



WHAT GAME OF A LETTER.

My Dear Aunt Kate. I must tell you the good news. Right after receiving your letter, the day before New Year's I started in with new resolutions on the first of the year. I wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce, at Buffalo, N. Y., as you requested me to do. I gave him all my symptoms, which were that I was tired—so tired—all the time and did not care to go anywhere, depressed and sad, and all ambition gone, backache and a dragged-out feeling, could not sleep, limbs feeling sore and aching. I followed the doctor's advice, which he went to considerable pains to make plain to me—to rest every day—a nap after lunch—complete relaxation—cultivate repose of mind, try not to worry, get as much outdoor air as possible, and practice long, deep breathing, expending the lungs. Then for a stern tonic, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, coupled with a wash he told me of. I must say that after following his advice for four months I feel perfectly cured and like a new woman. Yours affectionally, JEWELL. Letters like the above are not unusual. Mrs. Koonman, of 512 Grant Ave., Schenectady, N. Y., says: "I continued with the medicine until I had taken five bottles, also two vials of the 'Painful Pills,' and I was cured. I always recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines to my friends when they are not well."

CHICAGO'S STOCK YARDS.

Twelve Thousand Tons of Dressed Meat Sent Out to Consumers in One Day.

The enormous output of a Chicago stockyard is well illustrated by the following figures: At one of these places alone in a single day, as many as 26,000 cattle, 29,000 hogs and 27,000 sheep, or a total of over 80,000 animals, will arrive in the stockyards.

The 26,000 cattle would arrive in 1,313 cars, and the animals would weigh 20,467,000 pounds, representing, dressed, the enormous total of 18,000,000 pounds, or 3,000 tons of beef furnished by Chicago in one day.

The sheep would weigh 2,234,000 pounds, and would make 584 tons of mutton, while the hogs would yield 2,616 tons of pork.

The cattle, sheep and hogs combined would give a grand total of 12,000 tons of dressed meat distributed among the consumers of the world in one day by this single livestock market.

The meat would fill a refrigerator train over eight miles long, and the animals, as received, would make a train of 1,887 cars, or a solid train of 14 1/2 miles, or a solid procession of animals, in single file, extending over a distance of 80 miles.

A Wisconsin Group of Immediate Relatives Which Numbers 188 Members.

Prairie Du Chien, Wis., boasts of a family which is believed to be the largest in the United States. It consists of 188 members, and until a few weeks ago, when Mrs. Peter Fernet died, there had been no sickness or death in the family for nearly half a century, reports the Washington Times.

Peter Fernet, Sr., the head of the family, is nearly 90 years of age, and is in splendid health. With him to mourn the loss of a faithful wife and mother are eight children, 126 grandchildren, 61 great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild. The family now consists of the following members:

Peter Fernet, husband; Mrs. Anthony La Bonne, Mrs. Louis La Bonne, Mrs. Frank Porrier, Mrs. Cota, Mrs. Theodore Cota, Mrs. Hubert Obin, Paul Fernet and Peter Fernet, Jr.

There were four other children born, but three of these died when they were quite young, and the other when he was under 21 years of age.

These eight children are the parents of 126 children. Eighteen of these grandchildren of old Mr. and Mrs. Fernet have among them 61 children, and one of the latter is the mother of a ten-day old child, making it a great-great-grandchild of Peter Fernet, Sr. The remarkable record of the Fernet children is as follows:

- Mrs. A. La Bonne, 18 children. Mrs. L. La Bonne, 13 children. Mrs. F. Porrier, 17 children. Mrs. Cota, 16 children. Mrs. T. Cota, 17 children. Mrs. H. Obin, 18 children. Paul Fernet, 13 children. Peter Fernet, Jr., 14 children.

All the members of this remarkable family, from the old great-grandfather down to the youngest baby are hale and hearty. When the aged woman died a short time ago she had been ill for less than a day.

The editorial page of the Weekly Oregonian gives a broad treatment to a wide range of subjects.

YOUNG SCHOOL-TEACHER.

Is Only Thirteen Years Old and Has Lapped Pupil Who Was Twice His Weight.

