

THE FOREHEAD.

What Its Size and Shape Are Said to Indicate.

A high forehead to be very good should be well developed about the eyebrows.

Breadth of forehead is always favorable. It is distinctly connected with breadth of character.

A forehead that curves back reveals a poetic temperament, a fondness for the arts and a talent for either music or painting.

Of course a broad forehead may be part of a weak face, and a weak chin and mouth will naturally give a truer impression of character than even a combination of a narrow forehead with an otherwise strong face.

If there is quite a perceptible bulge of the eyebrows, combined with a high forehead, the sign is of a calm, cool, deliberate thinker.

If with these eyebrows is combined a forehead that slopes gradually back, a sensitive, poetic temperament is disclosed. If, again, they are combined with a short, narrow forehead, the subject will be successful in business and in everything connected with worldly matters, but he will be incapable of appreciating to any extent or of creating anything connected with the arts.—New York American.

SAW IT IN A DREAM.

A Lost Check and the Peculiar Way It Was Found.

A wealthy New York lawyer sat up late one night writing letters he had not been able to finish during the day. It was past midnight when he went out to mail them, and when he returned and was undressing he paused in dismay, missing a check for a large sum received during the day and taken home with him. In vain was the house ransacked at that late hour. He went to bed convinced that the lost check must be in the house. An hour later he fell into uneasy slumber and beheld as with his eyes of the flesh the pink check curled about an area railing four or five doors from his own house.

So real was the dream that the troubled man woke up, dressed and, stumbling down the stairs into the street, walked along the sidewalk to a spot still seen vividly in his mind, and there, sure enough, standing edge upward and partly curled about the iron, was the missing check. "I think," he reported to the Psychological Research society, "my subconsciousness must have noticed it fall from my pocket as I walked to the mail box and my subliminal self pointed it out to me in sleep."—William G. Fitz-Gerald in New York Tribune.

The Dogs of Constantinople.

There are at least 235,000 dogs in Constantinople, which has a population of 1,150,000. They are the vilest of cowards and are the scavengers of the city. It is said that scores of people are bitten daily by the dogs of Constantinople, but that a case of hydrophobia was never known there. Three centuries ago Nassuf Pasha, grand vizier to Achmet III., transported all the dogs to Asia and would have had them destroyed there, but the sultan, on consulting the mufti, was told that every dog had a soul and consequently forbade such wholesale destruction. After the slaughter of the janizaries Mahmoud intended to get rid of them, for he caused an immense number of sausages (C) to be made and, having poisoned them, gave the dogs a feast. Many thousands were thus killed in one day, but the people murmured so much that he was afraid to begin a second day's work. He therefore ordered them to be expelled to Asia, but the order was very indifferently executed, and in a short time the dogs were as numerous as during the time of the janizaries.

The Dog Morland Painted.

Of the many stories of the seemingly unconscious heroism of Newfoundland dogs none is more interesting than the one concerning the noble dog which Morland afterward painted.

When William Phillips, bathing at Portsmouth, ventured beyond his depth and was drowning, two boatmen, instead of setting out to his rescue, haggled about a reward from the bystanders, who were urging them to go to Phillips' rescue. In the midst of the controversy a Newfoundland dog leaped into the water and brought the exhausted bather to shore. Mr. Phillips bought the dog from its owner, a butcher, and yearly gave a festival in honor of his rescuer.

It was for Mr. Phillips that Morland painted the dog's picture, and Bartolozzi engraved it.

A Dream Warning.

A strange story comes from Calabria. One Braccala, a resident of Pizzo, had a dream in which he saw his son, twenty years of age, being attacked by two men, who were stabbing him with knives. Braccala awoke and, arousing his wife, told her what he had seen. She tried to calm him, but while they were still discussing the matter a noise was heard in front of the house, and, hastening down, M. Braccala opened the door just in time to catch her son in her arms as he fell swooning to the ground. He had been attacked and stabbed and died shortly afterward.

Too Easy For Him.

"Sir, I want work."
"Here's a penny. Buy yourself a newspaper."
"But I know nothin' about runnin' a newspaper," protested Tired Tiffins, who really wanted alms.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.—Shakespeare.

WHICH WAS RIGHT?

See if You Can Untangle the Knots in This Problem.

A young man named Enathius desired to learn eloquence and art of pleading, and he bargained with Protagoras, the ancient Greek sophist, for instructions, agreeing to pay one half of the fee down and the other half on the first day he gained a case. It took the young man so long to learn that his tutor came to the conclusion that he was delaying his start in business to avoid paying the other half of the fee, so Protagoras sued him for the money.

When the case came up for trial Protagoras said to the young man: "You act most absurdly, young man, because in either case you must pay me. If the judges decide against you, you must pay, and if they decide for you you must pay, for you will then have gained your case."

