

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.

It Sounded Strange, But Considering the Situation There Was Nothing Remarkable About It.

A matron of Mount Pleasant, through the need of a lead pencil, furnished no end of embarrassment to herself and great amusement to the passengers of a Fourteenth street car one morning lately, says the Washington Post. She evidently had come down town, as her attire would indicate, for the express purpose of shopping, and the conspicuous bag which she carried was plainly intended to play an important part in the tour, expressing, as it were, the matron's independence of the pleasure of the delivery wagons.

As the car neared the business part of town it became somewhat crowded, and the conductor's request to "sit closer, please," had rendered every one's discomfort plainly apparent. Particularly true was it to the tall, stately, well-groomed man who sat next to the resident of Mount Pleasant, all of which seemed to be her cue to begin fumbling around in the deep bag, and finally extracting the inevitable shopping list which was carefully examined and again placed in the dark recesses of the bag.

Then the matron suddenly thought of something, so again the list saw the light of day. No, the article was not there, and from her attitude it must have been important and not to be forgotten, so the search for the lead pencil began, during which time the dignified gentleman had very much more than his share of joking, which oftener than once interrupted his review of the morning paper. However he was very good natured about it, and every time the little woman said "beg pardon" he had endeavored to reach his hat and his polite nod assured her that it was granted. But the lead pencil could not be found. Bag and pocketbook had been turned inside out, still it was nowhere to be seen. Withal she was a modest little woman and seemed to hesitate about asking the conductor or some one near her for a pencil. But with a quick resolve she gently touched her neighbor's arm. "Beg pardon," she said, "may I borrow your shoestrings?" Of course there was a general titter throughout the car.

"My shoestrings, madam?" said the aristocratic looking man.

"Oh, did I say shoestrings!" exclaimed the little woman. "I meant your lead pencil; shoe strings is what I want to add to my shopping list."

The little woman soon returned the pencil amid blushes and thanks, and settled back in her seat determined to remain quiet until her destination was reached. Then the Willard was in sight and the stately gentleman prepared to leave the car, the conductor in the meanwhile having entered it.

"Good morning, senator," said the conductor, as his passenger passed out.

Everybody, of course, looked at the little woman from Mount Pleasant, who had heard, too.

HATS MADE OF RICE STRAW.

A New Industry About to Be Established by Japanese in the Southern States.

According to Col. S. F. B. Morse, general traffic manager of the Southern Pacific railroad, the Japanese colony at Port Lavaca will establish a plant for the manufacture of matting and hats from rice straw, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. The Japanese are the pioneer rice growers of the world, and cultivate the staple on a more scientific basis than the American farmer. In Japan every product of the rice crop is utilized to some purpose, while in the United States the planter relies entirely upon the rice proper for his home.

"The Japanese of Port Lavaca," said Col. Morse, "will soon begin the manufacture of Japanese matting and the finest of hats from rice straw, and it is only a question of time till our own rice planters in Texas and Louisiana will take up this industry, thus making the south the center of supply for matting and straw hats of the finest texture and manufacture. The best matting in the world are made in Japan, while the high grades of the rice straw hats are known the world over. There are several kinds of grass growing along the gulf, so the Japanese tell me, that can be utilized for making matting of a good grade. They tell me it is identical with that used in Japan for this purpose, and there is no reason why this should not become a paying industry in Louisiana and Texas."

STOLEN CAMERA LENSES.

New Branch of Trade That Comes to the Pawnbroker in Which There is Great Profit.

"The sale of camera lenses is a comparatively new branch of the pawnbroker's trade," said a dealer in photographic supplies, according to the New York Times, "but a large number from that source come to the trade to be refitted with shutters and flanges. A good lens costs anywhere from \$50

to \$150, and is as easy to raise money on as a good watch. But you will notice that lenses you see in pawnbrokers' windows are without flanges. That is a sure sign they have been stolen. Very few sneaks are savvy enough to lift out the lens and take away with it by a simple twist of the wrist. If a man who owns a camera were to take his naked lens to a pawnshop and say he owned it, he would not be believed, and would have to be content with the extremely small loan usually made upon a stolen lens. Pawnbrokers are willing to take chances with them, because the risk of detection is almost nil and the profits greater when they make a sale. Amateur photographers who know their business can pick up a good many bargains in the New York pawnshops."

AUSTRALIAN TEA DRINKERS.

Drink the Brew All Day Long and at a Strength That Would Seem to Be Poisonous.

In the interior of Australia all the men drink tea. They drink it all day long, and in quantities and at a strength that would seem to be poisonous. On Sunday morning the teamaker starts with a clean pot and a clean record. The pot is hung over the fire with a sufficiency of water in it for the day's brew, and when this has been boiled he pours into it enough of the fragrant herb to produce a deep, coffee-colored liquid.

