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(1w-7-15 to 9-9)

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Portland, Oregon, July 14,1914.

Notice is hereby given that Mary Shirley, whose postoffice address is 1241 E. Main St., Portland, Oregon, did, on the 11th day of September, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 03912, to purchase the Lots 2, 3 and 4, Section 30, Township 9 South, Range 8 West Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878 and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, the the timber estimated at 530,000 board feet at 50 cents per M, and 120,000 board feet at 25 cents per M, and the land at $120.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 6th day of October, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Portland, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

Register.
H. F. HIGBY.

Now is the time to have your hop checks printed. Leave your order at the Itemizer office.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Polk.

Mary L. Simonton, George Lafayette Baskett, Edith F. Reynolds, Eithel E Headrick, J. P. Frizzell, Curtis P. Cross and Veda M. Cross, plaintiffs. vs. George T. Boothby, William W. Boothby, Jane C McFarland, Mary E. Gwin, Permelia A. Bradley, Reason T. Boothby, Mary C. Ream, Caroline C. Edwards, Fannie E. Hill, T. Edgar Dennis, Margaret F. Boone, Max Haley, Arthur J. Haley, Adrio C. Haley, Eldon M Haley, Mrs. S. J. Donaldson, Frank Haley, Nettie Louisa Jasper-McGuire, Maud Lois Jasper-Jones, Thomas H. Jasper, George C. Jasper, Harry W Boothby and Guy Boothby, also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest n the real estate described in the complaint herein, defendants.

To Mary C Ream, Caroline C. Edwards, Fannie E. Hill, T. Edgar Dennis, Margaret F. Boone, Max Haley, Mrs. S. J. Donaldson, Nettie Louisa Jasper-McGuire, Maud Lois Jasper-Jones, Thomas H. Jasper and George C. Jasper, Harry W. Boothby and Guy Boothby and all above named defendants:

In the name of the Sate of Oregon, you and each of you are required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to so appear and answer the said complaint, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in said complaint, to-wit: for a decree against you and each of you, that you have no interest or estate in, of or to the following described premises, to-wit: The Wst half of the Southeast quarter of the Northeast quarter of Section ten (10) in Township seven (7) South of Range four (4) West of the Willamette Meridian, and containing 20 acres, more or less, all situated in Polk County, Oregon; that the plaintiffs are the owners in fee simple, as tenants in common of such premises, and their title be forever quieted; that each of you be forever perpetually barred and enjoined from hereafter asserting any claim, interest or estate in, of or to said premises or any part thereof adverse to the said estate of the plaintiffs; and you will also take notice that this summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Polk County Itemizer, a weekly newspaper published at Dallas, Polk County, Oregon, for six weeks, pursuant to an order of the Hon. J. B. Teal, County Judge of Polk County, Oregon, made at Chambers, at Dallas, Polk County, Oregon, on the 30th day of July, 1914; and that the date of the first publication of this summons is the 6th day of August 1914, and the date of the last publication thereof will be on the 17th day of September, 1914.

JOHN BAYNE,
Attorney for Plaintiffs.

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The object is to get just as many positive cures to their credit as they can in the shortest possible time, and it will be expected of all patients taking advantage of this offer to state to their friends the results obtained by their system of treatment. They treat ALL KINDS OF CHRONIC DISEASES AND DEFORMITIES.

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The new discovery of absorbing medicine by electricity in paralysis, loss of manly vigor, rheumatism and all diseases of the nervous system, including EPILEPSY, is a God-send to suffering humanity. Medical and scientific men stand amazed at the marvelous cures that are being effected wherever this system is being introduced. Thousands who have given up all hopes of ever being cured now have an opportunity of a lifetime to consult skilled specialists of National reputation. Remember their knowledge of medicine combined with electricity gives them control of diseases that others do not possess. If you have WEAK EYES, come and see the great OCULIST. He, with his remarkable discovery, cures all those afflicted with failing eyesight, cataracts or functional blindness. The blind made to see by their entirely new methods. No experiments. Come and test it for yourself. Eyes expertly tested and treated. ALL THIS IS FREE OF CHARGE.

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Radio activity treatments drive gloom from your brain and vitalize every nerve in your body.

