

NATURE'S CRUELTY.

The Ichneumon Fly Makes Its Natural Enemy Serve Its Purpose.

The Ichneumon fly of Ceylon is the natural enemy of the spider. This insect is green in color, and in form resembles a wasp with a marvelously thin waist. It makes its nest of wet mud and then goes on a hunting expedition. Its victims are invariably spiders of various kinds, but all are subject to the same mode of treatment. A scientific sting injects some poison which effectually paralyzes the luckless spider, which is then carried off to the nest and there fastened with a dab of moist clay. Another and another victim is brought to this chamber of horrors. Then the prescient mother Ichneumon fly proceeds to deposit her eggs, one in the body of each spider, which can just move its legs in a vague, aimless manner, but can offer no resistance.

This done, the fly returns to her work as a mason. She prepares more mud and builds up the entrance to this ghastly cell. Then she commences a new cell, which she furnishes in like manner and then closes; then she adds yet another cell and so proceeds until her store of eggs are all provided for, and her task in life being accomplished, she dies, leaving her evil brood to hatch at leisure. In due time these horrid little maggots come to life and find themselves cradled in a larger of fresh meat. Each poor spider is still alive, and his juices afford nutriment for the Ichneumon grub till it is ready to pass in the chrysalis stage, thence to emerge as a winged fly fully prepared to carry out the traditions of its ancestors with regard to spiders.

ANTIQUITY OF FISHING.

The Art of Angling is as Old as the Human Race.

The art of angling no doubt had its origin in man's necessities. The earliest record of mankind makes reference to the taking of fish for food. There are frequent allusions to it in the Bible. Job, in the oldest book of all, says: "Canst thou draw out a leviathan with a hook or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put a hook in his nose?" Homer, in the "Iliad," speaks of fishing in these lines: As bearing death in the fallacious bait, From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight.

And it is recorded in the "Odyssey": As when the angler, his long rod in hand, On a projecting rock assumes his stand, Casts to the fiery fly the baited snare, Then flings the wriggling captive in the air.

The Romans, Greeks and other races of early days around the Mediterranean practiced the art of angling. Plutarch tells of a prank played by the fair Egyptian, Cleopatra, while out fishing with Antony. "They wandered on their angling, and her divers did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he with fervor drew up."

The ruined Walls of Herculaneum and Pompeii abound in frescoes of fishermen. All along the track of history are found traces of this gentle recreation, showing the gradual improvement from the hook of bone and rude equipment of the cave man to the elegant accessories and belongings of the modern angler.

Apple Cure For Drunkenness.
"For ten years," said a physician, "I have advocated apples as a cure for drunkenness. In that time I have tried the apple cure on some forty or fifty drunkards, and my success has been most gratifying."

"Let any man afflicted with the love of drink eat three or more apples daily, and the horrible craving will gradually leave him. The cure will be greatly helped along if he also smokes as little as possible."

"I know a woman who cured a drunken husband without his knowledge by keeping always a plentiful supply of good apples on the dining table. The man ate these apples and finally stopped drinking altogether."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Practical Eye Wash.

A little salt and water used as an eye wash will cleanse and strengthen inflamed lashes and rest tired eyes. It is safe to use it at any time that irritation is felt. A New York surgeon prescribes the ocean for bad eyes, particularly young eyes. "Get off," he says, "whenever you can and let the salt and the sea breeze wash and blow around your eyes. It will do them good. It will dislodge the germs of disease, for the air breathed by half the world is germ laden, and sore eyes are more quickly caught than small-pox and more fatal. It will brighten and strengthen them and prolong their beauty and usefulness."

The Laughing Owl.

One of the most fantastic of birds is the laughing owl of Florida and some other southern parts. He sits well up in a tree at night and emits a series of loud, strange ha-ha's that sound like half human laughter. The sound is sufficiently terrifying to a nervous camper unacquainted with the habit of the bird, though less gruesome than the unearthly call of the Chesapeake loon heard at all hours of the night along the shores of that bay.—New York Telegram.

Fairy Stories.

Mr. Bacon—When a woman tells a fairy story she always begins like this: "Once upon a time." Mrs. Bacon—Yes, and when a man tells a fairy story he always begins like this: "There now, dear, don't be angry with me; you see, it was like this."—Youkers Statesman.

A man fifty years of age has in ordinary cases undressed himself 12,323 times and of course dressed himself just as many.

