

By Advice of a Lawyer.

The circus and menagerie of Jones & Jones was coming that way. The greater part of its management consisted of the elephant Abdul, and Abdul had become old and irritable and no longer saw things with the freshness of other days.

The season had not been a profitable one for Jones & Jones. They had had to offer 50 cents on the dollar to their creditors at the last three stands, and when the exhibition at Clementsville was over they could not pay certain farmers for oats, hay and straw.

"Your claim is good, and all we have to do is to attach something," was the lawyer's announcement. "As the elephant is the biggest and most valuable thing they have, we will attach him. The circus must have him. It won't move on without him. Your case will be settled within an hour after we attach him."

The elephant was attached. There was a lank and discolored looking cassowary with the show, but he was passed by. There was a lonely and dejected dromedary, with its lonely and dejected hump, but that attachment was not for him. Abdul was the victim and was duly attached.

The constable saw the farmer creditor, and arrangements were made to take Abdul out to the farm. He figured that he was going to get a soft thing, and, much to the astonishment of the circus folk, he went along in a contented manner and finally brought up in the farmer's barn. Then the real history of the case began. Jones & Jones left town with smiles on their faces. That meant that the suit would have to be adjourned when called. That meant that it would be ultimately decided in the farmer's favor and that he would find himself with an elephant on his hands. He found that out even within the first hour.

Abdul wanted from three to five barrels of water to wet his throat. It took an hour to bring it from the house. Then he wanted a quarter of a ton of the best hay to eat and the same amount to toy with as he stood up to meditate and feel sorry for those elephants that were still knocking around the country. Night had not yet come when he took a fancy to a certain beam in the barn and wrapped his trunk around it and pulled it from its place and used it for a baseball bat. Then he tore out the manger and used the silvers for toothpicks and went to bed happy. The farmer consulted the lawyer again, and the lawyer was primed with information. It had been making elephants a stutz for the last four hours.

"Yes, all the cost of Abdul's keep and all the damage he did while in the hands of the law would be assessed on Jones & Jones when the case was decided against them, as it surely must be. Just go right back home and give that elephant whatever he wanted and it would be all right."

Abdul had been chained on the open floor of the barn. On the second day of his stay he broke his chains and pulled a ton of hay from the mow and walked over it until it was hardly fit to bed the hogs with.

He wanted a small drink, and when the farmer cut him off with five barrels of water he trumpeted until he scared farmers for two miles around and then broke up the fanning mill, the corn sheller and some stray boards and beams. The lawyer was notified, and he came riding out to the farm on a bike to say:

"Very irregular and improper on the part of Abdul, but of course Jones & Jones will settle. They must settle. They must have him with their show." On the third day Abdul demanded seven barrels of water, half a ton of hay and most of the pumpkins growing on the farm and then broke down the doors and piled the fragments in a neat heap and set out on a voyage of discovery. He discovered the smokehouse and chicken coop and Garry house and upset them. He discovered the family well and yanked the pump out by the roots and threw it over the house. He discovered the house itself and smashed all the windows and doors. Then he passed into the orchard and pulled up twenty-one big apple trees to show that he was no bluff. He had leveled forty rods of fence and torn down a wagon shed and tossed a reaper and mower sky high when he decided to seek the shade of the cool forest. On his way there he entered a mud hole to take a bath and met his fate by drowning.

The lawyer came out and said that Abdul's proceedings could be legally criticized, but that there was no question as to how the suit would go. There wasn't. Jones & Jones came back and won it and made the county pay them \$7,000 for the loss of their elephant while in the hands of a duly elected constable. And then Jones & Jones, the clown, the bareback riders, the tight rope walker and other circus people smiled and winked at each other, and Lawyer Taylor went back to his office and realized that he had had his chance and was not equal to the occasion.

In Washington, "I made a glaring error today," sighed the cabinet lady. "How's that?" inquired the departmental lady. "I glared at a woman I should have ignored completely."—Louisville Courier Journal.

An inspiration. Mrs. Knicker-Henry, why did you leave your shoes on the stairs last night? Knicker (dazed, but inspired)—English custom, m'clear. Left 'em to be blacked.—Puck.

An Advantage of Fastidious Smoking.