Radio activity treatments are real nerve vitalizers—they thrill the brain and body with real strength and vitality, making old folks young again. They renew ambition and courage when in just days gone along, and clear the dull, muddled brains and body. When your thoughts come hard, your muscles and nerves go weak, and you feel as if you were losing your grip, Radio treatments renew your nerve force and bring back your vigor and vim.

The joy of perfect digestion, perfect circulation, perfect health. Every nerve and every fiber of your whole body awakens through this wonderful Radio Therapy. Feel the exhilirating thrill of youth—make every muscle and function in your body fairly teem and tingle with new Force and Energy. Trembling, nervous prostration and that tired feeling vanish after a treatment of Radio Therapy.

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Hundreds of years ago Galileo claimed that the world was round and revolved. A billion called him a maniac. Near the middle of the last century Morse said that it would be possible to send messages over a wire by means of electricity. A billion called him a fraud. Bell, in our own time said that soon the sound of the human voice could be transmitted from New York to San Francisco, and Bell was branded a dreamer. Marconi's prediction that a telegraphic message could be flashed over the trackless miles of sea separating Japan from San Francisco without wires was hailed as the joke of the century. Those who talked years ago of automobiles and cable roads and electric tractions were smiled at.

Who was right and sane, the billion or the one man?

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TELL YOUR FRIENDS
REMEMBER THE DATES
SEPT. 4 AND 5

"THE VALIANTS OF VIRGINIA"

BY HALLIE ERMINE RIVES.

Copyright, 1912, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

(Continued from last week.)

THE GARDENERS.

He saw them coming through the gate on the red road—the major and Shirley in a lilac muslin by his side—and strode to meet them. Behind them Ranston propelled a hand-cert filled with paper bundles from each of which protruded a bunch of flowering stems. There was a flush in Shirley's cheek as her hand lay in Valiant's. As for him, his eyes, like wilful drunkards, returned again and again, between the Major's compliments, to her face.

"You have accomplished wonders, sah! I had no idea so much could be done in such a limited time. We are leisurely down here, and seldom do today what can be put off till to-morrow. Real Northern hustle, eh, Shirley? You have certainly primped the old place up. I could almost think I was looking at Damory Court in the sixties, sah!"

"That's quite the nicest thing you could have said, Major," responded Valiant. "But it needs the flowers." He looked at Shirley with sparkling eyes. "How splendid of you to bring them! I feel like a robber."

"With our bushels of them? We shall never miss them at all. Have you set out the others?"

"I have indeed. Every one has rooted, too. You shall see them." He led the way up the drive till they stood before the porch.

"Gad!" chuckled the major. "Who would think it had been unoccupied for three decades? At this rate, you will soon be giving dances, sah."

"Ah," said Valiant. "That's the very thing I want to suggest. The tournament comes off next week, I understand, and it's been the custom to have a ball that night. The tourney ground is on this estate, and Damory Court is handier than the Country Club. Why wouldn't it be appropriate to hold the dance here? The ground-floor rooms are in order, and if the young people would put up with it, it would be a great pleasure to me, I assure you.

"Oh!" breathed Shirley. "That would be too wonderful!"

The major seized his hand and shook it heartily. "I can answer for the committee," he said. "They'll jump at it. Why, sah, the new generation has never set eyes inside the house. It's a golden legend to them."

"Then I'll go ahead with arrangements."

Shirley's eyes were overrunning the cropped lawn, which now showed a clear smooth slope between the arching trees. "It was lovely in its ruin," she said, "but it was pathetic too. Unc' Jefferson used to say, 'De ol' place look lak et ben griebin' itse'f ter deff wid lonesomeness.' Somehow, now it looks glad. Just hear that small citizen!"

A red squirrell sat in a tree-crotch his paws tucked into his furry breast barking angrily at them. "He's shocked at the house-cleaning," she said; "a sign he's a bachelor."

"So am I," said Valiant.

"Maybe he's older than you," she countered; "and sot in his ways."

"I accept him as a warning," he said, and she laughed with him.

He led them around the house and down the terraces of the garden, and here the major's encomiums broke forth again. "You are going to take us old folks back, sah," he said with real feeling. "This gyarden in its original lines was unique. It had a piquancy and a picturesqueness that, thank God, are to be restored! One can understand the owner of an estate like this having no desire to spend his life philandering abroad. We all hope, sah, that you will recur to the habit of your ancestors, and count Damory Court home."

