the next election. The amendment is as follows: "Excepting that all dwelling houses, barns, sheds, outhouses, and all other appurtenances thereto, all machinery and buildings used exclusively for manufacturing purposes, and the appurtenances thereto, all fences, farm machinery and appliances used as such, all fruit trees, vines, shrubs and all other improvements on farms, all live stock, all household furniture in use, and all tools owned by workmen and in use, shall be exempt from taxation." To the query—How will it work? Well informed men on taxation say the answer is found in such countries as the Northwestern Provinces of Canada, South Australia, where our Australian ballot system came from, and New Zealand; countries where the population and capital seek the land and where there are not taxes for building and maintaining a home.

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