In Struggling Cuba

(Original.)

During the Cuban revolution all my father's family except myself were strong supporters of the Spanish government. Indeed, my father, Senor Emilio Cardenas, was so open in his advocacy of the Spanish cause that the revolutionists vowed in case they ever came into possession of his hacienda they would burn the buildings. It was a sad day when I bade goodby to my mother to join the Cuban rabble that called themselves an army. The saddest parting of all was with Senorita Margarita Echarte, the governess of my little brothers and sisters. Margarita had descended from an excellent Spanish family, but they had become impoverished, and she was therefore obliged to earn her own living. She was a girl of strong character and at the same time of an amiable disposition. We had long been secret lovers, but our relation had only been discovered the day before my departure. Indeed, my going was all that saved Margarita from being turned out upon the world, for my parents had no thought of my marrying a penniless girl.

A great change came over the cause of free Cuba when the American troops came to help us, or, rather, to take the burden from our shoulders. At the time of their arrival I was in western Cuba and was glad when we started to join them near Santiago, for it was in that province that my father's hacienda lay, and I was anxious to get a glimpse of Margarita. We were marching one morning southeastward within a few miles of my home. Every turn in the road, every wood, every house, was familiar to me, and I counted the miles till I should come to the dear old place.

On reaching a point half a mile distant I descried a camp which from its unfamiliar appearance I knew to be occupied by my comrades. We drew nearer to my old home. At the gateway I left the ranks and went up to the house, which I was pleased to see was still standing. As I mounted the steps, who should come out of the door but Margarita, but what astonished me was that she was handsomely dressed in my sister's clothes and moved as if she were mistress of the hacienda.

"Margarita!" I exclaimed. She put her finger to her lip to impose silence. Then she looked about, and, seeing no one within hearing distance, she said in a low voice:

"The Cubans and Americans came near together, the Cubans first. We feared only the former and had no confidence in the Americans keeping them from wreaking vengeance upon us. Your father fled, and the rest of the family are concealed in the garret."

"Not a safe place," I remarked, "if they had burned the house."

"We had no time to concoct plans. When the Cuban troops came in below the family rushed upstairs and locked themselves in. I lingered and when an officer came up and asked for the people belonging to the place I thought it best to put on a bold front. 'I am Senorita Cardenas,' I said, with all the dignity I could assume. 'The others of the family are away. What means this intrusion?'"

"Pardon me, senorita. If this is the Cardenas property my orders are to burn it."

"Whose orders?"

"He winced at this and, being ashamed of playing the vandal, told me that he would do all in his power to save the property. Since then I have been playing a part. To carry out my character as your sister I am wearing her dresses and conducting myself as mistress of the house."

At that moment a young Cuban officer came up the steps, and, seeing me talking with Margarita, glared at me. "Colonel Ferrarez," said Margarita, "this is Captain Cardenas."

"Captain Cardenas? Your brother?"

"Of course," stammered Margarita, coloring.

"Captain, I am delighted to see you," said the colonel, turning from frowns to smiles. "I have desired to meet

some of your family for an important purpose. I humbly ask your sister's hand."

Margarita turned red as a rose. I turned scarlet from anger. Then, upon second thought, it occurred to me that she might have been encouraging the man to protect the family and the property.

"Colonel," I said, "the lady has been obliged to prevaricate, no doubt to save these premises. She is not my sister. She is my betrothed. If, however, she prefers you to me, I will resign her to you. It is for her to choose."

It flashed over him that he had been deceived, and his vindictive feelings got the better of him.

"I shall carry out my orders," he blazed.

"You will carry out no orders to the injury of this family. My regiment has just marched by, and I can recall it in a moment. I will trouble you to vacate the premises."

He half drew his revolver, but suddenly becoming ashamed of his action put it back, raised his hat deferentially to Margarita and went away.

Margarita and I went upstairs, and when the family saw me and knew they had the protection of a Cuban officer they fell upon my neck. They realized also that they were under a far greater obligation to Margarita, who had saved the property. My mother embraced her and told her and me that she would do all in her power to induce my father to give his consent to our union. In this she succeeded, and when Cuba became free we were bound in wedlock's chains.

WENDELL C. McLEAN.

HOW TO STUDY PROPERLY.

Books Should Be Well Chosen and Read Carefully, Not Devoured.