Valiant smiled slowly. "I don't dream of anything else," he said. "My life, as I map it out see,ms to begin here. The rest doesn't count—only the years when I was little and had my father."

The major carefully adjusted his eye-glasses. His head was turned away. "Ah yes," he said.

"The last twenty years," continued the other, "from my present viewpoint, are valuable mainly for contrast."

"As a consistent regimen of pate de fole gras," said Shirley, quizzically, "makes one value bread and butter."

He shook his head at her. "As starvation makes one appreciate plenty. The next twenty years are to be here. But they hold side-trips, too. Now and then there's a jaunt back to the city."

"Contrast again?" she asked, interestedly.

"Yes and no. Yes, because no one who has ever known that blazing blanging life can really understand the peace and blessedness of a place like this. No, because there are some things which are to be found only there. There are the galleries and the opera. I need a breath of them both."

"You're right," nodded the major. "Birds are birds and Melba is Melba. But a sward like this in the early morning, with the dew on the grass, is the best opera for a steady diet."

"I called them only side-trips," said John Valiant.

"And semi-occasional longer flights, too," the major reflected. "A look-see abroad once in a blue moon. Why not?"

"Yes. For mental photographs—impressions one can't get from between book-covers. There's an old cloister garden I know in Italy and a particular river bank in Japan in the cherry blossom season, and a tiny island with a Greek castle on it in the Ægean. Little colored memories for me to bring away to dream over. But always I come back here to Damory Court. For this is—home!"

They walked beneath the pergola to the lake, where Shirley gave a cry of delight at sight of its feathered population. "Where did you get them from?" she asked.

"Washington in crates."

"That explains it," she exclaimed. "One day last week the little darkies in the village all insisted a circus was coming. They must have seen these being haulded from the station. They watched the whole afternoon for the elephants."

"Poor youngsters!" he said. "It's a shame to fool them. But I've had all the circus I want getting the live stock installed."

"They won't suffer," said the major "Rickey Snyder will get them up a three-ringed show at the drop of a hat and drop it herself. Besides there's tournament day coming, and they can live on that. I see you've dredged out some of the lillies."

"Yes. I take my dip here every morning."

"We used to have a diving-board when we were little shavers," pursued the major. "I remember once, your father—"

He cleared his throat and stopped dead.

"Please," said John Valiant, "I—I like to hear about him."

"It was only that I struck my head on a rock on the bottom and—stayed down. The others were frightened, again till he brought me out. It was a narrow squeak, I reckon."

A silence fell. Looking at the tall muscular form beside her, Shirley had a sudden vision of a determined little body cleaving the dark water, over and over, now rising, panting for breath, now plunging again, never giving up. And she told herself that the son was the same sort. That hard set of the jaw, those firm lips, would know no flinching. He might suffer, but he would be strong. Subconsciously her mind was also swiftly contrasting him with Chilly Lusk: the same spare lithe frame, but set off by light skin, brown hair and hazel eyes; the two faces, alike sharply and clearly chiseled; but this one purged of the lazy scorn, the satiety, and reckless indulgence.

Half unconsciously she spoke her thought aloud: "You look like your father, do you not?"

"Yes," he replied, "there's a strong likeness. I have a photograph which I'll show you sometime. But how did you know?"

"Perhaps I only guessed," she said in some confusion. To cover this she stooped by the pebbly marge and held out her hand to the bronze ducks that pushed and gobbled about her fingers. "What have you named them?" she asked.

"Nothing. You christen them."

"Very well. The light one shall be Peezletree and the dark one Pilgarlic. I got the names from John Jasper—he was Virginia's famous negro preacher. I once heard him hold forth when he read from one of the Pslams—the one about the harp and the psaltery—and he called it peezletree."

"Speaking of ducks" said the major, tweaking his gray imperial, "reminds me of Judge Chalmers' white mallard. He had a pair that were so much in love they did nothing but loaf around honey-cafuddling with their wings over each others backs. It was a lesson in comesticity for the community sah. Well, the drake got shot for a wild one, and if you'll believe it, the poor little duck was that inconsolate it would have brought tears to your eyes. The whole Chalmers family were affected."