On Monday, without removing yesterday's tea leaves, he repeats the process; on Tuesday da capo and on Wednesday da capo, and so on through the week. Toward the close of it the great pot is filled with an acrid mash of tea leaves, out of which the liquid is squeezed by the pressure of a tin cup.

By this time the tea is of the color of rusty iron, incredibly bitter and disagreeable to the uneducated palate. The native calls it "real good old post and rails," the simile being obviously drawn from a stiff and dangerous jump, and regards it as having been brought to perfection.

SINGERS AND CROAKERS.

An Indiana Farmer Who Could Supply Bass Singers by the Dozen.

The extent to which the agricultural portions of the middle west are now supplied with modern conveniences may be inferred from the story which follows: There came a ring at the telephone in a farmhouse in northern Indiana one day last summer, and the farmer himself responded, relates Youth's Companion.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" said the voice at the other end of the wire. "Can you furnish me a bass singer for to-morrow night?"

"A bass singer? Why, yes, I reckon so," answered the farmer, laughing. "What do you want one for?"

"Because the one we've had up to now is sick. What would be your terms?"

"Well, I usually furnish 'em by the dozen. I won't charge you anything for one. How do you want him sent?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Who do you think you're talkin' to?"

"Isn't this the Indianapolis opera house?"

"No. This is the Barataria frog farm."

Can't Stop Tongues.

A man in Cincinnati applied to the courts for an injunction to restrain the tongues of the gossips of the neighborhood. He learned from judicial sources that there are some things beyond the control of the highest human power.

ROBINS EARN THEIR CHERRIES

Destroy Insect Pests and Save Far More Fruit Than They Can Possibly Consume.

An orchardist at Fulton makes complaint against the robins or "Jack robins" as he calls them. He says they are nipping all the blossoms off his cherry trees. They just strip the trees, and the ground beneath them is white with blossoms. He says the wicked birds tear the hearts out of the blossoms and then bite the stems in two and let them fall, and fears that his cherry crop will be ruined, says the Portland Oregonian. A member of the John Burroughs society who, as been applied to for information on this subject says the orchardist is mistaken; if the robins do cut off any blossoms it is only defective ones, or such as have insects in them, and that the birds are doing good instead of harm. He says he puts up nests of boxes among his trees to enable birds of any kind, even sparrows, to make their homes on his grounds. He says that birds help themselves to a few cherries when ripe, but they are welcome to them, as they have earned them by destroying insect pests. It is hoped that this information will satisfy the orchardist. It is doubtless correct, for if robins were as destructive as he imagines there would long ago have ceased to be any cherries in Oregon, while the fact is that the cherry crop is large almost every year, and of great value. The birds must not be condemned on false or mistaken testimony.

War Game in France.

Paris, Sept. 7.—The grand Autumn maneuvers of the French army began today in the Central and Southwestern departments, with Clermont-Ferrand, Montelmar, Epital, Dijon and Bethel as the chief strategic points of the operations, in which four army corps, comprising more than 120,000 men, are participating.

The past few days have been employed in the preliminary operations, the mimic warfare beginning today in the vicinity of Orange, where the bulk of one of the armies is concentrated, and at Montelmar, where a cavalry action has been in progress.

In spite of a rain, which has greatly marred the operations, the troops are reported to have suffered much from the heat, and many cases of sunstroke have occurred, as many as 65 soldiers in one regiment having been taken to the hospital. Several fatal cases of sunstroke occurred today.

War Minister Andre today gave a reception to the foreign officers and military attaches to the embassies and legations here, who will attend the maneuvers. The United States is represented by Capt. L. B. Mott, military attache to the Paris embassy. The foreign officers will leave Paris tomorrow for Orange, which they will make their headquarters during the maneuvers, being taken in automobiles to the scene of the day's operations, where they will be provided with horses by the Ministry of War. They will be entertained at luncheon one day by General Metzinger, who is in charge of the maneuvers, and another day by President Loubet at Montelmar.

BUILDING IDEAS FROM JAPAN.

Quick Work by Manual Laborers is Witnessed by an American Contractor.

After an expenditure of several thousand dollars and four months of time in order to win a wager of \$20 from his friend, Charles W. Gindelo, that he could not stay away from Chicago long enough for a trip to the orient, even if he were not afraid to cross the Pacific, Contractor Joseph Downey is home again, uncertain still as to whether he may not have picked up an idea or two in Yokohama that would be applicable to building in Chicago, reports the Inter Ocean.