"You are wrong," replied the young man. "I will win either way. If the judges are for me, I will not have to pay, and if they are against me I will not have to pay, for this last was the very bargain between us—namely, if I did not win my case."

The judges considered the case inexplicable, and as they could not see their way to any decision they adjourned the case to a day that never came for any of the principals. On Protagoras' side it was a case of losing when he won and on the young student's side winning when he lost.

ANIMALS AMBIDEXTROUS.

Why Man Gives Preference to Right Hand Over Left.

Right handedness and right eyedness came with genus homo. Dr. George M. Gould has watched for them in squirrels that use their front paws to hold nuts, cats that strike at insects in the air or play with wounded mice and in many other animals, but he is certain no preference is given to the right side over the left.

But in the lowest human savages all over the world choice in greater expertness of one hand is clearly present. One cause for its development is in primitive military customs. In all tribes and countries since man used implements of offense and defense the left side, where the heart lies, has been protected by the shield, and the left hand was called the shield hand, while the right hand was called the spear hand.

Next to fighting came commerce. The fundamental condition of bartering was counting with the low numbers, one to ten. The fingers of the free or right hand were naturally first used, and all fingers today are called digits, as are the figures themselves, while the basis of our numberings is the decimal or ten fingered system. Every drill and action of the soldier from ancient Greece to modern America is right sided in every detail. Firing from the right shoulder and sighting with the right eye bring the right eye into prominence.—Exchange.

Her Protector.

"Well, sir," explained young Mr. Sooberbs, "it was like this: I thought my wife might be afraid of tramps, so I bought her a watchdog. He was a fierce looking bull, and I reckoned he'd about fill the bill. I got him in the morning and had him sent right out to the house. When I got home that night one of the toughest looking hoboes you ever saw was sitting on the porch. 'What in thunder are you doing here?' I asked. 'Well, boss,' says he, 'I come lookin' fer a handout, an' de lady she gimme 50 cents to stick around an' protect her from dat dog o' yours. She's sure scared of 'im.'—Kansas City Newsbook.

A Girl After His Own Heart.

A Scotchman, wishing to know his fate at once, telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the lady of his choice. After spending the entire day at the telegraph office he was finally rewarded late in the evening by an affirmative answer.

"If I were you," suggested the operator when he delivered the message. "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl that kept me waiting all day for my answer."

"Na, na," retorted the Scot. "The lass who waits for the night rates is the lass for me."—Everybody's Magazine.

Origin of Boston's Glory.

Even as early as the days of Henry VIII. some sort of volunteer force had existed in England, and what is now the Honorable Artillery company was formed at that time and became a center of instruction for the city trained bands during the time of Cromwell. The Honorable Artillery company may be counted among the things which crossed in the Mayflower, for in 1638 was formed the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts.—London News.

To Think About.

"She seems like a very nice girl."
"One whom it would be safe to marry?"
"Oh, no. No girl is safe enough for that. But she's nice enough to think about marrying if you only know when to stop."—Life.

Cupid's Hearty Appetite.

"You know," said the soulful youth, "music is the food of love."
"Nonsense!" replied the practical fellow. "My love prefers lobster salad, terrapin and other expensive fodder."—Philadelphia Press.

Comforting.

"Will my husband live, doctor?"
"Well, madam, if he doesn't he'll come mighty close to it."—Judge.

THE SUN A PUZZLE.

We See Only the Outer Shells of the Great Blazing Orb.

The great ball of fire which we call the sun is not really the sun. No one has ever seen the sun. A series of concentric shells envelopes a nucleus of which we know absolutely nothing except that it must be almost infinitely hotter than the fiercest furnace and that it must amount to more than nine-tenths of the solar mass.

That nucleus is the real sun, forever hidden from us. The outermost of the enveloping shells is about 5,000 miles thick and is called the chromosphere. It is a gaseous fluid, tinted with the scarlet glare of hydrogen, and so furiously active that it spurts up great tongues of glowing gas (prominences) to the height of thousands of miles.

Time was when this agitated sea of crimson fire could be seen to advantage only during an eclipse. Now special instruments are used which enable astronomers to study it in the full glare of the sun.

Beyond the chromosphere, far beyond the prominences even, lies the nebulous pallid corona visible only during the vanishing moments of a total eclipse, aggregating not more than seven days in a century.

No one has ever satisfactorily explained how the highly attenuated matter composing both the prominences and the corona is supported without falling back into the sun under the pull of solar gravitation. Now that Arrhenius has cosmically applied the effects of light pressure a solution is presented.

How difficult it is to account for such delicate streamers as the prominences on the sun is better comprehended when we fully understand how relentlessly powerful is the grip of solar gravitation.