(Original.) I was traveling in France in a railway train shut up in a compartment with but one person besides myself, a woman. I am an inveterate smoker, and it occurred to me that perhaps the lady would not object to my lighting a cigar. I asked her permission, she assented graciously, and, taking one from my cigar case, I lighted it. It was a long cigar, pointed at both ends, and remarkably well made. I mention this because if it had been loose wrapped probably there would be nothing of especial interest in this story. As I began to puff composedly I drew from my pocket a morning paper and commenced to read.

"I envy you your solace, monsieur," the lady remarked. "Traveling is dull, and we women have no such way of passing the time." I lowered my paper and for the first time took a look at her. She was passably good looking, comparatively young and very well dressed. Since she had been so good as to permit me to smoke I considered it only fair that I should take her hint and relieve her ennui by chatting with her. I was aware that in the way of making acquaintances in this day even in America had passed, and even there it had never been usual for the woman to take the initiative, but my companion looked bored, and I attributed her desire simply to be temporarily amused.

I tested her on different topics and soon found that she was most interested in pleasures—exciting pleasures, such as the theater and the race course. She preferred, however, to talk of novels and evinced an especial interest in those of Emile Zola. Indeed, she conversed about the characters in those unconventional romances with a freedom that arrested my attention. And it seemed to me that the more unconventional the characters the better she liked them. Finally, taking the latest of Zola's stories published from her traveling bag, she opened it at a certain page and asked me to sit beside her and read a passage, giving as an excuse for not doing so herself that she was a very poor reader.

"Pardon me," I said. "I am smoking. The fumes would be unpleasant to you." "Not at all. I love them." "But," I protested, "you see that the ash on my cigar is very long. If I should move it would fall. Now, I am fastidious about my smoking. I love a freshly lighted cigar, and so long as the ash remains in its place the cigar seems as it was at the first touch of the match. Indeed, it tastes the same. But once knock off the ash and the cigar is but a stump, the smoke gets in my eyes and—well, it is not the same by any means."

To tell the truth, this was but an excuse. I had come to suspect the lady to be an adventuress and did not look with complacency upon being shut up alone with her. She seemed to discern from my refusal to sit by her that I had my suspicions and, instead of at tempting to allay them, began to work upon my fears.

"A man who scorns a lady's advances should be made to pay for his rudeness," she said sharply. I considered this a threat, and to display an unconcern I did not feel it necessary to mention in any way that nothing else for me to do. I felt sure that the woman would spring a trap on me for the purpose of extorting blackmail, and I saw before me a serious complication, a possible arrest and imprisonment. But the more inward trepidation I felt the more outward coolness I showed. I concentrated my attention upon maintaining the ash on the end of my cigar. Every time I removed the cigar from between my lips and put it back I did so with the utmost care. Presently the woman took out her watch and looked at it.

"We will reach the station at N. in five minutes," she said. "I need 500 francs. Choose between giving them to me or an arrest on a charge of assault when the train stops." Had she been willing to settle for a napoleon I would not have yielded. I consider it demeriting in any man to pay blackmail. It may or may not be common sense, but I do not believe in making a beginning in that direction. I gave the woman no reply, but continued to appear interested in keeping the ash on the end of my cigar.

Finally the houses by the way grew thicker, and the train slowed down. "I'll settle for 1,000 francs," said the woman. "In one minute more my price will be 1,500." At the same time she began to pull her apparel away to indicate that she had been through a struggle. I smoked on.

In another minute the train pulled up at the station. The woman put her head out of the window and shrieked for the guard. He came, followed by officials and curious people, and drew open the door.

"This brute has assaulted me," said the woman. "Arrest him." The guard and his followers all leveled their eyes at me. Taking what little remained of my cigar from my mouth, I extended it slowly toward the crowd on the platform.

"Could a man," I said, "interfere with any one and keep an ash like that on the end of a cigar?" As I spoke the woman, upon whom flashed the reverse of the situation she had planned, brushed against me, slightly sinking me. The ash fell on the car floor.

There was a shout of derisive laughter at the woman, whose position was made the more absurd by the condition of her clothing. Her experiment cost her a term in prison. NELSON MAXWELL.

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WHY IT SUCCEEDS. Because it's for One Thing Only.—People Appreciate This.