Study is like a dinner. The viands must be well chosen and eaten slowly, not devoured, then well turned over in the mental stomach for awhile until with ease and comfort they are perfectly digested and furnish nutriment to the brain. Most students study without thought, which is like eating without digesting. Others read merely as a fad and soon forget all they may have learned.

The most satisfactory method of study is the digestive. It is the thorough one—the one that gives strength to the brain. Take the subject you are studying. Read a few lines or a few pages, as the case may be, then put the book down and think on what you have read. Turn it about in your mind from every standpoint. Do not accept it immediately. Argue for and against it in your mind. In other words, masticate it. You need not be at your leisure to do this. Do it in your walks, in your idle moments, at any time. When you have satisfied yourself on the subject go on with a little more in the same way. In a short time you will find yourself more a thorough student than if you had read all at a sitting. The best educated man in the end is the man who learns slowly, but surely.

Coldly Considered.

"He writes beautiful love letters," said the impressionable girl.
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but I hope you will not permit yourself to be misled by a mere literary accomplishment."—Washington Star.

Stopped Inside.

"Hello, Leo!" panted the lioness.
"I've been chasing a wounded antelope for several miles. Did it pass by here?"

"No," replied the lion, licking his chops contentedly, "it didn't pass here."—Worcester Telegram.

Real Philanthropy.

Mrs. A.—That woman next door went and got a hat exactly like mine.
Mrs. B.—Did you make a fuss about it?

Mrs. A.—No. I gave mine to the cook.

—Royal Magazine.

Proof Positive.

Hyker—My landlady is a cruel hearted woman.
Hyker—Why do you think so?
Hyker—She says she enjoys seeing her boarders have good appetites.—Detroit Tribune.

MOTHER'S BOYS.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small, muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry, glowing
All spotted with blossoms and fruit.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And I see that your own household
Whiteness

All fresh in its purity stands.

Yes, I know my "black walnut" is battered
And dented by many small heels;
While your own polished stairway, all perfect,

Its smooth shining surface reveals.
And I know that my parlor is littered
With many old treasures and toys;
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmful by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite badly all hours of the day;
While you sit in your own unmolested
And dream its soft quiet away.

Yes, I know I have jackets that wear out
And buttons that never will stay,
While you can embroider at leisure,
And learn pretty arts of "crochet."

And I know there are lessons of spelling
Which I must be patient and hear;
While you may sit down to your novel
Or turn the last magazine near.

Yes, I know there are four little bed-sides
Where I must stand watchful each night,
While you may go out in your carriage
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman—
I like my house orderly too,
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings.
Yet I would not change places with you.

No, keep your fair house with its order,
Its freedom from trouble and noise,
And keep your own fanciful leisure—
But give me my four splendid boys.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Under and by virtue of an order made and entered in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Morrow County, on the 10th day of August, 1906, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Jay Johnson, deceased, will, on Saturday, the 18th day of August, 1906, at the W. H. French ranch, on Miller Prairie, in Morrow County, Oregon, sell at public auction the following described personal property, belonging to the said estate:

One span work mare, one two year old filly, cows with calves, 2 yearling heifers, 1 wagon, 1 set harness, 1 mowing machine, 1 hay-rake, 2 plows, 1 harrow, 2 dozen chickens, a quantity of bacon, and numerous household goods and small tools.

Sale to begin at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day. Terms: All sums under \$10.00, cash; all sums over \$10.00, three months' time on notes with good security, interest at 8 per cent.

W. H. French,
Administrator of the
Estate of Jay Johnson, deceased.

Under and by virtue of an order made and entered in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Morrow County, on the 10th day of August, 1906, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Jay Johnson, deceased, will, on Saturday, the 18th day of August, 1906, at the W. H. French ranch, on Miller Prairie, in Morrow County, Oregon, sell at public auction the following described personal property, belonging to the said estate:

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The Ruin They Wrought While Smearing Under Criticism.

By no means unusual was the destruction of the Borglum angels in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine by the sculptor himself while smarting under the criticism that there were no male angels shown.

Gerome, the famous French sculptor, had been working for weeks on the clay model of a group representing Spring. It had almost reached completion when the artist became convinced that the treatment was wrong, and in a minute he had beaten the entire group into a shapeless mass of damp clay.