If the sun were a habitable globe and you could transport yourself to its surface, you would find yourself pulled down so forcibly by gravitation that you would weigh two tons, assuming that you are an ordinary human being.

Your clothing alone would weigh more than a hundred pounds. Baseball could be played in a solar drawing room, for there would be some difficulty in throwing a ball more than thirty feet.

Tennis would be degraded to a form of outdoor pingpong.

From these considerations it is plain that gravitation on the sun would tend to prevent the formation of any lambent streamers and to pull down to its surface masses of any size.—Harper's Magazine.

BARNUM'S OLD LION.

How the Great Showman Turned His Death to Account.

Among the features of the parades of the Barnum circus there was formerly one that never failed to attract attention. On the top of one of the wild beast cages lay an enormous lion. He was not confined in any way, and nervous people watching the parade would shudder at the sight and contemplate the terrible possibility of the lion springing into the midst of the crowd.

But the venerable old king of beasts had reached the leonine dotage, and stiffened muscles and blunted claws rendered him harmless. He was as mild as a kitten and in the winter quarters, where he was allowed to roam at will, sometimes had to be protected from the onslaughts of irreverent and mischievous puppies.

One night he wandered from the quarters. In the course of his travels he chanced on a barn where a meek eyed cow was placidly chewing her cud. A faint flicker of the slumbering jungle spirit stirred his pulse, and with a crashing blow of the huge fore paw, the cow was slain; then, lying down beside his victim, he went to sleep and dreamed of the time when he was a shaggy little whelp playing with his brothers under the bright sun of his faroff African home.

In the morning the owner of the cow, a stalwart female with the blood of Irish kings in her veins, entered the barn with milk pail in hand. She was filled with wrath at the sight that met her gaze. With a keen edge as in her hand and grim determination in her eye she fearlessly approached the sleeping lion, and when the men sent out to search for him arrived he lay cold in death. Barnum promptly paid for the dead cow and engaged to appear on exhibition "the woman who in mortal combat had slain a lion."

The Oldest Treaty.

The oldest text of a real treaty now in existence is that of the convention between Rameses II., king of Egypt, and the Prince of Kheta, which embraces the articles of a permanent offensive and defensive alliance, with clauses providing for the extradition of emigrants, deserters, criminals and skilled workmen. This treaty was drawn up in the fourteenth century B. C. and is the earliest record that we have of any international transaction.

Her Uncooked Gown.

Miss Fluffgirl—Miss Newthought has gone the limit with her vegetarianism! Miss Furbelow—Why, what is her latest? Miss Fluffgirl—She actually refuses to wear anything but raw silk gowns now.—New York Press.

Time to Be Diplomatic.

When a woman shows you the picture of her baby remember that you will get into trouble, nine times out of ten, if you say exactly what you think.—Somerville Journal.

His Idea of Him.

Bill—Did you go to see that boy actor last night? Jill—Yes. "Did he get a hand?" "What he ought to have got was a shingle."—Youkrs Statesman.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon,
July 27, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that John A. Patterson, of Heppner, Oregon, who, on July 17, 1908, made Timber Application No. 0251, for W $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 8, N $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ section 7, township 4 S., range 28 E. W. M., has filed notice of intention to make final timber proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. P. Williams, U. S. Commissioner, at Heppner, Oregon, on the 12th day of October, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Benjamin R. Patterson, George Amen, John N. Jones and Lyle Fenland, all of Heppner, Oregon.
Jly 30-Oct 1 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon,
July 27, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Franklin D. Cox, of Heppner, Oregon, who, on July 22, 1908, made Timber Application No. 0257, for W $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 2, Township 4 S., range 28 E. W. M., has filed notice of intention to make final timber proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. P. Williams, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Heppner, Oregon, on the 12th day of October, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Edward Palmer, of Lexington, Oregon, Jo-
seph W. Rector, Elmer Slocum and George
Moore, all of Heppner, Oregon.
Jly 30-Oct 1 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office
La Grande, Oregon, Sept. 17, 1908.

Notice is hereby given, that C. A. Minor, of Heppner, County of Morrow, State of Oregon, has filed in this office his application to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress, approved June 4, 1897, the W $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 15, T. 4 S., R. 27 E., W. M., Serial No. 0221.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 4th day of November, 1908.

F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.
Sept 24-Oct 29

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

United States Land Office

The Dalles, Oregon, August 26th, 1908

Notice is hereby given that State of Oregon has filed in this office its application, Serial No. 0733 to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress of August 14, 1848, and the Acts supplementary thereto the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 27, Township 4, South Range 25, East Willamette Meridian.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 16th day of November 1908.

C. W. MOORE, Register.
Sept 3-Oct 5

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