"I never saw anything more interesting in the contracting line than in an excavation of about 30,000 yards of earth in Yokohama," he says. "At a first glance at the work there are endless miles of laborers moving in slow lines, each man with a pole over his shoulders to the ends of which are slung two small baskets. The diggers at work in the pit shovel three spades full of dirt into each of these baskets, and with this 'load' the man moves on after those fling away in front, dumping his baskets finally a full quarter of a mile away.

"Talk about machine labor. In Nagasaki harbor I saw long lines of women and girls, using baskets, pass 1,400 tons of coal into the hold of our steamer in less than seven hours.

"The novelty of this was the woman and girl labor. The men did the shoveling of the coal into the baskets. These baskets were rounded on the bottom and without handles. As soon as one of them was filled it was picked up by a woman and passed in a twinkling to the next woman in line, and so on, till up the steep steps of the deck the basket would reach the hole in the side of the steamer, through which the coal would be dumped into the hold. It was an example of the humanizing of the elevator system and there was not a break in the chain in those seven hours of loading. I don't know what the time is for such work as this in Chicago, but this looked like fast enough work for any place on the map."

Coddled Oysters.

Put a small tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan; when melted pour in enough tomato catsup to nicely cover the number of oysters to be used; when it begins to bubble add the oysters and cook for two minutes; pour on slices of toast and serve at once.—Detroit Free Press.

There Are Others.

An English countess has found out that the lord she married is bogus. This looks, says the Chicago Record-Herald, like a pretty strong vindication of a lot of American girls.

Suggestion for New Society.

A bald-headed men's club has been formed in Cleveland. Isn't it about time, asks the Chicago Record-Herald, for the people who wear glass eyes to get together?

Sun Worse Than Bullets.

Corbatha, Saxony, Sept. 7.—Eighty thousand men in full war uniform, with the heat 120 degrees in the sun are taking part in the Autumn maneuvers here. The ambulances are nearly as busy as in real war, picking up stricken soldiers instead of wounded men.

Two Saxon army corps are engaged against a Prussian corps, in the valley of the Saale, the field of strategy embracing Leutezen, where in 1813 Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden defeated the Austrians and lost his life; Rossbach, where Fredrick the Great in 1757 defeated the French under Marshal Soubise, and Gross-Goerschen, where the Russians and Prussians fought the French. Fredrick William alluded, in talking to the general today, to historic battles, and the distinguished characteristics of each.

The Saxons rose earlier than the Prussians this morning, and the Saxon cavalry swam the Saale at three points before 6 o'clock, surprising the Prussians, who were on the left bank, in a thick fog, and forcing them to retreat until they fell back on the main body.

The Emperor will bivouac with the troops tonight, and will lead an army to-morrow.

The O. R. & N. steamer Indravelli, left Portland for China, Wednesday, with 58,000 barrels of flour on board.

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Heppner - Oregon

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with City ordinance No 70, of the City of Heppner, Oregon, I have on the 9th day of September, A. D., 1903, taken up and impounded the following described animals to wit:

One black yearling colt, blaze in face, branded blotch W on right stifle.

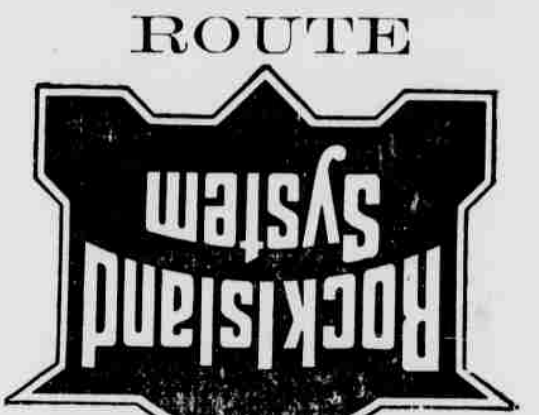
One black horse, star in forehead, 12 years old no brands visible.

The above described animals will by virtue of said City Ordinance be sold to the highest bidder for cash in hand on Saturday the 19 day of September at the City Pound, in Heppner, Oregon, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., unless the owner thereof prove the property and pay the impounding expenses thereof.

Dated September 10, 1903.

D. C. GURDANE, City Marshal of Heppner, Oregon.

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Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878 NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, LA Grande, Oregon, July 6, 1903. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

Peter Hung, of Heppner, county of Morrow, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 2677, for the purchase of the lot 4, and sec. 31, T. 33 S., R. 29 E., W. 4 M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Walter Crawford, County Clerk at Heppner, Oregon, on Friday, the 18th day of September, 1903. He names as witnesses: Paul Hiesler, Ed Day, Andy Cook and John Busick, all of Heppner, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 18th day of September, 1903. E. W. BARTLETT, Register.