Hogarth destroyed a picture which had been somewhat severely criticized by one of his friends, but the most spectacular destruction is related of Chartran, who for a time had a studio in New York. He was visited by the husband of an American woman whose portrait he was painting, \$5,000 being the agreed price. The husband, while admitting it to be a splendid work of art, declared that he could see absolutely no likeness to his wife in the picture.

Chartran laid down his brush and, taking out his penknife, slit the canvas into ribbons, after which he bowed his critic out. It afterward developed that the man was disparaging the portrait merely in the hope of obtaining a reduction in the price.

He named the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

John C. Nelson, Jonathan S. Wymore, Frank Corley and Charles H. Bullis, all of Hardman, Oregon.

July 19-Aug. 23.

Timber Land Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, July 16, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 1091 made Feb. 8, 1905, NE 1/4, Sec. 34, T. 36 N., R. 30 E., W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Heppner, Oregon, on August 20th, 1906.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

James M. McLeod, J. M. Eads, Wilson O. Bayless and Charles H. Bullis, all of Hardman, Oregon.

July 19-Aug. 23.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, July 16, 1906.

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, Minnie Haler, of Heppner, County of Morrow State of Oregon, has filed in this office her sworn statement No. 4240, for the purchase of the Lots 4, 5, 6, and 7 of Section No. 6 in Township No. 4 S., Range No. 29 E., W. 2, 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 the value of the land before J. P. Williams, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Heppner, Oregon, on Friday, the 21st day of September, 1906.

She names as witnesses: John McCullough, Victor Grobner, Adam Blum and William McRoberts, 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 21st day of September, 1906.

July 12-Sept. 12.

CONTEST NOTICE.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, June 7th, 1906.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by John R. Olden, contestant, against homestead entry No. 12941, made June 2, 1893, for NE 1/4, Section 9, Township 6 S., Range 2 E., W. 2, 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 the value of the land before J. P. Williams, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Heppner, Oregon, on Friday, the 21st day of September, 1906.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 21st day of September, 1906.

July 12-Sept. 12.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Morrow County.

In the matter of the estate of Jay Johnson deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed by the county court of the state of Oregon, for Morrow county, administrator of the estate of Jay Johnson, deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to present them verified as required by law, within six months after the first publication of this notice to said W. H. French at the office of his attorneys, Phelps & Norton, in Heppner, Oregon.

W. H. French,
Administrator of the estate of Jay Johnson deceased.

Dated July 12, 1906. July 12-Aug. 9

SEE

Nature's Wondrous Handiwork

THROUGH UTAH AND COLORADO

Castle Gate, Cañon of the Grand, Black Canon, Marshall and Tennessee Passes, and the World-Famous Royal Gorge

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KIDNEY DISEASES CAUSE ONE-THIRD OF THE TOTAL DEATHS.

When the Kidneys fail to perform their functions properly by not straining out the poisonous waste matter from the blood as it passes through them, the poisons are carried by the circulation to every part of the body, deranging the different organs. This causes heart trouble, stomach trouble, sluggish liver and a host of other ills, all due to deranged Kidneys.

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corrects irregularities and cures Kidney and Bladder diseases in every form, tones up the whole system, and the diseases that have resulted from disordered Kidneys disappear, because the cause has been removed. Commence taking FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE at the first sign of danger. Do not risk having Bright's Disease or Diabetes.

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Mr. Robert G. Burke, Elmore, Saratoga Co., N. Y., writes:—I am glad to have an opportunity of telling what magnificent results I have had from using FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE after having tried other advertised medicines and several physicians. Before I began it I had to get up from 30 to 40 times each night to relieve my bladder. I was all bloated up with dropsy and my sight was so impaired that I could scarcely see one of my family across the room. In fact, I was so badly used up that I had given up hope of living when I was urged by a friend to try FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE. One 3-cent bottle worked wonders, and before I had taken the third bottle the superfluous fluid had gone, as well as all other symptoms of Kidney trouble. My friends were surprised that I was cured, as they all thought I was going to die. Every few days some one comes from miles away to learn the name of the wonderful medicine that cured me of Bright's Disease, and not one that has tried it has failed to be benefited.

whole system, and the diseases that have resulted from disordered Kidneys disappear, because the cause has been removed. Commence taking FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE at the first sign of danger. Do not risk having Bright's Disease or Diabetes.

Two Sizes, 50 Cents and \$1.00.

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SLOCUM DRUG COMPANY, HEPPNER, OREGON