Doing one thing well brings success. Doan's Kidney Pills do one thing only. They cure backache, every kidney ailment. James N. Ayre, living at Fifth St., McMinnville, Ore., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills proved of great value to me. I procured a great deal and used many remedies but was unable to obtain relief from the pain through her back accompanied by a weakness of the kidneys. When she was in the morning she felt tired and worn out and it was all she could do to get around. She also suffered from dizzy spells and her eyesight was affected. At last my attention was called to Doan's Kidney Pills. I procured a box for her and she began using them. In a short time she was cured and has not had a sign of the trouble since."

Corvallis & Eastern Railroad

TIME TABLE No. 35. Trains from and to Yaqina. No. 1. Leaves Yaqina 6:40 a. m. Arrives at Corvallis 11:15 a. m. Arrives at Albany 12:15 p. m. No. 2. Leaves Albany 12:50 p. m. Leaves Corvallis 1:45 p. m. Arrives at Yaqina 6:15 p. m. Trains to and from Detroit. No. 3. Leaves Albany 7:30 a. m. Arrives at Detroit 12:30 p. m. No. 4. Leaves Detroit 1:30 p. m. Arrives at Albany 8:55 p. m. Trains for Corvallis. No. 5. Leaves Albany 7:35 p. m. Arrives at Corvallis 8:25 a. m. No. 6. Leaves Albany 2:30 p. m. Arrives at Corvallis 3:35 p. m. No. 7. Leaves Albany 7:35 p. m. Arrives at Corvallis 8:25 a. m. No. 8. Leaves Albany 12:50 p. m. Arrives at Corvallis 1:45 p. m. Trains for Albany. No. 9. Leaves Corvallis 6:20 a. m. Arrives at Albany 7:10 a. m. No. 10. Leaves Corvallis 12:45 p. m. Arrives at Albany 1:30 p. m. No. 11. Leaves Corvallis 11:30 a. m. Arrives at Albany 12:15 a. m. All of the above trains connect with southern Pacific trains both at Albany and Corvallis, as well as trains for Detroit, giving direct service to New York and New York Harbor. For further information apply to G. E. F. NEVINS, Gen. Pass. Agent, Albany, Oregon, or H. H. LING, Agent, Corvallis.

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THE LIST STILL GROWS

DEMOCRATS LEAD IN THE REGISTRATION THIS WEEK.

ELECTIONS OF 1908. Registration opens January 6. Closes for primaries, April 7. Primary elections, April 17. Registration reopens, April 21. Closes for election, May 15. General election, June 1. Registration reopens, September 20. Closes for election, October 22. Presidential election, November 3.

Table listing candidates for various offices in 1908, including Douglas, Salt Lake, Eola, Rickreall, S. Indep, S. Monmouth, B.V., S. Dallas, N. Indep, N. Dallas, N. Mon, Republican, Democrat, Socialist, Prohibitionist, and Independent.

HELP WANTED. The Standard Fashion Company wants a few ladies in this community to collect renewals and new subscriptions for "The Designer," the biggest value at 50 cents a year among all women's magazines. Valuable silverware premiums can be selected, or large cash commissions will be paid to club-leaders. Working outfits and many aids will be given to those ladies who can actively take care of "The Designer's" interests. The territory will be restricted, so write at once using this coupon.

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ELECTRICITY FOR LIGHTING IS ONLY EXPENSIVE TO PEOPLE WHO ARE WASTEFUL AND CARELESS. TO YOU, WHO ARE NATURALLY CAREFUL, IT DOES NOT COME HIGH. It is economical because it can be quickly turned off when not needed. With gas or kerosene there is the temptation to let light burn, when not needed, to save bother of lighting and adjusting. In some homes the electric light bill amounts to only about \$2 per month. You can probably get some kind of artificial light for less money than electric light, but does it save you anything when it limits opportunities for work and recreation, ruins your eyesight, smokes your walls, mars decorations and increases household work. You can probably save a dollar tomorrow by going without your meals, but it wouldn't be economy. It is not so much what you save, but how you save, that counts. We are always ready to explain the "ins and outs" of the lighting proposition to you. Call on us or phone to us. We are never too busy to talk business. Willamette Valley Co. E. W. KEARNES, Manager. Office on Mill street, just north of the court house Dallas, Oregon. Phones: Bell, 421, Mutual, 1297.