Shirley had put one hand over her mouth to repress a smile. "Major, Major!" she murmured reprovingly. But his guilty glance avoided her.

"Yes, sah, nothing would console her. So at last Chalmers got another drake, the handsomest he could find, and trotted him out to please her. What do you reckon that little duck did? She looked at the judge once reproachfully and then waddled down to a black muck-bed and lay down in it. She came out with as fine a suit of mourning as you ever saw. And, believe it or not, sah, but she wouldn't go in the watah for ten days!"

Valiant's laugh rang out over the lake—to be answered by a sharp screech from the terrace where the peacock strutted, a blaze of spangled purple and gold. They turned to see Aunt Daphne issue from the kitchen, twig-broom in hand.

"Heah!" she exclaimed. "Hhat fo' yo' kyahin' on like er wil' gyraff we'n we got comp'ny, yo' triflin' ol' fan-tail, yo'! Git outen heah!" She waved her weapon and the bird, with a ranous shriek of defiance, retired in ruffled diorder. The master of Damory Court looked at Shirley. "What shall we name him?"

"I'd call him Fire-Cracker if he goes off like that," she said. And Fire-Cracker the bird was christened forthwith.

"And now," said Shirley, "let's set out the ramblers."

The major had brought a rough plan, sketched from memory of the old arrangement of the formal garden. "I'll just go over the lines of the beds with Unc' Jefferson," he proposed, "while you two potter over these roses." So Valiant and Shirley walked back up the slope beneath the pergola together. The sun was westering fast, and long lilac cloud trails lay over the terraces. But the bumbling bees were still busy in the honeysuckle and hawking dragon-flies shot hither and thither. A robin was tilting on the rim of the fountain and it looked at them with head turned sidewise, with a low sweet pipe that mingled with the trickling laugh of the falling water.

With Ranston, puffing and blowing like a black porpoise over his breaking go-cart they planted the ramblers—crimson and pink and white—Valiant much of the time on his knees, his hands plunged deep into the black, spongy earth, and Shirley with broad hat flung on the grass, her fingers separating the clinging thread-like roots and her small arched foot tamping down the soil about them. He hair—the color of wet raw wood in the sunlight—was very near the brown head and sometimes their fingers touched over the work. Once, as they stood up, flushed with the exercise, a great black and orange butterfly, dazed with the sun-glow alighted on Valiant's rolled-up sleeve. He held his arm perfectly still and blew gently on the wavering pinions till it flew away. When a redbird flirted by, to his delight she wistled its call so perfectly that wheeled in mid-flight and tilted inquiringly back toward them.

As they descended the terrace again to the pergola, he said, "There's only one thing lacking at Damory Court—a sun-dial."

"Then you haven't found it?" she cried delightedly. "Come and let me show you."

She led the way through the maze of beds at one side till they reached a hedge laced thickly with Virginia creeper. He parted this leafy screen, bending back the springing fronds that thrust against the flimsy muslin of her gown and threatened to spear the pink-rosed hat that cast an adorable warm tint over her creamy face, thinking that never had the old place seen such a picture as she made framed in the deep green.

Some such thought was in the major's mind, too, as he came slowly up the terrace below. He paused to take off his hat and wipe his brow.

"With the place all fixed up this way," he sighed to himself, "I could believe it was only yast week that Beauty Valiant and Southall and I were boys, loafing around this gyarden. And to think that now it's Valiant's son and Judith's daughter! Why, it seems like yesterday that Shirley there was only knee-high to a grasshopper—and I used to tell her her hair was that color because she ran through hell bareheaded. I'm about a thousand years old, I reckon!"

Meanwhile the two figures above had pushed through the tangle into a circular sunny space where stood a short round pillar of red onyx. It was a sun-dial, its vine-clad disk cut of gray polished stone in which its metal tongue was socketed. Round the outer edge of the dsk ran an inscription in archaic lettering. Valiant pulled away the clustering ivy leaves and read: "I count no hours but the happy ones."

"If that had only been true!" he said.

"It is true. See how the vines hid the sun from it. It ceased to mark the time after the Court was deserted."

He snapped the clinging tendrils and swept the cluster from its stone face. "It shall begin to count again from this moment. Will it mark only happy hours for me, I wonder? I'll bribe it with flowers."