The youngest pedagogue in Missouri, and perhaps in the United States, is teaching a country school near Gainesville, in the Ozark mountains. He is Glenn Harrison, aged 13 years, says the Kansas City Journal. Glenn is the oldest son of Guy T. Harrison, a lawyer.

He completed the course of study of the Gainesville public schools in March, 1902. The same month he took the examination given candidates for third grade teachers' certificates in Ozark county, making a good average and securing a certificate. He continued to study, and just after he became 13 years old he took the examination for a second grade certificate. This time his average grade was the highest made, being 96 per cent. Mr. Harrison believed his promising son was too young to teach, and refused to let him accept several offers. But one day when his father was absent attending court, Glenn took the job of teacher of a rural district, the directors of which came and offered him the place. He began work before his father returned, and the latter, finding him so ambitious, decided not to interfere.

Glenn now has 29 pupils. The majority are larger and older than he, but he maintains a degree of discipline which many older and more experienced teachers may well envy. "How are you getting along, Glenn?" asked his mother one day, when he came home at the end of a week's work. "I had to whip several of the boys," the youngster replied. It turned out that among others he had lapped an obstreperous youth that weighed 180 pounds. Glenn doesn't weigh much more than half that.

TOMATOES IN WINTER.

In Pennsylvania They Are Raised to Perfection Under Glass and at Good Profit.

"The tomato season is nearly over," said a Washington market dealer, apologizing for the poor quality of his tomatoes, says the New York Times.

"But it's just beginning in Philadelphia," said the customer. "I always heard they were slow down there," replied the dealer, resurrecting the moth-eaten joke.

"Slow in some things," said the former Philadelphian, "but able to show New York a thing or two in tomatoes. Down there only the poor people eat tomatoes in summer. Then about Thanksgiving day the greenhouses of Chester and Delaware counties begin to produce tomatoes such as you seldom see in this market."

"They are fine, smooth, perfectly ripened, and without any core. They are raised under glass, with scientific care of the vines, all the superfluous leaves being plucked off so as to put all the strength of the stalk into the fruit."

"Only two vines are allowed to grow from a single root, and they are supported on trellises. The vines last about six months, and sometimes reach a length of 40 or 50 feet and become as thick as grapevines. Branches are plucked off, and they are kept bare of leaves back of the point at which the fruit is forming."

"The earth around the roots is renewed from time to time, and the vines are so trained that the fruit is exposed to the sun. The result is the production of tomatoes such as you don't dream of here in New York, and the supply is kept up until June, when the outdoor crop begins to come in, and people who appreciate really fine tomatoes stop eating them."

"Every day from November to June these tomatoes come in car loads to the Philadelphia markets, and they are all disposed of there at moderate prices. Twenty cents a pound is the prevailing cost."

"These tomatoes never reach your New York commission houses, but your best hotels and restaurants buy them in Philadelphia and have them sent on by express."

"Your Long Island and New Jersey farmers will learn some day that there is good money in raising tomatoes in winter under glass."

The recent agitation of the bouillieurs de eru, or private distillers, of France, against the proposals of M. Rouvier, the minister of finance, to tax their franchise has disclosed the immense power of this vested interest among the peasantry. It is estimated that no fewer than 1,000,000 to 1,800,000 families avail themselves of the privilege to distill from the pears, apples, damsons and cherries of their orchards spirituous liquors for household consumption, says a London paper. But as every hectoliter of non-exempt liquor—worth, perhaps, some \$10—is taxed to the tune of \$44, there is every inducement to the enterprising peasant to distill more than his household can consume, in order to do an illicit business with his neighbor, and in this way some \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000 per annum escapes the treasury. In the orchard land of Normandy the privately distilled liquor is, indeed, quite a recognized medium of exchange, and the bouillieur de eru often pays his workmen, his tailor, his butcher, and his land in terms of alcohol.

The news of both hemispheres—in The Weekly Oregonian.

FREE SMOKES FOR SINNERS.

Tobacco Used in Prisons Does Not Pay a Government Revenue Tax—A Recent Ruling.

Convicts serving terms in the various prisons of the country have one privilege people outside the walls do not enjoy. The commissioner of internal revenue has decided that it is permissible for state prisons to manufacture tobacco or cigars for its own inmates without paying license. The commissioner says:

"I would say that upon careful consideration of the question involved, it is held that a charitable or other institution conducted by the state and under state authority, with its own operatives, has the right to manufacture tobacco, cigars, or any other tobacco product without the payment of tax when all such manufactured tobacco is used exclusively within the state institution."