"White for happiness," she said.

"I'll put moonflowers at its base and where you are standing, Madonna lilies. The outer part of the circle shall have bridal-wreath and white irises and they shall shade out into pastel colors—mauves and grays and heliotropes. Oh, I shall love this spot!—perhaps sometime the best of all."

"Which do you love the most now?"

He leaned slightly toward her, one hand on the dial's time-notched rim. "Don't you know?" he said in a low voice. "Could any other spot mean to me what that acre under the hemlocks means?"

Her face was turned from him, her fingers pulling at the drifting vine, and a splinter of sunlight tangled in her hair like a lace of fireflies.

"I could never forget it," he continued. "The thing that spoiled my father's life happened there, yet there we two first talked, and there you—"

"Don't!" she said, facing him. "Don't!"

"Ah, let me speak! I want to tell you that I shall carry the memory of that afternoon, and of your brave kindness, always, always! If I were never to see you again in this life I should always treasure it. If I died of thirst in some Sahara it would be the last thing I should remember—your face would be the last thing I should see if I—"

He paused his veins beating hard under the savage self-repression, his hand trembling aganst the stone, his voice a taitor, yielding to something that rose in his throat to choke the stumbling words.

In the silence there was the sound of a slow foot-fall on the gravel walk, and at the same moment he saw a magical change. Shirley drew back. The soft gentian blue of her eyes darkened. The lips that an instant before had been tremulous parted in a low delicious laugh. She swept him a deep curtsey.

"I am much beholden to you, sir," she said gaily, "for a most knightly compliment. There's the major Come and let us show him where we've planted the ramblers."

(To be continued.)

MOTHER OF SCHOOL GIRL

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Daughter's Health.

Plover, Iowa.—"From a small child my 13 year old daughter had female weakness. I spoke to three doctors about it and they did not help her any. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had been of great benefit to me, so I decided to have her give it a trial. She has taken five bottles of the Vegetable Compound according to directions on the bottle and she is cured of this trouble. She was all run down when she started taking the Compound and her periods did not come right. She was so poorly and weak that I often had to help her dress herself, but now she is regular and is growing strong and healthy."—Mrs. MARTIN HELVIG, Plover, Iowa.

Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished are constantly being received, proving the reliability of this grand old remedy.

If you are ill do not drag along and continue to suffer day in and day out but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a woman's remedy for woman's ills.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

CALL FOR BIDS.

Redecking Willamette River Bridge.

Sealed bids will be received by the County Court of Polk County, Oregon until Saturday, the 12th day of September, 1914, at 12 o'clock noon, for redecking the steel bridge and approaches across the Willamette River at Salem, in accordance with the specifications on file in the offices of the County Clerks of Polk and Marion Counties. The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

A. B. ROBINSON, JR.
County Clerk.

Sheriff's Notice of Sale in Execution of Foreclosure.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution and order of sale duly issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Polk County on the 22nd day of August 1914, and to me directed upon a judgment which was enrolled and docketed in the office of the County Clerk of said Court on the 19th day of August, 1914, in a certain suit then pending in said Court wherein D. S. Bentley was plaintiff and David G. Rogers, Ida M. Rogers his wife, J. B. Ruley and T. H. Littlehales were defendants, a judgment was rendered in favor of the above named plaintiff and against the above named defendants, David G. Rogers and Ida M. Rogers, his wife, for four thousand dollars ($4000.00), with interest thereon from the 9th day of July, 1913, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, and four hundred dollars ($400.00) attorney's fees, and the further sum of thirty-two and 25-100 dollars ($32.25) costs; and whereas it was further ordered and decreed by said Court that the following property should be sold by me to satisfy said execution, I will, on Saturday, the 26th day of September, 1914, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day at the front door of the county court house, at Dallas, Polk County, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand on day of sale, all the right, title and interest and estate which the said defendants have and all persons claiming under them have in or to the hereinafter described premises and every part thereof. Said property is described as follows: All of the East half of Southeast quarter of Northwest quarter, the North east quarter of Northwest quarter, the East half of Northwest quarter the West half of Northeast quarter of Southwest quarter, the West half of Southeast quarter of Northwest quarter, the Southwest quarter of Northwest quarter, all in section eleven, and the East half of Northeast quarter of Southeast quarter of section ten, all in township six, South of range eight West of the Willamette meridian, in Polk County, Oregon, containing 180 acres.

Said sale being made subject to redemption in the manner provided by law and as provided in said decree.

Dated this 22nd day of August, 1914.

J. M. GRANT,
Sheriff of Polk County, Oregon.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Polk on the 24th day of August, 1914, upon an order of sale and decree of foreclosure given and made by said Circuit Court on the 3rd day of August, 1914, in a suit then pending in said Court, wherein P. M. Kirkland, S. E. Irvine, W. W. Percival and H. Hirschberg were plaintiffs, and Matt Clark and Bessie S. Clark were defendants, (Register No. 4488) and to me, the undersigned, Sheriff of the County of Polk, directed, I am commanded to sell, at public auction, in the manner prescribed by law, the following described real property, to-wit:

Lots numbered 6, 7 and 8, in block numbered 10, in Henry Hill's Addition to Henry Hill's town of Independence, in the county of Polk and state of Oregon; saving and excepting therefrom a right of way heretofore given to the Oregon & California Railroad Company together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining.

Notice is hereby given that on Saturday, the 26th day of September, 1914, at one o'clock p. m., of said day, at the front door of the County Court House in the city of Dallas, in Polk County, State of Oregon, I will in obedience to said execution and order of sale, sell the above described property to the highest bidder, for cash, in lawful money of the United States, in the manner prescribed by law.

Dated this 24th day of August, 1914.

J. M. GRANT,
Sheriff of Polk County, Oregon.
Oscar Hayter, Attorney for plaintiffs.

HOP Checks

HOP Checks

We are equipped to handle this business in the best manner. We believe our prices are as low as is consistent with good workmanship. At least let us figure with you.

If you are too busy to come in, write us enclosing the copy of the checks and the number you will need and we will give you the price by return mail.

We have no solicitors out for this business. We have put the price as low as is possible and make a living profit. If we were to put out a solicitor, we would be compelled to add that cost to your work or do it at a loss, neither of which appeals to us.

Job Department of the

POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER

The Biggest and Best Paper in Polk Coun'y

WHEN YOU ARE NERVOUS

you have the first symptom of a run-down system, and nervous people too often conceal their aches and pains and suffer in silence, while, *if neglected*, this condition often foretells more serious trouble.

If those so afflicted would stop taking medicine containing alcohol or drugs which menace the foundations of health, and just take the pure, strengthening nourishment in Scott's Emulsion, it would create new blood to pulsate through the organs, refresh their bodies and build up the whole nervous system. It is rich, sustaining nourishment, free from wines, alcohols or drugs. Shun substitutes.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as administrator of the estate of Daniel C. Dibble, deceased, has filed his final account in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Polk County, and that Saturday, September 19, 1914, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. at the court room of the said County Court in the City of Dallas, Oregon, has been appointed by said Court as the time and place for hearing of objections to the said final account and the settlement thereof.

Dated August 20, 1914.

J. W. A. MOYER,
Administrator of the estate of Daniel C. Dibble, Deceased.
Brown, Sibley & Belt,
Attorneys for the Estate.

When you are in need of butter wrappers, call at the Itemizer office. We are prepared and equipped to get them out on short notice. We always have plenty of stock and the price is right.

Does Prohibition Fulfill Its Promises?

Thinking people of every religious creed and political belief should give earnest heed to the expressions of opinion from eminent divines, educators, editors, governors, judges, legislators, and others prominent in every walk of life, who have publicly voiced their sentiments concerning prohibition in words similar to these:

"Prohibition drives underground the mischief which it seeks to cure, making it more difficult to deal with the evil and impossible to regulate the trade." Bishop Hall, Vermont.

"Prohibition has been disastrous to the cause of temperance." Bishop Clark, Rhode Island.

These men are sincere and conscientious. They deplore drunkenness and cry against it as a great evil. Who, indeed, does not? Yet they know from observation and experience, that prohibition does not put a check upon intemperance but that, on the contrary, it gives rise to evils even greater than intemperance itself.

(Paid Advertisement.)
—E. D. Ulrich,
Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
Portland, Oregon.