"The tobacco must, however, be manufactured within the limits of the state institution, and no portion of it be removed therefrom. If any portion of such manufactured tobacco is found outside of the limits of the institution, it will be liable to seizure and forfeiture, the same as any other unmanufactured tobacco which might be found upon the market."

FATE OF THE MINTING DIES.

All Sent to Philadelphia at Close of Year and Destroyed in Presence of Officials.

"All the United States mints forward to the mint at Philadelphia at the close of each year," said a former treasury official, according to the New York Sun, "the steel dies used in coining the various denominations of gold and silver coins for that year, and bearing its date, and the Philadelphia mint distributes to the branch mints at the same time the new dies for the coming year. All coinage dies are made at the Philadelphia mint, but are returned there at the end of the year to be destroyed."

"The dies are round pieces of steel, three inches long, and sloping to the top on which is cut the face of the coin it stamps, with the date. The dies are collected and taken to the blacksmith shop of the mint, where, in the presence of the superintendent, the coiner and the assayer, they are heated red hot in the forges and hammered out of shape with sledge hammers on anvils, and after having given currency value to millions of money, are cast aside as worthless, except as scrap."

Traffic on a Busy New York Thoroughfare Almost Blocked Temporarily by a Curious Occurrence.

Traffic on Broadway was almost blocked for a few moments the other afternoon by the actions of two women, who went through what was evidently a superstitious rite which no one but themselves could understand. The women were middle aged, the New York Herald states, and beyond reproach in appearance, and no one noticed them, as they crossed Herald square; but midway of the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth street block they paused, turned back and together retraced their footsteps for a short distance, gazing steadily at the ground as though they had lost something. When they had gone a few yards they stopped, and each woman put out her right foot and carefully touched one of the paving stones with the toe of her shoe. Then they turned again and resumed their walk in the most matter of fact way in the world. But the on-lookers did not take it so coolly.

New Yorkers are a curious people, and those who had noticed the women's action resolved to find out if there was anything peculiar about one of those paving stones. They stared eagerly toward that part of the pavement, and other persons, who had not seen the women, followed the crowd. But nothing unusual could be found in the pavement, and it was decided that it must be a new superstition, such as had not before been heard of, even in New York, which is as cosmopolitan in superstitions as it is in fashions.

"Antique" Wares Made in America to Be Sold as Dutch Pottery in Holland.

The craze for antiques and curios is responsible for some ingenious swindles, but it is doubtful if many could surpass that which victimized an American woman traveling abroad, who while in Holland purchased some alleged Dutch pottery which proved on close examination to be common granite ware made in America in odd shapes and decorated in Dutch fashion to be sold in Holland as antique cooking utensils, says the Boston Transcript.

American enterprise is frequently encountered in various ways in Europe, as for instance the experience of an American gentleman in London who bought a pair of rubber overshoes in a London shoe shop, which were unusually satisfactory. On examining them preparatory to buying another pair, he made the discovery that they were manufactured in Providence, R. I., by an American firm, although they were sold as English rubbers or "gums."

The fact is well known that there is a considerable industry in the manufacture of so-called Egyptian scarabs in America, which are sent to Egypt to be sold to unsuspecting tourists as genuine antiques.



The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer. The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF HEPPNER.

O. A. RHEA, President; G. W. CONSER, Cashier; T. A. RHEA, Vice-President; E. L. FREELAND, Assistant Cashier.

Transact a General Banking Business. EXCHANGE ON ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD BOUGHT AND SOLD. Collections made on all points on reasonable terms. Surplus and undivided profits \$35,000.

Reduced Passenger Rates. THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE. Rock Island System. Through personally conducted Tourist sleeping cars between Portland and Chicago once a week, and between Ogden and Chicago three times a week, via the Scenic Line.

Great Rock Island Route. The best and most reasonable dining car service. Midday lunch 50 cents. Before You Order Tombstones, Marble or Granite Work. You will do well to see Monterastelli Brothers and get prices. They have a fine stock on hand. MAIN STREET, HEPPNER, ORE.